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The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY

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GRETA GARBO

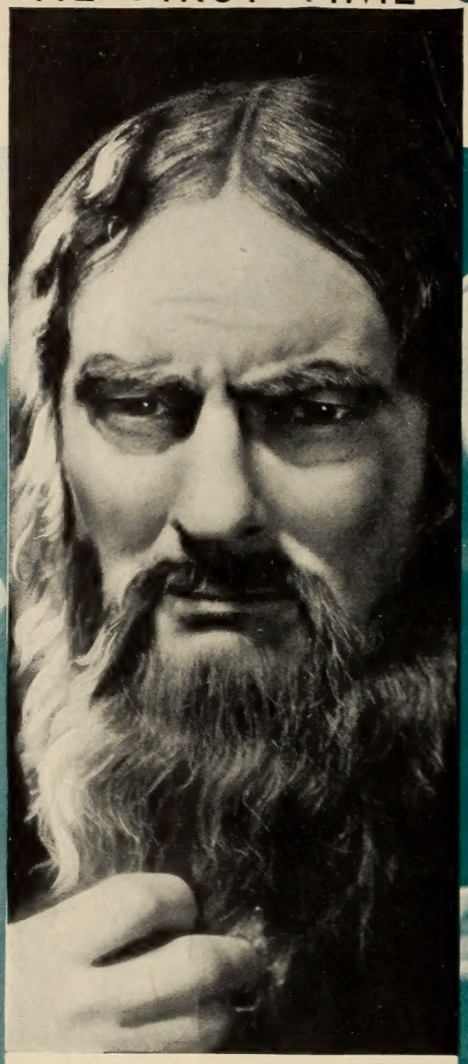
The High Price of Screen Love-making

Is Dietrich Through?

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

ETHEL JOHN LIONEL BARRYMORE







The Royal Family of the American Show World



Madman, saint or devil? Was he one or all of these?

You hear it everywhere...whispers from the West gather like a storm... underground reports travel across the breadth of America...ONE OF THE GREATEST PICTURES OF ALL TIME IS COMING! The vast resources of M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing company on earth are focused on the creation of a mighty entertainment.

RASPUTIN

with RALPH MORGAN • DIANA WYNWARD

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur



Heir to the throne of all Russia —yet only a boy in his mother's arms!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!

"If that's 'Pink Tooth Brush,' mother— you'd better watch your step!"



MARCIA: Do you know, mother—you're a pretty grand-looking little woman. There's only one thing your severest critic—that's *me!*—could possibly find wrong with you.

MOTHER: *And that is . . . ?*

MARCIA: You have quite nice teeth, darling. But they look as if they'd been associating with a London fog. They don't shine out any more and make people say, "Oh, what a be-eautiful lady!" I'll bet my last fifteen cents that you have "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *My gums* do *bleed a little. Should I get all upset about it?*

MARCIA: Well—it has never yet helped anybody have swell-looking teeth! And suppose you get some horrid gum trouble like gingivitis. Or Vincent's disease. Or pyorrhea, even. Or find that some good teeth are actually in danger.

MOTHER: *Very well. I'll start using Ipana, as my erudite daughter does.*

MARCIA: And every time you clean your teeth, put a little bit more Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your touchy gums. See how grand and hard *my* gums are?

MOTHER: *Your teeth look nice and bright.*

MARCIA: Ipana has ziratol in it. The food we eat nowadays is too soft to keep the gums firm—but Ipana and massage keep your gums firm *anyway*. So you use Ipana. And you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush" . . .



DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good dentist and a good dentifrice are not costly. To save on dentists' bills or to skimp on the quality of your tooth paste is poor economy indeed. For dental care and the best tooth paste you can buy are the most economical things on earth.

• • •

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-13
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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• GET RID OF "pink tooth brush" WITH

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The Audience Talks Back



"Red Dust" pleased the lovers of melodramatic realism and put Clark Gable among the movie heroes of the month. A Jean Harlow enthusiast sees in her an actress capable of big parts. Gable got the plaudits of co-eds seeing the film en masse. Do they like 'em rough?

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE $5 LETTER

I wonder what the coming years will hold for those condemned to live bound to the commonplace. Imagination quickens with the realization of what wonders may be spread before us poorer mortals by the glamorous motion pictures.

Long as I live I can share with delightful women and stalwart men an endless succession of adventures and experiences in every clime.

The Arabian lady enthralled her husband-king for one thousand and one nights. Today the commoner has more than that king could imagine.

JOHN F. MACDUFFEE, Portland, Me.

ONLY CHEERS FOR LA SHEARER

"Smilin' Through" had the shining beauty of moonlight on a quiet lake, the loveliness of true, enduring love. A welcome relief from mystery, murder and gangster stories. Its sadness left no scar. The acting of Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Leslie Howard and O. P. Heggie left a memory of something brave and fine in a world saddened too much these days.
MRS. MARION W. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

In "Smilin' Through" Norma Shearer adapts herself to the rôle of sweet young girl as easily as she has played the sophisticate.
ELISE E. REEDER, Los Angeles, Calif.

I nominate "Smilin' Through" and players like Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Leslie Howard as a cure for depression ills. From them we learn our petty troubles are nothing. That love, romance, hopes, dreams, forgiveness go on forever. I'm smilin' through.
JOHN ARMOUR, Wichita, Kan.

RAH! RAH! RAH! GABLE!

"Red Dust" is a honey! Clark Gable doesn't let anybody down for original interpretation. The State College co-eds, at the same show, gave him a great hand.

Jean Harlow should go far. Her reactions to every part she plays are her own, and very fine. I am anxious to see her attempt a big part.
MRS. KATHARINE A. DUNLAP,
San Diego, Calif.

FOR DUNNE AND BOLES

"Back Street" is superb—beautiful. Really, I can't express the way that picture stirred me. You could never have had a better team than Irene Dunne and John Boles.
TILLIE BLEN STRAUCH, Memphis, Tenn.

Why can't we have more of Irene Dunne and John Boles and more pictures like "Back Street"? MRS. WILLIAM S. TURNER,
Indianapolis, Ind.

A PERFECT VOYAGE

"One Way Passage" is the perfect combination of powerful, simple story, sophistication, fine acting and beautiful photography, a picture with an appeal to everyone. From William Powell and Kay Francis down to the room steward, each is a polished actor.
EARLE M. BLACKMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE $25 LETTER

Panning the movies has become a national pastime. I'm sick of the people who think that a sneer aimed with alleged scintillating wit at Hollywood is clever and smart.

I agree that there is still a vast quantity of third-rate stuff emanating from the film studios. But isn't that true of books, music, painting, the theater or any form of creative expression?

Anyone capable of functioning mentally beyond that naive but odious period of juvenilia characterized by facetiousness and the wise-crack realizes that motion pictures have progressed in the last year as never before. They have become a definite cultural influence.
K. J. HOWARD, Portland, Ore.

THE $10 LETTER

Don't go it blind when seeing shows. We used definite differentiation when the stage was the popular medium of entertainment—problem plays and musical comedies were two different things. Janet Gaynor pictures and Bela Lugosi horrors are different, too.

Don't take friends' recommendations or criticisms as infallible. Probably you wouldn't wear hats they chose or eat dinners they ordered, on a bet. Why allow them to influence you into missing splendid pictures or sitting in on duds? PHOTOPLAY has concise reviews—trustworthy tips for your taste.
CHLOE B. AYER, Springfield, Ill.



A triple treat is the pet comedy, "The Big Broadcast," with screen, stage and radio names. Bing Crosby is song bird and lover romancing with Leila Hyams. Stuart Erwin also clicks. In its array of "air" stars the picture makes the networks look sad and steals a march on television

With Brickbats & Bouquets

MODEL FOR HUSBANDS

Rudy Vallee and Mickey Mouse have their clubs. So has Lewis Stone. We have to keep it secret to avoid the remarks of husbands and high school sons and daughters.

This is our ritual: We sigh; that is a tribute to friend husband, and then we look adoringly at a photograph of Lewis Stone. He is the glamour of middle age, a gentleman of the old school in modern guise—what Everywoman dreamed her husband would grow into.

Part of his charm is his fastidious taste in dress. How we fight, cajole and plead with our husbands to attain that well-groomed appearance!

MRS. J. P. ARTHUR, Oakland, Calif.

ROOTING FOR RICARDO

Ricardo Cortez was simply superb in "Symphony of Six Million." Handsome, endowed with unusual sensitivity, he is handed the rôle of the detective in "Thirteen Women" in which for a brief moment he holds the hand of the lovely Irene Dunne. Give Ricardo a picture worthy of his talent and see if he isn't box office.

MARIAN HART, New Haven, Conn.

THREE ARTS IN ONE

See "The Big Broadcast"! Bing Crosby and Stu Erwin do the grandest bit of acting. The public gets the full benefit of radio, stage and Hollywood stars in one picture.

MRS. M. DEWEY, Daytona Beach, Fla.

CONNIE? NO! BETTE!

The idea of comparing Bette Davis with Constance Bennett! I never could see anything interesting in Constance Bennett. But Bette Davis has glamour—gorgeous glamour. Maybe I owe Constance Bennett an apology, but I have written the way I feel.

LEE NORQUEST, Lafayette, Ind.

ELECTED FILM TROUBADOUR

In this demand for Ramon Novarro to do a musical picture again few people have given suggestions for plays. Why not "The Chocolate Soldier"—and Lily Pons warbling "My Hero"?

MISS MARGARET M. RYAN, Chicago, Ill.

ROMANCE inspires most enthusiasm among moviegoers this month. "Smilin' Through" is by far the best loved—with only commendation. "Back Street" continues a big favorite, along with "Bird of Paradise," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "One Way Passage."

The comedy choice is "The Big Broadcast" and "Red Dust" delights the realism lovers. "Rain" is still an argument-provoker.

After Norma Shearer, the highly favored actresses are Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler. Katharine Hepburn is rapidly gaining an enthusiastic following.

Fredric March and Leslie Howard are the "white haired" boys of the moment. John Boles and Clark Gable have a grand court. Robert Montgomery still bewitches the girls and Ramon Novarro's singing charms them.

One reader senses the quality of trees in the work of her favorites. We're sure she means bouquets—not that their acting is wooden or nutty.



Norma Shearer was acclaimed for her change from sophisticated rôles, Leslie Howard gained a legion of admirers and "Smilin' Through" satisfied film audiences' yearning for romance in movies. The picture was the month's outstanding favorite with not one dissenting voice



The beautiful philosophy and gentle romance of "One Way Passage" and the compelling acting of Kay Francis and William Powell prompt a Southern clergyman to characterize the picture as sermon, poem and masterpiece. Aline MacMahon and Frank McHugh are applauded, too

My two girl friends and I are ardent admirers of Ramon Novarro, but we would like to hear him sing more often.

We went to *see* "Huddle" and stayed to *hear* him *sing*—twice.

RUTH TOLLMAN, Toledo, Ohio

When first I saw Ramon Novarro I became his true follower. The adding of voices to pictures made me very happy because my favorite star has been able to stand all demands of the microphone. "The Pagan" revealed his golden voice.

STEPHANIE PILATI, Vienna, Austria

BETTE CLICKS IN DIXIE

All true Southerners should see "Cabin in the Cotton," in fact everyone from North or South. A revelation for the whole family to enjoy. Richard Barthelmess was perfect and Bette Davis never more exquisite.

L. T. ROEMER, Galveston, Texas

URGES SMILES FOR TEARS

Just because she can emote so artistically Tallulah Bankhead has been cast for every hard luck rôle in repertory. In "Faithless" there are moments when her smile reveals her winsome personality.

What couldn't that clever lady do if cast in a sprightly rôle?

MRS. J. L. O'CONNELL, Washington, D. C.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AFRAID TO TALK—Universal.—(Reviewed nder title "Merry-Go-Round.") This one is an exposé of some crooked police methods. Gripping and timely, but not for children. Eric Linden's work stands out. (*Nov.*)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (*Sept.*)

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are the girls. (*Dec.*)

ALIAS MARY SMITH—Mayfair Pictures.—Not much to this one, except an interesting cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (*Dec.*)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (*Sept.*)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (*Sept.*)

ARM OF THE LAW, THE—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (*July*)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (*July*)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (*July*)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (*Aug.*)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY—World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (*Sept.*)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (*Sept.*)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who go "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (*Dec.*)

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (*Oct.*)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (*Dec.*)

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (*Aug.*)

BIG PARADE, THE—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound).—Sound effects skilfully added to an old favorite. (*Aug.*)

BIG STAMPEDE, THE—Warners.—Typical Western characters well portrayed. John Wayne and Noah Beery. (*Nov.*)

★ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A**—RKO-Radio—Unusual and dramatic story concerning an inherited taint of insanity, powerfully acted by John Barrymore, Billie Burke and a sensational newcomer, Katharine Hepburn. (*Nov.*)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (*Oct.*)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (*Aug.*)

BLONDE VENUS—Paramount.—A mother-love story in which Marlene Dietrich does best work in the exotic scenes and Herbert Marshall is unforgetable as the soul-torn husband. (*Nov.*)

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (*Oct.*)

BORDER DEVILS—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (*July*)

Cut Picture Puzzle Winners

will be announced in the next Issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Watch to see if you or your friends took some of the $1,000 prize money

IN FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands January 15

BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide.—Small town girl sues political candidate for breach of promise, with unexpected results. Even Mae Clarke and Chester Morris could not lift this above the ordinary. (*Nov.*)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (*July*)

CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (*Oct.*)

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—Fox.—Edmund Lowe as Chandu, modern worker of magic, in an exciting picture. Bela Lugosi helps provide thrills. For the whole family. (*Nov.*)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pgymies in Africa. Great stuff! (*Sept.*)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (*Dec.*)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (*Oct.*)

CROOKED CIRCLE, THE—World Wide.—Snappy mystery-comedy, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmy Gleason as a cop furnishing the laughs, and Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supplying the romance. (*Nov.*)

CROONER—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (*Oct.*)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (*Dec.*)

CRY OF THE WORLD, THE—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (*July*)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (*Sept.*)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (*Aug.*)

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (*Oct.*)

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY——M-G-M.—Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (*Oct.*)

DOCTOR X—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (*Aug.*)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (*Sept.*)

DOWN TO EARTH—Fox.—In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (*Sept.*)

ESCAPADE—Invincible.—Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (*July*)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (*Dec.*)

EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.—Good cast, but a weak story about a newspaper columnist. (*Nov.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]


A Dramatic Exposé of Graft-Ridden Politics!
CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTS
"AFRAID TO TALK"
WITH
ERIC LINDEN
SIDNEY FOX
BURTON CHURCHILL
LOUIS CALHERN
EDWARD ARNOLD
TULLY MARSHALL
A Scarlet City Unmasked . . . Lovers torn asunder by the murder-lust of men who stopped at nothing to gain their ends . . . Two young hearts pitted against ruthless tyranny, in the picture that will THRILL you to the core!
Adapted from the stage play "MERRY GO ROUND" By George Sklar and Albert Maltz
Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.
Directed by Edward L. Cahn
Universal Pictures
UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA
Carl Laemmle President
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (*Dec.*)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (*Dec.*)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film. —Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (*Dec.*)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (*Sept.*)

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (*Aug.*)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY — Invincible. — Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (*Sept.*)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS — Paramount.—C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (*Aug.*)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (*Dec.*)

GET THAT GIRL—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (*July*)

GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE—First Division-Monogram.—Fifi Dorsay as a Follies girl, saved from a designing millionaire by her press-agent. (*Nov.*)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (*Dec.*)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (*Sept.*)

GUILTY AS HELL—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (*Oct.*)

★ **HAT CHECK GIRL**—Fox.—You'll like this. Sally Eilers plays the pert little check girl and Ben Lyon the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. (*Nov.*)

HEARTS OF HUMANITY—Majestic Pictures.—A cast of capable weepers gathered together in a drama that will make *you* weep, about a widower and a motherless child. Jean Hersholt and Jackie Searl. (*Nov.*)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (*Sept.*)

HELL'S HIGHWAY—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix gives a fine performance in this first film of a new cycle dealing with prison chain gangs. Too morbid and brutal for children. (*Nov.*)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount.—Horse opera *de luxe*, chuck-full of shooting and cattle rustling, with virtue triumphing in the end. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane. (*Nov.*)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (*Dec.*)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (*Dec.*)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (*Sept.*)

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (*Oct.*)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS** — Paramount. — The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (*Oct.*)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (*Dec.*)

HUDDLE—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (*July*)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (*Dec.*)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (*Aug.*)

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (*Oct.*)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's premiére chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (*Aug.*)

JEWEL ROBBERY, THE—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (*Aug.*)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (*Dec.*)

KLONDIKE—Monogram.—Old melodrama of silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. (*Nov.*)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (*Dec.*)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (*Sept.*)

LAST MAN, THE—Columbia.—Lurid tale of mutiny at sea, with good work by Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings. (*Nov.*)

LAST MILE, THE—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (*Oct.*)

LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (*Aug.*)

LENA RIVERS—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, suh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (*July*)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (*Oct.*)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (*Dec.*)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (*Sept.*)

LOVE IS A RACKET—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (*July*)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (*Oct.*)

LOVE'S COMMAND—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (*July*)

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (*Sept.*)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (*Dec.*)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—Carl Froelich Prod.—German language film with English subtitles, about a Prussian school for girls and the effect of its rigid discipline and repression on their emotional lives. Expertly directed and acted. (*Nov.*)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (*Aug.*)

MAN ABOUT TOWN—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (*July*)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE — Tiffany. — That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (*Sept.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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A DRAMA OF HUMAN LOVE

Phillip Barry's sensational stage play that was the outstanding hit on Broadway last season now comes to the screen.





The ANIMAL KINGDOM

with

ANN HARDING

It was in Mr. Barry's "Holiday" that Ann Harding scored her first great screen success. Now, the same dramatist gives her a play of unmatched power.

and

LESLIE HOWARD

One of the great actors of our day, with an unbroken record of resounding hits on stage and screen. His pictures: "Devotion"..."Outward Bound"..."Five and Ten"..."A Free Soul".

NEIL HAMILTON • MYRNA LOY • ILKA CHASE

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

—of course! *Directed by Edward H. Griffith*

WATCH FOR THESE RKO RADIO HITS

Richard Dix and Ann Harding in "The Conquerors"; Constance Bennett in "Rockabye"; Irene Dunne, Gwili Andre, Charles Bickford in "Just a Woman" and the Great "KING KONG"

RKO-RADIO PICTURES, RKO BUILDING
RADIO CITY - - - NEW YORK

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (*Aug.*)

MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (*July*)

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE—Paramount—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (*Aug.*)

MAN'S LAND, A—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (*Aug.*)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS—R K O-Radio.—Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (*Dec.*)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sidney. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT LADY, THE—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (*Aug.*)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (*Sept.*)

MISS PINKERTON—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (*July*)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE—R K O-Radio.—Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (*Dec.*)

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (*Aug.*)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (*Oct.*)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (*Sept.*)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (*Sept.*)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (*Sept.*)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (*Sept.*)

NEW MORALS FOR OLD—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (*July*)

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (*Dec.*)

NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (*Oct.*)

NIGHT MAYOR, THE—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (*Oct.*)

NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE—Paramount.—New situations and a brand new plot idea covering the events in an average neighborhood on one certain night. Fine cast includes Clive Brook, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee. (*Nov.*)

NIGHT WORLD—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (*July*)

NO GREATER LOVE—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (*July*)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (*Oct.*)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (*Sept.*)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (*Oct.*)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (*Oct.*)

OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures.—A Jack Hoxie Western that's just a little different. Gorgeous scenery, lots of excitement. (*Nov.*)

OUT OF SINGAPORE—Goldsmith Prod.—About a villain (Noah Beery) who shanghais sailors, sinks ships and kidnaps innocent daughters of kind sea captains. (*Nov.*)

Was your

"Gag"

good?

The Judges in the Harold Lloyd "Gag" Contest will be able to render their decisions in the next issue. $1,000 in cash prizes goes to the lucky ones.

In February PHOTOPLAY. On sale at your newsdealers January 15.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES — M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (*Sept.*)

PAINTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (*Oct.*)

PARISIAN ROMANCE, A—Allied Pictures.—Lew Cody as a roué, Gilbert Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl, in a rather dull story. (*Nov.*)

PASSPORT TO HELL, A—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (*Oct.*)

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (*Aug.*)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (*Dec.*)

PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic.—A mystery thriller that rides the rails. Old time melodrama. (*Nov.*)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE**—Paramount.—Don't pass up this political farce, which introduces George M. Cohan to the talkies. George and Jimmy Durante are a great team and Claudette Colbert adds her beauty. (*Nov.*)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (*Dec.*)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (*Sept.*)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (*Dec.*)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (*July*)

★ **RAIN**—United Artists.—Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson*, and Walter Huston as the stern reformer do interesting work in an adult story that never seems to grow out of date. (*Nov.*)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (*Aug.*)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (*Dec.*)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (*Aug.*)

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Rosco Ates does the clowning. (*Dec.*)

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (*Aug.*)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, riproaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (*Sept.*)

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (*July*)

RIDERS OF THE DESERT—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (*Aug.*)

RIDING TORNADO, THE—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (*July*)

RINGER, THE—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (*Aug.*)

ROADHOUSE MURDER—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (*July*)

ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (*Aug.*)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (*Dec.*)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (*Sept.*)

70,000 WITNESSES — Paramount-Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (*Oct.*)

SHERLOCK HOLMES — Fox. — The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock*. (*Dec.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

It's hard for a Hungry citizen to be a Good CITIZEN



THE boy whose stomach is empty cannot be expected to do good work at school. Babies undernourished through another winter may be handicapped by frail bodies through life. The hungry father of a hungry family is hardly the man to seek employment with persistence, or to do well on the job when he gets it.

Before you can save a man's soul it is often necessary to feed his body. You have no right to expect the civic virtues of patience, courage and honesty from starving, freezing men and women. If they preserve a just attitude towards the laws of the city in which they live, it is a miracle.

This winter, as never before, it is the duty of all who are well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed to help the less fortunate. The fact that you gave last year, and the year before, does not lessen your responsibility. The fact that you cannot afford a large contribution must not deter you. The upturn of business with a gradual improvement of economic conditions does not remove the crisis of this moment. Emergency appropriations by the federal government amount to $300,000,000, but they meet only half the increased national needs for human relief. The rest is up to you!

How will your dollars be used? First of all, they will feed the hungry, and relieve the absolute want of the unemployed.

They will be used, also, to take care of the sick and aged. They will help to maintain hospitals, orphanages and schools. They will make possible clinics and visiting nurses.

The dollars you give are invested in the forces of civilization right in your community!

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION

The Welfare and relief Mobilization is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provisions for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.

Newton D. Baker

Newton D. Baker, Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

This winter, as never before, support your local Community Campaign

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

SIGN OF FOUR, THE—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (*Oct.*)

SINISTER HANDS—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (*July*)

SINNERS IN THE SUN—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (*July*)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (*Dec.*)

SKY BRIDE—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (*July*)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (*Sept.*)

★ **SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M.—A poignant love story. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, O. P. Heggie—all at their best! Don't miss this treat. (*Nov.*)

SOCIETY GIRL—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (*Aug.*)

SPEAK EASILY — M-G-M. — Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (*Sept.*)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (*Dec.*)

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY** — Radio Pictures. — Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (*July*)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (*Sept.*)

STRANGE JUSTICE — RKO-Radio. — Story doesn't ring true, but excellently directed and well acted. About a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur. (*Nov.*)

STRANGER IN TOWN — Warners. — When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (*Aug.*)

STRANGERS OF THE EVENING—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (*July*)

STREET OF WOMEN — Warners. — Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (*July*)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (*July*)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (*Dec.*)

TENDERFOOT, THE—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (*July*)

TEXAS BAD MAN, THE—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (*Aug.*)

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (*Sept.*)

THEY CALL IT SIN—First National.—Loretta Young lovely as the church organist who falls in love with the city boy (David Manners). George Brent and Una Merkel help make this entertaining. (*Nov.*)

THEY NEVER COME BACK—First Division-Artclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (*Aug.*)

THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE—First Division-Monogram.—A thrilling murder mystery, with bright dialogue and comedy to offset the horror. (*Nov.*)

THIRTEEN WOMEN — RKO-Radio. — Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (*Oct.*)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (*Dec.*)

THOSE WE LOVE—World Wide.—Slow moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife and the other woman. Lilyan Tashman, Mary Astor and Kenneth MacKenna. (*Nov.*)

— Seymour

tells what's new in Hollywood fashions in the

Style Section

in every issue of

PHOTOPLAY Magazine

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (*Dec.*)

THRILL OF YOUTH, THE—First Division-Invincible.—About a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. (*Nov.*)

THUNDER BELOW — Paramount. — Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (*July*)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (*Oct.*)

★ **TOM BROWN OF CULVER** — Universal. — All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (*Sept.*)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (*Dec.*)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (*Dec.*)

TRAPEZE—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (*July*)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (*Dec.*)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (*Oct.*)

TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (*Aug.*)

UNASHAMED—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (*Sept.*)

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (*Oct.*)

VANISHING FRONTIER, THE—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (*Sept.*)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (*Dec.*)

WAR CORRESPONDENT — Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (*Oct.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE** — M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (*Sept.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND** — Columbia.—Lee Tracy plays a young congressman who goes to Washington on purchased votes, and then tries to double-cross the gang in the interests of his country. A fine cast in an exciting film. (*Nov.*)

WEEK-END MARRIAGE—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (*Aug.*)

WEEK ENDS ONLY—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (*Aug.*)

WESTWARD PASSAGE — RKO-Pathe. — Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (*Aug.*)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD** — RKO-Pathe.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (*Aug.*)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (*Aug.*)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (*Dec.*)

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (*Sept.*)

WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (*July*)

WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (*July*)

WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (*July*)

WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (*July*)

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

MOVIE MORALS

We realize the great influence movies have on fashions, but how about the influence fashions have on movies? In the Short Skirt Era, the flapper movie actress had her knees photographed almost as often as her face. Now we have become more subtle. Changed fashions demand a more ladylike heroine. She may not always be "good," but she does not flaunt her trespasses and, whatever else she may be, she is not a hoyden.

With fashions going more and more Victorian, I am wondering if our screen heroines' morals will finally go Victorian, too! But *that* would be too dull.

LILLIAN TELANDER, Mora, Minn.

THE DEAR, DEAD DAYS

I saw "The Birth of a Nation" at an age when I had to sit on my father's lap during the performance. Not long after, I saw "Hearts of the World," and we laughed and wept as only a Griffith audience could. With all the sophistication the talkies have acquired, these pictures have not been outdone.

There were others: Darling Marguerite Clark in "Snow White" . . . Wally Reid, gallant and young, in "The Charm School" . . . Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid" . . . Norma and Constance Talmadge . . . Valentino in "The Four Horsemen" and little Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan."

Will our present idols last longer than those veterans have done. I doubt it. They pioneered their way across the silver screen and left us a glorious memory. Let us drink a thin, Volsteadian toast to the old guard—God bless 'em!

JENNE CANNON, Salt Lake City, Utah

WHAT MAKES A GOOD MOVIE?

It seems to be the opinion of certain parties that any picture containing a moral or a "lesson" is a good movie. I don't like the implication. And I believe a majority of the movie fans resent this feeling.

After work they want to be entertained. Good, clean entertainment that doesn't leave them feeling the after-effects of a sermon!

Not that I think a picture with a moral can't, at the same time, be entertaining. But to bring a day satisfactorily to a close, the movie doesn't have to propound a theory or teach a lesson.

H. L. SIBOLE, Elvins, Mo.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

I have received many valuable suggestions from movies for furnishing my apartment. I never fail to notice the arrangement of furniture, the artistic way odds and ends are placed, the lighting fixtures, and especially the draperies and the grouping of pictures.

MRS. J. E. LASSITER, Newport News, Va.

FIVE QUEENS IN THE DECK

I, a mere man, have pleasant memories of "The Right to Love," "Merrily We Go to Hell," and "Letty Lynton." Of course, my next remark may start an argument. But I don't care! Here are my favorite five among screenland's most beautiful girls: Joan Marsh, Frances Dee, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich, and Maureen O'Sullivan. Frankly, I can think of no other group possessing equal pulchritude.

DON R. STEAL, Dayton, Ohio

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

If men had to wash repulsive handkerchiefs



Use KLEENEX once and destroy

no disagreeable washing
no danger of self-infection

IF YOU'VE ever washed a handkerchief used during a cold, you know what Kleenex means to housewives!

These soft, disposable tissues bring release from the most disagreeable job on earth—and one that is dangerous as well.

For handkerchiefs used during colds literally swarm with germs. These germs infect your hands and laundry. You can easily see how one handkerchief can spread colds through an entire family.

Now pocket packets

Full size Kleenex Tissues are now available in handy pocket packages. Carry them right with you, use nothing else during colds! Two packets for 5c!

Kleenex also comes in rolls and packages; and in extra size tissues, large as a man's handkerchief.

The quality is the same, in whatever form you buy Kleenex. All Kleenex is made from finest rayon-cellulose, highly absorbent, soothing and soft.

Kleenex is sold at every drug and department store, at very low prices.

Try 'Kerfs too—smart tissues with handkerchief borders.



* *

Kleenex safer

—say scientists, because the absorbent fibers hold germs tightly until Kleenex can be destroyed. There is much less danger of self-infection; less danger of handkerchiefs spreading colds to others.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Movie-Goers all over the world



Every true Southerner—and Northerner, too—should see "The Cabin in the Cotton," writes a Texan hurling bouquets at Bette Davis and Richard Barthelmess. "War" seems to be on between Bette Davis and Constance Bennett admirers that may eclipse the Garbo-Dietrich squabble

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

CHUCKLES IN CHINA

I think Harold Lloyd has one of the funniest pictures he ever made in "Movie Crazy."

CHANG KWAI YAU, Hong Kong, China

LAURELS FOR LAUGHTON

Just a word regarding Charles Laughton's portrayals in "Payment Deferred" and "Devil and the Deep"—outstanding, realistic performances. Many a box office success would have been a complete failure had it not been for the work of such men.

ELIZABETH H. NEALE, Mayfield, Ky.

THE "BILL" PLEASES ALL

Once in a while there comes to the screen a picture of rare beauty. Such, it seems to me, is "A Bill of Divorcement."

JULIE M. HAMLIN, New Rochelle, N. Y.

"A Bill of Divorcement"—poignant, real! John Barrymore and David Manners at their best, Billie Burke playing a rôle wonderfully adapted to her. And, by no means least, Katharine Hepburn.

L. LENORE LYON, Louisville, Ky.

HOLLYWOOD'S FINE FOLK

Thanks, PHOTOPLAY! Those superb articles on the life of Marie Dressler establish the fact that Hollywood, in spite of cynics, does harbor some of the finest and most intelligent people in the world—people with a soul.

GILBERT W. CRUTCHFIELD, Sanford, N. C.

HIGH PRAISE FROM THE PULPIT

I am a young minister. "Life Begins" and "One Way Passage" are sermons, poems, masterpieces. Here are vital thoughts, inspiring scenes, soul sustenance.

The performances are great, in both the work of Aline MacMahon is excellent.

AUSTIN EDWARDS, Steele, Mo.

ZU HERR LUBITSCH

I have just seen "Trouble in Paradise." Lubitsch has done it again! Finesse, cleverness, delicacy, suave and gracious acting—the incomparable Lubitsch touch.

E. HOWARD, Los Angeles, Calif.

"RAIN" PRAISE AND CENSURE

I dashed out into one storm to see another and my desires were more than satiated in "Rain." Joan Crawford's reactions to the tropics, void of artifice, were most compelling. Walter Huston gave a rendition well worth remembering.

MYRTLE BANNAN, San Francisco, Calif.

I was going to see "Rain" because Joan Crawford is my favorite actress. But I left disappointed. Why? Because she overacted. Even if I didn't like Joan in "Rain," I'm still crazy about her.

MISS AIKO IWANAGA, San Francisco, Calif.

AMERICANISM, PRO AND CON

Before seeing "The Phantom President" I'd come to the conclusion, what was the use of voting. After seeing it, I decided to vote.

MRS. ROSE ZOBILL, Provo, Utah

Let me protest against "The Phantom President." I am an American living in Canada and to see our government ridiculed goes against the grain.

G. B. WELLS, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

HOPES 'TAINT SO

If the swelegant team of Chatterton and Brent is about to break up professionally, I think they owe us at least one more picture to take away the bad taste of "The Crash." But, gee, I hope the report, like Mark Twain's death, has been greatly exaggerated.

ROSE COLLINS, Berkeley, Calif.

RESENTS RADIO "RAZZ"

"Crooner" was something of a slur aimed at my favorite radio personality. There are enough stories without producers engaging in glorified mud-slinging. However, much as I disliked the film, I recommend a huge bouquet for David Manners for his splendid portrayal of an unsympathetic rôle. It took courage, sincerity, artistry to make it ring true.

MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Penna.

A BLUE BELL BOUQUET

A bouquet to Mae Clarke. I thought there was only one really natural actress in Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck, but I find there are two. The other is Mae Clark.

MISS AUDREY SPENCE, Banff, Scotland

STAIN 'EM WITH INK?

Why don't the movies portray newspapermen as they really exist or doesn't the public want any but highly glamorous characters? A newshound speaks.

SAM GREENBERG, Philadelphia, Penna.

HELPING TEACHER

There are times when even the most patient school teachers despair of impressing their charges with the reality of history. If producers only realized what they were doing for overworked history teachers and bored history



Who says middle age has no romance? Lewis Stone is the matron's idea of hero. There is even a "Lewis Stone Club," composed of admiring ladies "over forty." If their men only dressed like him! As their idol appears in "Unashamed" they pray their husbands will be

speak their minds about pictures

students, they would produce more historical movies. I need not tell you how my class and I are looking forward to "Rasputin" and "The Sign of the Cross."

M. R. Bell, Indianapolis, Ind.

STARS "SUB" FOR SYLVIA

I was rather stout a few months ago. I admire the thin, graceful movie stars so I, too, tried to reduce. I am not by far the thin, willowy type that I would love to be, but I have lost many pounds.

Ruth Barnett, New Orleans, La.

DEFENDING DE MILLE

Why not let C. B. De Mille alone about his bath tub scenes? From the items published he might be the president of Crane and Co. His "Sign of the Cross" is being looked forward to. He has made many bathrooms brighter, but many more minds brightened on religion.

Dorothy B. Temple, Texarkana, Ark.

SOLACE FOR T. B. M.

A sure cure for that tired feeling is Marie Dressler. You can have your Garbos, Dietrichs, Chattertons. Give me Marie, the Queen of Roarmania.

Jack McLain Maladye, Meridian, Miss.

BOW, MR. MAKE-UP MAN!

I never went for Bing Crosby in a big way via radio but "The Big Broadcast" is something else again. What did they do to his looks that improved him so much?

Adelaide McPherson, Escondido, Calif.



Tallulah Bankhead wins more followers and Robert Montgomery holds his army of devotees. Their "duet" in "Faithless" strikes a popular chord. One reader sees a new Tallulah in this picture, a light scene showing she's capable of other than "hard luck" parts



The admirers of Ricardo Cortez remain loyal and keep him among the popular cinema celebrities. In gay rôles or sad, he makes 'em glad. They want more of him in such pictures as "Symphony of Six Million." Irene Dunne is still a big magnet to draw audiences and postal revenue

WAITING FOR CLARA

So our darling Clara Bow, the girl with the gorgeous eyes, will soon come back to us. I eagerly await her return to the screen.

Mrs. H. D. Jackson, Atlanta, Ga.

PAGING PAPA DOUG

We want adventure, good, clean adventure. Give us Douglas Fairbanks.

Billy Lathim, Kansas City, Mo.

LOOK OUT, MICKEY!

Mickey Mouse acts far too smart,
He thinks he stands so pat.
I'd really like to see him meet
A bad old alley cat.

Jean Douglas, New York, N. Y.

DON'T WORRY, PARENTS!

I took my two small tots to the theater. Several scenes pictured drinking and I was worried a bad impression was being made on my children. After I talked about the scenery, the furniture and gowns. Suddenly my daughter said, "Why did they hold up their glasses and hit them together for?"

"Silly," said my son, "that was just to see who had the most water left."

So, you see, the "drink" idea did not register.

Mrs. C. A. Crooker, Mankato, Minn.

PASSPORT TO HEAVEN

I am the beautiful lady who walks gracefully across the screen. I dress in charming clothes. I ride in limousines—with a liveried chauffeur. I go to dances, teas and the theater. I smile so lovingly at my Prince Charming.

Sounds like a page from Miss Conceit's autobiography, doesn't it? Well, when I go to a movie, I am at once the heroine of the picture. When the picture is over, I am content to be just a nobody until I can afford twenty-five cents to be in movie heaven again.

M. M., Ashland, Ohio

ENGLISH PRAISE

Most English people are of the opinion that they should "buy British goods," see British films, etc. But all my favorites are decidedly NOT British, far from it. American films, actors, directors beat the English into fits.

Valerie B. Greville,
Boxhill, Surrey, England

REVERSE ENGLISH

You Americans are always acting in crescendos, always dramatic to the point of the melodramatic; you shriek or whisper, rarely talk. There's little real artistry in your studios.

Miss Eva Coombs, Lancaster, England

A "BIRD" THAT'S DIFFERENT

In "Bird of Paradise" Joel McCrea knocked me for a new supply of descriptive adjectives. Something different is what we want. What more could one ask than "Bird of Paradise"? Dolores Del Rio never appeared better, but my biggest plums are for Joel McCrea.

Harry R. Brake, South Milwaukee, Wis.

STARS SAVED HER JOB

Recently I was put in charge of the button counter. A customer caused me to lose my temper, meaning demotion and possible dismissal. Before this was to happen, I had a date to see Marlene Dietrich. Her personality made such an impression on me an earthquake couldn't have shaken my self-possession.

Result? I convinced my boss of my capability and now am in charge of notions as well as buttons. I see every Dietrich, Garbo and Chatterton picture and when "tempery" think of those poised actresses.

Dorothy Ingraham, Denver, Colo.

Dorothy Mackaill
CATCHES UP
WITH HER STOCKINGS

ADVERTISER'S NOTE—Ordinarily the story of the travels of some stockings wouldn't be very interesting. But these stockings involve a very prominent woman—the famous screen star, Miss Dorothy Mackaill—and so we've built them into an advertisement. It's the story of the Realsilk idea following Miss Mackaill to St. Louis, during a triumphant personal appearance tour some time ago—and then of her, in turn, following the stockings themselves to another city.



"Safe in Hell" by First National, and "Love Affair" by Columbia, have brought new and deserved laurels to this charming film star.

SHE LEARNS IN HOLLYWOOD—



When the Realsilk Representative called on Miss Mackaill in Hollywood, he didn't get an order. She had just laid in a supply of stockings. But she was interested in the story of the better stockings, of fresher silk, made possible by Realsilk's unique method of dealing direct with the customer rather than through stores.



SHE ORDERS IN ST. LOUIS—

Shortly after hearing the Realsilk story, she left Hollywood for a personal appearance tour. Triumphs in every city she played. Packed houses everywhere she appeared. Success running high, but stockings running low. She remembers Realsilk in Hollywood. Phones Realsilk in St. Louis. Requests Realsilk delivery in Cincinnati.

SHE RECEIVES IN CINCINNATI—



One week later she arrived in Cincinnati—and finds the stockings she heard about in Hollywood and ordered in St. Louis waiting for her. Waiting for her to catch up with them and ready to make the rest of the trip with her. And that's how Dorothy Mackaill became a Realsilk customer.

REALSILK DIRECT-FROM-THE-MILL SERVICE IS NATIONWIDE

Miss Mackaill's interesting experience with Realsilk shows just how easy it is to obtain these stockings practically wherever you live. For Realsilk maintains offices in more than 200 leading cities. Just look in your local phone book under "Realsilk." A representative will gladly call to show you the newest in hosiery styles and colors. Then remember, this method of selling direct in your home or office means much more than just convenience. It means economy, of course. Also it means *Fresher* silk stockings. That's an advantage you get exclusively in Realsilk. Due to selling the quicker, more direct way, Realsilk products reach you on the average within 30 days after date of manufacture. Fresh silk stockings mean more elastic, better-fitting, and longer-wearing stockings. And Fresh Silk is just one of seven exclusive features of extra wear and extra beauty which Realsilk and Realsilk alone is able to offer. . . . Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, world's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery and makers of fine lingerie.

The *fresh* Silk Stockings

REAL SILK

with 7 Exclusive Features



"MY dear, they say she's through with pictures." So rumor has run about Ann Harding. "His cook told my butler's first cousin that he hates films and is going back to England to stay." That's what they said about Leslie Howard. Ann and Leslie just smiled and went right on making "Animal Kingdom," Leslie's stage success of last year



Hurrell

DOROTHEA SALLY EILERS (yes, that's really her name), known to the neighbors as Mrs. Hoot Gibson, housewife. Sally was just ambling along as a dependable player when "Bad Girl" proved her such a good actress that Fox executives blinked their eyes, looked twice, and have kept her mighty busy ever since. "Second Hand Wife" is her next



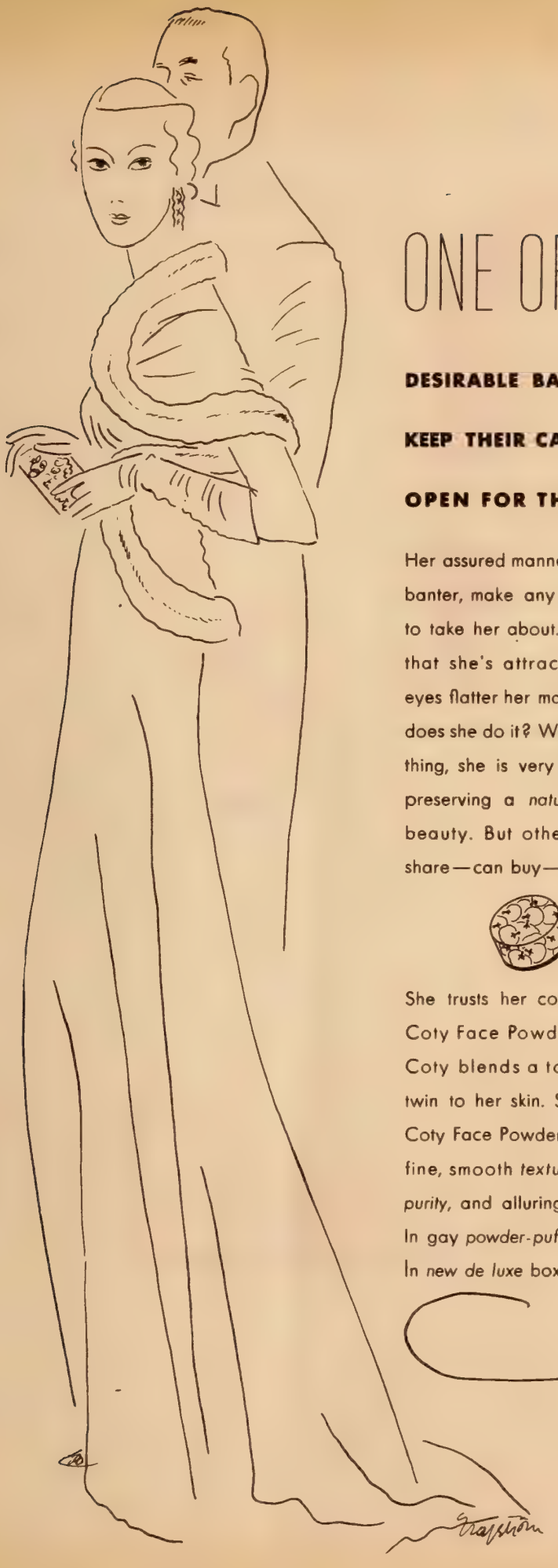
Clarence Sinclair Bull

YOU'VE seen this look in Clark Gable's eyes before, but we bet you thought it was reserved exclusively for beautiful leading ladies. How wrong you were! Why, here he is, probably telling Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Bob Montgomery all about the big fish he's *going* to catch with that new tackle and that perfectly grand "spoon and fly" he's holding



Ray Jones

TALA BIRELL "doubled" for Marlene Dietrich in German pictures. Then she played rôles of her own. And, just as every good little foreign film star is discovered by smart Hollywood producers, so Tala got her big chance. After a few minor parts, Universal has given this lovely girl from Bucharest an important rôle in "Nagana," a drama of Africa



ONE OF SIX

DESIRABLE BACHELORS

KEEP THEIR CALENDARS

OPEN FOR THIS GIRL!

Her assured manner, her bright banter, make any man proud to take her about. She knows that she's attractive; men's eyes flatter her make-up. How does she do it? Well—for one thing, she is very insistent on preserving a *natural* kind of beauty. But other girls can share—can buy—her secrets!

She trusts her complexion to Coty Face Powder because Coty blends a tone that's a twin to her skin. She finds, in Coty Face Powder, amazingly fine, smooth *texture*, assured *purity*, and alluring *fragrances*.

In gay *powder-puff* box, $1.00

In *new de luxe* box . $1.50

Coty

"LIFE SAVERS help you lose weight *faster*"

SAYS SYLVIA

World's Foremost Authority on the Care of the Feminine Figure



Name almost any famous stage or screen star and you've named a Sylvia client. $100 per half hour is her figure for keeping million-dollar figures svelte and slender. She talks straight, fast, and frankly. Listen to her. Here's the newsiest, most different reducing advice you've ever heard.

•

Nine times out of ten when a new client comes to me she starts to tell me her ideas on reducing. I end that quick. I tell her she's paying me $100 a half hour not to talk to me . . . but to listen!

There may be things in my method you never heard of before. But I've been keeping the figures of screen and stage stars you most admire lovely and slender. And if you want the kind of results I produce, you must do what I tell you.

One of my pet annoyances is the woman who tells me what a martyr she is in denying her appetite for sweets when she's on a diet. There's nothing heroic about that! It's plain ignorance. The body *always* needs enough sugar. But in reducing . . . *it's vital!* It's Number Three on my list of reducing rules . . . last, but not least!

FIRST: Exercise sanely. Walk at least a couple of miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Cut out fat, rich foods, gravies, sauces, and liquor, *absolutely!*

THIRD: Eat enough sugar. Don't starve yourself on sweets. The right sweet at the right time helps you lose weight *faster!* The latest dietetic findings show that sugar is the best "fire" to burn away the body fats completely, safely. Fat is like a fuel. Sugar is like flame. Without a reasonable amount of sugar, you *slow down* the loss of that excess poundage.

The Right Sweet . . . at the Right Time

Life Savers are my idea of the "right sweet." They give you quickly assimilated fat-fighting sugar energy without fat-creating bulk. They are hard. You let them dissolve slowly upon your tongue. Each Life Saver means 8 to 10 minutes' gratification of your natural appetite for sweets.

Whenever that sweets-appetite speaks up, answer it with Life Savers, the candy with a *purpose!* You'll never tire of them because there are so many flavors to vary your sweets diet . . . 6 flavors of Mints . . . 4 of Fruit Drops . . . and those delicious, new, crystal-cool Cryst-O-mints.

I Like Action . . . Let's Get Started!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But I want to see evidence of your good faith. Show me you're in earnest and I'll make you a grand gift.

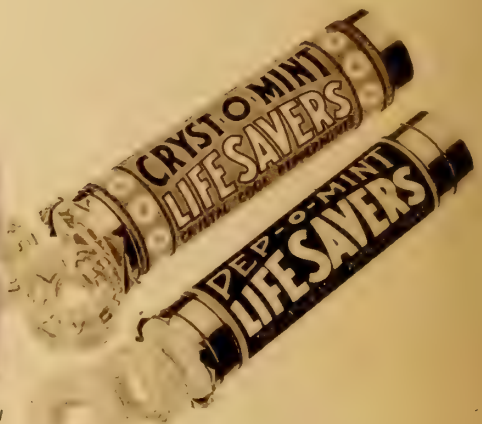
I have put down, in a brief booklet, the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program, by buying two (2) packages of genuine Life Savers and mailing me the two wrappers and I'll send you, with my compliments, this little book which really gives the net of my most important slenderizing instructions.

Mme Sylvia



LORETTA YOUNG, *now appearing in "They Call It Sin," a First National Picture.*



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON: IF YOU DON'T . . . *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. P-1
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of genuine Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires Dec. 31, 1933.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

"GETTING drunk affords a temporary means of escape for a person who is tired, and the movies offer similar escape. Both throw the indulger into an unreal situation. I do not mean that movies are a substitute for getting drunk, but psychologically both effects of escape are the same."

So Professor H. W. Bohlman of Drake University (Des Moines, Iowa), is quoted as saying, in a news dispatch.

"Escape" carries a big burden in the sense the word is here used. Professor Bohlman means, of course, to convey the idea that human beings, discontented with life as they live it, find in motion pictures a temporary surcease.

I think the professor's comparison to alcoholic effects is a bit unfortunate, but perhaps he had an eye to the sensational. Pictures do, of course, relieve us of dull moments and help us forget our troubles. But that is not the chief reason for their popularity. Is not this nearer the truth: nothing—except ourselves—is more interesting than other human beings?

The very essence of the motion picture is human life and action.

That is why, whether we live on Broadway or Main Street, we slip inside the charmed enclosure of the motion picture theater, for here illusion is more real than reality itself.

A WOMAN tried again and again without success to do a certain bit for a scene in Charles Rogers' "The Devil Is Driving."

Director Benjamin Stoloff looked over the faces of the extras. He noticed the anxious eyes of one of the five-dollar-a-dayers.

"Here, you try it," he commanded.

The woman turned on that scene like an old-hander. No wonder!

She was Mary MacLaren, one of Hollywood's highest-paid years ago. A star! She married and retired to India.

Four years ago she returned to Hollywood, divorced, to make a comeback. PHOTOPLAY carried a big story on her return and experiences in India.

This bit is the first screen work she has done except as an extra. Let us hope it may lead to real character opportunities.

PHOTOPLAY has passed another milestone. On November 10th fell the eighteenth birthday of this publication. The motion picture industry was hardly more than an infant when this youngster, too, came into the world, and they have grown up together.

Unlike, however, most of the studio organizations, PHOTOPLAY's management and direction have remained the same. Its problems, naturally, have not been as complex as those of the great industry whose activities it records. Yet, nevertheless, in this world of flux and change PHOTOPLAY's undeviating continuity is remarkable. Hardly more than a pamphlet in the beginning, it early won leadership in the field of motion picture publications and has maintained that leadership ever since.

"BUT one monster at a time," appears to be an unwritten tradition of Hollywood. Lon Chaney, finding this position vacant, made the most of his opportunity and a name for himself as a master interpreter of fiendish rôles. Whoever saw him in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" or in "The Phantom of the Opera" had impressions burned into his memory that time cannot eradicate.

Yet when he came to the screen to play the part of a fake cripple at five dollars a day in "The Miracle Man," the sinister make-up of his later famous rôles was missing. It took time for him to discover and develop that rare combination of histrionic technique and mechanics that but one other man has successfully imitated.

Boris Karloff—is it coincidence?—is now repeating on the Universal lot Chaney's spectacular career. Yet he is not another Chaney. His methods and effects are distinctly individualistic. Whether his range will be as great as that of his distinguished prototype time alone will reveal. Karloff's first notable performance was the *Monster* in "Frankenstein," that old hair-raiser of the early nineteenth century and a unique and sensational romance of its day.

THESE "monster" parts, when backed by the right plot, the right settings and skillful direction, seem almost invariably to have met with popular

success. But obviously to secure these effects is something far more than a trick. It is an art and true art is something that cannot be mechanically copied.

The taste for the weird and the uncanny is perennial in the human soul. It is easy to conceive of Karloff ten years from now, when the names of other outstanding actors of the day shall have practically been forgotten, still holding an undisputed eminence.

Chaney's and Karloff's names should go down, linked together, in motion picture history.

YEARS ago an obscure newspaper cartoonist and an equally obscure reporter worked on a New York newspaper.

The cartoonist was John Barrymore; the reporter, Fritz Tidden.

You know where Jack landed. Well, Fritzy manipulates all of Clarence Brown's business in Hollywood. And when Ethel Barrymore came to the Coast he took hers over, too. Jack got his pal the job with "Sis."

THOUGH not hedged about by the divinity that once belonged to kings, the mystery that surrounds the great actresses of the screen is a substitute that is almost as good.

With Garbo still abroad, at this writing, rumors pop across the Atlantic with all the brilliance and plentitude of a shower of Leonids; she is going to appear in a stage play in Europe; she is going to take up her residence on an island off the Spanish coast, they say. And a group of newspaper men in Europe, with persistent reiteration, hint that the world's great Swede is a widow.

On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich, breaking a cautious silence of many months' standing, gives an exclusive interview to PHOTOPLAY Magazine. A wise move on her part, too, as it places her tangled situation before the public sympathetically. And Dietrich, a woman of unusual intelligence and understanding, chose the psychological moment to break her silence.

SINCE women came out from behind the multiplicity of petticoats and grew friendly with the sun, the "milk white skin," about which the poets used to sing, is disappearing.

So says Busby Berkeley, chorus director of many of the dance routines in motion picture extravaganzas.

Repeated coats of sun tan have given the average young American woman a distinct brownish body tinge. If sun tan continues to be fashionable the whole white race may show effects of it in a few generations, to quote our authority.

There are no "milk white" examples among all the hundreds of chorus girls in Hollywood who have been tried out for Berkeley's various productions.

Does this mean the extinction of the blonde? It looks perilously like it.

HERE'S one of the best Jolson stories to date. It seems Al was scheduled to make a radio broadcast and just as he was about to go on the air he received a long distance call from New York.

"The broadcast was great," a pal said across the wires, "you were marvelous, Al, just marvelous!"

"Hey, wait a minute," Al shouted, "why I haven't even made it yet."

There was a profound silence from the other end.

And then his friend chirped up brightly, "Yeah, but you forget the three hours difference in time, Al. You're all through back here."

IN a recent issue of *Motion Picture Herald* there was printed an interesting analysis of the basic production costs for the year 1932 as compared with the production budget of 1926, in the days of the silents. Today, as six years ago, for every dollar expended, actors' salaries take twenty-five cents; studio and physical administration costs are now twenty-three cents against a former twenty cents; the amounts invested in scenarios and stories show a proportionate increase of fifty per cent—the 1926 cost being ten cents on a dollar and the 1932, fifteen cents. Directors, cameramen and assistants receive now thirteen cents in comparison with the former ten cents.

While all the costs are not here covered, those mentioned are among the principal ones.

The increase in allowance for scenarios is accountable by the fact that the advent of talkies brought a trend toward books and stage plays, for which a considerable price or royalty often has to be paid.

This increase in proportionate costs, wherever they occur, must not be misinterpreted. Very few, if any, studios spent as much in 1932 for salaries, production costs, etc., as they did in 1926. Conservation has been the watchword and there are no signs that this trend will diminish, at least during the early months of 1933.

ALMOST popular set in Hollywood has been the one where thirty-eight old ladies met daily to make a sequence for "If I Had A Million."

They gathered cozily about, chatting and knitting, until they were called.

Margaret Mann, who will be remembered in "Four Sons," the Gold Medal picture for 1928, brought pans of home-made ginger bread for everyone to sample.

One old lady who acted the part of a blind woman, read Braille with her fingers.

"You did that perfectly," the director said.

"I should," she replied sweetly, "I've just recovered from thirty years of blindness."

At the conclusion of their sequence, Paramount enclosed an extra fifty dollars in each pay envelope, and many an old lady wept with gratitude, as that work was the first most of them had had in a year.

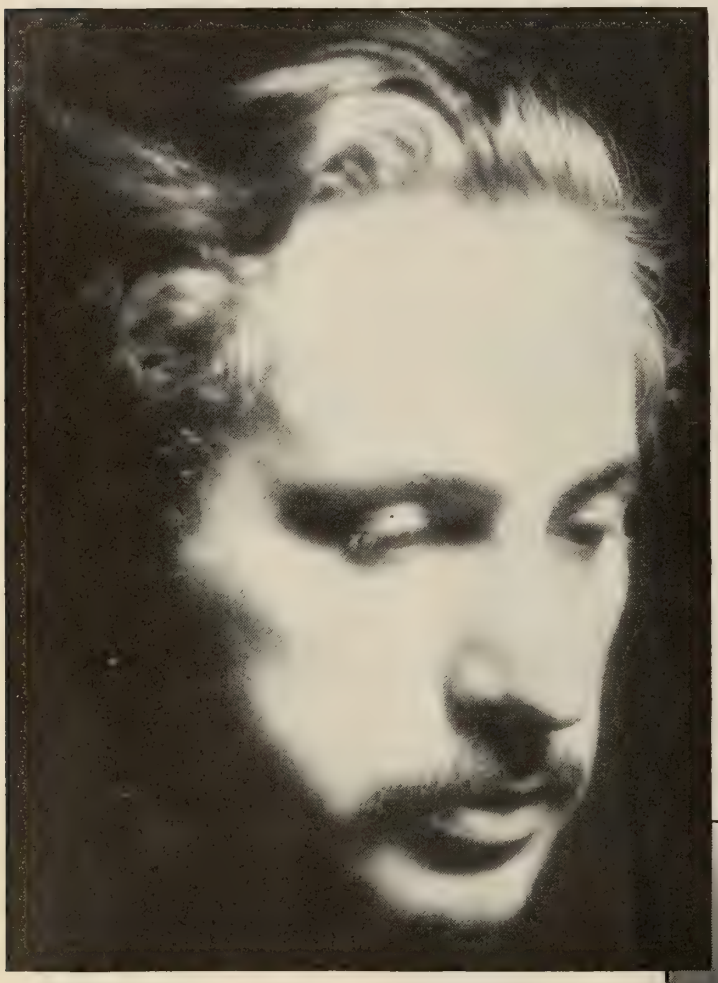
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



Scotty Welbourne

NOT since Paul Muni's "Seven Faces," has a film been given the interesting background of a wax museum. This scene is from Warners' Technicolor picture, "The Wax Museum," in which Lionel Atwill plays a sculptor, shown here putting the finishing touches on a wax figure of "Voltaire." Director Curtiz holds the script

Is Dietrich Through?



Suggesting an ascetic—pale, mystical—Josef Von Sternberg wields a powerful influence over the professional life of Dietrich. Will his retirement mean the end of her career? Only a European-bred person could understand this situation

Read these startling statements as made by Marlene Dietrich in an exclusive interview, the first she has granted in many months

By Ruth Biery

HOLLYWOOD is eagerly discussing Marlene Dietrich and her problems.

Her contract with Paramount is finished in February. Will she re-sign? Will she make pictures with other directors than Von Sternberg? Will she remain in this country or return to Europe as has been rumored? That Maurice Chevalier gossip? What was behind the seeming unfriendliness between herself and Von Sternberg?

What was all that fuss about the kidnapping of her daughter? Was this just another publicity racket?

Literally hundreds of curious, anxious questions.

Marlene has not granted an interview for seven months. She has remained isolated behind her forbidden guard of nine detectives. Yes, I said NINE. Neither Marlene nor her daughter has moved without the protection of armed guards for many, many weeks. She had added what threatened to be an indefinite silence to her well-managed defense.

But now she has broken that silence. "It is right that the American people who have been kind enough to see my pictures should know and understand. It is right that I, myself, should tell them."

She paced the floor of her simple, yet luxurious dressing-room suite while she was talking. Dressed in a white flannel suit with perfectly tailored trousers, coat, shirt and tie (the extra-wide brim of her white hat was the only concession to her femininity), she paced the floor with rapid, well-balanced and concretely graceful strides. She smoked one cigarette from another. She was nervous. Breaking a protective silence is not easy for a woman as intelligent and, at the same time, as sensitive as Marlene Dietrich.

I tried to find proper words to describe her even as I sat watching her, but it was difficult. Dressed like a man, she was so obviously a high-strung woman. Her nervousness, her great grace, her rapid, high-



Here is the answer to that question which has kept public and studios agog



The eternal mother, whose fears for her daughter's safety are potent factors in her desire to return to Germany



Here is the light-hearted, pre-America Marlene, whom Von Sternberg's astute eyes discovered

tensioned speech made her so supremely feminine that one forgot the trousers.

She was curious about all that had been said about her. She had me repeat the rumors. When I hesitated at something which seemed to me too cruel, too absurd, she urged me on. She laughed merrily as the gossip mounted. When I had finished, she sobered.

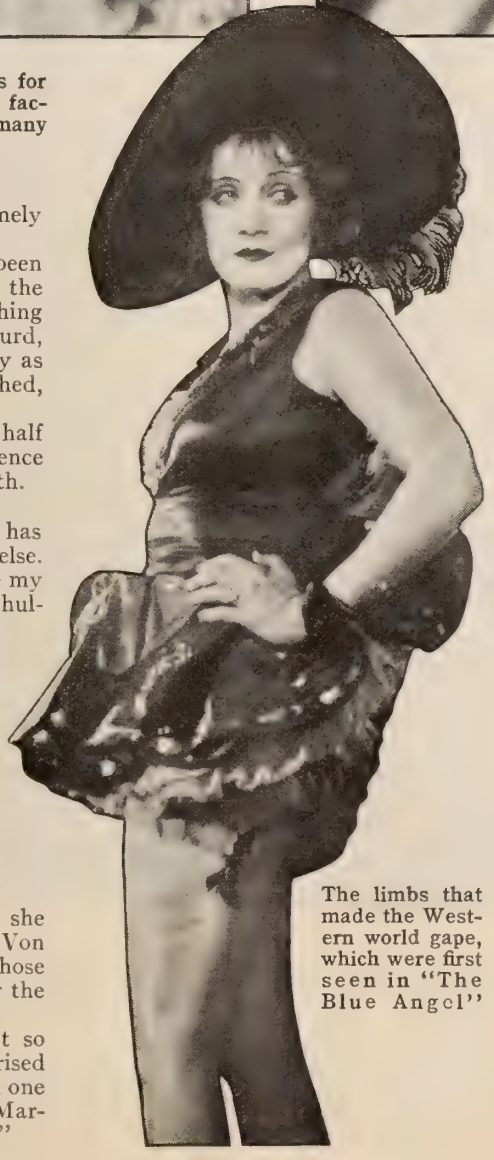
"I didn't see anyone for more than half a year. I am stepping out from that silence because I have wanted to tell the truth.

"THE fact is, Mr. Von Sternberg has wanted me to work with someone else. It's *me* that always asks him to make my pictures. There are letters which Mr. Schulberg has from me saying, 'Please make Mr. Von Sternberg do it.'

"Both of our contracts are up after the next picture. I will not remain in Hollywood. I am sure. I will go to Paris and Berlin and London and sing. I have some stage offers. Mr. Von Sternberg is tired of pictures. He wants to go to Japan. And I will never make pictures in America with anyone but Mr. Von Sternberg."

Although Marlene did not know it, she was merely verifying what Josef Von Sternberg, himself, had told me when those two were at war with Paramount over the making of "Blonde Venus."

"I am going to retire. I had just so many stories in me. I wouldn't be surprised if I have to make 'Blonde Venus' and one more (the terms of his contract—also Marlene's) and then never make another."



The limbs that made the Western world gape, which were first seen in "The Blue Angel"

Hollywood cannot, of course, understand such an arrangement. A star of Marlene Dietrich's potentialities to retire from the screen because she will allow only one man to direct her! A woman who would reject all that money!

I wonder if America can understand her. Marlene Dietrich is so all-inclusively European. And despite the efficiency of communication in this modern era— Europe is still Europe and America still America. Marlene's viewpoint is wholly theirs. One must bridge the Atlantic to even begin to understand her.

She tried to make me see it.

"My contract could have gone longer. I wanted to be free when he was free. I, myself, don't like making pictures. I can live without making them. I am not the movie actress.

"I haven't *got to act* to be happy. I can be quite happy without acting. I know so many actresses with that terrible desire to act. They cannot be happy unless the desire comes out of them in acting.

"I DON'T have it at all. I have other duties.

"And money. Money doesn't mean a thing to me."

I asked her if this wasn't because her family has money. She shrugged. And a shrug from Marlene Dietrich can be more expressive than an entire volume of words from another woman.

"Yes. We have money. But I could not draw [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Beauty, Fashion and Fame Assemble on

HOLLYWOOD goes Mayfair—the first big social event of the year—in brilliant fashion. There are more screen personalities assembled in the Biltmore ballroom tonight than will be found together again in many a moon. Crowds gather in the lobby and about the street entrance hoping to catch a glimpse of the great ones. Place cards that make up a "Who's Who in Hollywood" are laid on tables in the ballroom. Lights are subdued; waiters receive final instructions.

The music starts. The guests begin to arrive, groups of four and six and eight. Furs and velvets and satins; perfume and



Photo by Stagg

That Night of Nights, The Mayfair Ball

flowers and laughter. Excitement, thrill, glamour in the air. Applause from the crowds in the foyer. The great social event of the season is on.

What a row of celebrities cross these two pages! From left to right: Joan Bennett and husband Gene Markey, Irene Ware, Lilian Bond, Joan Blondell, Genevieve Tobin, Marian Nixon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Crawford, Clark and Mrs. Gable, Norma Shearer, Dolores Del Rio, Helen Hayes, June Clyde, Ginger Rogers, Lilyan Tashman and husband Eddie Lowe. A description of the gowns will be found on page 109.

The High Price *of* Screen Love-Making

Those torrid kisses you pay to see at your local theater often leave lingering memories with the players as well as with you

"HOLLYWOOD men too often forget that screen love-making is just a part of the script!"

Bette Davis made this remark immediately after she had married a boyhood sweetheart who knew absolutely nothing about screen love-making.

Bette was unwilling to risk married life with a man whose very work called for him to make love to other women.

Many Hollywood women seem to have preferred husbands who were not actors. Gloria Swanson's first husband (Wallace Beery) was from the screen, but her last three have been non-professionals.

Marian Nixon, Constance Talmadge, Connie Bennett, Joan Bennett, Janet Gaynor and a host of others have chosen men who are not actors for husbands.

Likewise, Clark Gable, Neil Hamilton, Robert Montgomery and Richard Dix have non-acting wives.

On the other hand, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Pickford and Doug, Sr., Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, and a long list of others are professional, as well as personal, partners.

WHICH is the wiser choice? No one can make definite answer. The problem is as relatively old to Hollywood as the "egg or the chicken first" is to the world. There are dangers in either direction. But then, any matrimonial boat faces rough seas, whether launched in Hollywood or Des Moines, Iowa. And screen actors and actresses are just as faithful and loyal, as a class, as any other group of people.

Love always seems to anticipate that marriage will change human nature. Human nature is not so easily changed. If it were—we would already have a Utopian civilization and a divorceless Hollywood.

But a Hollywood marriage faces exceptional dangers. If an actress chooses an actor she has, immediately, two possibilities. Screen love-making and professional jealousy.

The same is true, of course, if an actor chooses an actress.

If the partner is non-professional—the danger is in the opposition of interests. Bette Davis may be faced today with the thought; "Will he be known as Mr. Bette Davis?" and more deadly still, "Will he become content to be known as Mr. Bette Davis?"

She preferred that risk to the one of having him an actor who would spend his days making love to other women.

I have said — you can't change human nature by marriage. Let us take this jealousy between an actress wife and an actor husband as an illustration.

ALL actors must be jealous to reach the pinnacle of fame. It is the great "I am" within them which pushes and propels from one rung of the ladder to another. They must feel that they are better than the other fellows. And they must feel jealous of the one who seems to be succeeding more rapidly. Jealousy is an absolutely normal part of their egotistically ambitious natures.

Joan Crawford and Douglas, Jr., for example, swore in the first heat of that mad passion which swirled them away from life's normal channels that they would never be jealous. They swore they would change their normal actors' natures. I can remember Joan sitting on her kitchen sink in the old Beverly Hills house and saying, "I will always want Dodo's success ahead of mine." He retaliated in like manner. Brave words—but each is still zealously furthering his own career.

Mary and Doug, Sr., are just now proving that marriage has not, through all these years, changed their natures. Doug is ready to retire and live upon the wealth and the laurels which pictures have already brought him. Mary is not. Marriage has never been able to kill the intense ambition within her.

Actors are more highly tuned, more emotional than the average person. Also a necessity of the profession. And if an actor is making love all day long to a beautiful girl as part of his profession, can you expect him to forget the moment the last scene for the day is completed?

Be reasonable. If you spent a day in Ronald Colman's arms, could you forget it? Or, if you are a man, and you had spent eight hours clasping and unclasping, kissing and un-kissing Marlene Dietrich—would you forget it?

Could you go home to your sweet, thoughtful, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Smart girl—Bette Davis! When she married she wanted her husband for keeps. "It's safest to marry a non-professional," she reasoned, and so Harmon O. Nelson was elected to be the lucky man

By Evaline Lieber

Cary *versus* Gary

Was Cary Grant being groomed to take Gary Cooper's place when the latter went abroad?

By Jack Jamison





Have these two young men — Gary Cooper (above) and Cary Grant been matched in the screen ring, with the decision left to the public?

Cary looks enough like Gary to be his brother. Both are tall, they weigh about the same, and they fit the same sort of rôles. Even their names are similar!

IT all started back when Gary decided to leave Hollywood for a while and take a trip. Some said he was sick. Others said he was merely tired.

He had a right to be tired, heaven knows; he had turned out something like six full-length features in a year.

But that does not matter. Nor does it matter that other rumorites claimed that he was simply trying to kid the studio into giving him a raise—for when an actor whose pictures are selling well asks for a vacation, you know, the studio sometimes responds with a boost in salary to keep him before the cameras.

But what matters is that, when Gary Cooper walked into the front office and said, "I'd like to go away for a while," the studio promptly came back with, "Go to it!"

"My doctor says that I ought to take a rest," Gary explained.

"All right. Fine," they told him. "Take a nice trip. We'll see you when you come back."

That last sounded a bit ominous. Gary's contract was coming up soon, for re-signing. Why was the studio so willing to let him leave town? Were they glad to get rid of him? Was he done? Whispers came to his ears.

Hollywood was saying that he *was* done, that Paramount was angling for a New York boy named Cary Grant, to replace him. That was round one. And Gary Cooper lost it.

Round two began when, almost simultaneously, Gary sailed from New York on his trip and Cary Grant arrived in Hollywood "on an auto tour." The whisperers began to feel surer of themselves. It was an open secret that Cooper had been weakening at the box-office. Nothing was more natural, then, than to suppose that the studio might be looking for another lad. And Cary Grant, scouts reported, certainly looked likely!

IF Paramount were to put him under contract, the suspicions would be confirmed. And, as you know, that is exactly what Paramount did.

"*Ah-h-h!*" The "I-told-you-so's" swelled into a veritable chorus. It was noticed instantly that Cary looked enough like Gary to be his brother. He weighed 172 pounds to Gary's 160, and he photographed dark as against Cooper's sandy hair and blue eyes; but they are both tall, lithe, "threat men."

"They not only picked a man that looks like Gary, but they even picked a name like Coop's," the wiseacres observed, pointing out further that Grant's initials, C. G., were Gary's reversed. Round two, there is no doubt of it, went to Cary Grant. He began immediately to appear in exactly the same sort of parts that had always been given to Cooper—"This Is the Night," for instance, and "Sinners in the Sun."

GARY COOPER was in Africa, shooting lions. What would happen when he came home? Would the studio take him back, with Cary Grant on the pay-roll? "Not a chance!" said those who believed that Gary was through.

But Gary won round three, for all that. For, the instant he set foot on Hollywood soil, Paramount signed him to a nice new contract. Of course, he arrived with a pet monkey whose name sounded a lot like Tallulah, thus acquiring for himself a lot of splendid, free publicity. That may have had something to do with it. It looked, from the reaction of the public to that publicity, as though theater-goers were still interested in Cooper's name.

Maybe the studio took him back because of a sudden fear that he might, after all, have too much appeal to make it sound business to let him go. That monkey was a master touch. Gary had trained for a longer time in the Publicity Gymnasium than Cary Grant. He knew the ropes. And he won round three.

And so round four started with both boys on the same studio lot—two men who look a great deal alike, and who fit the same sort of parts. No wonder Hollywood is watching the fight with bated breath! For there is trouble brewing whenever a studio has the misfortune to own two or more stars who fit equally well into one type of part—as [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Three Ring Circus *of* '32

THE stage is set. The audience is filing in. Behind the curtain, prop men, producers, writers, and actors are flying madly about. Getting in each other's way. It's a mad confusion. The orchestra steals from its hiding place beneath the stage to the pit.

The theater is filling fast. Faces of the actors, some gay, some sad, are glimpsed here and there in the wings. A last call for the players. The overture. Quiet. The theater is darkened while the great spotlight of publicity is turned on the stage called Hollywood.

A last "toompa toompa" from the orchestra. A last breathless pause. And the curtain goes up on "Hollywood's Three Ring Circus of 1932."

For a second the stage is empty. In one corner stands the gate to the great Union Depot through which the actors pass and re-pass in and out of Hollywood.

The three rings are scattered about the huge stage.

The audience waits tensely.

And suddenly, it's on. And the audience beholds Hollywood—its Hollywood—in the year 1932. Without any regard for time or dates, the circus goes on.



There was "Rain"—then Joan and Doug made a wild dash for Europe. But not even thunder could keep Lionel awake!

Amidst the confusion, Jimmy Durante comes hopping in, removing cactus from his anatomy. The desert had called "Schnozzle." He removes a large spine from his nose and the audience yelps. "How mortifyin'," Jimmy remarks.

Jimmie Dunn and his chorus of girls, Molly O'Day, Cecilia Parker, June Knight, Maureen O'Sullivan and others, go into a quick song and dance while Jimmie warbles, "What have I Dunn to deserve this?" Telegraph boys fly madly in and out of the wings bringing the message that Gloria Swanson has a new baby, while Lupe Velez is seen leaping from Howard Hughes' car to the rear end of the "Sunset Limited" to go bye-bye with Jack Gilbert. Signs flash on and flash off announcing, "It's no longer Greta Garbo, but just Garbo," while through the depot gate comes a little gray-haired man who steps quietly into the third ring—Chaplin, home from Europe. In the second ring are Garbo, Beery, Crawford, the Barrymores, Lewis Stone, and the making of "Grand Hotel" is on. Suddenly there is a wild terrifying scream, and through the trees swings the long, half-naked body of Johnny Weissmuller. *Tarzan*, and his call of the bull ape echo through the land while fifty thousand women swoon with delight.

In the first ring, through doors marked Paramount, Radio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Fox, United Artists, stepped the producers in nifty polo pants and silk hats. They grab hands, go into a quick tango, and join in their theme song, "Production costs must come down (kick twice), must come down (dip), must come down (glide), production costs must come down (twirl), but how in-the'ell can we do it?"

Doug Fairbanks and a monkey set sail for the South Seas on Joe Schenck's yacht, to make a picture.

Now the actors shrink back in alarm. The ghastly figure of *Frankenstein* moves across the stage with twenty little Frankenstein off-spring in its wake. The Monster had little monsters and the reign of horror pictures is on.

Actors, writers, everyone is racing about stuffing key-holes, pulling shades. Walter Winchell comes to town.

Oh, the merry, merry twelve months that have just shot by! Such mad, wild Hollywood doings

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE



Out stepped the producers, in polo pants and silk hats. The cry rang out, "Is Garbo coming back?" A blonde by the name of *Venus* worried Dietrich. *Nero*, in a sheet, went bicycling, while *Tarzan's* call of the bull ape still echoed throughout the land

Jimmy Cagney throws himself to the floor and screams. He wants more sugar. The Warner Brothers come running. "Little boys mustn't have too much sugar," they warn, "make tummy ache." Jimmy kicks and screams the louder. And won't play. "I'll be a doctor first," screams Jimmy. And leaves town.

THE show goes on. Snappy, wisecracking writers from New York arrive in droves to a quick, snappy step and leave two weeks later doing a broken arch trot. Song writers sneak in unnoticed.

Columnists and fan-writers race in and out, in and out, screaming, "Scoop, scoop, we've got to have a scoop."

The cry goes up, "Is Garbo leaving? Is Garbo coming back? Is there a Garbo?"

In the distance can be heard a din. It grows louder. More confusing. And here they are, the Four Marx Brothers. Two arrived by plane, one by train and Harpo comes limping in after a blonde. From now on Hollywood never looks the same.

The scene changes. A beautiful blonde stands alone in her hilltop home and waves goodbye forever to a husband on his way to Reno. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. While the noise, the confusion, the excitement in the rings below, is stilled and hushed with pity at the broken romance.

Olympic Games. Hollywood, all three rings, rushes *en masse* to greet Japs and Swedes, Finns and Haddies. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., forgets to tell the cook he's invited Japanese athletes on the night Mary had planned a formal dinner for twelve. The scene fades as Doug sneaks away to shoot tigers in India and the bull in China.

The entire Barrymore family meet for the first time. Ethel and children arrive to greet Uncle John's new baby and "Rasputin" begins.

Sally Eilers walks out on Hoot Gibson and walks back, Tom Mix and Tony trot in from the circus with a new wife, and now at the gates to the depot there is a great confusion. A mob gathers. And there he is, Gary Cooper himself, dressed up in Bond Street clothes, back from Africa with a monkey on one arm and the Countess di Frasso on the other. Sixty-seven trophies drag behind.

Mary Pickford decides to make "Secrets." Buster Keaton is seen sneaking up the back stairs of his home and sneaking out his two boys to a waiting airplane. Natalie Talmadge Keaton discovers the loss and notifies the police and the chase is on, with cheers and bets for both sides. Buster loses, the boys are returned and Buster is out two boys, one wife, three bird dogs and an eighty thousand dollar yacht.

The Westside Riding and Asthma Club meets in the second ring, Polly Moran falls down and breaks her nose and Maurice knocks the town silly by wanting a divorce. "We love our little dream cottage," the Chevaliers sing in French, "but we still want a divorce."

Gloria Swanson, over in jolly old England, sells her favorite story, "Rockabye," for thirty- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Cal York Announcing-



Leslie Howard seems to be quite a ladies' man off-screen as well as on, judging from this scene at the Mayfair. Or maybe Joan Crawford is trying to persuade him to accept a part in her next picture. Mary Pickford and Claudette Colbert both wanted him for new pictures, too



A glimpse of Gloria Swanson's new film. Neither Gloria nor hubby Michael Farmer appear in this scene, but you'll recognize Genevieve Tobin and Laurence Olivier. The title is "Perfect Understanding" and Gloria insists that's the way things are between her and Mike

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S contract with Paramount has expired. She is now in New York but may go to London or she may travel West again to Culver City.

Irving Thalberg, ace producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, likes Tallulah's work.

They found her quite agreeable to work with in "Faithless," the one picture she made for M-G-M, so Paramount's wandering star may become Metro's property.

THOSE who have seen Clara Bow's comeback effort for Fox are almost unanimous in saying Clara has done the best work of her whole sky-rocket career. But Clara apparently is dissatisfied, or, perhaps, merely unsatisfied.

She has gone back to the ranch on the California-Nevada boundary and resumed writing the story of her life.

She says working in a picture becomes rather boring after the first week.

Sam Rork hopes, however, to get her to go to New York this winter, perhaps to Europe, believing a change of scene may revive her flagging interest in many things. And she will probably do another picture for Fox.

WHEELER and Woolsey pulled our latest *classic:* They wanted to get away from a party which wasn't *flowing* just right so they said to the hostess, "Please excuse us. Waterman is drilling a new ink well and we've got to look it over."

IT looks as though Doug and Mary might get to keep that "Christmas date."

Annually, it seems, for many years past, they have talked of "meeting in St. Moritz for Christmas."

Many things have intervened, the principal one being, of course, that they were never apart at that time. So how could they meet?

This year, however, all signs seem to be right. Douglas is somewhere in the Orient—China, Manchuria, the Straits Settlements, India, heaven knows where!

And Mary is in Hollywood, trying desperately to get started upon one of two pictures.

If she can only get started she may finish in time to "meet Douglas in St. Moritz for Christmas."

STARTING on her new contract at Warners-First National and a new attempt at film stardom after a two years rest, Alice White has acquired a new personality.

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



Keystone

The Harold Lloyds, leaving that wicked city of Paris. They say little Gloria (with hairbow) downed glass after glass of milk at the Ritz Bar and that Peggy (in front) partook heavily of orange juice. As to Junior—his conduct with the mademoiselles was positively shocking!



The first lady of the theater, wearing a hat reminiscent of the gay 90's. But it seems that's what the late Czarina of Russia set the fashion with in the pre-war days. At any rate, this is how Ethel Barrymore looked as she awaited the call, in her dressing-room, to the "Rasputin" set

She simply had the tip of her nose taken off. Shorter, of course, and straighter, the remodeled feature gives Alice's face a quieter, less hoydenish appearance.

THEY tell a good one on a prominent film producer. It seems his young son was annoyed by school and played hookey as often as he could manage it. His exasperated dad had him on the carpet and the big scolding was on. "Gee, paw," the kid interrupted, "there's no use of going to school anyhow. You'll only make a supervisor out of me."

WE wonder if all is well with Greta Garbo and Harry Edington, who managed the Swedish star for nearly seven years.

'Tis said relations had become somewhat strained before Greta left the United States.

Paul Ekimoff, now in Paris, came into the picture the last few weeks Greta was in Hollywood and it was he who made the final arrangements for her departure. It is fairly certain now that she signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer before she sailed from New York. She is expected back in Hollywood about the first of the year.

The article written by her for a widely-read American publication appeared without Edington's knowledge or consent. It is understood Harry is contemplating a trip abroad soon to see the Swedish sphinx.

BRUCE CABOT, Sandra Shaw, Gilbert Roland, Loretta Young and Louis Calhern—Shuffle well, cut and deal to the left.

Cabot, once paired with Sandra, becomes a lone ace.

Roland and Loretta, together so frequently of late that people were beginning to talk, fall separately, Loretta with Calhern and Roland with Sandra.

NORMA TALMADGE turned down $100,000 for a second vaudeville tour throughout the country.

And the reason?—She refuses to dress and undress nineteen times a day, 133 times a week or 570 times a month. She just feels no money is worth that many changes. Pulling her "changes" over her head—

Oh, well, Norma Talmadge doesn't need an extra hundred thousand. She's reached the point where comfort is more important than money.





This is the way the Thalbergs looked after their recent New York visit. Norma and Irving saw the newest plays and came home to screen that old favorite, "La Tendresse," in which Norma will play the rôle made famous by Ruth Chatterton

Cy Bartlett is the lad basking in Alice White's bright smile. When the movies grew indifferent to Alice, Cy managed her successful vaudeville tour. Now that she's back in pictures, he's going right on managing her. Rumor says they're married

WHEN you see Richard Dix and Ann Harding in "The Conquerors"—watch for the scene where President Wilson *talks*.

That's a feat—for, of course, there were no talkies when Wilson was president. But what scientists can't do, today!

They took phonograph records made in the days of his presidency, and combined them with silent pictures of him and have almost literally made the dead come back to talk to you.

Awesome and just a tiny bit goose-fleshy.

A CELEBRATED New York actress who has grown a little heavy over the summer vacation, wanted to reduce before the opening of her New York play.

She telephoned Madame Sylvia (yes, PHOTOPLAY'S own) and asked her prices.

"One thousand dollars for ten treatments," Sylvia answered.

There was a dead silence. Then, in carefully measured tones, the actress answered, "Never mind. Thank you, Mme. Sylvia. I've lost ten pounds in the last minute."

THERE'S one girl who doesn't know the meaning of depression—she's Elissa Landi, who has just been re-signed by Fox. Instead of the prevalent cuts, she got a big increase in salary.

Elissa has her quota number now, too, so she can stay here without falling afoul of Uncle Sam's immigration sleuths. Previously she was in America on a visitor's permit, good for only six months, but in the interval she's been staying at Vancouver, B. C., waiting until she could come in again. Her next picture will be "The Masquerader" with Ronald Colman.

A HARD-WORKING cameraman was following Groucho about the Paramount lot trying to get a picture of the gent. But try to get a picture of a Marx on the move!

"And why do you want a picture of me?" Groucho asked.

"For the newspapers, Mr. Marx."

"But I don't want my picture in the papers. People might think I was connected with the moving picture business," said Mr. Marx rolling his eyes and his cigar simultaneously.

AT a movie the other night a fan rushed up to Aileen Pringle and said,

"I saw you in the picture tonight."

"Sonny," Aileen replied, "your eyesight must be wonderful."

WILL ROGERS was playing with his well-known rope one day during the making of "Too Busy To Work" when Floyd Gibbons unexpectedly walked onto the set.

"I see you're keeping in practice, Will."

"That's just it," Rogers shifted his gum. "You never can tell in these times how soon you'll have to pick up the old routine."

THREE months makes a lot of difference sometimes, and even studios slip up on dates. Paramount, thinking that Nancy Carroll's contract expired February next, put her in a picture; imagine their embarrassment when Nancy convinced them that she was actually through in November. They had to have her finish the film, of course—and didn't little Nancy make them pay through the nose!

SIX years ago, Charles Laughton, the *Nero* in "The Sign of the Cross," was a hotel clerk.

Since he took up acting he has appeared in more than twenty London stage successes and two in New York.

THE best squelch of the year goes to Jean Hersholt.

It seems a quickie producer hired Jean for one of those "economical epics" and owing to Jean's rather heavy salary, they worked him long and hard. The first day he worked ten hours, the next, twelve hours and the third, eighteen hours. Finally the producer said to Jean, "Mr. Hersholt, we'll have to use you all day today and all night, too. We've got to finish this picture." But this was too much. "Say," Jean said, "for the love of heaven, who's waiting for this picture, anyway?"

IN a way there's something regrettable about lovely Joan Crawford and her rapidly changing friendships. Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, etc. One friend for a while and then another.

Of course, these friendships may have been exaggerated as in the case of Marlene Dietrich and Joan. Marlene went twice to Joan's house and was amazed to read about the "intimate" friendship between herself and Mrs. Fairbanks.

"We do not speak of friendship so lightly in Europe," she said. "It takes years to make a friendship, not just two little visits."



Will Hays should know about this. Just look how hard Director John Ford and Wallace Beery are working to keep harmony in the picture business! In between these strenuous efforts they do a little work on Wally's latest picture, "Flesh"



Lupe Velez, little Joan and the pup make a pretty domestic picture. That costume Lupe is wearing is one of the most popular at the moment in Hollywood, but don't try it on the neighbors yourself unless you have a figger like Lupe's

UNDAUNTED by the experience he had on a former trip to Hawaii, John McCormick, divorced husband of Colleen Moore, is to visit the islands again.

How long he will be gone, when he will return, what he will do in the interim are questions for which he does not even try to find the answers.

Still suffering from the shock of his divorce from Colleen, John married the former Janet Hamilton Gattis on his last trip to Honolulu but news dispatches of their separation almost beat the formal wedding announcements to Hollywood.

BEATRICE POWERS, who followed Lila Lee as Mrs. James Kirkwood, is said to be about to hit the trail again, this time toward the spot marked ex-wife.

She has been seen talking to a lawyer.

NORMA TALMADGE invited a friend for dinner.

She instructed her driver to one of the furthest corners of New York.

"And why do we go miles and miles to eat?" the friend asked as they passed one famous New York restaurant after another.

"Because we are going to a place where they have the best *onions* in New York City," Norma answered.

WITH Don Alvarado preparing to marry Marilyn Miller, his former wife, Ann, is becoming one of the most popular girls in Hollywood.

When Don and Ann parted more than a year ago, they frankly said they were getting on each other's nerves, possibly cramping each other's style.

So, they separated in order to give each other a chance at happiness.

GEORGE RAFT isn't as excited about co-starring with Gary Cooper in "Fly On" as Paramount thinks he should be. It is a great story and all that but—

Can't you guess? Georgie won't have a chance to wear dress-up clothes in it. And how can you expect the best-dressed man in Hollywood to be happy in *fliers' togs?*

Incidentally, we understand Georgie got a little raise in pay. Asked for it and sort of said, "Well, I might go back to New York—" Nice and pleasant like. But Georgie is Paramount's big bet for another Valentino, or for competition with Metro's Clark Gable.

THE hands of the clock seemed to have been turned back at least eight years when Gilbert Roland and Clara Bow appeared together the other night at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove. They were engaged once, you know.

PAULETTE GODDARD has taken up dancing lessons and is talking of a six months' trip to Europe. Her plans to marry Charlie Chaplin apparently have been laid aside for the moment.

GIVE a thought to Minnie Flynn, Hollywood's famous tea-leaf cup reader and psychic exploiter. The stars flock to Minnie in droves, for most of Minnie's predictions, bad as well as good, have a way of coming true.

Here's the latest set:

Marriage for Garbo next year. A love match.

Marriage for Jean Harlow in two years. A wealthy New Yorker.

Dietrich's next flicker will not be the success she hopes. There are legal entanglements and what not ahead for Marlene.

And oh, yes, she sees plenty of unhappiness ahead for Clark Gable.

But cheer up, maybe Minnie was only kidding. Let's just see.

ROMANTICISTS in Hollywood are getting quite a thrill out of the renewed friendship of Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian.

When both Buddy and Mary were on the Paramount lot the company exploited Buddy as "America's boy friend," but Hollywood knew he was only Mary's.

Buddy went away, leading his band, and Mary was absent for almost a year, making personal appearances.

But now they are both back—and so is the old romance.

MARY BRIAN, one of the last strongholds of the young brunettes, has gone blonde. Oh, dear, we'll soon have a city of all white-headed mammas.

CAN it be that Mary Pickford's next leading man will be Richard Dix?

Richard has been a frequent visitor at United Artists studio and each time he calls he has a long talk with Mary.

BETTE DAVIS is home from the hospital where she shed a troublesome appendix. She will have a nice long rest at her beach house way down below Malibu, before starting to work in "The Mind Reader" with Warren William.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

The Boy Who Won't Act



Back of this mild, direct gaze is a soul that has already tasted of life's bitterness. That seems a strong statement about such a young boy, but you'll understand it when you read Eric Linden's story

Eric Linden doesn't play a part on the screen. He relives his own life tragedies

By Jeanne North

WATCHING Eric Linden do an emotional scene before the camera one wonders how this lad—he's only twenty-three—is able to do it. It just doesn't seem possible that in his youthful years he could have gained the experience necessary to such an understanding of life, regardless of his acting talent. He seems to *live* every rôle.

Take that scene in "Life Begins" where he finds himself with a tiny baby on his hands. His young wife dead! The average young man of twenty-three is much too young to have had the experiences to draw upon for the sort of acting Linden gives.

The boy has talent, naturalness, sincerity. But other lads have had talent and still their work has lacked force, power and depth of emotion. For a twenty-three-year-old boy Eric Linden's work has an emotional quality that is astounding.

Bernhardt, George Arliss and Lewis Stone have said they use technique and not emotion in their acting. It is interesting to consider this theory when watching young Linden. What quality puts that spark into his work that makes his character portrayal seem inspired? Emotion or technique?

As I watched Eric from the sidelines of a sound stage, my speculation led me to try to find the answer by recalling and analyzing what he had told me about his young life.

Eric Linden is one of the strangest young men who ever came to Hollywood. Outstanding as a unique personality, even among the many, many unusual characters who find their way to the cinema capital.

There seems to have been drama in almost every moment of his life. It wasn't his happy lot to have a carefree childhood and youth of play, parties, girls and good times.

NO fatherless waif from the pages of Dickens had a more bleak, drab, heartbreaking childhood than this sensitive lad. And until very recently his life continued to be a bitter struggle. But in spite of almost all work and no play his spirit kept him from being "a dull boy" and has guided him into becoming a splendid actor.

No, Eric Linden's life hasn't been the usual one. Far from it! This lad has really lived! Perhaps he isn't acting at all! His mind may be reaching down into that strange past of his and drawing forth the emotion and reaction he has felt as a human to fit the part and situation he is conveying at the moment in the screen drama.

This youngster was that shy, sensitive type of boy forced to travel the hardest, roughest road and his keen emotional nature keeps tearing the bandages from the sore spots of his soul so he may probe them and make them serve him now. The wounds inflicted by life, that once seemed to be master, are now the servants of his talent.

He doesn't remember his father. His mother, a gentle Swedish woman, was left alone with her five babies when Eric was just a tot of one or two. Barely more than a girl, she and her husband had come to America, and then life stranded her in a strange country with her children, the youngest only a few months old and the eldest about five.



Eric and Mrs. Linden have shared sorrow and poverty. Mother and son now find happiness and peace of mind in their mutual hobby of working a garden

GRANTING the influence of heredity, Eric inherited his strength of character from his mother and the acting stimulus from his father, who had been on the Swedish stage.

The lack of a father made quite a difference in the path those little feet were to climb. About the first thing Eric remembers very clearly was trudging home from school—he was seven then—and hurrying to

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Harold Dean Carsey

GRETA NISSEN and Weldon Heyburn are the newest sponsors of an amicable "say it with flowers" separation. Greta still selects Weldon's ties and is often his dancing partner at Hollywood night spots, so maybe they'll "be back together again" by the time you read this. Their romance began when both were playing in "The Silent Witness"



Irving Lippman

IF we laud Bill Powell's acting, you'll say you know all about that. But here's something you may not know. That spectacular leap overboard he made in "One Way Passage," handcuffed to Warren Hymer, was a forty-eight-foot drop and neither would consent to a double. Courageous—but we wonder what Mrs. Bill (Carole Lombard) said!



Hurrell

NO, Joan hasn't gone back to taking life and herself so seriously as she used to. Her European vacation gave her a shining new outlook, as we told you last month. Photographer Hurrell varied his formula this time and instead of "Look pleasant, Miss Crawford," he said, "Look dramatic, look brooding, look interesting!" And doesn't she?



PORTRAIT of a champion athlete, believe it or not! Sari Maritza has won many medals for diving and swimming and has excelled in fancy skating competitions. You've seen her on the screen as a fragile and alluring charmer, the sort of rôle she plays with Herbert Marshall in "Evenings for Sale." She has been likened to Marlene Dietrich in looks

Tony Goes To Green Pastures

On the eve of retirement, he gives PHOTOPLAY his exclusive life story



Whoopla! Those were the days. Nevermore will Tony carry Tom safely over mountain and chasm



For twenty-one years there was a great friendship between man and horse. Read Tony's tribute to Tom Mix, a truly "human" document

I KNEW, the moment I saw my master walk across the meadow, that he had something unpleasant to tell me. I stood under the eucalyptus tree and watched him come, his shoulders squared for some ordeal ahead, his steps lagging. He walked up and looked at me for a long second. He didn't lay his hand on me, for Tom Mix knows how I dislike to be patted or fondled. He just stood there.

"Tony," he said at last, "you and me have been buddies for a long time. We've been through fire and hell and heaven together. But, Tony, the time has come when we've each got to go our own way. You understand, boy?"

He pointed to my weak leg. Yes, I understood. For a long time I had suffered with that leg but had tried to ignore it. I'd had a lot of aches in my life and couldn't believe this one, too, wouldn't pass away. Then, during the making of our last picture, just as I leaped across a stream with Tom on my back, it had caught me—a sharp, stabbing pain. And we both went down. I knew it would never be better.

"You're going to green pastures, Tony," he said. "You've earned a long rest. You know, don't you, old fellow, that often you've been the only friend I had. The one thing in this world I could come to. Well, I'll not forget you now."

HE laid his hand for just a moment on my head, and then he was gone.

I watched him out of sight, over the pasture gate. I was glad he had told me, man to man, with no sobbing heroics. He knew I wouldn't have liked that.

Yet, as I watched him go, my mind went back to the first time I ever saw Tom Mix. I was running along by my mother's side. She was hauling a vegetable wagon and I was too young to be left at home. But like most colts (human ones, too), I wouldn't stay "put." The tender grass on the other side of the street always looked greener, somehow, so I kept dashing across, dodging cars and wagons.

TWO men in a car by the roadside watched me. "Look at that colt," one man remarked. "He'd make a good cutting pony, wouldn't he?" A cutting pony is one that can go into a herd of cattle and run out the particular one that's wanted.

They spoke to the vegetable man about me and I heard him say, "He belongs to my boy. If he will sell, it's okay with me."

The next day I saw the two men drive up and speak to the boy. When it was all over, I had been sold to one of the men for $17.50. I soon learned my master's name was Tom Mix and that he was a movie actor. He rode "Blue Boy," a big, kindly horse, and did all sorts of tricks.

I was placed in pasture with other horses. They kept the name Tony, given me by the son of the vegetable man.

When I was about four years old, "Blue Boy" died. They buried him in this very field and placed that stone over him. "We grew old together," it reads, and bears Tom's name. And then one day, Tom came and took me away. It was the beginning of an amazing life for me.

In the mornings Tom would ride me out to a place where a group of men waited with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Sara Hamilton

Look Out! Here's Mae West!

Broadway's darling, and most spectacular stage exhibit, explodes on the screen

THE talkies, perfected and petted, were getting just too refined and genteel!

Human passions, on the screaming screen, were being swathed in elegant velvet and piped down to mere whims. Movie actors were giving exquisite imitations of ladies and gentlemen.

And suddenly, without the faintest peep of warning—boom!

There was a terrific explosion. A blonde bomb had gone off in a cream-puff factory. When we fans had dusted ourselves off, and the smoke had cleared away —there was Mae West!

Mae West as the indestructible *Maudie* in "Night After Night." Blonde, buxom, rowdy Mae—slithering across the scene in a spangled, sausage-skin gown! Yanking our eyes from Georgie Raft and Connie Cummings! Battling for the scene with that magnificent veteran trouper, Alison Skipworth!

Heigho and hi-de-hi! Broadway has shipped us a lot of things — crooners, mildewing stars of the legit, tap-dancers, four hundred pound radio singers, and whole herds of wide-eyed ingénues. But when all the returns are in and the ballots counted, I dare say that the theater has never sent Hollywood a more fascinating, spectacular and useful figure than Bounding Mae West, queen of the big-hearted bad girls of show business.

IN "Night After Night" she was like a blast of fresh air in the smoky atmosphere of Raft's swell speakeasy. Pictures have never had anything like her before, and never will again. For La Belle West is solitary and unique!

She's a story-book person, this wild and wiggling West.

Not only does she act 'em—she writes 'em. The dialogue-writer of "Night After Night," after a gallant struggle to write typical Mae West lines, fainted dead away from exhaustion, and Mae wrote her own material. Her next picture, "Ruby Red," is from a story of her own. She specializes in naughty ladies with big souls and golden hearts. In the creation of such dazzling dames she stands alone in American show-business.

Once they are written, how Mae acts them!

To me, there is not a greater sight on stage or screen than Mae West sneaking up on a six-foot leading man with romance in her heart and murder in her eye.

She billows and undulates across the scene in his direction, with that astonishing swivel-hipped walk of hers. Her violet eyes are riveted on him. He has no more chance than an unhappy rabbit stalked by a King Cobra.

And I'd rather hear her say "Hello, honey — whatta yah doin' tonight?" in that world-weary nasal whine of hers, than listen to the best drawing-room comedy ever written for beautiful hams in tail-coats.

Oh, there's no doubt about it! Mae West is going to give us some of the jolliest movie hours we've ever spent.

She has brought a new and fascinating figure to pictures. Now watch her go!

And how did she get the way she is?



The rowdy, buxom *Maudie* in "Night After Night" was a revelation to picture audiences. But Mae West has been specializing in naughty stage ladies for lo, these many years

HER public life has been just as tinseled, rowdy and hilarious as the dizzy dames she creates. I've known her for years, and she's never failed to fascinate me as a woman and an actress.

She first burst upon my popping eyes in the early spring of 1919. A grimy and bedraggled young soldier just home from the wars, I had sneaked away from our Long Island camp to explore Broadway on $4.60. That night I found myself in a cheap seat at "Sometime," a musical comedy starring Mr. Ed Goofy Wynn.

And there was Mae West—a slender, beautiful ball of fire who performed as a specialty dancer in high kicks, cartwheels and fast taps. She was a tasty tornado, and I fell madly in love with her, of course.

Shortly thereafter came the great "Shimmy" plague, and Mae shook all over the United States as its greatest exponent. She herself estimates that the shakes she gave off during those years, if harnessed, would have furnished heat, light and power to the great city of Chicago for six months.

For a time she was teamed in vaudeville with the nervous and high-strung Harry Richman. (Who in the class remembers Mr. Richman in pictures? What? Not one hand? Think now! Clara Bow! Remember?)

But all this fiddle-diddle was only preparation for Mae's greater career.

One calm, quiet day an entertainment labeled, chastely and simply, "Sex," blew up in the face of New York City.

The author was Miss Mae West and the star was — yes, you've guessed it, Johnny!—Miss Mae West!

This delightful hunk of culture ran on for some months, charming the excitable post-war [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

By Leonard Hall

Did Garbo Marry Stiller?

Is there any basis in fact for this strange rumor?

By Axel Ingwerson



The Greta Garbo who sailed with Stiller for America in 1925. She was destined to become America's most famous immigrant



"I have everything in the world to thank Stiller for." Was Garbo referring solely to her film career when she said that?

SEVERAL journalists who drifted up to Stockholm from other cities in Europe are modestly and hopefully silent when given credit for starting the rumor that Garbo married Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish motion picture director, back in 1924 when they were both working on a picture in Constantinople. Was it an inspirational hunch they had? Was it just a wild guess, or ?—

There's an old saying about fire being essential to flame. Garbo, ran the gossip, remembers Stiller as husband as well as friend and comrade and director.

Garbo, said the whisperers, is a widow.



The Swedish director and his protégé (left) thus strolled in Berlin in 1924. Was this a promenade of husband and wife?

Newspapermen heard, and set out to verify. Pity the poor newspapermen.

But the interesting part of it all, of course, is that rumors not infrequently come to stand as truth. Flame and fire again. You never know for sure, even while shoulders are being shrugged in all directions; for if the facts can support a rumor they may be able to support reality.

So put the question on the blackboard and study it carefully:

Did Garbo marry Stiller?

We begin with the present.

Stockholm, where Stiller and Garbo first met, got the rumor in a newspaper dispatch from Vienna, and Stockholm newspapers, in their headlines, immediately branded it as a "rovarhistoria," or cock-and-bull story.

THE original story was that Garbo had married Stiller in Constantinople under a mutual pledge of secrecy. That Garbo, furthermore, would have kept the marriage a secret forever if she hadn't found it necessary to put forward her claim to a share in Stiller's estate.

Her present visit to Sweden, so the rumor ran, was not so much to find peace and quiet as to take part in legal proceedings regarding division of property left by Stiller.

Newspapermen in Stockholm were stopped cold. Lawyers handling the affairs of Stiller, who died in 1928, declared the story false from start to finish.

They remarked with delectable irony that they ought to know whereof they spoke. Other persons who should presumably be in the know in the matter refuse to believe, and say harsh things about people who start rumors.

But the gossip carries on, and here and there one encounters a touch of mystery. There can be no question but what Stiller and Garbo were the best of friends. They were together much in Stockholm. They were together in Hollywood. It's entirely possible, in the way that many things are possible, that they may have been more than friends, and yet—

LET'S revert to the past.

In 1923, Stiller, who had definitely established himself as one of the founders of the motion picture industry as it now exists in Sweden, heard about a girl, one Greta Gustafsson, who had played small parts in a film production and who had completed her training at the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm. He gave her a small rôle in "Gosta Berling's Saga," trained her himself, got her to change her name, and took her to America. The rest is history. While Garbo stayed on in Hollywood, Stiller came home in 1927, a bit disillusioned, to die on November 8, 1928.

Much has been written, in Sweden at least, of Garbo's near fright when she had her first interview with Stiller. There is reason to believe that she was frightened. In addition to being a large man, more than six feet tall, Stiller had become known for his blustering, shouting methods of directing a film production. He insisted that the people he directed do their very best, be more than mannikins, and oftentimes, it seems, he more or less scared them into real, honest-to-goodness acting.



Two years after her arrival in Hollywood thus appeared Greta in "Love," with John Gilbert. Broken-hearted, Stiller had returned to Sweden

THAT first meeting must have been a remarkable study in contrast. Stiller was then forty, in the full flush of his success in Sweden, and a man of the world in many ways. Garbo was seventeen and a bit uncertain about life, even if she did have positive ideas as to what she wanted to do.

The Stiller that Garbo saw was a man with gray-black hair, black mustache, sharp but heavy eyes under heavy eyelids, pronounced black eyebrows, and a dominant nose, all assembled together in an unusually large head. It was a face that in many ways concealed the real Stiller.

Stiller, in turn, saw a young girl with unusually large and clear eyes and long eyelashes, and a latent spark of determination and fire that in many ways matched his own. He saw a girl who was yet to become most impressively individualistic; who was, all told, no more than a typical Stockholm girl. But Stiller, unquestionably an artist, with originality of thought, and good judgment of people, became certain of Garbo's abilities. Being certain he proceeded, with characteristic drive and energy, to bring them to full fruition.

What Garbo came to know about Stiller, moreover, was that the man could be as charming as he could be blunt and disconcerting. He had no desire to make friends with people who did not interest him.

He carried an intense conviction back of his ideas.

But if Stiller wanted to make a friend, if he wanted to be pleasant, he could be so amazingly and intelligently delightful that people could not resist him. He was handsome in the very irregularity of his features. There was a charm in the manner in which he could shift his personality. The rough surface concealed but did not always hide.

It is no discredit to Garbo to say she must have been attracted to Stiller. She was young and a dreamer. He was older and knew the world. He had it in his power to help her, and did help her. He was, in many ways, the symbol of what she wanted to be. On the venture to America he must have been, to an immense degree, a steadying and sympathetic influence.

And keep in mind the marked similarities of personality and attitudes and ambition. Both determined to succeed. Both convinced that they needed a greater scope for their talents. Both independent in thought. With Stiller excited about having found a real actress. With Garbo excited about the future.

THEY had much in common, these two, and from the time of that first meeting they were much together. It was Stiller who took Garbo to Berlin and to Constantinople; who, through his own ambitions and desire to develop, encouraged the same thoughts in Garbo. It is easy to understand Garbo's respect and admiration for Stiller.

At the time Stiller had a reputation for being a rather thorough-going bachelor. People who knew him say that he more or less avoided women. But there is no reason to believe, on the other hand, that he was immune to feminine charms, and Garbo was attractive. Stiller, in developing and bringing out that attractiveness and charm, as an artist bringing out the colors in a painting, could hardly have been unaware of the result.

That they might have married in Constantinople is possible. Marriage in Sweden requires formal announcement in church and newspapers. A secret trip to the altar in Stockholm would have been difficult. But Constantinople is quite a distance from Sweden. And Stiller might well have reasoned that a public marriage would be a drawback to the career of his professional ward.

On the other hand, the reasons for branding the marriage rumor as false are numerous. Men who knew Stiller are convinced his interest in Garbo was not that deep. And no adequate reason has been advanced as yet why they should have married secretly, or how they could have kept their marriage a secret. On the face of it, it seems absurd that the tempestuous Garbo, in love with a man, and married to him, could avoid any indirect acknowledgment of the fact. Against this, of course, can be matched the very secrecy of her life in Hollywood.

THE theory that Garbo desires to share in Stiller's estate also is ridiculed, and perhaps rightfully so. Stiller has a brother in California and a sister in Sweden. There are other claims against his estate which was not large. Even if Garbo needed money, which is doubtful, it would be difficult for her to press any claims without coming partly into the open about them. And the lawyers deny.

A friend of Stiller's? Unquestionably.

"I have everything in the world to thank Stiller for," Garbo has said repeatedly.

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Hollywood Babies on Parade

Stars who have to be bribed and bulldozed to sit for "still" photographs never miss a chance to pose with "Junior" or "Sister"



Movie stars to you, but just Mama and Daddy to baby Carol Lee Stuart. Nick Stuart and Sue Carol have been on a vaudeville tour, and here's the happy family reunion



June Collyer gave up pictures for this little bundle of sweetness, named for papa Stuart Erwin



Patricia Dolores, three and a half, daughter of comedian Bert Wheeler. Studios interest Pat only as exciting places to play



Is this a proud, proud papa or isn't it? The Spencer Tracys and seven-year-old brother Johnny think quite a lot of Louise, who is just three months old



Mary, famous "Act of God" daughter of actress Helen Hayes and playwright Charles MacArthur, takes her posing seriously. Look at those cunning hands



Bessie Love Hawks is a pocket edition of her famous mama, even to those teasing, snapping, come-hither eyes



Chester and Sue Morris think every little boy should have a baby sister. So Cynthia came along to be a companion for brother Brooks

These children of famous parents may grow up to be big movie names, but they are shining stars right now to mom and pop



Little John starts off for a fast and furious gallop on Big John's foot. And it's difficult to tell who is having the most fun, father Miljan or baby!



Nicholas Soussanin, Jr.'s bedtime stories are colorful tales of the old Russia his parents knew. Mama Olga Baclanova was with the Moscow Art Theater before she played in motion pictures



One of the most photographed of babies, but who could see too much of this appealing little face? Certainly not Barbara's mother, Bebe Daniels Lyon



Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan are divorced, but two-year-old Evelyne remains a lasting, sweet reminder of their former happiness

Let's Talk About 'EM

While Hollywood's going over the affairs of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, we'll discuss them, too

By Ruth Biery

TALKING about Barbara and Frank is one of Hollywood's most popular pastimes, so why shouldn't we?

Probably there is more idle speculation about the Fays than the average picture couple, because they talk so seldom about themselves. Hollywood is never capable of understanding those who do not employ "selves" as the certain subject of conversation.

This speculation has touched every possible subject. The recurring divorce rumors; the insistent repetition of the story that Barbara is quarrelling with Warner Brothers because of Frank's former quarrel with Warner Brothers. The lavish cost of their new mansion-home. Literally hundreds of curious, eager suppositions.

The answers form one of the most interesting chapters of Hollywood history—culminating with Barbara's new contract with Warner Brothers and the sale of Frank's first self-produced picture.

Barbara will do three pictures this year instead of six as she did last. She has a voice in the selection of her stories. The producers will submit six for each picture; if she does not like any of them, the final choice will be made in a conference between producers and Barbara and Frank Fay.

She will do no more "back to the farm" rôles, at least for the present. The picking of cabbages and potatoes are taboo. Dramatic sophistication will be the first choice.

Frank's sale of the first of his series in which he is producer and actor is a true triumph. It will be released by Warner Brothers, for whom he once starred. He received one hundred thousand dollars as an advance on the profits—a certain proof that it is a good picture.

He will make three more immediately. Among them is the fictionized history of the life of Stephen Foster, composer of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Old Black Joe" and other all-time favorites. Frank expects much from this. Of course, the songs will be in it.

The Fay adopted son and heir is eight months old and has had his first two teeth without a murmur of discomfort. He's as brown as a well-baked apple, as healthy as a perfect-baby prize-winner and as intelligently cunning as an eight-months-old can be.

THE new estate has a large house, gymnasium, swimming pool, bath-bungalow and all the other accessories necessary to complete three acres of subtle comforts and beauty.

At last, the Barbara-Frank household is in order!

But it is the manner in which it grew to such stable solidity that I consider one of the most revealing and entertaining stories in the film city. I am going to review it for you chronologically so you can see it as a whole and answer all these Hollywood speculations to your own satisfaction.

As you know, Frank Fay had been one of the headliners of Broadway for fifteen years. He owned his own night club, too—seven dollars cover charge. A terse compliment to its swankiness!

Barbara had played for two consecutive years on Broadway in "Burlesque." A record.

In 1929, Joseph Schenck brought them to Hollywood in his private car to make pictures for United Artists. Those were the early, hectic, we-don't-know-where-we-are-going days of the talkies.

Now Frank and Barbara didn't expect Hollywood to know much about them. But it was a shock to have an important producer approach Frank on the train to ask, "Mr. Fay, what did you do on the stage?"

Frank is red-headed, Irish, impulsive and gifted with an amazing sense of rapid-fire humor.

"I'm a juggler."

"Do you think juggling will get over in pictures?"

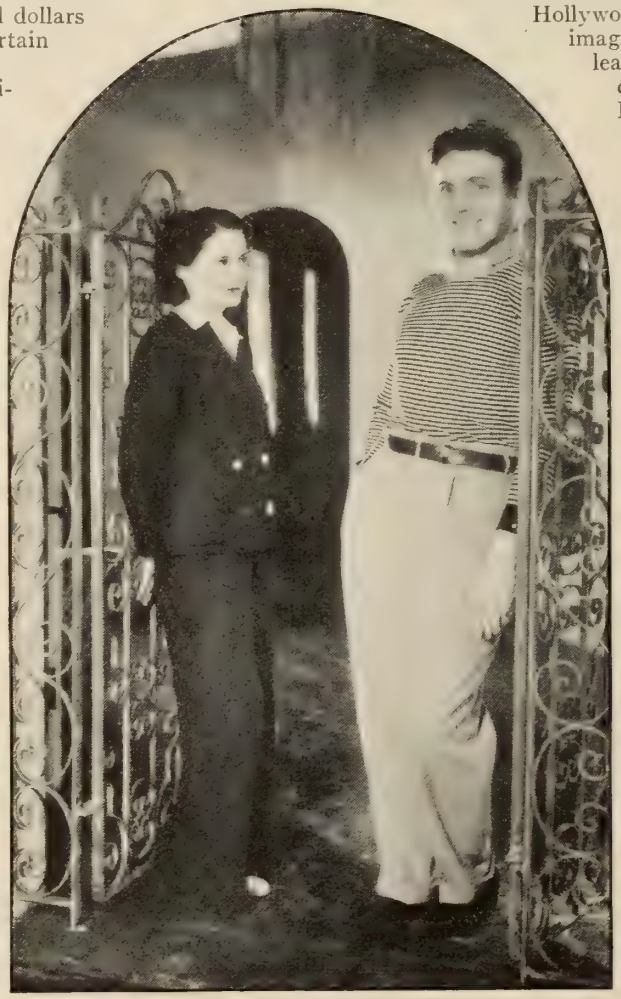
"I'm a *dramatic* juggler."

"Oh, I see."

The name of Frank Fay, in foot-high letters on Broadway for fifteen years had meant absolutely nothing to one of the most important studio bosses.

Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Irving Thalberg and a host of other most-importants were at the train to welcome Joseph Schenck back to Hollywood's warm bosom. Barbara naively imagined he must be returning from at least a year's absence in some foreign country.

But when one of the great asked him if he had enjoyed his trip and he replied, "Three weeks is a short time to enjoy New York," Barbara realized she was in a land of new customs where natives pay tribute to returning kings, even though they have been merely commuting between cities.



They've see-sawed up and down, have Barbara and Frank, not caring which one was riding the upward side, so long as they could have their fun together

BOTH Barbara and Frank realized the weirdness of this new land more and more as one Hollywood day tumbled into another. Barbara was cast almost immediately in "The Locked Door." But there was a hesitation about Frank's assignment.

"He may be a big shot on Broadway, but whoever heard of him any other place?" seemed to be the complicating question. A producer summoned a passing office boy, a stenographer and a paper carrier and asked, "Did you ever hear of Frank Fay?"

One of these local products had had the price to see Frank during the several times he had played Los Angeles. "Sure, he's a swell actor," he said.

"One out of three—you see?" the producer demanded.

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Everyone *Had* A Finger In The Pie

As Told To Jack Hill

By "Slim" Summerville



"Now this is wrong here," cheerfully remarks Slim's director, Edward Ludwig, as he points out an architectural error in the blue print. You needn't ask what Slim is thinking about. The expression on his face tells the story

HERE'S my New Year's resolution. It was ready in July.

"Resolved: That during 1933, I shall not build a house, or any part or parcel thereof."

I did my building in 1932—a summer home at Laguna Beach, California. I didn't exactly build it—I merely paid the bills. Our plans called for a six-room cottage—we finished with seventeen.

The only Hollywood stars whose suggestions are not reflected in our home are the five who were out of town during its construction; Fairbanks in China and the Four Marx Brothers, two in the hospital and Harpo, running true to form, with nothing to say.

But Groucho came down to Laguna after the structure had been completed.

"Slim," said the erudite Groucho, "your home is beautiful. It breathes genius. There has been in Hollywood, I regret to say, a decadence in architecture—a return to the pagan swimming pool—but this place—ah, Slim, it thrills with the inspiration of a master builder. Architecturally speaking, it surpasses the great Notre Dame cathedral in Paris, by two up and three to play.

"Where your home faces the ocean, I find a subtle trace of the Renaissance; there is a superb Gothic delicacy on the north, a pure Roman influence in the south and a magnificent reflection of the early Byzantine toward the rising sun. It is Cyclopean in its generosity; plethoric in its cultural grandeur. It is neither cryptic nor sacerdotal, but, Slim, it will always be popular."

I thanked Dr. Marx, saying that was exactly the effect we had aimed at.

As we reached the cellar, Groucho clapped his hands in sheer ecstasy.

"I observe," he beamed, "that even here, you have not forgotten your alchemistic symbolism."

I replied very proudly that I had attended to that the very first thing and showed the two five-gallon crocks so cemented to the cellar floor that they could not be removed even by the smartest of Mr. Volstead's boys.

IN the beginning, we had no idea of a beach home. The original Summerville idea was a ranch—on the desert's rim—broad, sweeping acres, shady patios, lowing kine, ponies and packhorses and a crackling sagebrush fire at night. But like others before us, we tarried by the wayside, stopping to visit at Laguna Beach—cultural home of world-famous artists, writers and a recent invasion of picture folk. We were attracted to a house built around a large, rectangular living-room, with an inviting, wide-hearthed fireplace.

The owner offered what seemed a bargain. Furthermore, here at last was the realization of another dream—an opportunity for a motion picture actor to get something without paying a ten per cent commission to a contact man—a chance, perhaps, never to come again.

WE hastened to buy, the deed was recorded, the cottage was ours. Our happy meditations were brought to an abrupt ending by the hilarious entrance of Polly Moran.

She agreed the living-room was grand, but there had to be more and better bedrooms. "Tear down everything but the living-room and build around it," she suggested. Swell idea! I hunted up an architect and a contractor and we soon had plans and specifications calling for a six-room cottage to cost "somewhere around six thousand dollars"

The city engineer brought the news that the old foundation wouldn't support the proposed remodeling. The architect said a new one wouldn't cost more than eight hundred dollars. Oh, well—

Fredric March and Ralph Bellamy, fellow-citizens of Laguna, argued remodeling was an expensive proposition—better tear the whole thing down and build a modern cottage.

So up started the new house, when the architect called a quick halt. He'd forgotten the "nooks" in the big rooms. We'd never had a nook and didn't want any. He insisted all modern rooms must

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Don't take any friend's advice about building a house. Slim did. When he saw his empty purse he made this New Year's resolution — last July

The Lure of New York Stage



HERE is something that, it is said, has never appeared upon the screen before. It will be shown in Warner Brothers' production of back stage theatrical life—"42nd Street."

The new feature you will see in this picture is a series of three revolving stages, each of which is really a large disc, turning in opposite directions. The cameras are mounted on the outer disc and, of course, travel with it.

As the dancers go through their movements, the effect is dizzying and breath-taking—one finds himself gripping the seat ahead for support.

Above we see one of the big dance numbers of the show.

Life Set to Music and Drama



Photo by Stagg

Those two cute girls with the lights turned full upon them are Ginger Rogers and Una Merkel, whose parts call for a place in the chorus.

This is one of those scenes in the production for which highly technical knowledge is necessary.

So directors stand back while a dance expert—the man with out-pointed finger—puts the hoofers through special dance steps.

And looming over all are the figures of Dick Powell, Warner Baxter, Ginger Rogers, Bebe Daniels and George Brent—the major characters in the rhythm, the laughter, the music and the heartaches of "42nd Street."

☆

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL— First National



GRAND nonsense about a fellow who can't swim a stroke but is mistaken for a champion and has to go through with a race. Joe Brown doesn't get across the Catalina Channel by swallowing it, either. His impromptu aquaplane ride is a high spot in hilarity. Ginger Rogers was made for a bathing suit, and somebody's idea of kidding "Strange Interlude" is priceless. Don't miss the fun.



TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING— First National

SPENCER TRACY plays a tough guy who goes to prison with a carnation in his buttonhole. He makes the picture real in spite of the rather unconvincing story of a man's experience from his entrance into prison to his exit through the death house. Bette Davis as the girl in love with Spencer, and Lyle Talbot as a rebellious prisoner are good. Arthur Byron plays a humane warden. Sparkling dialogue.

THE MATCH KING— First National



FREELY adapted from the life of Ivar Kreuger, this picture is distinguished by the interesting performance of Warren William in the title part. *Paul Kroll* begins as a racketeering street-sweeper, rises by unscrupulous methods to control of the match industry, and as circumstances close around him, commits suicide. Lili Damita, who essays a Garbo type of rôle, falls somewhat short of being one, but her clothes are lovely.



EVENINGS FOR SALE— Paramount

GOOD entertainment, with Mary Boland stealing honors as a sentimental American widow with ten millions and a desire to see the Vienna of her "Merry Widow" dreams. Plenty of sparkle, beautiful sets; and romance by Herbert Marshall, as the pauperized post-war count, and Sari Maritza. Sari is charming, and Marshall will make feminine hearts beat. Charlie Ruggles, sober for a change, is even funnier than usual.

UPTOWN NEW YORK— World Wide



JACK OAKIE gives a fine performance as *Eddie*, a regular guy who falls for a lady with a past, played by Shirley Grey. The way they meet is a comic high spot. The picture has grand comedy throughout and fine dramatic value. The musical accompaniment is excellent, as you would expect from Victor Schertzinger, who directed. Vina (Bad Girl) Delmar, the writer, clicks again with a fine human-interest yarn.



THE MASK OF FU MANCHU —M-G-M

EXCEPT for the kids, who cannot seem to get enough thrillers, "Fu Manchu" is a disappointment. The sets are handsome and the cast excellent—Boris Karloff as the dreaded *Fu Manchu;* Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Lawrence Grant and Charles Starrett. The story is about British scientists who seek the mask and sword of Genghis Kahn and their struggle to outwit *Fu Manchu.*

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

ROCKABYE—
RKO-Pathe





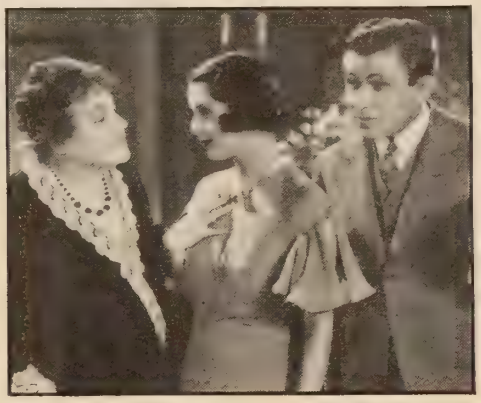
TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—
Fox

CONSTANCE BENNETT in a mother love story that doesn't quite hit the mark but does furnish plenty of background for the Bennett charm. In order to convince a young playwright (Joel McCrea) that she's no lady, Connie throws custard pies and cuts no end of capers. Jobyna Howland, as the constantly inebriated mother, is grand. Paul Lukas has a small part. Connie, as usual, is worth seeing.

FARRELL-GAYNOR fans will like this one though they will be disappointed in Charles Farrell's small contribution. Acting honors go to Miss Gaynor, the daughter of a sea captain who retires to the land, becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. Miss Gaynor, with the help of Farrell, manages to clear up everything. Complications in the plot slow up the picture in several instances.

PROSPERITY
M-G-M





HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—
Paramount

MARIE DRESSLER plays the president of a small-town bank who turns her job over to her son (Norman Foster) on his wedding day. But depression hits the town and the bank, and Marie has to save the bank's depositors and the family honor. Polly Moran is the comedy foil, as usual, and Anita Page is her daughter. Not bad, but not good enough for the Dressler-Moran team.

STUART ERWIN, a millionaire bookworm, decides to see a bit of life. He engages two unemployed women as secretaries and the fun begins. One (Susan Fleming) plans to marry him for his money, only to fall in love with him. The other (Alison Skipworth) plans extortion, only to succumb to his charm. Racketeers step in and out and keep things lively. It's all a lot of fun.

CENTRAL PARK—
First National





THE PENGUIN POOL MURDER—
RKO-Radio

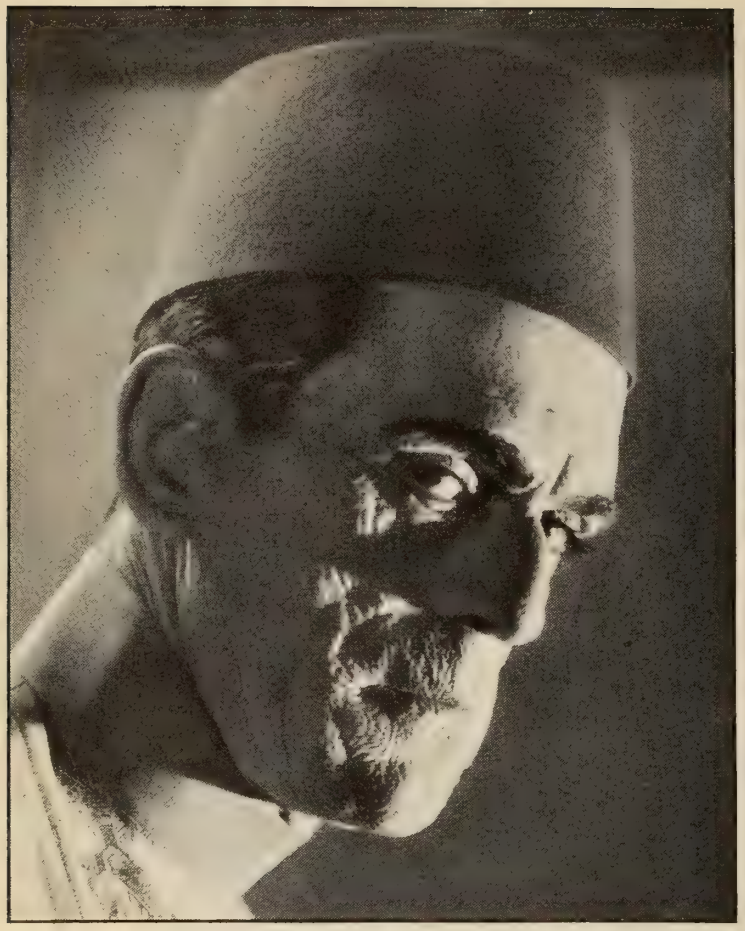
YOU certainly won't get a wink of sleep during this one for it has more thrills to the foot than most pictures have to the reel. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford, without a job between them, meet in the park and things start to happen, including a lion hunt, a hold-up, a gang battle, a police chase and what have you! You'll find it good entertainment by a good cast if you don't take the story too seriously.

MURDER in an aquarium. Mystery with a laugh. And it's all solved by a middle-aged school teacher who likes excitement. Edna May Oliver is a scream as the teacher; Jimmy Gleason a riot as the baffled inspector; Bob Armstrong a slick villain. Mae Clark and Don Cook furnish a surprise ending and the penguin is a knockout. If you want to laugh don't miss this one. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]

Meet *the* Monster!

Boris Karloff can perhaps impersonate evil more convincingly than any other man in pictures

By Ruth Rankin



You wouldn't want to meet this face on a moonlight night on the lonely sands of Egypt. But there is even more to fear than is shown in this forbidding countenance. Boris Karloff here represents an ancient mummy that has come to life

I HAD heard that Boris Karloff said it would not be worth going through again his twenty year struggle for success,—as extra man, truck-driver and pick and shovel "stiff."

This struck me as a strong statement. I asked him about it.

Yes, it was true, he said. He had endured incredible hardship and frustration. He had worked at back-breaking manual labor. He dug ditches and hoisted three-hundred-pound casks of nails. He loaded trucks with a shovel and unloaded them by shovel.

When he couldn't get work, he went hungry. He slept on benches in parks. He knows a raw and elemental half-section of life as few men have known it.

And voluntarily he went through this hell of hard labor, cold, sometimes starvation, because he had an ideal and lived up to it.

He had a shining ambition, and he had to live while he was striving to attain it. He had to work with his hands for it. Work, and cling to it with every ounce of strength in him. He could have taken the easy way, renounced his ideal, and the good things of life would have been his for the asking.

He wanted to be an actor, and he had to battle life on his own to achieve this ambition. There was no easy way here, no short cut.

His family expected him to go into the consular service of the English government. But he wanted to be an actor so he ran away.

This is the story of his long fight to achieve a burning ambition.

Boris Karloff was born in England forty-five years ago. He was the youngest of eight brothers and one sister. He borrowed the name of Karloff from his mother's side of the house, which was Russian.

He sailed for Canada in 1909 with a few personal belongings and an ambition which never left him.

HE had to take the first opportunity of work that he could find. A man with twenty-eight cents in his pocket can't be very particular. He joined a pick and shovel crew. No pay check for a week. Twenty-eight divided by seven isn't very nourishing, but Karloff lived on four cents a day for seven days.

One morning he picked up a newspaper and came across an advertisement: "Experienced character actor wanted," by the Brandon Players.

A chance, an opening, at last. And no price was too great to pay for this chance.

Karloff disregarded that word "experience" and landed his first acting job. Thirty dollars a week. Perhaps an actor was the last thing he was, at that embryonic stage. Anyway, he worked hard. He specialized in villains, leering with terrifying menace, to the delight of provincial audiences.

The Players went broke and disbanded in Saskatchewan in 1912.

A few days later, someone tossed a copy of the *Billboard* out of a train window, and again he found a job through an advertisement.



But nothing can look as wicked as the "Heathen Chinee," as you must admit in here beholding Karloff, who plays the sinister rôle in "Mask of Fu Manchu"

THIS one ended in Chicago in 1914. Then, when the war broke out, he tried to enlist in the British Army. With unconscious irony, they turned down this man who had survived unspeakable hardships, exhausting toil for days at a stretch, who had slept in the open with a newspaper between himself and the penetrating Canadian cold—turned him down because they said he had a heart murmur.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Hurrell

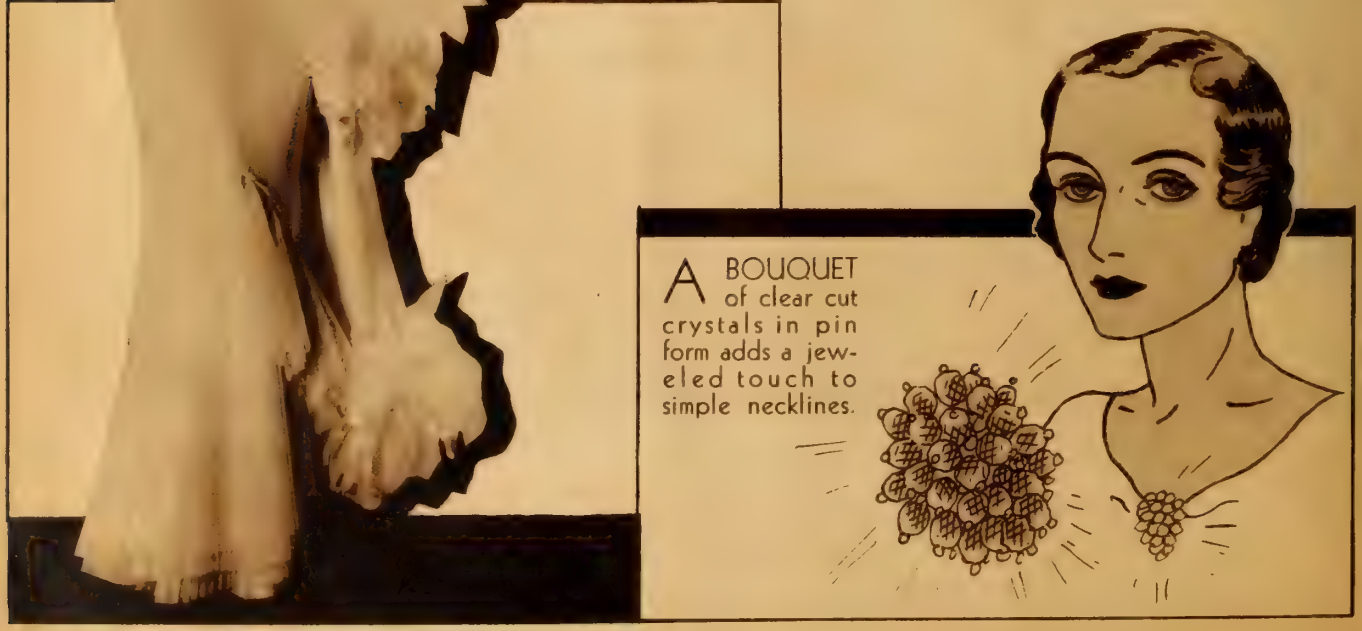
HERE'S a strangely fascinating picture of Lupe Velez, that complex exotic star. What story is more exciting than the narrative of Lupe's tempestuous loves and hates? What could have been more unexpected than her adoption of her sister's child? In "The Half Naked Truth," recently completed, she gives a new kind of characterization

Ensembles Of



THIS all-in-one foundation garment does triple duty as an underthing and something grand for your frock. That well moulded brassiere and pantlet ruffle mean that you may step right into your slip or frock and be perfectly clothed.

HELEN VINSON in "Lawyer Man" looks charmingly naive in an unusual gown of white starched chiffon boasting a quaint capelet and tiers of pleated ruffles. The exposed shoulders contrast delightfully with the demure neck bow. One of those useful gowns. It goes to dinner with the capelet; without, it goes dancing. That evening cape with coque feathers is separate.



A BOUQUET of clear cut crystals in pin form adds a jeweled touch to simple necklines.

The Evening

— Seymour

YOU would do well to disguise any figure flaws in this moulding garment before donning Myrna Loy's lovely gown, below. The fabric front smooths away any sign of diaphragm or abdomen, while the elastic inserts offer complete freedom and grace for dancing.

WHEN "Animal Kingdom" comes to the screen, Myrna Loy will appear in this gown of rough crepe with contrasting velvet trim and huge fabric flower corsage. The front bertha narrows to a back decolletage, from which knotted streamers gracefully fall to the hemline. Designed by Irene.



MORE crystal! A duo of clips will give a lovely and unexpected appearance to the most sedate neckline.

A Study In Black And White







HOWARD GREER has designed dull sheer black crepe on the simplest of lines, yet with most intricate detail, for Ann Harding in "Animal Kingdom." And what could be more effective with Ann's blonde beauty? Very wide pleats, alternating in black and white, form the attempts at sleeves from which the shoulders peep. Twisted folds slash through the front bodice. The perfect frock for dinner, theater and informal evenings. If one frock must answer all these needs, here it is! Comes in other smart combinations.

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 119.



DAYTIME and darkness in gloves! At the left we go very formal in long, fingerless affairs of perforated kid. The tiny ruffles are cunning and free fingers are certainly a blessing. Elastic shapes them gracefully to the wrists. At the right, duvetyn gauntlets now come with leather inside.

WOULDN'T you just love to have this smart light wool frock that Myrna Loy wears in "Animal Kingdom"? Just the right weight for wear under a winter coat. Interesting bodice detail and slightly raised belt give a trim, tailored silhouette. Pique forms the triple collar and tailored neck flower. The cunning cuffs, as well as the collar, are so contrived as to be easily removable.





AGAIN Howard Greer has dressed Ann Harding in a black frock that is unquestionably Ann. I wish you could see the back, for the white military braid that forms those deep sleeve vents also forms a back yoke, contrasting smartly with the bateau front. There a silver maple leaf pin is the only touch. The slightly raised front waistline slopes gently down at the back. Fortunate are we to be able to purchase this unusual and stunning frock in new and very smart color combinations through any one of the stores mentioned on Page 119.



YOU really cannot know all the comforts of home until you have a pair of pajamas exactly like those Sally Eilers wears in "Second Hand Wife." Aren't they cute? They're made of satin and have a Russian look. In colors with contrasting collar and cuffs. Designed by David Cox.





SALLY EILERS liked this frock so much that she bought it for her personal wardrobe. In the rôle of a young secretary, she wears it also in "Second Hand Wife." It is an unusual blue of the navy family, with distinctive collar and cuffs of white handerchief linen punctuated with large, flat pearl buttons. It's also by David Cox.

ANOTHER of David Cox's designs—this in heavy sheer canton for Helen Vinson, also in "Second Hand Wife." There is the broad shoulder line, cleverly achieved by a fold below the yoke of beaded white net. Those twin silver clips are smart, too. The slim, longish skirt will give you that grand, dressed-up feeling.



— Seymour —

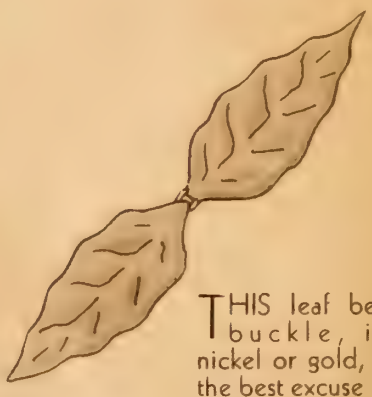
THIS delectable gown of white lacquered lace is sure to flatter you even as it does Nancy Carroll. Notice the excellent designing that Edith Head has put into this dress for Nancy in "Undercover Man." The gown fits smoothly over a satin slip, and although the frock is cut high across the back, the slip is cut with a deep V decolletage, so that your back peeps through. The skirt is beautifully flared for dancing and those stiffly fluted sleeves are the piece de resistance. This may be a year-round favorite in your wardrobe, for lace is good in any season.

BEADING is coming very much back into vogue, so David Cox has taken advantage of beaded net and heavy sheer crepe to fashion a charming frock for Helen Vinson. Watch for her in this frock in "Second Hand Wife." The dress is simply cut with a panel front and side belt which meets at the back with a jeweled buckle. The beaded bolero terminates in two broad shoulder straps at the back, extending to the waistline. Bracelets are a nice accessory note with this dress.

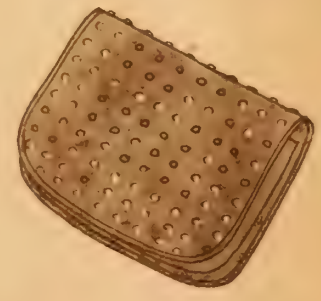




WHITE brocade is gaily patterned in tiny flowers for these graceful evening slippers, accented by an unusual use of braid.



THIS leaf belt buckle, in nickel or gold, is the best excuse in the world for buying a new belt. Good on fabric or leather.



BLACK calf generously studded with silver nailheads makes about as smart a bag as you can possess.

QUILTED satin is luxurious and appropriate for afternoon. A talon fastener replaces the usual clasp.





Irving Lippman

A SEASONED trouper takes time off to help a newcomer—and merely incidentally, of course, to have this pretty picture taken! Warren William discusses screen technique with Muriel Gordon, a co-worker in Warners' "Employees' Entrance." Want to know the secret of his clipped-off name?—it used to be Warren William Krech!

Her *Tongue in* Her *Cheek*

By Evaline Lieber

Madge Evans realizes now that the Hollywood game is a complex one, requiring the greatest sportsmanship



When her screen career looked most promising, Madge followed Jimmy Cagney's example and held out for more money. Like a good soldier, she won the fight, but how about the scars and stripes of battle?

NO leading lady novice has ever had the meteorical rise of Madge Evans. Remember the fuss Metro made about her? There is no way of estimating the amount of money they spent in publicizing this "new find," but it would assuredly run into tens of thousands of dollars!

And Madge made good! Money is spent in titanic waves in Hollywood to publicize one starlet after another. "New faces" is the universal cry of all picture producers. They spend seemingly endless sums in telling the public, "Here is a discovery. She will be another Garbo, Dietrich or Bennett."

The producers are not foolishly optimistic. They are merely hoping. They gamble on their hopes, and like most gamblers win one out of a thousand times. But those few, scattered *wins* are what eventually return them an interest on *all* of their investments. Assuredly, Dietrich and Garbo, for examples, have paid the losses on thousands of girls who were advertised as "discoveries" and proved to be "flops."

Madge promised to cover many "flops" who had preceded her. Not as a Garbo or Dietrich, but as a leading woman who could increase the box-office income of any male star with whom she played.

And as box-office leading men are as scarce as a farmer's profits, so are leading women. We have told you many times in PHOTOPLAY how difficult it is to find heroes to play opposite Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and Bennett. Well, it is just as tough to locate girls who can act to play with Gable, Montgomery, Colman or Barrymore (John)!

Loretta Young is the perfect example of an adequate leading woman. Also Mary Brian, Frances Dee, Carole Lombard. Also, *Madge Evans.*

Metro realized this. They also realized the day had come when there must be more than one *good name* to a picture. A male star must have a heroine whose name was as important as her face and her figure. They decided to make Madge's name important.

Madge helped them. She did a good job in every picture in which she was cast. She carved a place for herself that few carve so quickly. Previewing a picture in which she was leading lady for Bob Montgomery, I left the theater behind a mother and son, the latter about twenty-one.

"That's the kind of girl I'd like to see you marry," said the mother. "She's so pretty and wholesome."

"Gee, you wouldn't have to urge me, mums!" he answered.

And that's what Madge Evans does to them.

And then, right in the middle of this successfully-started career, she left Metro! Refused to sign the contract they gave her. The papers said she was going to free-lance.

Incidentally, she left at about the same time that Marian Marsh, Evalyn Knapp and Jimmy Cagney were telling Warner Brothers goodbye. And for nearly a year you heard nothing about Marsh, Knapp or Evans. You heard plenty of Cagney. He saw to that. He made threats. He turned Bolshevik. He did everything but stand on a soap box on Hollywood Boulevard. Wise boy. Perhaps it wasn't temperament as much as brains with Jimmy. He didn't have a high-paid publicity department to honk the horn for him, so he honked it himself. He saw that the public didn't have a moment's chance to forget Jimmy Cagney.

But Madge and Evalyn and Marian were ladies. They faded from the picture behind a smoke screen of silence.

Madge says with a twinkle in her now wide-open eyes, "If it hadn't been for Tom Gallery, I'd never have had my name in the paper. Running around with Tom proved a blessing."

Since Madge had never been seen with a Hollywood "beau" before and since Tom was being divorced by ZaSu Pitts, the newspaper boys did keep her name in the black lines. Although Tom was not as good copy as red-headed Cagney's soap boxes.

And yet Madge had her tongue in her cheek during all those months when she was supposed to be "not working." When she left Metro she was receiving seven hundred fifty dollars a week. Her contract called for a raise to twelve hundred fifty. Metro wished to retain her services at the seven hundred fifty figure. Miss Evans walked out on them.

She had every intention of returning to the stage—immediately. Her trunks were packed. You'd have to know Madge and the serious way in which she analyzes life to believe this, although I know it is her true theory. "It wasn't just money. I had saved money on seven hundred fifty a week. I could continue to save it. That is big [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Beauty Is Made, Not Born



This is Sylvia, to whom the women of this country owe a big vote of thanks for her efforts toward giving them all lovely faces and figures

NOW, girls, if you aren't satisfied with your figures it isn't your Aunt Sylvia's fault. Goodness knows, I've done my best in this series of articles to show you how to be slim or plumper. I've talked straight to you and have never once handed you any hokum, but there are a few more things I want to tell you.

With you who have written telling me about the improvement in your figures, I am pleased and delighted. Good girls! I give you a pat on the back—a good hard pat, too, to make you hold your shoulders up. But I want you to keep it up—keep up the diet and the exercises until you are exactly where you want to be from the standpoint of weight. And, even when you have reached perfection, don't slip back into your old ways.

You who haven't had the courage to go along with me—I want to tell you that there is still time for you to snap out of it. Get the back issues of PHOTOPLAY, for in them you'll find the way to beauty and health. It's not too late to start improving yourself. And when you see the stars of the screen and realize that very few of them had the perfect figures at the beginning that they now have, doesn't it make you want to be as lovely as they? You can be, you know; you can be anything you want to be.

I wish you could have seen Alice White's figure when she first came to me. She was very much overweight—but look at that slim little form now.

When Joan Crawford arrived in Hollywood she was a plump girl—not at all poised or sure of herself. Now she has one of the most beautiful figures on the screen and the assurance that comes with loveliness. Look at Joan Crawford's slim hips—you can have them, too, if you can show the patience and persistence that Joan has shown.

Norma Shearer had a great many handicaps during her first film days—but is there anyone more lovely than she is now? Can anyone wear evening clothes with more grace?

Constance Bennett was a patient of mine for a long time. Instead of being too fat, Connie was prone to be underweight, but she is wise enough to do everything she can to put on the pounds she needs. Her figure has improved a hundred per cent since she came to Hollywood and she is known as one of the best dressed women on the screen. I could go on and on telling you about the girls in pictures who have fought hard to be lovely, with the result you see when you go to movies.

But I don't want to take up any more time pointing out such an obvious fact. I want to talk to you and tell you a few of the things you must avoid if you are to be everything it is your right to be.

DEVELOP your personality by being yourself. If you have a hasty temper overcome it, and the best way to overcome a bad disposition is to take my diet and exercises. You feel so good while you're doing the things I advise that you can't be cranky—your eyes sparkle and a smile comes easily because you are full of health and energy. But you can't have pep and health if you're eating wrong. Don't eat rich pastries. Don't eat fried potatoes, or fried fish, meat or eggs. Broil or roast everything you eat. Avoid heavy mayonnaise and rich, greasy gravies. Avoid the stuffing from duck and goose, as these dressings take all the grease from the skin of the fowl.

Get plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables—but cook the vegetables in plain water and put the butter on cold, after the vegetables are done. Drink plenty of tomato juice and eat lots of gelatin.





It's hard to believe that the rather robust dancer at the left is the same Joan Crawford at the right. Even Joan, herself, must sometimes wonder. This is, however, a startling example of what determination, work and control can achieve in beauty. Do you recognize Joan's dance partner? It's Ramon Novarro

Says Sylvia

SYLVIA is known all over the world as the beauty expert of Hollywood. For the past five years she has been making the stars lovely and has received as high as $100 a treatment. For a year now this masseuse de luxe has been teaching the readers of PHOTOPLAY *how to do for themselves exactly what she has done for the stars.* PHOTOPLAY *is the only magazine to which she has revealed these secrets.*

Read and heed what peppy little Sylvia has to say to you, and remember, if you were not one of her faithful followers this last year in PHOTOPLAY, *copies of the magazine are still available to you. At the end of this article you will find a resume of her various articles.*

Send for any or all of these magazines and let Sylvia make you beautiful.





Fortunate, indeed, that Alice White at left is labeled. You'd certainly never think she was the same dainty Alice at right. We suspect Alice of hiding a very heavy waistline behind that sign. Notice the change in the facial expression and contour when the figure is slim and lithe



Here is Sylvia relaxing Alice White by pressing hard and digging deep under that bone at the hairline about an inch from the ear. Do this yourself, using both hands. Wonderful for nerves

In your daily living, get to bed before twelve o'clock as often as you can—for the sleep before midnight is real beauty sleep. But—don't, for heaven's sake, lie in bed in the mornings no matter how late you have gotten to bed. Get yourself out of bed and get the blood circulating. The people who stay in bed late are sulky and cross all day long and the reason they are sulky is because they hate themselves for being so weak and lying in bed.

Don't find fault with other people—there are plenty of things about yourself you can find fault with and when you're always looking for faults in other people your face grows ugly with frowns.

When you've finished dinner at night, don't flop down in an easy chair. This is one of the worst things you can do. Instead, walk around the room—if you don't feel like walking outdoors—for at least fifteen minutes. But stay on your feet and move around after you've eaten a heavy meal. Of course, I don't expect you to eat a heavy meal. But walking after meals makes your food digest.

Don't be induced to have highballs after dinner. Let the other folks have them, if they must, but you take a tomato juice cocktail instead. And, above all things, don't ever appear bored with the people you're with. You can always find something in a conversation that will interest you, and even if you can't, pretend to be interested. If you're bored, your face will show it, and a bright expression is one of the keynotes of beauty.

NOW a word to you girls who work in offices. Don't feel sorry for yourself because you have to earn a living. It's the best thing in the world for you—getting out in the world, having to face problems, having to get up in the morning. It makes your mind active and keeps you young. And no matter how tedious your task is, be alert on your job.

And don't—here is one of the biggest don't's of all—don't slump over your desk. It will give you a lump on the back of your neck, sloping shoulders and a sagging abdomen. Sit up straight as you work and you'll discover that you'll feel much better at the end of the day.

At noon don't run down to the drug-store and get a dry sandwich and a chocolate malted milk. Oh, I know how you girls do! This sort of food gives you an ugly complexion and makes you fat. After all, most girls who work are given an hour for lunch. Use that hour to eat properly. And don't order the same things every day. Use some imagination in selecting your food. After lunch, walk around the block before you go back to your desk. Don't loiter over the table talking to your friends. Get right up, as soon as you've finished, and start your liver working by a little exercise– it will give you pep for the rest of the afternoon.

I know a lot of girls who feel the need for some sort of stimulant in the afternoon—so they send to the drug-store for a soda or some concoction. Instead, drink orange juice or tomato juice. You'll feel much better for it. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

Muscling In

Males with splendid physiques are having their fling on the screen

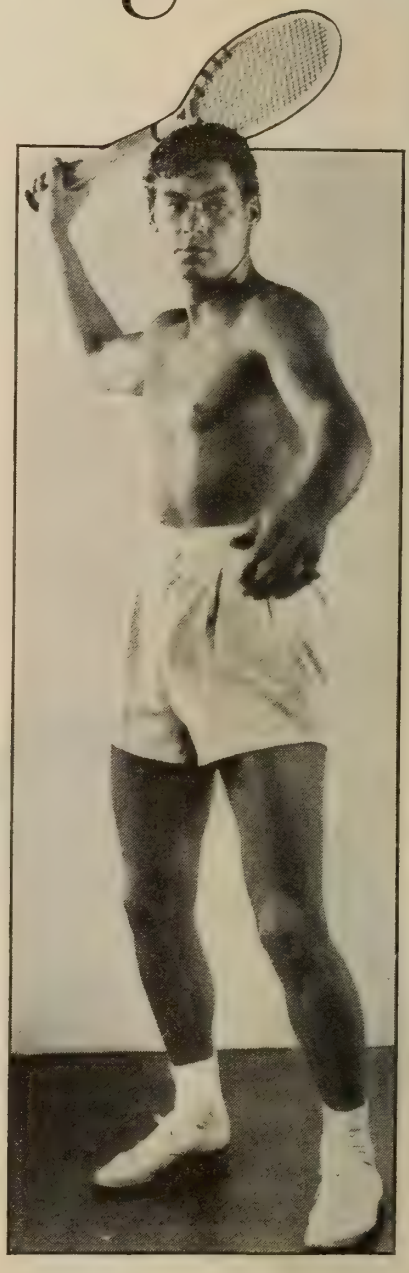
By May Allison Quirk



The studio told Joel McCrea that he was the grandest looking man in dinner clothes in Hollywood, but he would be handsomer still if he went native



Paramount cast Buster Crabbe for this rôle in "King of the Jungle," for he combines "brawn and personality"



Johnny Weissmuller is a statue in bronze. He will appear in another ape man film, "Tarzan and His Mate"

WE'RE in for a new epidemic. For several weeks now every studio in Hollywood has been testing young men for brawn, bulk and bravery. Brains? Well, of course, if the aspirant surprises the director with intelligence, so much the better. That is all to the good.

The studios don't count on it, for even in Hollywood you can't expect too much, so it's not held against him.

The present attack started with Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller. When that young man left his Sunday trousers at the old swimming hole, tied a kerchief around his middle, and took up life in the big trees, several hundred thousand women in these United States, and foreign parts as well, went home and cast an all-seeing, critical and disapproving eye over the form of their helpmate and the next night dashed right back out to the nearest picture theater to sit through another showing of "Tarzan."

It wasn't quite fair. In fact, I call it a lowdown trick to spring this Weissmuller fellow on the rest of the male population. The depression these last few years has been bad enough, without having that kind of competition floating around in the picture houses.

But the mischief is done, and the public is clamoring for more Tarzans.

Every studio hopes they've got one.

RKO-Radio told Joel McCrea that despite the fact he is the best looking man in dinner clothes in Hollywood, he'd be handsomer still if he went native. Joel is hard to convince about his own assets; doesn't think he is so much, but he respects his bosses and wants to please them. And the studio, just to prove their argument, took away his tweeds and tuxedo and gave him a bit of apron in the "Bird of Paradise."

Joel didn't quite measure up to the Weissmuller perfection of figure but it's only by comparison. He'd have looked one hundred per cent if we had seen him first.

He is now slated for a jungle lead opposite Katharine Hepburn, who has two very excellent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

So Hollywood Goes Oriental





WITH Helen Hayes playing a little Chinese "Son-Daughter" and Sylvia Sidney (at left) a shy Japanese "Madame Butterfly," is Hollywood beginning a cycle of romantic Oriental films? Both of these promise to be beautiful pictorially. It will be interesting to see the two interpretations of almond-eyed maidens

'Twas A Great

Poor little cupid turned tail and ran as domestic discord played havoc with love's dreams



The gallant Maurice Chevalier and his petite spouse, Yvonne Vallee, severed the marital knot with a courteous Gallic gesture

HOLLYWOOD has been on a grand emotional spree these past twelve months. Startling, sensational, if you like, but oh, so ultra-civilized! Those stars who were not busily fixing up blue bassinets were very pleasantly telling it to the judge.

In 1932, there were thirty-four divorces among the most prominent film folk. That outnumbers the marriages. Cupid, it seems, wasn't half so popular as the divorce judge.

Still, the stars *do* know how to give the little fellow a friendly good-bye kiss — a lingering kiss. They do it with aplomb, with a sort of super-technique. A picture luminary, glowing like a schoolgirl, tells you breathlessly, "Oh, my *dear!* I was *divorced* yesterday. And what do you think? This morning my severed-half sent me a corsage of orchids and asked me to dine with him tonight. Isn't it too thrilling?"

Ah, maybe so, maybe so. Perverse fate quite frequently casts a halo around ex-husbands. Anyway, they're mighty handy to call in for a fourth at bridge at the last moment, to balance up your check-book and things like that.

IT doesn't seem so *very* long ago that Greta Nissen, with tears in those blue, blue eyes, pleaded, "Oh, isn't there some way to stop those terrible headlines in this morning's paper—they say that Weldon and I are parting! It's so absurd. You see, he went deep-sea fishing and told me to attend a party without him. I went there alone, naturally—and left alone. And now come these headlines!"

Apparently, thoughts of a break-up were furthest from Greta's mind that day—yet here she is, determined to be one of the newest of filmdom's dazzling divorcées.

"Unsuitable temperaments," they explained to the press. And to their intimates, "We're parting the very best of friends and with much regret."

Yet, the other night at the Cocoanut Grove, who do you suppose was dancing with the lovely Greta? Why, Weldon Heyburn, of course!



Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver tried to recapture romance by retracing the honeymoon trail—but it was no go

Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver traveled fourteen thousand miles to recapture romance. A last gallant gesture to love. They retraced the honeymoon trail they took five years before. In Avignon they even occupied the same suite of rooms they had on their honeymoon. There was moonlight, too, flooding the famous old bridge and the balcony below their windows.

But it didn't work. So they went to Paris and drank a farewell toast to their wedded bliss. Drank it in the Café du Dome in the heart of the Latin quarter where they had spent so many gay hours. Then they said "quits." Quietly, definitely.

AND there's Maurice Chevalier, oo-la-la! Scandal-mongers had been trying to separate him from that attractive little Yvonne Vallee for years without any sign of success. They were so devoted, apparently so much in love. When they left parties early, as they invariably did, you'd hear people say, "What a charming pair—so awfully *married.*"

Just before Yvonne left in the spring they dined at Bill Hart's and you'd never have suspected their matrimonial barque had sprung a leak.

But it had. Yvonne knew it when



Even a baby daughter could not re-fuse the broken love chain of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. A case of mis-matched temperaments

Year *for* T

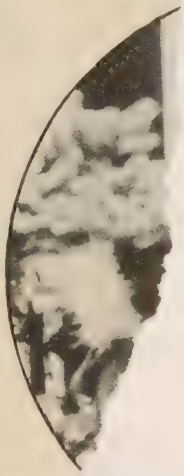
she went away. That didn't prevent her, thoug
opening up their house in Cannes for him as was
tom. When Maurice arrived everything was re
his comfort. He told the press, "Mrs. Chevalie
have reached an agreeable understanding." Yvonn
so sure of that at first.

"She never liked Hollywood and never was hap
I have learned to care for it greatly," he said late

"I was happy wherever he was," she counter
before any French fireworks started they talked o
divorce—in the house that had sheltered their gre
ness. Perhaps it had a softening influence. Cer
did away with bitterness, because Maurice and
have been seen dancing together since. And what
dancing in the supper club where Mistinguette was h

FOR years Maurice's name had been linked by all
with the lady of the "million dollar legs" who h
him to fame. And the gossipers wondered if Mau
visits there while his marital knot to Yvonne was t
untied signified a rekindling of an old flame.

While self-constituted Parisian "matchmakers'
again seeing Chevalier as the Continental charmer's s
it has been rumored here that he would marry Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette scoffs at this, saying her engagement to her manager, Bob Ritchie, is very much *on*. Other rumors have circulated to the effect that Maurice is madly devoted to this or that charming lady of the screen. Speculations are rife as to who will be the next *chatelaine chez* Chevalier. But Maurice gives his characteristic shrug, smiles enigmatically and murmurs, "*Qui sait?*" And, while we're trying to figure it out, he continues sending roses to Yvonne.



A debonair divorce was Ruth



R
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year. Ra
he didn't m
Above is Ruth and
new hubby
George Brent

Here were Ruth and Ralph when the echoes of their marriage bells still were chiming sweetly. But the bond didn't hold and they just naturally drifted apart

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WHEN
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divorce was in the
or something to th
Brent said nothing.
to return.

Ralph, in the me
and wrote his erstw
those jolly silk shirt
happened to be in L
tailor. It was all qui
Brent gave out to th

Hollywood

ed By Carolyn Van Wyck



OTHY JORDAN approves of two rushes, one for use, one for looks. den-backed brush with long, flex- is marvelous for hair health and eserve the decorative brushes rm to your dressing-table.



GOOD grooming and beauty are inevitably linked. VerreeTeasdale's chic veil adds glamour to eyes.



VERREE also finds this veil, with top and elastic to hold it in place, ideal for evening. Protects her wave.

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Beauty Shop

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



THE short sleeve vogue requires smooth, lovely arms. Martha Sleeper finds that oil rubbed nightly into the skin, especially at elbows, keeps her arms beautifully soft and velvety.



"I USE nourishing cream generously and faithfully," advises Mary Duncan. "But I apply it in the morning, after a cream cleansing, let it remain on one hour, then remove."



THE most beautiful back in Hollywood—Claudette Colbert's. Claudette's exercise for a smooth back follows: "Face a wall, arms raised with palms flat against it. Stretch up as far as possible, relax. Practice daily five or six times." Wonderful for developing a straight, unmuscular back.



IF you shampoo yourself, try Phyllis Fraser's new stunt of using a brush. Either a hair brush or a special brush will do. It cleanses thoroughly, stimulates the scalp, eliminates tiresome finger work. Very well worth trying.

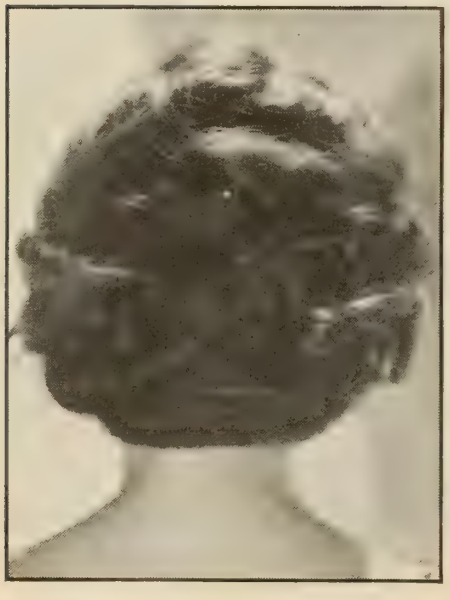
Two Accommodating Coiffures



ONE FITS THE NEW HATS— ONE IS CHANGEABLE



HEDDA HOPPER had her hair arranged to show a coiffure that is chic, right for day or evening, good with small hats. The hair is swirled about the head in two rows of curls which partly cover the ears. A becoming style for all types.



MARY'S back is a medley of little waves and curls. Here a rather tumbled effect compromises charmingly with line and order, necessary with hats that expose the back head.



THE back hair curves in a soft, natural line. Whether you choose a shallow sailor, a tiny turban or one of the new straight hats, this hair line will be chic.

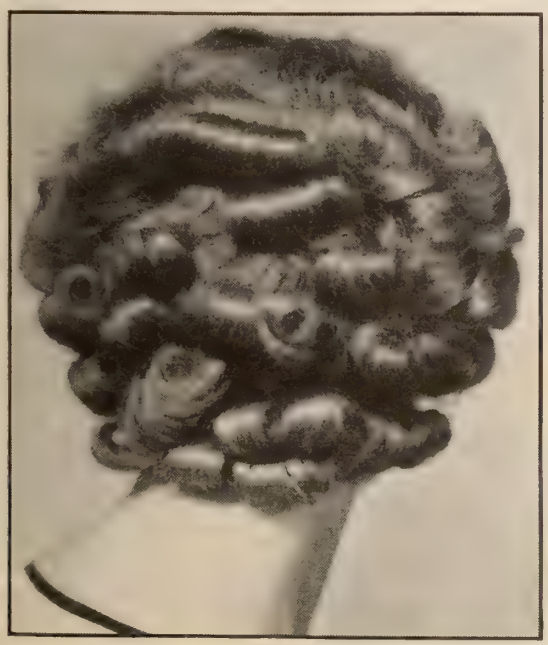
MARY MASON'S coiffure is very obliging, for it may be curled high or low, the forehead dips brought forward or brushed back.

Curls From "Laughter In Hell"

A SPECIAL COIFFURE FOR THE CURLY HEADS



MERNA KENNEDY is twice blessed so far as her hair is concerned. It is copper colored and naturally curly, so this lovely arrangement takes advantage of both points. Hair is parted slightly at center, drawn back in a cascade of full curls which fall low on her neck.



HAVE you ever seen a nicer back? If you have no curls of your own, a finger wave can contrive them for you, in which case have them smaller and tighter.

A WISP of a bang and side curls distinguish the front. If hair line and features are good, try this arrangement without face curls and drawn closer back.



Tricks That Pay High Dividends In Charm



MARY DUNCAN wears these lovely earrings and necklace for ornamentation and slenderizing purposes. Mary has a perfect figure, but she finds that a square neckline shortens the figure, and that pendant earrings and necklace add length.



SACHET powder dusted on the skin leaves a subtle, lasting fragrance. Martha Sleeper uses it in a scent harmonizing with her perfume.



IF you wear your hair nice and straight like Bette Davis with the ends only slightly fluffed, have you ever tried eau de Cologne to make them curl? Bette finds it works beautifully when sprayed on.



HERE'S the trick of the little face curls that Dorothy Jordan likes. Hair is wet, twisted about the finger, held with pin until dry. Simple as that.

Here Is Beauty In Your Own Boudoir





DOESN'T Mary Carlisle look Victorian with her curl papers? First she dampens her hair with oil and water (or try a wave set lotion), rolls her hair in squares of tissue paper, ties the ends close to her head.



NEXT morning Mary's soft, blonde hair is gently curled like this. A baby's hair could be curled this way without harm. There are many lotions which leave your hair soft and lustrous.



TO prevent chapping and roughness, Mary Carlisle rubs oil on her face before retiring and before exposure. In the latter case, oil is wiped off, powder applied. Good for sensitive skin.

HEALTHY and wise is Ruth Selwyn who remembers her morning cocktail of hot water and lemon juice. Fine for clear skin and trim figure.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 88)

By Mary Temple



This is the famous scene from "A Bill of Divorcement," in which a member of the Royal Family of Broadway did the incredible — he turned away to giveKatharineHepburn the best shot

She Stole His Best Scenes

And it was John Barrymore who forced a newcomer to play this trick against himself

"MY lord, girl, turn toward that camera. Let them see you." That's what John Barrymore kept whispering in Katharine Hepburn's ear as they began their scenes in "A Bill of Divorcement."

Sounds funny, doesn't it, coming from a Barrymore? Especially John, that veteran scene-stealer. I wouldn't have believed it, if Katharine Hepburn herself hadn't told me. How, in those parts where he grips her shoulders and begs her to help him "go slow"—scenes that by every right belonged to him—he had deliberately and forcibly turned her towards the camera, so the audience would be conscious of *her*.

That audiences everywhere were acutely conscious of Katharine Hepburn as a dynamic new screen personality is now a matter of motion picture history. Never has PHOTOPLAY received more letters praising a first screen performance.

Katharine is the only one of her family who has had any contact with stage or screen. At eight years she wrote and produced her own version of "Beauty and the Beast," in which she played the *Beast* with more force than *finesse*. She had a puppet theater, too. But no one in the family took these early efforts seriously.

They sat up a little straighter, however, when while hardly more than a school-girl and without "pull," training or experience, she got a two-weeks engagement with a stock company in Baltimore. Then she secured the leading feminine rôle in the play, "The Big Pond." It went to Broadway after the try-out performance, but without Katharine. Perhaps they were afraid to trust a leading part to an unknown actress.

Arthur Hopkins, the producer, saw her in the try-out and offered her a small part in the Broadway production of "These Days." It lasted only seven days. Her next stage venture was in "Holiday," in which she had a small part and understudied Hope Williams in the leading rôle. Miss Williams' vitality never waned, so no golden opportunities for overnight fame came Katharine's way.

During this period she studied dancing with the famous Mordkin and diction and voice culture.

After a five-months real holiday in Europe, there was another holiday in her life—"Death Takes a Holiday." She played it out of town four weeks, getting good notices from the critics, but was dropped from the cast when it reached New York. Rose Hobart replaced her and made an instant hit. Maybe Katharine would have done the same. She'll never know.

She next played in a Theater Guild production, followed by "Art and Mrs. Bottle," with Jane Cowl. And then, the highly successful "The Warrior's Husband," starring Katharine Hepburn. After four years of hard work, flops and disappointments, she had "arrived" in the theater.

Radio Pictures signed her for "A Bill of Divorcement" and she embarked on her first trip to Hollywood with well-chosen, correct clothes to stock her closet and the comfortable and casually chosen clothes she enjoys wearing.

"IT'S no wonder the report got around that I have sixteen million dollars," she says. "They thought no new actress would dare go about Hollywood dressed as terribly as I was, without that backing. I like to sit and think what I could do with so much money. It whiled away the long evenings—those evenings when Hollywood left me to my own devices."

That's another funny story she tells on herself. She had decided she didn't want to go to premières or Hollywood parties. She was there to do a job, and she wondered how she could make the necessary social excuses.

The joke was certainly on her. Not one note of regret did she have to ponder over. Not once did her maid have to lie, "I'm sorry, but Miss Hepburn isn't in." She hadn't "arrived" in Hollywood and evidently they weren't expecting she would! She did spend an evening at Pickfair, but that was because the Fairbanks and she have mutual friends who arranged it.

Her funniest experiences happened on the day of her arrival. On the trip from New York a steel splinter became imbedded in her eye. The folks from the studio met her, red-eyed and squinting with discomfort, at the station. They took one look at her long, thick red hair, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago*. Her skin lovely now as then—How does she care for it?



CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, *when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.*

CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, *lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."*

Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,

the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just how she keeps her youthful freshness.

"I HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.



As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin *clean* . . . And *protecting* it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective*.

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . . Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.



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114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City
Please send me (check choice):
Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythmed for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

Whichever star



—notice her marvelously

SCREEN STARS have such exquisite skin! They know their complexions *must* be lovely if they are to win—and *hold*—hearts by the thousand! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty," they declare. "We use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Whichever star you see tonight, notice how alluring her smooth skin is. Is *your* skin as lovely—as *tempting?* Why don't *you* try Hollywood's favorite beauty care—use the gentle, inexpensive soap that keeps the stars' priceless complexions always youthful!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

For their convenience all the great film studios have made it their official soap for dressing rooms. Begin today to let this fragrant white soap work wonders for *your* complexion!

Lux Toilet Soap

you see tonight—



Youthful Complexion



Kay Francis, lovely Warner Brothers' star, has a complexion so velvety smooth it actually takes your breath away! "Lovely skin is the most endearing charm a girl can have," she says. "It's a charm she *must* have, if she wants to keep her fresh youthfulness. I'm certainly enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin always soft and smooth."

They Know the Secret of Keeping Youthful Charm



SIDNEY FOX



BETTE DAVIS
Warner Brothers



LORETTA YOUNG
Warner Brothers



ARLINE JUDGE
R. K. O.

Some New Dishes That Cost Next To Nothing

ANYONE can make tasty dishes by using a lot of expensive ingredients, but it takes real ingenuity to concoct something grand out of almost nothing! And better still, to have it cost amazingly little.

Gloria Stuart insists that competitive spirit plunged her into cooking. It seems that Gloria vacationed some time ago in the artists' colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea. She hadn't been there long when she discovered you weren't given much of a hand as a hostess unless you could offer hungry artists unusual dishes for a few paltry cents. The tastier and cheaper a meal was, the bigger success you were. So, not to be daunted, Gloria ceased looking at a stove strangely, and worked hard at the cooking idea —the results were beyond her wildest expectations. She became a cooking sensation.

With praise still ringing in her ears, Gloria returned from her vacation with a firm resolve to conquer Hollywood, gastronomically speaking! It seemed everyone was eager for a little kitchen economy in the movie colony as well as in the artists' colony, so Gloria's recipes have become a household word among the stars.

Try some of Gloria's successful and inexpensive dishes. Then start concocting some of your own from odds and ends or leftovers. It's twice as exciting and even more gratifying than to cook with little regard for the cost.



Just try to stump Gloria Stuart by dropping in for supper unexpectedly. She'll dash to the kitchen and concoct one of her economy specials!

Beet Soup

Did you ever think of using beets for a delicious soup? It's a simple recipe and a good one. Here is how you go about it. Take two pounds of boiling beef and make a very strong stock. Peel five beets while still freshly cooked, put them in with the stock. Cut up one large onion and some parsley, add to the beef stock after the blood is all out of the beets and the soup is a dark red color. Strain, then season after it is strained.

Did you ever hear of using Marigold leaves to flavor your soup? Gloria says it is delicious in her beet soup. Just sprinkle them in the soup and remove just before the soup is ready to serve. Adding finely grated cheese also, adds a certain zest with the leaves.

Rolled Steak

Is the meat course your special problem? When you tire of all the regulars, try the famous Stuart *rolled steak*. Take a strip of round steak about six inches wide. Have your butcher pound it for you—then make this dressing: one pound of pork sausage, one cup of raw chopped spinach, one beaten egg, and one-half cup of bread crumbs. If you can't stand spinach, it can be eliminated without spoiling the taste. Mix this dressing together, roll it into the steak and tie it up at both ends and in the center.

Next take a large onion, cut into small pieces and saute with two coarsely grated carrots in a little butter. Then pour into this a small can of tomato sauce —just enough to surround the steak. Place the steak in this mixture and cook slowly for an hour or more. Do not remove until well done.

Noodle Supreme

This is Gloria's chafing dish suggestion for after theater or Sunday night supper guests. It's the filling sort of dish that men eat heartily and it has a tempting flavor. Boil noodles in salt water until quite tender. Take one can of tuna fish, one can of pimentos, two hard boiled eggs and one small can of mushrooms. Canned mushrooms are quite inexpensive, so they won't run you over your budget price on this dish! Mix all the ingredients together, after chopping the pimentos and eggs. Add a bit of chopped green pepper and a bit of parsley. Cover all with a smooth white sauce into which has been stirred a cupful of grated cheese. Cook slowly for fifteen minutes and serve hot. This can be served on toast or in patty shells.

Frolic

You couldn't possibly guess from the name what this dish is—but it's a dessert! It, like so many of Gloria's pet recipes, was thought up in an emergency. Guests but no dessert—you know the feeling. Well, if you keep a package of dates, a jar of honey and a box of graham crackers on hand, you can always make *Frolic*.

Line the bottom of a baking dish with dates in a layer. Break graham crackers, broken into bits but not crumbled, and sprinkle over the dates. Build a layer of dates, then a layer of crackers until the dish is full. Over this pour honey and bake in a slow oven for a half hour. Remove from the oven and chill. When ready to serve, slice and serve it with a topping of hard sauce or whipped cream. And these four cleverly concocted dishes won for Gloria the gold plated sauce pan of Hollywood!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Now in Smartest Stores: Hollywood Fashions!

READ about them in PHOTOPLAY (Pages 62-67); see them on the screen in motion pictures; then be thrilled by their charm and popular prices in a store that commands confidence—perhaps in your own city! (See Page 119.) If you do not know where to buy "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of smartest styles worn by stars in latest picture plays) write PHOTOPLAY, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.



Only three of the ten charming "Hollywood Fashions" for January, 1933! Smartest of motion picture styles, they were selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY, *from costumes worn by featured players in pictures to be exhibited in local theaters during the Holiday season. Many style-right stores now offer true copies of these clever clothes.*



Upper Left: You too may wear Myrna Loy's smart frock; see her in RKO's picture, "Animal Kingdom."

Center: For New Year's Eve! Nancy Carroll's lovely gown, as it is worn in Paramount's "Under Cover Man."

Below: What a Christmas gift! Sally Eilers' pajama, worn in the Fox production, "Second Hand Wife."



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.
In Association With Wakefield & O'Connor, Inc., Chicago, Ill.



Look for the "Hollywood Fashions" label, shown above, in your movie frock!

MR. DALE NORTON, DIRECTOR "HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be purchased.

I like to shop at (Please name the department store you prefer)._____

My Name and Address is _____

1-33

A Few Practical Slants On Beauty

By Carolyn Van Wyck



JUST to be sure the tones match, Fifi Dorsay makes her lipstick serve a double purpose.



IT'S been many a moon since we've seen hair like this. Isn't it gorgeous? But how could we possibly wear our Breton sailor hats? Aline McMahon can boast quality and quantity in this wonderful hair.



FRANCES DEE'S coiffure was inspired by the historical ladies in "The Sign of the Cross."

OFTEN in these columns I have preached the gospel of change. I have told you how the Hollywood stars find new charm, beauty, glamour and even personality through change. Change, that is, of costume, coiffure, make-up and, most important of all, mental attitude.

Karen Morley is a blonde this month, a brunette next, so far as her screen appearance is concerned. The truth is that Karen has fly-away hair, nice as hair goes, but impossible to manage for the camera. So she resorts to wigs and changes her hair more frequently than any other actress. And notice, you never tire of her. You always expect something different of Karen—and get it.

CHANGE is the very essence of life. A right change is the self-start toward all the good things of life. It means we are awake, alive, eager to try.

There is one respect, however, in which I would discourage change. And that is in the matter of your beauty care when you have discovered satisfactory preparations for your skin, hair, nails and so on. After all, we must experiment to find just the cream, the soap, the lotion, that is right for us, because the human body, like our appetites and tastes, differs in the individual.

So when you find a cleansing cream that leaves your skin soft, smooth, clear, adopt it for your very own.

When you have discovered a soap that is right for you, don't forsake it in the hope of finding another more fragrant or of a nicer color. And so on, with your basic preparations.

ALL reputable beauty preparations of today are manufactured with a high degree of skill and care. So if you find a cream too heavy, that leaves your face too creamy, don't condemn that cream as being no good. It is probably not right for your skin but ideal for another's. The selection of your basic preparations is largely a matter of personal taste.

Every girl with a fairly normal skin needs a good soap for face and bath, a cleansing cream, a lotion to refresh the skin and remove all cream, a feeding cream to use about the eyes (even young eyes need this) and those curves about the mouth, and a hand cream or lotion. This is a typical group of basic preparations, the ones we would all do well to stick by when we have found them satisfactory.

Then there are, of course, many aids to good grooming and good looks—an eyelash grower, acne lotion for those occasional spots that will appear on the best of skins, special aids for other skin disorders, an effective deodorant and bath powder.

The matter of make-up, I repeat, is altogether different. Rouge, powder, lipstick, eye make-up constantly change for the better—better tones, better texture, better lasting qualities. By changing your make-up preparations often you will find many pleasant surprises—both in yourself and in them.

MARY DUNCAN tells me there is nothing like witch-hazel for renewing eye brilliance after a fagging day. Take small squares of absorbent cotton, saturate them with witch-hazel, eye tonic, eye lotion or ice water, if nothing else is available, press lightly over the eyes and lie quietly for fifteen minutes.

THE vogue for bright red nail polish grows. It is unusual to meet anyone from Hollywood without it. The "pale hands, pink-tipped" seem mostly in the discard. We have all been trained, I think, to consider our costume in relation to the choice of nail color, but most of us fail to consider the tone of red in relation to our skin. If you are a brunette you will find a warm red tone far more flattering to your hands than a cold tone, and the opposite applies, of course, to fair hands.

WOULD you like a list of preparations suitable for the basic purposes mentioned on this page, worked out in a practical budget form? I have it ready for you if you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. And there are also our reducing booklet and leaflet on skin ailments. Inquiries on skin, hair, make-up and all phases of beauty will be answered personally. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

The Smart Gift!



INEXPENSIVE—YET IT HAS "LUXURY APPEAL"

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YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE CHOSEN THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY

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The Third Girl

AMID the gayety of preparations for the Christmas season won't you pause a moment to pity the "third girl"? Among all young women who die between the ages of 15 and 30 one out of three dies of tuberculosis — a human sacrifice to ignorance and indifference. Tuberculosis is preventable and curable. Turn your pity into action and buy Christmas Seals. Your pennies help spread the knowledge that will save lives.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

BRUNETTES seemed to have been the preferred subjects of January, 1918. June Elvidge graced the cover and discoursed on clothes. The petite Marguerite Clark had her first screen interview and her picture, "Bab's Burglar," was reviewed. Richard Barthelmess was her new hero and we predicted he was "coming to the front rapidly."

In the gallery were the popular Doris Kenyon and Owen Moore, in company with Blanche Sweet, Mrs. Sidney Drew, Vivian Martin and the now mourned Bobby Harron.

We reviewed "The Woman God Forgot," with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid; Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" and "Camille" and Billie Burke's "Arms and the Girl" with Thomas Meighan. Billie Burke then was the captivating comedienne, a far cry from her recent screen return as the woe-beset wife in "A Bill of Divorcement."

We said Theda Bara "makes *Camille* the brazen hussy," a sharp contrast to Lillian Gish's spirituelle portrayal in the recent Broadway stage revival.



Marguerite Clark

A picture page showed D. W. Griffith hobnobbing with English noble beauties and Premier David Lloyd George, on his journey abroad to get authentic war scenes and the sociological effect on Britons of the world holocaust for "Hearts of the World."

Bathing beauties of the day warmed this winter number. Marie Prevost, Betty Compson and Ann Pennington were displayed in the then "daring and shocking" bathing attire. The merry Marie and the blonde Betty had not yet been elevated to feature rôles demanding more in modish apparel.

Mothers with famous film children were pictured, among them Alice Joyce and Norma Talmadge with their fond mamas.

Cal York item: Theodore Roberts married Florence Smythe, a DeMille actress.

10 Years Ago

RUDOLPH VALENTINO struck! In his signed defense the romantic Italian's expressed motives were quite different from the red-headed Jimmy Cagney's. Rudy wanted more money, too, but principally worth while stories. Offered $7,000 a week (his salary had been $1,250) Valentino was even willing to take the old figure if his demands were met.

In reviewing his last picture before his strike, "The Young Rajah," we called it his worst. Charles de Roche was imported to replace him.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks each scored with outstanding pictures, Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" and friend husband with "Robin Hood."

The other photoplays cited for distinction were "To Have and To Hold," with Betty Compson highly praised, "Oliver Twist" featuring Jackie Coogan, Wallace Reid's "Clarence" and "Enter Madame" starring Clara Kimball Young.



Clara Kimball Young

The foreign invasion was on Pola Negri was pictured domestically ensconced in Hollywood. And there's a story on Emil Jannings "An American who can't speak English," as he was born in Brooklyn but taken to Germany while a child.

Alice Brady played mannequin for the latest styles. Lila Lee was an early reducing devotee, the camera showing her before and after.

Douglas Fairbanks smiled as *Robin Hood* from the cover. The gallery embraced Marie Prevost, Mabel Normand, Agnes Ayres, Pauline Starke, Richard Barthelmess and James Kirkwood.

Pauline Garon became DeMille's first blonde heroine, tripping in the dainty footsteps of those beauteous brunettes, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Leatrice Joy.

Cal York items: The rumor-relayers predicted wedding bells for Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri, Constance Talmadge and Irving Berlin and Rod LaRocque and Mae Busch.

5 Years Ago

IN "What They Want Ten Years from Now" several stars wove their dreams. Norma Talmadge yearned for a Riviera villa, children and the stage. Adolphe Menjou dreamed of being a French country gentleman. Colleen Moore wanted two children, a sailing yacht and no extra pounds. Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert and Richard Dix would stay in pictures, but in the rôles of producers. Gloria Swanson had stage leanings. Douglas Fairbanks hankered for travel in the Orient. Ronald Colman hoped for a yacht, first editions and leisurely stage work. Mae Murray, then returning to the stage, wished for a new screen career in her own productions. Let's see if 1938 is Santa Claus to those still awaiting realization of their dreams.

The cover is enhanced by Eleanor Boardman and the gallery brightened by Greta Garbo, Kathryn Carver, then Adolphe Menjou's fiancée, now his ex-wife; Dorothy Mackaill, Myrna Loy, Maria Corda, Mary Nolan and Thelma Todd.



Jeanne Eagels

Pictures winning review laurels were Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus," "Sorrel and Son," with H. B. Warner and Anna Q. Nilsson; "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," presenting the foreign Maria Corda; Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho" with Lupe Velez as his new leading woman, and "Man, Woman and Sin," starring John Gilbert and bringing the famous Jeanne Eagels back to the screen.

The present dramatic—yea, tragic!—Joan Crawford lent the New Year's note, so flapperish under the mistletoe in a photograph. Quite a different girl, that Joan, from today's *Sadie Thompson* and *Letty Lynton*.

Cal York items: Leila Hyams married Phil Berg, casting agent; Elsie Janis deserts the stage to become a scenarist, and Nils Asther buys such a huge, made-to-order car he has to have a new garage built.

Beauty Is Made Not Born

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

And here's a tip for your complexion. Don't ever dab on more powder and rouge with a dirty puff over your dirty face. Keep something in your desk to cleanse your skin before you put on extra powder and rouge. And if you can't find time to clean your face before powdering, then don't powder. It's better to go around with a shiny nose than to give yourself blackheads and whiteheads by powdering over a dirty face.

In short, girls, what I'm trying to tell you all is to lead normal, healthy, happy lives. Health and happiness reflect themselves upon your face. So think about your Aunt Sylvia and do what she tells you to do. And remember her list of "don't's."

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mold the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

SEPTEMBER—How to keep a good figure if you have one. How to take off the lump of fat from the back of the neck and how to get a firm chin. Also a grand exercise for reducing the stomach. How to tell when your figure needs toning up, and a figure-preserving diet.

OCTOBER—How to keep your hands young and beautiful. Care of the feet and special exercises for girls who stand all day. How to make the hands thin and the fingers tapering.

NOVEMBER—How to reduce the hips, bust, stomach, legs and arms by diet, exercise and massage. Especially helpful and simple instructions for massage. One of the most helpful and inclusive articles in this series, with particular attention to those difficult parts, bust and calf of leg.

DECEMBER — A straight-from-the-shoulder talk to thin girls, telling how sleep, food and exercise can give them lovely, symmetrical figures, renew their pep and energy, strengthen their nerves. Gives a breathing exercise that will enlarge the chest from two to four inches. Here is a complete, helpful article for every underweight girl.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.



Ask The Answer Man

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Here is Constance Cummings, the girl they are all asking about. Her grand work has won her a host of followers

And this is George Raft who is looking so intently at Connie. They appear together in Paramount's "Night After Night"

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"ANSWER MAN, you have been holding out on us," many little girls and boys have said in their letters this month. "Why haven't we been told about that cute little Constance Cummings who played in "Movie Crazy" and "Washington Merry-Go-Round"? Well, if you youngsters promise to sit tight and listen, I'll give you the low-down on Connie.

Her first baby cry was heard in the merry month of May, 1910, the 15th to be exact. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 117 pounds and has titian hair and blue eyes.

Although Seattle, Wash., her birthplace, is separated from California by only one state (do I know my geography?) Connie had to get into the movie colony via the New York stage. Samuel Goldwyn saw her on the stage and acclaimed her "a find," but Constance landed in Hollywood to find herself without a job. The part she was to have had in a Ronnie Colman picture had been rewritten and she didn't suit the new script. It called for a blonde and Connie wouldn't bleach her hair. Other studios took it for granted that she lost out because she didn't screen well, and they didn't call her for work. She was just about ready to return to New York when Columbia offered her the lead in "The Criminal Code," with Walter Huston. Connie proved her ability as an actress and won a five year contract.

Her real name is Constance Halverstadt, but she took Cummings, her mother's maiden name, for screen purposes. She has a little pup she calls "Snoopy," and I wouldn't mind following him around, that is, if he lives up to his name.

MAE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Jimmy Cagney is back before the Kliegs again, after playing hookey for awhile. He is making "Hard To Handle" a story about press-agents. Mary Brian is his leading lady and will probably be in line for a pair of good old Cagney socks. Bet he doesn't get away with that at home.

HARRIET MOORE, JAMAICA, L. I.—Sure, I'll give you a short biography on Herbert Marshall. Herbert was born in London, England, on May 23, 1890. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He attended Harlow College in Essex, England. Was on the New York and London stages prior to entering pictures in 1928. His first picture was "The Letter" with the late Jeanne Eagels. After that he returned to the stage, but came back to pictures again in 1931 in "Secrets of a Secretary" with Claudette Colbert. He was married to Edna Best on November 26, 1928. She has appeared with him in several of his stage successes and also in two pictures that were made in England, namely "Michael and Mary" and "Bachelor's Folly." Herbert's latest picture is "Trouble in Paradise." Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins appear in it, too. You'll get a big kick out of this picture.

TOOTSIE, MIAMI, FLA.—That mop of fuzz that sits atop Harpo Marx's head is just a wig. And a red one at that. Did you know that Harpo was the first man to go aloft in an airplane to play a harp? Just getting a little practice for the hereafter. Can you imagine that lad with wings?

JOE FURNESS, WALLA WALLA, WASH.—Sure, Joe, I can give you the names of a few short subjects. Marion Byron and Barbara Kent, just 4 feet, 11 inches; Janet Gaynor, Sidney Fox and Helen Foster just reaching the five foot mark. Who said that shrimps are only in salad?

A. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Oh, yes, Fifi Dorsay has gone back into pictures after a successful vaudeville tour. Her latest picture is "The Girl from Calgary." It's the story of a girl from the wide open spaces, who, with the aid of a good press-agent, lands on the Great White Way. I won't tell you any more. See it for yourself. And does Fifi sing in it? Oo-la-la! How she puts over those tunes, "Misbehaving Feet," "Comme ca va" and "Maybe, Perhaps."

MONA, WASHINGTON, D. C.—"What ever happened to that little freckle faced boy Wesley Barry?" you ask. Well, believe it or not, he's waving a baton (leading an orchestra, in case you don't get me) in the New Kenmore Hotel in Albany. But don't forget, Wes isn't little any more. He's twenty-five years old now.

AL SHAPRE, ST. PAUL, MINN.—In the silent version of "Smilin' Through," Wyndham Standing played the part of *John Carteret*, which was played by Leslie Howard in the talkie version. *Kenneth Wayne* was played by Harrison Ford in silents and by Fredric March in talkies.

M. J., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Glad you wrote and told me you liked my page. Ah me! It makes a fellow feel like working harder. (But not too hard.) Myrna Loy is 27 years old. John Barrymore is 50 years old and Jimmy Durante was 39 at his last birthday party And here are three little ladies who are just the height you mentioned. Anita Page, Sally Eilers and Frances Dee. They are each 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Anita tips the beam at 118, Sally Eilers at 110 and Frances stops short at 108.

MASUJI SAKAI, JAPAN.—If you will look elsewhere in this issue you will find the addresses of the stars you inquired about. Write me if you want any biographical information about your favorite stars.

HARRY CARTER, BALTIMORE, MD.—Billie Dove hasn't done anything in pictures since she finished "Blondie of the Follies" with Marion Davies.

M. E. R., ATLANTA, GA.—I'm warning you that you had better not let Jimmy Durante hear you say you don't believe his schnozzle is all his very own. He takes great pride in that nose of his and has followed it through many successful years of theatrical work. It is all his and there is no fake make-up about it.

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AN EASY WAY TO SOLVE GIFT PROBLEMS

were Crosby, Kenker and Barris. Yes, our own Bing Crosby made his singing début in that picture. What a long way he has come since then. Joan Crawford, James Murray, House Peters and Creighton Hale had the main leads in "Rose Marie."

JANE NELSON, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — Well, Jane, how did you like the story we had on your friend Bing Crosby last month? As long as you are so interested in him, here are his measurements. Weighs 165 pounds, is 5 feet, 9 inches tall and has light brown hair and pastel blue eyes. Studied law before he joined Paul Whiteman's outfit. His real name is Harry L. Crosby and he is married to Dixie Lee, blonde movie actress who has deserted the screen.

George Brent is a native of Dublin, Ireland. He was born there on March 15, 1905. Is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 165 and has black hair and hazel eyes. You guessed right about the eyes, Jane. He appeared on the stage for eight years prior to entering pictures in 1930. Was married to Ruth Chatterton on August 13, 1932. His first wife was Helen Campbell.

ALBERT WIGG, NEW YORK CITY.—You were a little twisted on the title, Al. The picture was called "Whirlwind of Youth." Lois Moran was the leading lady and the boys who supported her were Donald Keith, Larry Kent and Gareth Hughes. I am sure Barry Norton would be pleased to know the numbers of loyal followers who want to see him on the screen again.

BEULAH BOTHE, SAN ANTONIO, TEX. — Thelma Todd just used the name of Alison Lloyd in one picture. That was "Corsair," made in 1931. The Todd name was so well known to movie-goers that Thelma decided to stick to it. In private life, you know, she is Mrs. Pasquale de Cicco. She was married last July. Her latest picture is "Call Her Savage."

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Pepsodent Antiseptic

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

DID you know that Adolphe Menjou was once understudy and "stand-in" for John Barrymore, yeahs and yeahs ago? And Jobyna Ralston understudied the Fairbanks Twins, both of 'em, in "Two Little Girls in Blue" on Broadway around 1920?

WELL, well, well—we've heard a lot about Johnny Weissmuller's heart flutters. But this is the first time Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (Bobbe Arnst) has started the gossipy-tongues wagging.

He's Wally Reid's son. Fourteen years old, you know. He took Bobbe to the opening of his mother's play in his famous Ford, titled "Frozen Assets" and treated her to an ice-cream soda afterwards. And when Bobbe went to San Francisco on vaudeville, he telephoned her twice. What that cost his school-boy allowance! Incidentally, he says, "She ain't so much older and I'm a whole lot taller!"

DICK ARLEN is rebuilding his house at Toluca Lake by his own labor. He's the mayor, you know, and that makes his home the city hall or something—but maybe taxes aren't coming in as they should.

MRS. BOB MONTGOMERY recently deliberately turned down a trip to Honolulu with her famous husband to visit her sister in New York. She told Bob, who went over there with the "Pig Boats" company, that he would be working all day and she would be lonesome, so she picked shows and clothes instead of ukuleles and grass skirts.

NORMA SHEARER and Irving Thalberg have made it unanimous now.

Norma has always been an expert swimmer and diver, and the swimming pool at her home is both large and deep. So big and so deep that the little Thalberg baby couldn't even play in the shallow end of it. Now, beside the big pool, there is a little pool which was built especially for the baby, while the big one has been screened off with netting so that there can't be any mistake about which is which.

Some of the guests might make a mistake.

WHEN Joan Crawford wanted to give a party recently and desired a room redecorated in a theme to match, she naturally thought of Bill Haines, who has become Hollywood's most famous interior arranger. But Bill was over at Catalina Island, on location for "Fast Life." Did that stop him? It did not. He did the whole job by telephone, calling up the shops he used and specifying every detail so exactly that the result was just as perfect as though he'd been there himself.

JOAN BENNETT and baby Adrienne went to New York to join the gathering of the clan. Sister Barbara—Mrs. Morton Downey—is expecting a blessed event. So all the Bennetts had to be there to give their blessing. Joan returned to Hollywood and husband Gene Markey in time for a family turkey.

BEBE DANIELS wants to return to the good old antics of her Harold Lloyd days, and the sort of parts she did so well later at Paramount. Perhaps having a baby revives sense of humor.

BRAMWELL FLETCHER seems to be the only one taking Ann Harding places.

MERVYN LEROY to elderly woman: "What is your name?"

Elderly woman: "Anna Cohen—but I use Sarah Simpson as a stage name."

LeRoy: "What have you done on the stage?"

Elderly woman: "Oh, I've never been on the stage."

KAY FRANCIS wants to go blonde, of all things. Honestly, some girls are never satisfied.

The most luscious head of raven locks in all pictures, and she wants to dabble in peroxide.

It will have to be a suppressed desire, because First National says no, no, and finally no.

Seems they're almost fresh out of brunettes over there—down to their last three—and hanging on to those for dear life.

IN looking over a notebook, of less than a year ago, a reporter found this quotation she had jotted down from Jean Harlow: "I am too busy to think of getting married."

This was during the making of "Red-Headed Woman."

And by the time the small notebook was filled—Jean Harlow was a widow. How little—how very little—we can tell of the future.

SOME stills of "Night After Night" were mailed from the Paramount studios in Hollywood to their New York office and not knowing the name of a little girl in the background of one of the stills, they simply marked her Miss X. The stills were returned from New York with a note saying, "Who's this girl, Miss X? Everyone is interested in our new mysterious find."

So they began hunting around and discovered she was an extra who had been in Hollywood but a few months.

And Patricia Farley was handed a nice contract. So you see upon what trifles some screen careers hang.



The Follies alumnae grow and grow in Hollywood and one of the newest members is Susan Fleming. Look out, Marlene Dietrich—this girl looks like a real rival! Her latest picture is "He Learned About Women"

CLARK GABLE is one of Hollywood's prize pipe smokers but Clark won't have one about him that smells as pipes usually do smell. He never smokes the same pipe twice in succession and never smokes any pipe without cleaning it first. That's how fussy Clark is about his pipes, in case your pipe smoking boy friend is interested.

SWEDISH admirers of Greta Garbo urge that the actress be decorated with a medal as one of Sweden's foremost ambassadors.

Okay, Sweden, but who's going to get near Ambassador Garbo to pin it on?

That's what America wants to know.

ROMANCES bloom and fade in jolly old Hollywood but the romance of Lila Lee and George Hill, director, keeps right on blooming.

Matty Kemp and Shirley Grey also look as though they meant it.

Likewise Gavin Gordon and Janet MacLeod.

While that handsome Virginian, Randy Scott, and Vivian Gaye, lovely English secretary to Sari Maritza, are simply boiling over.

LIONEL BARRYMORE sneaked into a little theater in Beverly Hills to see a picture. He'd no more than gotten seated when he heard two women, sitting before him, gossiping about himself. He waited a moment, then leaned over and said, "Okay for sound"—and walked out.

SPEAKING of little Dorothy Wilson—we understand there are to be no more pretty secretaries hired on the Radio lot. After Dorothy's success every girl with one point of beauty wanted to turn from typing to acting.

YES, Frances Dee is still in love with Charles Boyir. There are long cables and letters and even transatlantic telephone calls, we understand.

Frank Perry, the champion tennis player, who was seen beauing Frances everywhere recently, was just a pal and escort. Took Frances' mind from the number of miles between Hollywood and Paris.

WELL sir, the Marx Brothers, every last four of them, have taken themselves a joint office on the Paramount lot and you never saw anyone as pleased as they are about this office. No one but Groucho is allowed to sit behind the desk. So Groucho sits majestically with no business at hand, while the rest lie about the floor on pillows.

IT was some months ago but is so typical of Hollywood, we tell it now.

Writer Bill Councilman had finished his scenario and took it to his supervisor. The supervisor went into rhapsodies. "This is great; it is colossal—" and all the other Hollywood adjectives. Together, they took it to the producer. The producer scanned through it, looked up.

"I think it's very bad," he announced.

"That's exactly how I felt about it," the supervisor said hurriedly. Bill swallowed.

NANCY CARROLL was spotted the other day wearing a blonde wig. A friend asked the reason Nancy's own lovely red hair was covered. "Well," said Nancy, "I went to a beauty parlor for a permanent wave and the operator scorched my hair badly.

"You see, it's just a small shop and the girls are trying hard to make good. It would hurt their business if I complained."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



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City.....State.....

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]





Just a couple of girls, trying to get ahead. Mary Boland, who yearned to play *Juliet*, excelled in *Mrs. Malaprop* rôles on the stage and is now a first-class movie comedienne. After thirty years of stage trouping, Alison Skipworth brings her sly wink and rich comedy sense to motion pictures, to give us such grand characterizations as "Madame Racketeer"

BARBARA STANWYCK had to spend many extra hours learning her part for "Ladies They Talk About." Not because her memory had gone back on her, but because she had to learn to roll her own cigarettes.

And if you don't think that takes hours—just ask Barbara.

WARREN WILLIAM has bought himself an automatic fencer. And it's all due to Bebe Daniels. When he played with Bebe—or perhaps we should say when Bebe played with him since he is now a *star*—in "Honor of the Family," she taught Warren fencing in which she is an expert. Warren liked the game but it was difficult to find someone to play with him. So he got an iron man, one who strikes back and everything. Warren always wins, of course. Which makes this arrangement an *advantage*.

AND now they've got a Joe E. Brown *mug* out. No, not commercial. Just a gag in Joe's honor. And was he pleased! He didn't care that an entire mug was formed in imitation of his yawning mouth. And he insists upon drinking from the one sent to him. You see, his mouth and the mug just fit.

NOW that she has returned to Broadway and the stage, we can break down and tell. Those shouts of mirth emanating from Ethel Barrymore's dressing-room at M-G-M were from the select and exclusive audience, comprised mostly of John and Lionel, who were privileged to witness Ethel's imitations of Hollywood celebrities. The best one, so we have heard, was her Joan Crawford, who was right next door in the adjoining dressing-room.

THE day mama June Collyer and son were to leave the hospital, June did want daddy Stu Erwin on hand to carry their new son across the threshold of their new home. But daddy was away making movies. And when they got home, Stuart was busy making "He Learned About Women," and left before the baby was up, arriving home after it was asleep. And that's the life of a movie star-daddy.

JANET GAYNOR has been down at Palm Springs nursing that crop of bumps and bruises she got while making "Tess." Janet didn't use a double for those cliff scenes, and what they did to her while she climbed up 'em and down 'em was plenty.

IS Clarence Brown really going to marry at last? Our "most engaged" director (Dorothy Sebastian, Mona Maris, etc.) seems very serious about Alice Joyce, and friends tell us he is impatient that Alice's divorce from Mr. Regan become final.

WILL ROGERS blames it all on the flip of a coin.

His recent trip to South America brought out the story.

Once, years ago, he was in the Argentine, broke.

He debated whether he should go to Africa on a mule boat or try to work his way back home to Oklahoma.

He flipped a coin and the coin said "Africa."

Once there, he joined a traveling circus and so entered the show business.

WHILE he is trying to make up his mind whether to make a talking picture, in which he will play the part of *Napoleon*, or merely another picture similar to "City Lights," in which he will have sound but no



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Helen Hayes and husband Charlie MacArthur are ardent amateur photographers. In fact, Charlie took that natural, unposed picture of little Mary MacArthur on another page of this issue. Here Helen is at work in their laboratory, the cares of an important picture career entirely forgotten

dialogue, Charlie Chaplin may re-issue "Gold Rush."

That one, he says, is the most popular of all his silent pictures. Rejuvenated, it would have sound and musical score, but no dialogue.

THE two broken ribs Tom Mix suffered when Tony rolled on him at Lone Pine bring his total number of fractures to forty-five. Incidentally, the most enduring Western hero of them all has been shot twelve times.

THE director wanted Rita LaRoy to tear off her shirtwaist in Clara Bow's picture.

Rita would not, so out of the picture she went.

But Margaret Livingston snapped the part right up.

To a girl who tore one hundred pounds off Paul Whiteman taking off a mere shirtwaist is practically nothing at all.

MARIE PREVOST and Louise Fazenda, those two graduates of the Mack Sennett seminary, just go around trading places with each other.

Marie was in the hospital.
Louise was in a picture.
Marie left the hospital.
Louise went to the hospital.
Marie took Louise's place in the picture.

ONE thing you never knew till now: Joel McCrea lives at home with his folks and pays so much a week "board and room."

MOLLY O'DAY has changed her name to Suzanne, which is what it was before she ever thought of motion pictures.

JACKIE COOGAN, now seventeen and a freshman at Santa Clara, is reported dancing with a blonde at the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco.

AMO INGRAM showed up at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, wearing upon the third finger of her left hand a ring made up of four huge diamonds.

"An engagement ring," she explained to Stanley Rauh.

"That's poor taste," remonstrated Rauh, "wearing a dinner ring as an engagement ring."

"But it's a dinner engagement," explained Amo, sweetly.

THAT Frank Ross, New York realtor to whom Jean Arthur is reported engaged (and maybe married by this time) is the same Frank Ross who was under contract to Paramount a few years ago.

Questing for young leading men, Jesse L. Lasky discovered Ross in New York, gave him a contract and shipped him to Hollywood.

FREDRIC MARCH and his wife, Florence Eldridge, say they are not going to have their newly adopted daughter photographed for a long time.

They don't want the baby's real parents to appear at some time or other, maybe years from now, to claim her.

Penelope, as the Marches call her, was taken from a foundling home, presumably near Chicago.

AMONG the things I never knew 'til Gwili Andre told me is that brown evening gloves are to be quite the thing this season.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

A COLD
Passes Thru 3 Stages

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.



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The wise thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is absolutely safe to take. It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It comes in a handy, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get a box today and keep it handy as the "stitch in time."

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]



William Phillips

Now look what you started with your *Tarzan* costume, Johnny Weissmuller! Two of these manly forms belong to Zeppo and Harpo Marx, and that Adonis on the right is Bert Kalmar, the well-known song-writer

WHAT to do! What to do! The sound mixers at Universal studios are all a-dither about what to do with Andy Devine's voice. That two-toned voice of Andy's sounds like a wagon wheel badly in need of grease, the sound engineers say, or like a marble rolled over a washboard.

And, no matter how alert or nimble the "sound mixer" may be, he cannot keep up with the fluctuations in Andy's tone.

So they just let it go and hope the audience will understand.

AL JOLSON says Eddie Small, motion picture producer, was very much annoyed by a caddie at a local golf course who persisted in calling him "Shorty." Fearing it was a gag of some sort, Small endured the caddy's insolence for a while, but finally snapped:

"Listen here, young man, stop calling me 'Shorty.' To you, I'm Mr. Small."

And the caddy, who did not know Eddie's name, is now the one who is trying to figure it all out.

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE, who was Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady years ago, is trying a comeback by way of the stage.

Ethel Clayton is working in the same show, and another who is enjoying renewed success is Mae Busch.

RALPH and Frank Morgan, brothers, are so frequently confused by the public that they go about, half apologetically, saying:

"I'm Frank, the taller one, you know," or "I'm Ralph, the smaller one, you know."

A FRIEND telephoned Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay and told them of a beautiful baby whose mother could no longer support him. Depression. "Take the child," the friend pleaded.

Barbara and Frank went to see the mother, fell in love with the child. They are going to adopt more than one baby.

"Of course," the mother said, "when times get better we'll want him back. If you can just keep him—" What, take a child into their home and learn to love him as they have learned to love their first-adopted one and then lose him?

So Barbara and Frank gave the mother the money she needed instead.

DID you know that Myrna Loy and Ann Harding are practically of a height and width? They are so nearly alike in size that they share the services of the same stand-in (a stand-in being a young woman who proxies for the actress while lights and cameras are adjusted). The girl just dons a blonde wig to take Ann's place and quickly removes it to rush into Myrna's footprints on the "Animal Kingdom" set.

JACKIE COOPER'S fondest dream has come true. In his new house he has a swimming-pool, a thing that he has always wanted and never had before. Now the only difficulty is getting him out of it to eat his meals.

Recently, too, Jackie spent a week-end at the Tom Mix ranch, where Will Rogers was also a guest. Jackie, who has a cowboy suit, took it along. "If I can't learn to be a cow-puncher from those two guys," he said, "I guess I'll have to turn gigolo."

MARIE DRESSLER has chosen the world's most hectic scene in which to rest—New York City. She is occupying a suite in a hotel and says that she actually is getting a good rest, because the atmosphere is so different from Hollywood.

THERE was a double-header party on the "Son Daughter" set the other day—Ramon Novarro celebrated his eleventh anniversary with M-G-M and Louise Closser Hale her sixtieth birthday. Big-hearted Director Clarence Brown gave retakes for favors.

UP in Alaska the thermometer registers 60 below and Director Van Dyck and his "Eskimo" company are frozen in solid among the ice-floes. In a radiogram to the studio, Van Dyke says that he intends to drift aboard the picture-ship all winter, photographing the Aurora Borealis and whatever comes along. Meanwhile, about the company's only amusement will be telling bed-time stories to the polar bears.



He doesn't know he's being immortalized, but this wild stallion gives his best for some special scenes in "Wild Horse Mesa." Blankets are spread over the rocks below, to protect him from injury in case he should slip

GEORGE ARLISS is the only actor in pictures who insists upon a full rehearsal before each of his productions. For ten days before a single scene is shot, the company assembles each morning and rehearses through the entire day—and nothing interferes. Mr. Arliss is fundamentally a stage actor, who brings the best traditions of the stage to the screen. And you may have noticed that the Arliss pictures give evidence of this careful preparation.

JOE E. BROWN and the missus anticipate another blessed event soon. So Joe wanted to bring home something different in the way of presents from his recent trip to New York.

He got off the train lugging a huge turtle named Elmer the Great, which Joe says is a highly intelligent turtle and will be doing tricks in no time, once he puts his mind to it.

He has encountered a little difficulty in the fact that every time he begins a lesson, Elmer pulls his head in and closes up shop. Now Joe wants to know how you can tell when a turtle is paying attention.

HA! Thought there was a catch in it when Bill Wellman started directing Ruth Chatterton with his hair combed.

Bill has been sailing around for years with a coiffure that looked as if it had been arranged with an egg-beater. If he owned a hat he kept it a dark secret, and his shirts apparently were made with no top button.

Then he went to work on the Chatterton epic, and la Chatterton influence extended to Wellman's hair—and his top button. He proved that he had a necktie and a comb . . . for the first week. It took just that long for Mr. Wellman and Miss Chatterton to become buddies, and the Wellman pompadour to return to its own. His neck is out in the air again. . . . But it took a Chatterton to get it buttoned up, even for a week.

FOR the first time in the history of the movies, stunt men are going to be given screen credit in "Heroes for Hire," which is as it should be.

About the only time the name of a stunt man gets into print is when his obituary is read in the papers.

But now, all that's to be changed. And the boys with the iron nerves and do-or-die spirits, are going to get their names right along with the stars.

SOMEONE asked Nils Asther if he played golf.

"Well, it is practically the same thing. Only I play it on a horse," Nils answered with all seriousness.

GIRLS, I believe it's a grand scheme, this one of Gwili Andre's. You see, Gwili's life is a busy one and she really hasn't the time to spend in a gymnasium that she should to keep that figure, so what do you think the luscious Gwili does? Once a month she gets a phonograph record from her physical instructor with all her exercises on it. Each morning, for fifteen minutes, she follows instructions on the record and at the end of the month, has a new one made, with new exercises. Not bad, eh?

JACKIE COOPER came into a M-G-M publicity office the other day, where several writers were gathered and Jackie was inclined to be just a bit show-offy and unnatural. After saying goodbye, he came tearing back into the office, asked to be excused while he whispered something into the publicity woman's ear. After he'd left again, the publicity woman explained that Jackie whispered he realized he'd been a bit smart and he was very sorry and to please explain how badly he felt. So you see, there's not much danger of Master Cooper going haywire for many a day.

WAS Director Leo McCarey embarrassed? It seems he was giving instructions to a large group of extras on "The Kid From Spain" set.

"Now don't clap as the bull comes in—" he began.

"Mr. McCarey," an extra shouted from the back row.

"Keep quiet until I'm through," the director said and went on with elaborate instructions.

"Mr. McCarey," the extra called again.

"Listen," the director said. "Will you keep quiet until I'm through?"

And for ten minutes more he explained what he wanted in the scene.

Then turning to the extra in the back row, called:

"Now, what was so important that you had to keep interrupting me?"

"Oh, nothing much," the extra called back. "I just wanted to tell you we couldn't hear a word you said, back here."

A CERTAIN actress had gone to New York for a visit and left her attractive husband behind. Becoming a bit uneasy, she phoned the butler (the one she had hired) and asked casually, "How's everything, Jeffers?"

"Oh splendid, miss, splendid," he replied.

"Any—er—parties, Jeffers?"

"Well, I have noticed several glasses scattered about," Jeffers said, "but madam, I examined all the cigarettes and none had lip rouge on, so it's all right."

REMEMBER "Poor Pauline"? You're soon to see her again. For, believing that serials are packing more and more of a thrill at the box-office, Carl Laemmle, Jr., has just bought "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Perils of Pauline" to be remade into talkies.

Now he's looking for a serial queen to become the modern Pearl White and, among other specifications, her shoulder-blades have to fit the railroad tracks.

WHO said Hollywood is entirely selfish? There is plenty of proof to the opposite and young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has proved it. Doug has had the same stand-in for several years. Lately the boy's eyes became affected by the lights and his sight was threatened. Immediately young Doug rushed him to the hospital, secured the best doctors, and not only footed all the bills but stayed with the lad all night until every danger was passed. And this, if you please, is Hollywood.

FREDRIC MARCH had his hair marcelled every day for his rôle in "The Sign of the Cross." They kept a marceller constantly on the set because Freddie's hair doesn't stay in curl very well.

Elissa Landi didn't like it.

Claudette Colbert thought it looked grand.

And Freddie thought, "That's women for you."

ANOTHER author is to spring from among us. Mae Clarke is writing a book entitled, "I Disappeared for Months." It's a description of a nervous breakdown based upon her own recent one.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Just one way

OUT



You can go out to CALIFORNIA . . . and back . . . by varied and various ways and means, of course. But there's really only **ONE** way out, if you know what we mean! THE CHIEF! The fastest, finest, most exclusive train to CALIFORNIA . . . the train that has packed more pleasure into travel . . . and deeper, richer meaning into service. Ask any exacting, experienced globe-trotter.

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Muscling In

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

recommendations for native pictures herself, and what Joel and Katharine will be together may be something to look forward to.

Paramount has tested every young man of athletic proportions and prowess in Hollywood for the *Lion Man* in "The King of the Jungle," and the final choice falls on Buster Crabbe, a member of the Olympic swimming teams of 1928 and 1932.

HE is no runner-up, this lad. Holds five world swimming records and some thirty odd national. Hails from the University of Southern California.

Already he knows the real danger of working in wild animal pictures. His first day's labor with the full-maned king of the jungle drew blood—Crabbe's. The gong sounded, they gave that round to the lion and sent Buster to the hospital to fix up a partly chewed leg, as well as innumerable scratches and bruises.

But I understand he was able to report for further adventure shortly after.

An animal trainer explains that these animals are not accustomed to working with unclothed people, and that this fact makes them very dangerous.

With Weissmuller starting a sequel to "Tarzan," with Georges Carpentier, France's gift to the ringside, being treated daily for voice and vigor, with the cast of Paramount's "Island of Lost Souls" boasting enough Greek wrestlers to support the Doric columns of the Parthenon, we're in for plenty of primitive thrills during the spring of 1933.

I am not considering here "The Big Cage," which Universal is making with Clyde Beatty, the finest animal trainer I've seen since I stole my first quarter to get inside a circus. I imagine this will be more of a "big top" picture with less of the jungle quality, for while Beatty is a clean-cut, nice-looking fellow, he doesn't seem particularly adaptable to the back-to-nature idea.

I heard a couple of youngsters discussing "Animal Kingdom" the other day. RKO-Radio has just completed this story of marital unhappiness with Ann Harding and Leslie Howard.

"Gee, won't Ann Harding be swell in the jungle with that long hair of hers hanging down?" asked one of them.

To which the other replied, "Yeah, but I don't think Leslie Howard is big enough to fight the animals, do you?"

Let this be a fair warning to RKO-Radio that they had better change that title. With the present craze for animal pictures being what it is.

EVERYTHING travels in cycles, and that is no less true in entertainment than wearing apparel.

We've had gangster pictures until every child beyond his decrepit age of six years can rattle off the argot of the racketeer like waifs from "Hell's Kitchen," and we've had super-sophisticated-hot-house-dramas, heavy with exaggerated sex, until we know all there is to know about life, love and consequences, so a primeval romance, chuck full of thrills, action and outdoor beauty like "Tarzan," caught us on the rebound and we toppled like ten pins.

All the other studios will now be accused of walking in sheep tracks again by turning out their quota of jungle operas and hoping to reap the harvest that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did with "Tarzan," but why not?

When a certain type of picture is an overwhelming success it is an indication of which way the public wind is blowing. Not that a good story, well made, is not a success at any stage of the evolution. It will always win favor, but if it happens to be released at the exact psychological moment, as we scientists say, so much the better.

I doubt that "Tarzan" would have been the hit in 1927 or '28 that it was in 1932.

Back then we were palpitating over "Dancing Daughters," close-shingled hair, skirt lengths above the knee, and what not.

Our heroes were exponents of incendiary romances and cellophane passion, which was fine while it lasted, but if the tastes of the public have swung around to adventure, Victorian love-making and thrills, let them have it until they are ready for something else.

I have sat through a dozen arguments over luncheon tables as to whether the picture "Tarzan" would have been just as much a success with any one of a number of other young actors in the Weissmuller part. Certainly it would have been, provided we had not previously seen him on the screen and provided he fitted the requirements physically. Only a newcomer could have been the slightest bit convincing in that half-dumb, half-human part.



Lon Chaney's big boy, Creighton, caught signing his famous surname to the register at the N. V. A. benefit. Creighton is going to work on a new picture called "Heroes for Hire," glorifying the daredevil stuntmen

But the fact that Johnny made a personal hit in it is something to his credit. M-G-M didn't expect him to, nor did he. The picture was all that counted while it was being made, but his magnificently proportioned physique and naive freshness caught on.

From time to time, several well-known male stars of the screen have disclosed bodily structures that while not always approaching perfection got by very well indeed. Oh, yes, indeedy.

Ramon Novarro comes to mind at the moment. Through many years of acrobatic dancing he has developed a perfectly superb body with muscles like flexible steel, but Ramon stopped growing just short a few inches of an ideal height, otherwise he would head the class.

MOST of the leading men look grand in clothes. It's one of the requisites of a screen career, like eating peas with your fork, but it's quite another matter to toss away your civilized garb without throwing overboard a single illusion.

Malibu Beach proves that, where with nothing but running trunks of the postage stamp variety between them and a cruel world, male forms stalk up and down.

Cast your eye about. Those who look most perfect in coat and trousers are slightly thin for the beach. (That goes for the ladies, too.) A few are becoming pachydermatous from overdevelopment, others show tendency to bowlegs from too much horseback riding—all look bronzed and healthy but not so many Apollos but that a good specimen stands out.

Let's pass the laurel leaf to one who earned it. Douglas Fairbanks was the original knight of the breech-cloth.

For many years, Doug, with scarcely more on his person than a garland for his brow, rescued maidens in distress. Scaling walls, leaping from roof to roof, charging through impenetrable forests, with the fair one clinging to his unbelievably slim waist.

But now Doug seems weary of the chase. After all, you can't keep enthusiasm at fever heat indefinitely. Repetition dulls the most ecstatic emotion, and so Doug is casting slightly tired eyes far afield, toward cities unexplored and paths less worn, where he can record his travel experiences with a camera without continuing the strenuous physical activities of his earlier years.

Strangely enough, very few famous specialized athletes have ever gotten to first base in motion pictures.

Thinking back, there were Charlie Paddock, Red Grange, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Duke Kahanamoku; all took a stab at Hollywood but with indifferent success.

Weissmuller, following closely on Kahanamoku's swift heels in 1928 as a world champion swimmer, cast yearning eyes toward the land of promise in California, but no one gave him a tumble.

A few football players have done fairly well, playing small parts here and there, the most notable exception being Johnny Mack Brown from Alabama. Johnny got off to a whirlwind start but has slowed up a bit during the past year.

One reason why many noted athletes have failed to ring the gong in pictures is that the public is not interested in them as actors but only as record-breakers. Unless the young man has an unusual personality an audience sits back, bored with his acting, and waiting for him to do the stunt that made him famous and usually when that feat is accomplished, finis is written to his screen career.

ON the other hand, very few athletes are natural born actors. You'd think that being in the public eye would develop the poise, ego, or what have you, necessary for camera deportment, but not at all.

Most of them are as self-conscious before the "mike" as an 1860 bride.

I've heard a lot of discussion about these fellows who become sensational front page copy overnight and what becomes of them after the high flush of victory has worn off.

They spend years of training to build a perfect physical machine for one sport or another —swimming, football, track—and usually at

the neglect of other faculties. It's a whole time job becoming a headliner in anything these days, and in athletics it lasts such a little while.

There's always some young and eager lad fast on your heels who next year makes the headlines.

And for every one who has a profession to turn to when he can no longer crack records there are a half dozen who do not.

You can only cash in on a body machine when it's brand new.

Second-hand value on athletes is lower than on an early vintage Ford.

THIS year for the first time that I can recall a lot of famous names from last year's headlines were drafted into politics. Albie Booth, Red Cagle, Eddie Mays, John (Shipwreck) Kelly, as well as Gene Tunney.

I never heard any of these young men speak, and maybe they surprised everybody, including themselves, but remembering this last political controversy it seems we need some new blood in that field about as badly as anywhere I can think of, so perhaps that's a solution for some of the fellows.

Weissmuller has yet to prove himself as an actor. He was fortunate in "Tarzan" that there were no demands made on him that he was unequal to.

At this writing, Crabbe and the others are not far enough into their pictures to form an opinion of their possibilities.

Joel McCrea had won his spurs before they started disrobing him, so he didn't muscle in, but I hear tell that his fan mail has increased prodigiously since "Bird of Paradise" was released.

BUT if these juveniles with their beauty of physique can demonstrate that they can also make sense, there is a definite place for them on the screen.

Johnny Weissmuller has played safe so far; that is, concerning his career. He has declared that he is not now and never will be an actor.

Well, that's making sense. If he maintains that spirit of humility, is willing to take direction and has native intelligence, (I never met the young man, so I do not know) he ought to make the grade.



Ernest A. Bachrach

Set off by a pretty girl like Dorothy Wilson, this black and white braided wool cap and scarf set is both stunning and cozy. The scarf is in the style of the new "polo throw" that all Hollywood is using with sports coats



NICE FABRICS · "When I bought gay colored linens for our cottage, the salesgirl told me to wash them in Ivory. They have worn wonderfully, and kept bright as new. Now that the price of Ivory is reduced, I am using Ivory Flakes even for dishes and housework. It is such a comfort to my hands." Mrs. W. I. R., Oakland, Calif.



TO PROTECT HANDS · "With all the washing I have to do, Ivory leaves my hands in perfect condition," says Mrs. E. S., Toronto, Canada, who is using Ivory now for cleaning, for shampooing, for bathing her baby and washing his clothes.

BATH · "My husband's a big man and likes a man's-sized piece of soap. Besides, Ivory floats!" Mrs. A. C. W., W. Warwick, R. I., tells us. She says now she also finds Ivory "the best soap for white woodwork, linoleum and painted walls, because it takes off the dirt, but not the paint."





BABY'S SKIN · "I use Ivory to bathe my most cherished possession—my lovely baby son," Mrs. R. D. S., Chevy Chase, Md., writes. "Today," she continues, "I used Ivory for the first time for a shampoo and my blond hair looks so glossy and bright that even my unobservant husband noticed its improvement."

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The High Price of Screen Love-Making

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

kind, loving mate and swear to yourself that such days had made no impression on you!

Certain actors have reputations for falling in love with each of their leading ladies. PHOTOPLAY has already told you how many of Greta Garbo's leading men fell under her spell. You know the allure Garbo inspires from the screen.

What must she do in person? Ask almost any one of her leading men and watch their eyes as their lips frame some quick but unconvincing answer to you!

We all knew, in Hollywood, that the home of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes was not quite the love-nest that young couples dream of.

AND then George Brent was cast as Ruth's leading man. Have you ever seen George Brent in person? I don't blame Ruth. He radiates, as a man, what Garbo does as a woman.

I remember I had luncheon with George soon after he commenced that picture. He had been through one matrimonial experience and was afraid of marriage. "The next woman must be intelligent. She must have lived enough to have wisdom; be kind; understand—"

When he had finished a lengthy description, I said, "Look out, George. You are describing Ruth Chatterton."

He looked startled. I do not believe he had realized of whom he was talking until I jolted him into realization. But he had been making love to Ruth Chatterton on the screen and had unconsciously described her as his dream woman.

Although directors are not so closely in contact with the women they direct, even they have been known to fall under the spell of some highly fascinating star.

There's a star in Hollywood, right now, who is recovering from the effect of too much director-propinquity. The director's wife hurried him to Europe. She's a wise woman. She understood.

She knew she could not change the natural results of the propinquity but she could remove the propinquity.

Jack Gilbert got Greta Garbo as far as the Santa Ana courthouse. They were in the midst of their screen love-making. But as love-inspiring and inspired as Garbo can become, she never entirely loses the natural shrewdness of her Nordic nature.

She had sense enough to know that marriage or love could not change that nature within her and that it would never completely melt with Jack's volatile, erratic one.

The man who paid the price for the results of this screen romance was, I believe, Mauritz Stiller. It may have helped to break his heart.

But could Garbo and Gilbert help it because they found their hearts attuned in their necessary screen love-making?

DO you remember the days when Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman startled the then more prudish world by their marriage? Beverly and Francis were doing screen love-making. They liked it. They made the mistake of trying to perpetrate what could not be perpetrated.

How well I remember the night Lupe Velez heard a rumor that Gary Cooper and his leading lady were interested in each other. Lupe went to location. And Lupe can hold her man against any competition when she is among those present.

Gary didn't have another chance to remember whether the lips he was kissing for the screen were those of a live girl or a mummy.

He was thinking of Lupe.

BUT how few wives can go on the set with their husbands? Lupe wasn't a wife. If she had been, well— "Afraid to trust her husband, eh? Follows him everywhere like a pet poodle."

How many times I have heard remarks like that made of a woman who drops in only casually to see her actor husband.

There were rumors that some one was "interested" in Clark Gable. Mrs. Gable proved what a wise little woman she is. She went to New York and remained until those rumors had subsided. Perhaps they had no basis in fact, but she was not taking any chances. And these rumors were all started because of screen love-making.

The price is high. No husband or wife of an actress or actor can rest assured of a mate's continued loyalty.

Being a Hollywood mate requires infinite patience and almost super-human understanding.

Which explains why there are so many Hollywood divorces. Just old-fashioned human nature, the kind which cannot be written in or out of a script.

The Boy Who Won't Act

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

his uncle's restaurant on 56th Street in New York. He was the dishwasher. No, not play dishwasher—the absolutely real thing!

They stood him on a stool—he was far too short to reach the sink—and tied a huge apron about his neck. And he washed! Hour after hour! Hour after hour!

He remembers that, by standing on tip-toe and wiping the steam from the little kitchen window, he could see the boys at play in the next alley.

And many a time he felt the sting of a switch across his little legs from too much alley-gazing.

But Saturday night was a festive occasion. After the restaurant closed, his uncle gathered up all the pastries that were left, packed them in a pasteboard box and gave them to Eric. Dear me! was there excitement in the little attic rooms of the Lindens when Eric arrived bearing glad tidings in the shape of left-over pastries.

THE mother was companion to an old lady. She had to wait until the grande dame was tucked in bed for the night, all her needs attended to, before she could hurry home to the little flock awaiting her. Often the gas would run out while they waited for their mother and there was no quarter to drop into the meter. And there they would sit, huddled together in the cold and dark, little hand touching hand, terror growing upon them, stronger every minute. The ghastly, sickening fear of childhood! The eldest boy, as the protector of the brood, sat clutching a bread knife to combat the ogre that might spring out of the darkness. Waiting—listening—how the seconds dragged! Never was a mother so welcome!



It must be a dreamy waltz Dolores Del Rio is dancing with Charlie Farrell. Or maybe they just slowed up to help our photographer get a good shot. That's Johnny Weissmuller in the background. Wonder if his partner deliberately ducked her head behind their clasped hands! Heigho!

THE wee lad went from job to job. He swept out a millinery shop and delivered ladies' hats, after school. On and off busses, subways, "L's" and street cars, with a hat box in each hand. Then he became a telegraph messenger.

When he was about ten, he was an actor in a real tragedy that made a terrible impression on the lad. And it undoubtedly helped immeasurably in making Eric Linden the actor he is.

He and his younger brother were playing in the street in front of the house. Suddenly little brother laughed, tagged Eric and ran into the street right in front of a truck. There was just one scream!

And there little brother lay! Dead before Eric's eyes!

He stood there and thought, "I've got to tell Mom. There's no one to tell her but me. I've got to tell her."

He remembers climbing the stairs and opening the door. His mother was sewing by the window, and he told her. He experienced the strangest, emptiest feeling—as if all the things he had ever longed for—that ball, glove, game—were pitifully unimportant now. He was face to face with stark reality and it left its mark.

But there were pleasant times to remember, too. On summer Sundays his mother would pack their lunches in shoe boxes and off they'd go, all of them, to the beach. Eric says they



Jay Irving

"Not *the* Mrs. Martin Johnson?!!"

didn't have many friends, but they really didn't need them as the family was bound so closely together in the struggle for mere existence.

It is easy to sense from Eric Linden that the family had gentleness, fineness and sensitiveness. They took life like rare good sports, but the wounds left their mark. Especially on the sensitive Eric.

ANOTHER lovely memory is his Sunday job. He loved it because it brought him the only real beauty he had. He was a choir boy, and the soft music, the spiritual atmosphere, the peace were the kind of beauty this lad's artistic soul yearned for.

His elder brother and sister were working their way through Columbia, so Eric got himself a job at the university filing intelligence tests. He was in high school then. As the work paid by the hour, he often filed away until midnight. Then, after several more drab and colorless jobs, he decided to be an usher—at the Roxy. Here now was the job that filled all his boyish craving for life and glamour and color. He felt grand in his gorgeously gay uniform, standing under a blazing spotlight. Was he something!

Alas! One night his English teacher spied him! Good-bye, resplendent uniform, gay trapping, colorful job! The idea of an honor pupil in English a mere usher! So Eric parted with his uniform and went on to the less spectacular job of runner for a Wall Street bond house.

But he did not aspire to be a "captain of finance." The stage soon claimed him. Life was beginning to treat him more kindly. He was in the company playing "The Road to Rome" and the engagement took him to England.

The scene in "Life Begins," where he gets the tragic news about his wife's death in childbirth, had its counterpart in his life. Eric's elder brother and his wife lived with the Lindens and the young bride was expecting her first baby. Eric was about fifteen then and he remembers sitting by his brother's side. Hour after hour, hour after hour! Some unknown fear seemed to grow with every tick of the clock. There were no pacing, no hand wringing, no hysterics! Just a quiet, tense waiting!

To the boy of fifteen it seemed the end and the beginning of everything horrible. So, when it came time for Eric to play such a scene, there it was—alive in his memory—waiting to be plucked out again.

During the production of "Life Begins" he kept to himself. He wanted solitude to regain and re-live those poignant moments so he could transfer them truly to the screen.

Eric lives with his mother in a modest, hillside home. He has a garden, the realization of a youthful longing. Once, when his mother was a parish housekeeper, he tried to do something about the dark little patch of garden behind the parish house, but it was hopeless. Now that he has a real garden he indulges himself in his hobby to the full.

HE seldom mingles with people. Not that he is cold, but rather that his experiences did not encourage intimacies or the gregarious spirit. Love affairs? He says he hasn't found the right girl yet.

Strange as it may seem, acting isn't what Eric Linden really has his heart set on. He feels that it, too, is a stepping stone to the ultimate goal, in his case, writing. If having lived in the real sense of the word is the basis of a writer's success, Eric Linden seems entirely logical in his choice of permanent life work. Literature may gain but the screen will surely lose if Eric Linden deserts acting for writing.

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Tony Goes to Green Pastures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

little boxes on legs and some bright lights. Tom would tell me very quietly just what I was to do, and somehow—don't ask me how—I knew exactly what he meant and why. We were doing those things so that the little box on legs could make a picture of us. I was an actor!

IN the evenings we went back to our little place in Newhall. Tom had built a little one-room shack with a lean-to for me. Sometimes there would be nothing to eat when we got home. "Tony," Tom would say, "I know you are tired and hungry, but you just rest here a minute, old fellow, and I'll be back with something." And when he came back, maybe hours later, so tired he could hardly drag his feet, his watch would be gone but he had oats and hay for me. And I've seen him, many a time, pull in his belt and grin—and I knew he had gone to bed hungry.

Then we would sell the picture we'd been working on (two-reel Westerns, they called them), and then we'd have a few dollars to spare. But most of the money would go right back into another picture.

And then Tom fell in love. Every Sunday he'd ride me down to her home. Her name was Victoria Forde and her mother kept the boarding house where Tom had once lived.

Tom had been saving and scrimping to buy Victoria a Christmas present. At last he had saved enough money, so he rode me down to the city. Tom showed me the present when he came out of the store, and I've never seen anything like it before or since. It was a bright pink celluloid comb and brush, in the brightest red plush box I have ever seen. It was really the box that took our eye. Tom had it all wrapped up fancy and early Christmas morning we set out for her house.

She liked the present, especially the box. It wasn't long until we all went down into Mexico and were married. Tom brought her out to live with us in our little one-room shack, and we were very happy. Hungry at times, maybe, but happy. I didn't know it then, but now that I look back over so much I realize how happy we were.

Times got better, too. Tom bought twelve acres of land out in Edendale for a ranch, and he and Mrs. Tom moved into Hollywood.

Everyone was anxious to see Tom Mix and Tony on the screen now and times got better and better.

I GOT to be a better actor, too, never hesitating to do anything Tom asked me. "Walk down to that tree, Tony, then stop and look back," he'd say, showing me just how he wanted it done. And I'd do it. Why, we thought nothing of leaping into burning buildings, down dangerous chasms or jumping off the pier into the ocean.

Once they timed an explosion in the road so that it would blow up just after Tom and I passed over it. But something went wrong and just as Tom and I reached the spot, the explosion occurred, knocking us both far into the air.

I came to, first, and got to my feet. I saw Tom lying very still on his face and I was frightened. I went to him and rolled him over with my nose. He opened his eyes slowly and smiled at me. He was hurt, I knew, and my whole side was torn and bleeding. They picked pebbles out of both of us for a week but, shucks, that was nothing to what we have since come through together.

They never tried to force me when I refused to take a leap or jump. They'd hunt around until they discovered the loosened boulder or cracked earth that would have meant our death had we gone on. How I knew these things before they did is something I've often wondered about but could never reason out.

I learned how to look my best before a camera and when to stop acting. "Will you look at that horse?" a visitor on location once remarked in my hearing, "how he struts and acts before the camera, and the minute he's out of camera range he's right back to eating grass as nonchalantly as you please."

Huh, I thought to myself, why not? I'm not one of those actors that can't stop acting, even when there's no camera around!

But as soon as the sun reached a certain spot in the sky, I knew enough work had been done that day even if the men didn't. Just plain horse sense, I guess.

Anyway, at five I quit. And they knew it was no use to argue with me.

So they would load me into my truck and take me back to my stable. How I loved to go fast in my truck. I'd paw loudly with my foot to go faster and often my driver would yell back at me, "For heavens sake, Tony, I can't go any faster here or the cops will get us."

I had a weakness for fancy saddles and bright plaid blankets, and Tom knew it and understood. He liked bright, gay things himself. So once, when a strange groom placed a drab old blanket on my back, I was hopping mad. Do you think I'd budge? No sir. The groom couldn't understand it until finally someone who knew me spotted that blanket and replaced it with a nice plaid one, and then I went.



Irving Lippman

A forward looking girl is Eleanor Holm. She's taking no chance of being stranded after a tiff with the boy friend. The shirred satin lining in her slipper is really a pocket in which she can keep her "mad" money. But an Olympic champion winner like Eleanor could easily swim home

TOM decided to go to Europe. They slung me up in a hoist onto the ship and it was work, as I weighed ten hundred and fifty pounds and stood fourteen hands high. I was exercised around the deck of the ship every morning and really enjoyed it.

In England I was at a very fashionable stable, and never shall I forget the horse in the stall next to me. He was English, of course, and if ever I saw style and class he had it. And was he snooty? He looked me up and down several times and gave one big sniff. But when he saw me making my own bed that night—I always arranged the hay with my foot to suit myself—I thought he would break out in spavins. But I didn't care. Tom was probably dunking his cake in his coffee at one of those big mansions I'd seen and not giving a picayune.

The next morning a young fellow was ushered into my stall. He reached out a hand to pat me and, suddenly, withdrew it. He sensed I wouldn't like it and that made a big hit with me. Here was a man who understood horses. When he left he placed his hand very gently on my head as if he were just shaking hands.

"Who was that?" I asked Mr. Highhat in the next stall.

"That," he answered, and I noticed a new note of respect in his voice, "is His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales."

We traveled all over Europe with lords and dukes and ladies all eager to greet us. Just plain Tom Mix and me. It seemed strange.

Home again, we made personal appearances in twenty-five big cities. Children were sometimes disappointed when they saw me, for on the screen they imagined me black instead of sorrel. But they'd soon recognize me by my white feet and white face.

By the time we got back to Hollywood, Tom was a very rich man. He began building his big new mansion in a place called Beverly Hills. I was happy about the place, but inside me was a dreadful fear. Tom might not need me or want me any more with a grand new house and new friends. But I never let on. One day he came out to the ranch and said, "Hi, Tony, how's the boy?" I nodded. "Come on, I want to show you something," he said.

SOON we were passing beautiful homes on lovely, quiet streets and I knew we were in Beverly Hills. Suddenly, there it was—his grand new house. I knew it by the initials, T. M., on the gate. Tom was always one for putting initials on everything. I glimpsed a swimming pool and a tennis court. "Know what this is, Tony?" Tom asked. "Step up here and give a look." It was a beautiful building right near the gate and was as grand, almost, as the house. I looked in. "You're home, old boy," Tom said.

It's strange the way things go in life. People can be so happy with nothing and so unhappy with everything. And I could see with one eye how things were with Tom and Mrs. Tom.

They soon parted, she taking little Thomasina. Tom and I went on to the circus and you should have seen me in that parade. Did I show them something? "Well," one of those fancy riding horses once sneered, "you'd

think he were a trained horse or something the way he struts." And did I put that madam in her place. I told her about the blazing buildings, the yawning chasms, the daily chances with death that Tom and I took together. Trained horse, indeed.

"Besides," I said, "I want you to know I'm a movie star, known by thousands. And who are you?"

And that knocked the pink ribbon off her tail.

And then we came back to movie acting. Tom married another girl. This one was from the circus and performed high up in the air. I liked her very much.

We've made our best pictures, I believe, since our return from the circus. Tom was sick and nearly died, but outside of that we've been happier than we've been for a long time. Until my accident. And the realization that I couldn't go on much longer.

And now it's over, Tom tells me. For me, at least. All the thrills, the travel and excitement are done. No more crowds. No more movies.

Somehow, I can't be sorry. I guess I'm tired. I've reached the ripe old age of twenty-three years, twenty-one of them spent with Tom. We've seen more and been more places than most people.

I am alone again—but happy—in green pastures.

'Twas a Great Year for Divorces

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

his clipped, precise speech the news that he and Miss Chatterton shortly would be man and wife.

After that things happened in a rush. Ruth no sooner docked in New York than she put in a telephone call to California for "Rafe."

"Hello, darling. Everything is topping," he assured her. "It's all right for you to go ahead and marry George." And that's all there was to *that*. Unless you count the kiss with which she and Brent startled the justice of the peace in Westchester County when he declared them one. He said he'd never seen anything like it off the screen. Now that they're back in Hollywood they have dinner with Ralph once a week, and for his birthday they gave him a super, super sort of radio.

ANN HARDING'S parting from Harry Bannister was almost amicable. They didn't want to wait until they reached the point where they began to bicker. So, to save the fragments of their love, they let the judge *undo* the knot the minister had so carefully tied.

It was a painless, almost pleasant operation the way they did it. Amid fond kisses and best wishes they said good-bye.

The Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce offers emphasis by contrast to these congenial dissolutions. Lowell for once lost his urbanity. Oh, my yes! He and Helene had verbal skirmishes in the courtroom and he accused her of reading such naughty books. All very turbulent and noisy. Hardly in the 1932 manner!

Winnie Lightner and George Holtrey were another couple who refused to say it with flowers.

There was hurt there and heartache when they told it to His Honor.

It was really ZaSu Pitts who started the split-ups of the year when she filed suit against Tom Gallery last January. Up to that time they had been looked upon as a most loving couple.

They had the two children—one of them was Barbara LaMarr's son whom they adopted.

But even ZaSu's delightful sense of humor couldn't scare away the divorce specter.

You remember Dorothy Lee, of course—that dashing half-pint who capered on the screen with Wheeler and Woolsey. I have a vivid recollection of her coming into my office, perching on the edge of my desk, and inquiring—"Do you know a Jimmy Fidler? He saw me at the Brown Derby yesterday at luncheon and wrote me a note. This morning a wire came from him asking me to dine with him—he gave you as a reference."

Well, that was the beginning. Within six months they were married—and in a year divorced. Dorothy smiled sweetly at the judge, pouted prettily at Jimmy and that was all there was to it. Now they're holding hands again and some say if the young man had his way she would be Mrs. Fidler once more. Dorothy hasn't said "yes" and she hasn't said "no." But she admits it's kind of nice to keep Jimmy around.

Bert Wheeler, her former partner, followed her example and did a fancy step over to the courtroom where his life contract with Bernice Speer was duly dissolved. Nothing distressing about it.

"We simply have outgrown each other," Bernice explained, and pinned a gardenia on Bert's lapel.

There's a great deal of guessing going on as to the cause of Vivian Duncan's separation from Nils Asther. Their romance was distinctly of the whirlwind variety. It would subside for a time, then they'd meet at a party and it would flame up again. Finally they decided to strike a more even tempo by marrying.

Came a small daughter—born in Berlin—and Poppa Nils made a grand fuss when she and Mamma Vivian returned. He had been detained by picture work so that he couldn't accompany his wife abroad. But, as the months rolled by, it became evident that bubbling *Little Eva* was unsuited temperamentally to the Nordic Nils. So they shook hands, said it had been wonderful while it lasted. The final decree has just been granted.

A few of the others carrying banners in the Hollywood divorce parade are Edna Murphy and Mervyn LeRoy, Lina Basquette and Teddy Hayes, George Jessel and Florence Jessel. All very friendly. Although little Bobbe Arnst *did* shed a few tears when she gave up Johnny Weissmuller. But what's a poor girl to do when her hubby prefers to "go out with the boys" than with her? And so they parted. But that didn't prevent Johnny from taking Bobbe along when he made tests for his new picture.

THE easiest kind of divorce is had through the mails. All you have to do is look through a neat little catalogue, choose the best looking Mexican judge, and forthwith apply to be severed from your spouse. Miriam Hopkins indulged in this kind when she and Austin Parker decided they were not pulling so well together in double harness.

It was a matter of just a few days—and all was over. They were free to continue their pleasant *camaraderie* without having to face each other across the breakfast table every morning.

And the plans they're making for the baby's Christmas! Miriam's son, you know. Austin has gone paternal in a big way, although just what relation an ex-husband bears to one's adopted boy is a bit vague.

Hollywood's divorce cavalcade has passed steadily through the courts in 1932, with scarcely a pause between partings. When love has flown—or is about to fly—the stars have learned to give it the most civilized of leave-takings.



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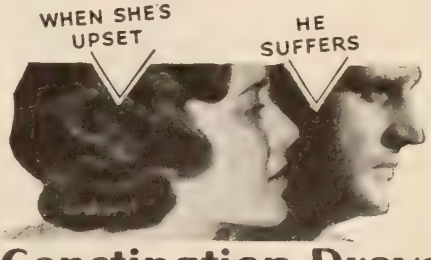
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Look Out! Here's Mae West!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

younger generation of the metropolis. The youngsters of that day did not learn about Life and Life's Problems from the birds and the flowers, but from the pen of our heroine.

UNFORTUNATELY, the hounds of purity were on the trail. One dour day the police descended upon "Sex" and the paddy-wagon backed up to the stage door. In due time, Mae faced Justice (?) on the Bench, and thereafter served ten days in the hoosegow in New York in the name of theatrical freedom. (Pictures of Mae with a broom and a dustpan were amusing publicity of the hour.)

Nothing daunted, Mae launched a couple of other high-geared entertainments from her pen. One didn't approach Broadway—the other received instant attention from the gendarmes, and was closed.

But Mae and her play, "Diamond Lil," did the trick—made her the darling of the town.

It was a jolly, whole-souled story of gay times on the old Bowery, with Mae playing one of her big-hearted naughty ladies who gave all for an honest, beautiful love—the party of the second part being a seven-foot officer of the Salvation Army. New York loved its second act, set in an old time Bowery pot-house, with waiters singing heart ballads, drunks and snowbirds battling happily, and top-hatted slummers from uptown sniffing and shrieking at the scene.

The show ran out the season, and established our Mae as a Broadway institution. From that day to this she's been our bouncing baby-doll, our "Diamond Lil"!

And off-stage?

What a woman!

In spite of the fact that she's a footlight veteran, Mae is young. It wasn't long ago that she turned thirty like a handspring. Moreover, she's practically beautiful, in her opulent way. Luscious complexion, fine head of hair, and eyes that fairly knock your hat off. Though generously built, she jiggles the beam at under a hundred and twenty. Believe me, you look three times as Mae West passes by! She's spectacular on and off.

Girls always bombard and besiege her at the stage door. I used to have to fight my way through a mass of admirers when I went back to say howdy. She has the glitter that is more precious than rubies.

LIKE most ladies who play glamorous bad girls, Mae is almost oppressively good. True, she has a taste for the rococo in furnishings, being especially fond of splendurgeous four-poster golden beds that rest on platforms and are covered with a canopy. But that, as Dickens said, is an amiable weakness.

And while snooty and sniffish ladies of the stage have been caught red-handed in all sorts of peccadilloes, not the faintest breath of scandal has ever brushed the damask cheek of Mae.

All her whoop-di-doo is right out in public on the stage and screen—to amuse and divert the folks who pay to see her!

Mae doesn't write her stuff—she builds it. Seized with a central character, bit by bit she erects around it a good loud show. She keeps a dictaphone handy at all times. Her knowledge of the theater is profound.

MORE, what is little realized, in the face of Mae's spectacular qualities, is the fact that she is a brilliant actress. She has one of the finest senses of timing I have ever seen, and nobody in the world can milk the last ounce of value from a line like wild and wilful Mae.

And there's a rapid pen sketch of Mae West! You're going to see a lot more of this giddy girl, and you're going to love it. She'll bring countless howls into movie evenings that were growing too doggone decorous and restrained!

Here's a hot tip, gleaned from "Night After Night." What a team Skipworth and West will make for a few sizzling pictures. The dishevelled refinement of Skippy and the dazzling loudness of Mae—hot dog, what a brilliant chance for good, loud fun! Get busy, you script-makers!

No more welcome or amusing recruit has ever hit the screen than slithering, slinking "Diamond Lil"!

Hi, Mae, way out thar in Hollywood! Regards from your old admirer! "Hello, honey—whatta yuh doin' tonight?"

Her Tongue in Her Cheek

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

money for anyone. I understood that. But I believe that a person must either push forward or go backwards. The movement may be imperceptible, but it is there. You can never *stand still.*

"I HAD worked hard. I had been given fine opportunities. When the studio didn't want to give me my raise, I felt as though I had come to that point where I would either slip back or step forward. I had only intended to make one picture in Hollywood. The stage was my love. I thought that to go back, to do something good on Broadway would mean progress. Change so often does. I wouldn't get as much money there, you know—so it wasn't really money."

With the trunks packed and her ambitious eyes already on her next step forward, she answered a telephone call from Joseph Schenck. She had no agent for pictures—only one for the stage. Producer Schenck wanted to talk business. She represented herself at the conference. And when she left, she had a contract in her pocket to play the lead with Al Jolson in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." A six weeks' guarantee at twelve hundred dollars a week. The picture to start June first. It was now May.

Madge collected eight weeks' pay before that production even started. Eight times twelve hundred is ninety-six hundred dollars. And all that time, Hollywood was shaking its head and saying, "Poor Madge Evans. She wanted to free-lance and look what happened to her. She can't even get a job."

Madge never felt so far from *poor* in her life.

But she did miss the magazine stories, and the daily papers never mentioned her name except in connection with her boy-friend, Tom Gallery. And she did miss that hectic, fantastic but encouraging atmosphere of studio fairyland. She missed the voices which had said, "You were grand in your last picture, Madge. You're going a long way little girl. We're going to do big things for you."

I doubt if Madge realizes this yet. When an ego has once become accustomed to Hollywood's encouragement—it drops from the heights to the depths without it. When you are under contract and being "pushed" by a big studio, head-waiter Nick even gives you a more prominent booth at the Brown Derby. Hollywood always honors those whom it knows are *up,* and forgets those whom it thinks are *down* or on the way down.

Even when Madge began work on the Al Jolson picture, she felt something like an unwanted step-daughter. Publicity departments push their own players. Madge was accustomed to spending all the days when she was not working, for example, in taking fashion, beauty or portrait pictures in the Metro galleries. But United Artists didn't waste money taking beauty and fashion and portrait pictures of a girl who was to be there for only one picture. Not one writer offered to interview her. And Madge had formerly had luncheon appointments with writers almost daily.

She stuck her tongue into her cheek, tucked the twelve hundred a week into her pretty silk stocking and was seen more and more often in public with Tom Gallery. Of course, there was not even an agent's commission to come out of the money.

Then she had legal trouble with the Madge Evans Hat Company. They stopped making hats. Depression! Metro heard about the lawyer she hired for this and telephoned him. Would Madge come back?

To go home! To be in the whirl once more. To make pictures which would build her. They wanted her back. That meant progress. She *was* going ahead. She signed a seven year contract. Her salary began at eight hundred fifty dollars. Seven years from now—if all options are taken up—she will be drawing around two thousand.

But Madge soon learned a lesson that all Hollywood folk must learn sooner or later. It's a sad little lesson. One never "comes back" in Hollywood where one left off. Never.

SHE might have been a stranger. She was on the lot two months before they cast her in a picture, then it was in "Fast Life," with comedian Bill Haines. A simple little rôle such as they would give to any beginner.

And on the day she was being fitted for clothes for the part, they were still testing other girls for it. Martha Sleeper was being considered to replace *her*—Madge Evans. Also, Alice White.

When this is written, she has not been invited into the gallery *once.* She has not been invited for a fashion or a beauty picture. No interviewers have been rushed to talk with her.

And people in speaking to her—they all speak beautifully, because they like her personally—forget to say, "Your last picture was grand, Madge. You're going a long way, dear. We are going to do big things for you."

She has a hundred dollars more a week than they offered originally, but she's lost something for which she has to fight again as though she had never had it. And she's fighting. She's giving the best that's in her. She's studying and practicing. And—she feels she's progressing. There's no idea of going back now. She's got to prove, all over again, her capabilities. Which means fight. And life isn't worthwhile to Madge unless she can feel that fight-fight spirit which means, "Here's a long hill to climb and I've got to make it!"

Smart Mayfair Costumes

Here is a word picture of what the social élite of Hollywood are shown wearing on page 30

[Follow the row on that page from left to right]

JOAN BENNETT chooses white with a wide boa of brown coque feathers tied in the back with long narrow brown velvet ribbons.

Irene Ware, a discovery recently arrived from Broadway, wears a smart black and white zebra print trimmed with black fox. The frock under the little jacket is cut in a deep square in the back. The belt fastens in back with jeweled buckle.

A quaint sable cape buttoning in the back tops Lilian Bond's dark green satin gown. Miss Bond wears a corsage of gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley tucked into the belt of her frock. Note the length of the brown gloves.

Joan Blondell gay and youthful, is in white pebble crepe with sable collar and epaulets, brown suede gloves and brown pumps.

Genevieve Tobin brought this gold-cloth tailored jacket and golden brown bagheera gown back with her from London. Look at those big buttons down the side of the skirt. Very swank.

Marian Nixon striking in black and white. The black velvet jacket has huge sleeves of ermine, and look at that little bunch of ermine tails on the shoulder.

Over Joan Crawford's slim, graceful gown of heavy black velvet she wears a postilion cape of ermine. And notice that coy muff. Under the cape the shoulders of the velvet frock are fringed with ermine tails. Black pumps and a small black satin handbag complete the ensemble.

Mrs. Gable wears a black Lyons velvet ensemble.

Norma Shearer lets the lovely color of her Burgundy gown of pebble satin with its slim, fitted lines dramatize her without benefit of jewels save for the clip and bracelets on the left arm. Her handbag is gold. The back of the gown is cut square and low. Over the gown she wears a waistlength cape of sable.

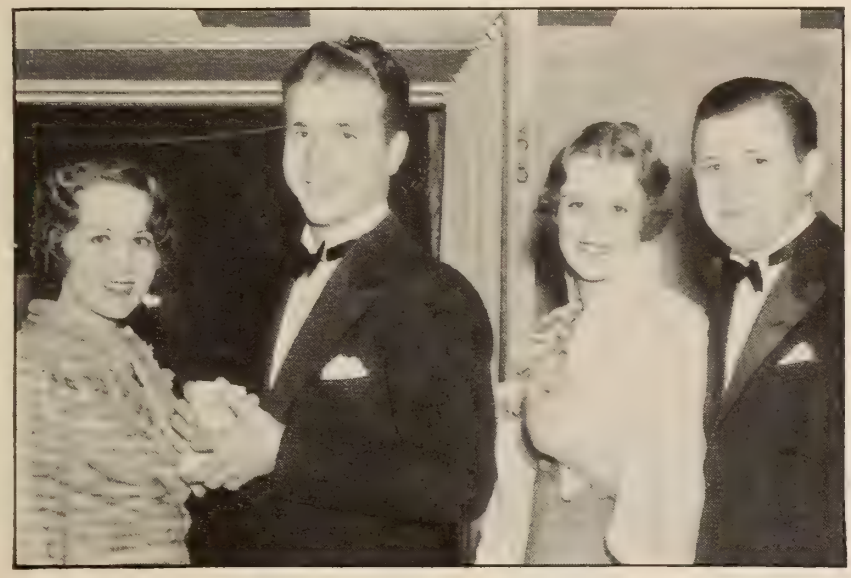
Dolores Del Rio is encased in a long wrap of emerald green velvet with great wheels of white fox about the arms, and a collar of the fur. Notice that giant jeweled hook and eye that fastens the coat. She wears twin rings on the little finger and ring finger of the left hand —a clever jewelry idea. Square-cut emeralds, by the way.

Helen Hayes in "The Edwardians" frock and coat of taffeta, so-named by the Hollywood designer who created them. Coral earrings, coral handbag and pumps complete an ensemble that matches in quaintness the bangs and curls of the coiffure.

June Clyde carries a large ermine muff to match the shoulder cape which fastens with a large ermine button in back. The gown is white satin.

Ginger Rogers wears soft green chiffon with a corsage of rose and violet.

Trust Lilyan Tashman to find something new and dramatic! The Pierrot collar of sapphire blue velvet is matched by velvet gloves and small handbag. The wheel muff and short jacket are of ermine. That collar is part of the white pebble crepe frock which has narrow shoulder straps of the blue velvet. A jeweled clip of blue and white stones fastens back those blonde curls at the right, just above the temple.



Mr. and Mrs. "Proud Parents" Stuart Erwin and June Collyer (right) and Mary Brian with Dick Powell (left) arriving for a party at the Mayfair. Mary and Dick are great pals, but since Buddy Rogers arrived back in Hollywood he's been taking a lot of Mary's time, too. Remember that old romance, interrupted when Buddy went East to be a band-leader?



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Is Dietrich Through?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

from my family's money what I can draw from this."

The sweep of her arm included the entire Paramount studio.

"But money is not important. To be happy is what is important."

Ah, Europe, could you but teach this to your neighbor!

"I DO not know as I can make you understand. My vocabulary is still so limited. If I am not happy when I work, I am not satisfied. I am happy with Mr. Von Sternberg because I trust him. How do I know what another director could do with me?

"I was not the big sensation in Europe that publicity stories have stated. Europe knows that. I had made a picture. I was not very good in pictures. When I met him in Europe and he asked me to make, 'The Blue Angel,' I said, 'You had better not take me, I am terrible in pictures. No!'

"The studio did not want me, too. They told him I was terrible.

"He said, 'I will have to take a test to show *you* that you are not terrible and to show UFA, too. You are all stupid.'

"And I was not a great actress on the stage, either. Not a star, as has been said. In Europe no young girl is a star. I had played leads, but that is far from being a star. It is impossible for a young woman to be a star in Europe. It takes a very long time before Europe makes one a star.

"He took a test. He made 'The Blue Angel' with me."

She did not need to tell that "The Blue Angel" was the sensation of Europe and that she became a sensation with it. She did not need to paint the picture of how she proved the exception to that rule that no *young woman* can become a star on the Continent. She was one by popular acclamation.

And she did not need to tell me—although she did—that Josef Von Sternberg, through his direction, had done it. What no other director has been able to accomplish, he had done. He had transmitted her natural beauty and ability across the film chasm.

And now that she was a sensation in her own land where she had formally been only a modest beseecher, they wanted her to go to America. She said, "No." Why should she desert glory and success in the hand for possibilities in the bush? No one in America knew her. It would be beginning all over again. It would mean a new language, even. Why should she leave her family for something uncertain when she had a certain Europe at her feet?

BUT when Von Sternberg asked her again and said, "Come over and make pictures for *me*. Not for Paramount, but with me—"

There was no uncertainty there. She knew what he could do with her and for her. He had done it in Europe. He could do it in America. Whether any other man could bridge that film chasm (no other *had*) was a huge question mark. He was the bird in the hand. She came to America to make pictures *with him*.

She is leaving America because she will make pictures with no one except him. The only possible chance of her returning is for the same reason that she came to us originally.

"This is not because of any *Svengali* and *Trilby* influence, but because he is the best friend I ever had in the world. People have said he casts a spell over me. That is ridiculous. I am devoted, but I made the devotion myself because my brain told me to. It is only common sense to me.

"Can you think of any one casting a spell over me? I hate any one wanting to clamp a hand down on me. I would never make a contract for longer than six months because I hate the idea of being nailed down. I resent it terribly.

"But when I *devote myself* to some one, no one can undo it.

"PEOPLE should be able to understand that. If you meet a great person, you become devoted. If they knew him—he has no way of talking with stupid people. He has no patience with me while I am stupid. Which I understand. Why should he waste his time—"

But to change! To work with any one else! It is actually beyond her comprehension. She gave an example which she is afraid our people will not understand. I am going to risk it.

"Before I had my child, I stopped and looked at every child in the street. I was so crazy about all children. But now—when I have my own. That is perfection. Why should I look at others? I have the best, all children for me—right at home. I feel that way about directors. I have the best. Why should I look at others?"

I am a bit afraid, even as is Marlene herself, that America will not understand her. She is leaving us in February, for always—unless Von Sternberg, who is definitely "sick and tired of pictures" (his own expression), should change his mind. She will have made only five pictures in her three and a half years among us, but with those five she has chiselled a niche on the portals of fame, comparable only to the one of Garbo.

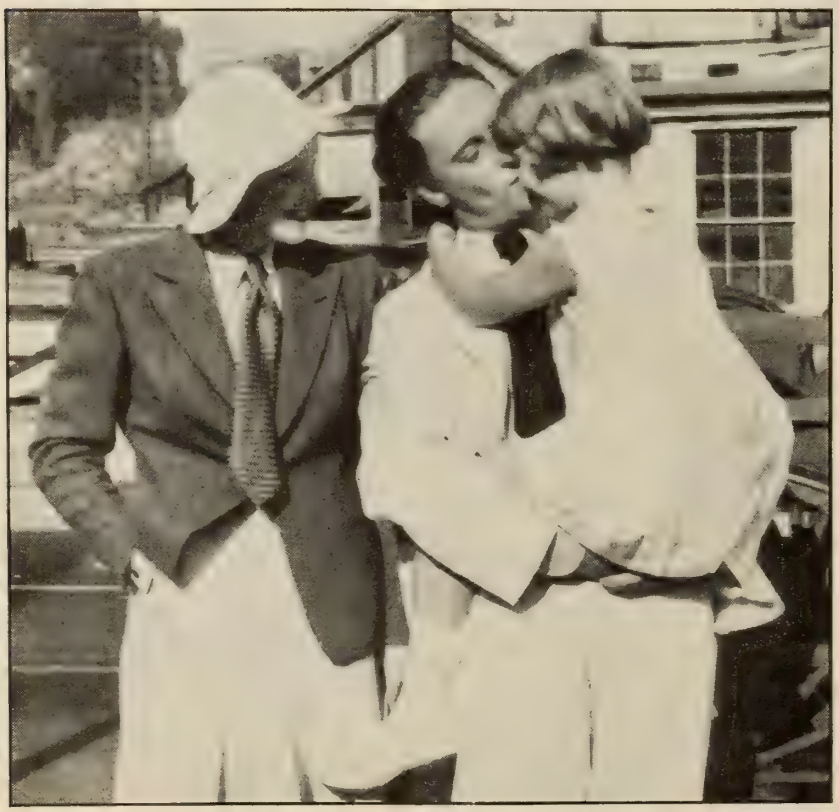
It is comprehensible why she should wish to be understood "just once" before her departure.

Her American life has not been happy. Her first year—Mrs. Von Sternberg's suit for alienation of affections. The suit was understandable from an wholly American viewpoint. —it was completely a puzzle from Marlene's European one. She had a husband. He understood. Why should not Mr. Von Sternberg's wife do the same? she reasoned. Incidentally, I have known both Marlene and Von Sternberg since she first came and I have always said both in print and in person that Marlene's devotion has always been as she now explains it.

A mental and, to her, common sense one.

Then—the fight on "Blonde Venus." Von Sternberg did not want to direct it. The studio wished to make the story saccharine. He bolted. Richard Wallace was assigned as director. *She* bolted. You now know why. Von Sternberg really went back and directed that picture for the sake of Marlene. He hated it then—he hates it now. And no man can do a truly great picture with a story which he hates.

AND then—the kidnapping threats for her baby. Any description of her suffering would sound like an exaggeration. That Marlene Dietrich has a mother complex, no American would question. To her, the extent of her love is only as natural as her refusal to be directed by any man other than the one who bridged the screen chasm for her. The letters she received were made up of words clipped from newspapers to avoid trace of handwriting. People said it was a joke.



"Hollywood gossip overlooks that I am married and am not divorcing my husband," says Marlene Dietrich. "He is coming for Christmas and then we'll be happy." This picture shows the way Marlene and little Maria greeted papa Sieber the last time he arrived in Hollywood from abroad

They continued for six weeks. Each new letter showed a new knowledge of her movements. Why had she hired detectives? Why had she taken her child to such and such a place the day before? Marlene Dietrich was close to a mad woman. Neither she nor her child even now stir in the open today without armed guards.

The bars on the windows of her home are inches thick.

During the thick of the daily threats, she received word from the department of immigration that the two German maids should return home. She wrote a letter that she was employing eleven Americans—nine of whom were made necessary by the dangers of this country.

Must she send away the two Germans, the only ones whom she could truly trust with her child?—The American government let them remain.

Then—the Chevalier gossip. Marlene and Maurice are friends. But—she laughs. "They forget I am married and I am not divorcing my husband. He is coming for Christmas and then we shall be really happy and gay."

Her husband has had many clothes made for Marlene at her tailors in Paris. He sent these clothes back to Marlene with Maurice Chevalier! Again, perhaps only Europeans could fully understand friendships like these.

I do not believe Marlene will cry when she sails to sing in the theaters of Paris and Berlin.

"My child will be safe over there—" A throb in her voice when she says it. "Not no more troubles. We all have them. But less troubles and not so much silly talk.

"But I am happy I am able to give so many Americans work in protecting me from these strange customs. Some good has come—"

Her eyes twinkle.

I think they will twinkle when she waves goodbye to the Statue of Liberty which has not meant all liberty for her.

Impossible, perhaps, for an American to vision happiness at waving goodbye to that statue!

Impossible, perhaps, also, for a European like Marlene, to vision happiness at waving it a second welcome!

Cary versus Gary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

M-G-M has learned, with its Shearer-Garbo-Crawford tangle!

What on earth can Paramount do with Cary and Gary under the roof of the same sound-stages? One of them must go! One must be eliminated. Everybody knows that. But nobody knows how the elimination is to be done, nor who of the two will be eliminated.

PUT it up to the public? The studio, deliberately opposing the two men, made "Devil and the Deep." That was putting Cary and Gary into the same ring, with a vengeance! Gary had the lead. Cary had a supporting part. Gary was good. So was Cary. Nothing was settled. Nothing happened at all, indeed—except that the public went home from the show mumbling, "But then who was that *other* tall fellow? Was that—? No. Which was which?" The only result was an increase in the general confusion, a heightening of the realization that one of the two, Cary or Gary must go. They are too much alike! Round four, "Devil and the Deep" was a draw, with honors even.

The sad part of it is that both Gary and Cary know what is happening. They know that they're pitted against each other, and that when the final gong sounds, one of them will be on the floor. It's rather a shame. Both of them are such regular guys! They admire, like, and respect each other. Neither of them will win without regrets for the man he has vanquished. Life should be softer, gentler; there ought to be a way in which both men could win. But life isn't that way. For every winner there must be a loser.

Round five is going on right now. And just as in a real prize ring, the glaring lights overhead bring the straining torsos of the boxers into sharp relief, so the present state of affairs is bringing into clear sight the strong points and the weak points on either side. What we are really watching is a battle between a slugger and a boxer.

Grant is the boxer. You'd know that, just to look at him. He's suave, distinguished, graceful in every move he makes before the camera. The word "polished" fits him as closely as one of his own well-fitting gloves. And it's no wonder. His grandfather was an actor—the stage is in his blood. He's been connected with the theater since he was twelve years old, when he ran away from home, in England, to join up with a vagabond troupe of acrobat-comedians.

He's been in vaudeville, he's been in stock companies, he has played the lead in a dozen operettas for the St. Louis Repertoire Company. He was in musical comedy for the Shuberts. He made a Broadway success in "The Street Singer." The theater has been his life. He knows everything there is to know about it. From the tip of his glossy shoes to the last curl of his equally glossy black hair, he's an actor.

Gary Cooper came to Hollywood, not from the theater, but from a cattle ranch. He never acted in anything else besides the movies. He's an ex-cow-puncher, ex-commercial artist. He lacks, as an actor, "finesse." He doesn't know how to walk, doesn't know how to talk, doesn't know how to put over a scene with gestures and tricks of expression, the way a trained actor does. And yet Gary has something that transcends finish, technique. He has one thing which may prove stronger than all of Grant's polish!

Gary Cooper has personality!

YOU can learn technique, but you have to be born with personality. Gary was! Why, as a matter of fact, he got his original contract without so much as a screen-test! He merely walked into the office, and they took one look at him and grabbed for a pen. And the public has confirmed that verdict! Gary has been tremendously popular, and he still is. He is not adept, he is not trained, he is not really an actor at all—but when he stands up before that camera, mama and grandma fall off their seats, and pa and the boys swell out their chests! That's personality!

And that's the set-up for the championship bout that's going on. It would be a very smart gambler who could lay odds. At present, true, Cary Grant seems to have the edge. But don't forget that, time and time again, the public has overwhelmingly shouted, "To heck with the fine points. Give us personality!" *No*body knows how it's going to end. Who will win, the boxer or the slugger?

It's a fair fight. No cleaner pair of scrappers has ever stood on the blood-stained canvas of the Hollywood ring. All blows will be clean, and all breaks will be clean. There will be no fouls.

And, when the fight ends, no one will be swifter to shake the winner's hand than the man on the canvas. But, the fight *must* end—soon! Only one can win.

Round six . . . GONG.

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Everyone Had a Finger in the Pie

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

have 'em—couldn't have rooms with unbroken lines. They weren't "smart." He won—the nooks nicked me only another four hundred seventy-eight dollars and forty-five cents. Later, when Lew Cody came with a lady, I discovered the why of nooks. And they added a new word to the Summerville vocabulary. If I can't find my hat, Mrs. Summerville will probably suggest, "It may be over in the 'Cody.'" A cozy corner may be a nook to some people, but it's a "Cody" to us.

JANET Gaynor said it wouldn't do to panel the master bedroom with redwood. Knotty pine was the only thing. I had always supposed a knotty pine board had no value except in the fence of a ball park.

But I found out you pay these days for knotty pine at so much per knot.

Jimmy Gleason and Jimmie Dunn, also knotty pine nuts, held out for it in the living-room, too. California doesn't grow knotty pine wide enough for the living-room panels. But it could be ordered specially from a lumber mill in Vancouver, B. C.!

Gary Cooper—he got building experience helping his father put up a ranch barn once—suggested a second story. Just back from Africa, he said the best people there were no longer building one-story houses. He sold us the idea. (I've since learned they have two-story houses in Africa on account of snakes.) Gary's idea meant merely strengthening the foundations—again—lengthening the east wall four feet and raising the sills on the north side.

It was now late in July. And we had expected to move in in April!

ZaSu Pitts discovered another terrible "bull." Our bedroom faced the ocean—beautiful view but that was the damp side! A fond mother of two swell kids, she painted with her fluttering hands and face full of maternal concern, terrifying pictures of babies with colds, croup and other complaints caused by damp breezes.

So, for the child's sake (yes, we have a baby) the bedroom location was changed. More plans!

The architect went ZaSu one better. He beat someone to it by finding some unused space—and a use for it, a sleeping porch for the baby. This glass-enclosed addition was fourteen by eighteen feet! Sally Eilers and her husband, Hoot Gibson, consoled by pointing out what a chance it would give the baby to grow!

Will Rogers declared the place had to have a barbecue. But the architect, always the boy with big ideas, must have thought I was going to feed the American Legion or the bonus army—I got a barbecue so big it takes three men to turn the roasting crank.

CLARK Gable, with his mechanical genius, contributed an electrical annunciator system. It's great. Push a button, anywhere, and every bell in the house rings. The houseboy, hearing the jingle, starts at the rear door and works forward. In due course, he is bound to admit the caller.

But I made one slick contract. During the early building stages, a man looked through the first blue prints and agreed to clean all the windows in the completed house for thirty dollars. This bright young man and a helper took a week to do their job. The finished house has one hundred seven windows!

What did the place cost? Honestly, I don't know. I checked twenty-seven thousand dollars out of the bank before I went into a huddle with the bank officials. How much was spent on the house after that, I haven't the slightest idea and I'm not trying to find out. The bank will tell me—soon enough!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount

SUPERB horsemanship and an exciting wild horse stampede distinguish this Western. The hero is very heroic, the heroine is very pure, the villain is very dastardly, and the story is slow in spots. But that Randolph Scott rides like a Cossack. The kids will love it.

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists

THE star of this English-made musical film is Jack Buchanan, who did such fine work with Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo" that we cannot hold this one against him. Besides his being miscast, the plot is artificial and the direction clumsy.

VIRTUE—Columbia

CAROLE LOMBARD, a "shady lady," marries taxi driver Pat O'Brien without telling him about her past. When he learns the truth he forgives her, but nevertheless is haunted by suspicion. His suspicions reach a climax when his wife is involved in a murder. Carole is beautiful as the poor little misunderstood *Mae* and Pat is excellent as the husband.

THE MAN FROM ARIZONA—Monogram

FILLED with incongruities and improbabilities, this picture's biggest dramatic moment is spoiled by poor dialogue. Neoma Judge is the vamp and Nat Carr and James Marcus are also in the cast.

THE IRONMASTER—Allied

THE millhand who becomes a millionaire—it could have been a powerful, gripping picture, but it lacks the necessary polish, and you never quite believe in Reginald Denny with dirt on his hands. Lila Lee doesn't quite put over her rôle, either.

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal

ADOLPHE MENJOU is his usual smooth, suave self in a British-made film of two gentlemen jewel thieves who are quite successful until the supposedly woman-proof Menjou is neatly double-crossed by a clever girl crook.



"Lipstick, lipstick, who's got the lipstick?" Why, Anita Page, of course—and right in the dashing silver ornament that trims her hat. After an ice cream soda, Anita just reaches up, pulls out the center of the ornament, and there's a lipstick all ready to repair any damage that's been done

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio

THIS picture is thrilling, if not convincing. Gwili Andre, a Parisian flower girl hypnotized into posing as a Russian princess; Frank Morgan, John Warburton and Gregory Ratoff play the principal rôles. A number of murders have been committed and the trail taken by the French police is interesting to watch, though sometimes unbelievable.

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia

CAROLE LOMBARD with a story and dialogue that fit like her clothes—which is *some* fit. Another rich girl who falls for a poor lad and chases him shamelessly, but the treatment is fresh and smart, and the production has lots of swank. Lyle Talbot gives an excellent performance, and so does Louise Closser Hale. The rest of the cast is good. A well-directed picture.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram

THIS is melodrama, but more apt to bring laughs than tears. It's all about a girl who is convicted of murder, sent to prison and through a girl pal is freed. Then she gets involved with gangsters, and a lot of other things happen. Cast includes Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas.

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.

MERNA KENNEDY innocently becomes the accomplice of a beer racketeer. Only after he kills a man does she find out who her boss is. She deserts him, but later he finds her, and in attempting to blackmail her he is killed. The murder is traced to Merna but here the story takes a trick turn and all ends well. Theodore Von Eltz makes a grand racketeer and Grant Withers does well in a small rôle.

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio

A MILD little picture that compares the trials of the pioneers and their struggles with the Indians to the present-day invasion of the gangster. We'll take Indians. Chic Sale as old *Smoky Joe* adds a bit of color. Hero Bill Boyd saves the day and Dorothy Wilson is the girl. Ralph Ince makes a grand villain.

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.

FRENCH, with English sub-titles. The brilliant acting of Harry Baur as *David Golder* makes it worth seeing. With great wealth amassed, *Golder* finds himself with a faithless wife, a scheming daughter and false business partners. Not a happy story, but well done.

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME—UFA

WERNER KRAUSS, well-known German actor, has the rôle of a soldier who having lost his memory as a result of the war recovers it suddenly after a period of seventeen years, with many resulting complications. The film is interesting but the direction is lagging.

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film

A GERMAN talking picture handsomely mounted and well presented. Lil Dagover, recently seen in the American picture, "The Woman From Monte Carlo," plays a fiery ballerina of the Berlin Opera House with such glamour that one wonders if our own Hollywood did right by her.

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners

TO the thrills of a Western picture, this one adds a dash of spookiness. Sliding panels and secret entrances and a long-abandoned mine in a ghost town, make an unusual background for John Wayne and his horse, Duke. Sheila Terry alternately gets captured and rescued.

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.

A FASCINATING realistic German film that shows graphically what happens when men are trapped inside a blazing coal mine. It also shows how true brotherliness and self-sacrifice are brought out by such tragedies. An impressive film.

ME AND MY GAL—Fox

IF you like rowdy wisecracks, seasoned with slapstick and a dash of melodrama, you'll probably love this. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as the cop are good. George Walsh is an excellent villain (it's nice to see him back on the screen) and brother Raoul Walsh did the directing. Marion Burns, J. Farrell MacDonald and Henry B. Walthall give good support.

Heart Throb

I have been almost totally paralyzed since an infant, and so I am deprived of most of the pleasures girls love. The thing which appeals most is the shadow stage. I am able to attend the movies only about six times a year.

I saw "Blessed Event" and I have never enjoyed anything as much as Lee Tracy's superb impersonation.

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Will Rogers
Gloria Swanson
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or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district

Let's Talk About 'Em

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

Frank laughed. "Let's forget it," he said, and went to Warner Brothers where he became a big shot.

He was a Hollywood somebody in the big money!

Remember "Show of Shows"; "Under A Texas Moon" and those other Fay pictures?

In the meantime, Barbara had finished her picture.

Disaster! There are not enough desolate adjectives to describe it.

Barbara also told United Artists, "Let's forget it."

FRANK was not anxious for Barbara to work. He had money. She could stay home.

But his devoted, husband-sharpened eye saw that beneath her carefully prepared I-don't-care manner, she was suffering from humiliation.

Her pride was injured and he knew there is no greater injury to woman.

Perhaps, if she could make just one good picture—

So Mr. on-the-top Frank Fay set out to secure Miss down-at-the-bottom Barbara Stanwyck an opportunity to make another picture.

The task seemed utterly impossible with "The Locked Door" against her.

"It was as though she had leprosy and everyone was afraid to even see her," he explains it.

Barbara still bites her sensitive lower lip when she talks about it.

"When you are up in Hollywood, you are accepted; when you are down, it is as though you did not exist."

When the two attended Hollywood parties, Barbara would be overlooked as though she were a gate-crasher.

Hollywood has an entirely local and, from the viewpoint of other localities, rude custom. When folk arrive at a party, men crowd into one room; women into another.

This is, of course, to allow the exchange of gossip without any restraint from the "other-sex" presence.

Three years ago this New Year's eve, Barbara attended a cocktail party preceding the Mayfair celebration. She slipped into the room where the one hundred women were segregated. There was a French clock on the mantel.

Out of curiosity, she timed her loneliness. It was exactly forty-five minutes before one woman spoke to her. And then it was the wife of a jeweler—not one of Hollywood's professionally famous.

Frank doubled his efforts to prove to Hollywood the capabilities of his wife!

He propositioned Harry Cohn of Columbia studios.

"I will pay half of the production costs if you will put my wife in a picture. Only you must promise not to tell her."

Barbara did not learn of this until a year and a half later!

She made "Mexicali Rose."

Another sad affair. She was to play "Ladies of Leisure," but when Director Frank Capra saw these first two Stanwyck productions, he felt justified in asking for another leading lady.

FRANK FAY made a dash for Warner Brothers studio where she had made one of her numerous tests.

"May I borrow Barbara's test?" he asked Jack Warner. He rushed it to Columbia and showed it at nine o'clock that evening to Capra and Cohn.

It was a scene from "The Noose," which she had done on the stage, and proved her an actress.

You know what "Ladies of Leisure" did for Barbara Stanwyck Fay. The profits were among the largest of any "talkie" to date. She was a sensation. She had received eight thousand dollars for making it. They gave her ten thousand for "Ten Cents a Dance." The latter made even more money than did "Ladies of Leisure."

And then Barbara was infected by one of Hollywood's earliest diseases. Folk whispered in her ear that Ann Harding was making seven thousand five hundred a week, Connie Bennett thirty thousand, etc. Her producers whispered that the profits from her picture had to be carried in truck loads.

Why shouldn't she get her fair share?

She demanded fifty thousand dollars for "Forbidden," her next picture, despite the fact that she was under contract to make it for ten thousand.



From dancing in George White's "Scandals" to "Walking Down Broadway"—that's the story of Boots Mallory's career. Her real name is Patricia, and some day we'll ask her how she got that funny little nickname

Columbia carried the matter into court—and won.

On the evening of the court battle, Barbara telephoned them. "What if you did win. You can't make me work. What are you going to do about it?"

What they did—Everyone got together. Frank said to producer Harry Cohn, "You two had better shake hands." They shook; made the picture.

When it was completed, Barbara received a whopping-big bonus.

But in the meantime, Frank had left Warners. Frank's pictures had made a profit—but the amount would not build a new studio.

Frank felt they were miscasting him. The studio insisted upon his interpreting foreigners. Mexicans in his first productions; Frenchmen thereafter.

He was to be the handsome hero designed to knock love-yearning ladies unconscious. His tousled red hair changed to sleek, oily blackness.

Only Frank didn't want to be a foreign-type lover.

He wanted to be himself—a red-headed, red-blooded, Irish American.

One word led to a volume. Frank was out—and how! Hollywood cattily said, "Now I guess Frank will have to look to Barbara—and how!"

I HAVE said, "At last the Barbara-Frank house is in order." In truth it will never be in order.

Both are too Irishly tempestuous to let it remain that way. When people become solidly stationary, they do not progress.

Barbara and Frank will always be progressing or catapulting backwards—for the fun of climbing back to the *beyond*, the point from which they tumbled.

I doubt if Barbara will ever make a story over which she and producer Darryl Zanuck do not battle.

The other day, Mr. Zanuck sent her a note from an important Eastern personage severely criticizing Warner Brothers for producing such an inferior picture as "The Purchase Price."

"I chose that picture. How I fought for it. I just *knew* it would make a good picture. There is no one to blame but me," admits Barbara.

Which shows why no argument with Barbara is destructive or permanent. When she is wrong, she admits it.

But to think of these two maintaining an in-order house—forever!

Not even the baby can do it. They adopted him because they love children. Barbara was an orphan in the days when orphans were treated more cruelly than lost puppies are today.

She would like to adopt all orphans and surround them with the happiness of which she was herself deprived. She is going to adopt more.

Many more.

Yet, I repeat, even children will not standardize her life—or Frank's.

Listen to Frank and Barbara explain it. Frank says:

"I like pictures better than any business in the world because it is like a crap game. Continual excitement and action.

"You can never foretell tomorrow. You may take a trip to Palm Springs. The butler will ask for your name at your own door when you return. Whenever you leave Hollywood, you are forgotten. You return to start all over."

BARBARA interrupted. "Just like this house. We've completed everything exactly as we want it. Spanish. But any bright morning, Frank may wake up and say, 'What I really wanted was an English house.' By noon, there will be seventy-five workmen swarming over the place."

"Sure, it will give us something to do."

"See?" Barbara's laugh floated out over the Spanish balcony to the Spanish swimming pool, bungalow dressing-rooms and gymnasium. "I just knew it was coming. Then, I might want Italian—"

"Then, we'd do it again, darling."

"We'll probably end by starving."

"But we'll starve in a nice house, honey."

Which explains, of course, why Hollywood is always talking about them. They are magnetically, robustly, topsy-turvily vital and interesting.

Who ever wastes time gossiping about *dull* people?

And it also explains why they are the happiest married couple I know in Hollywood. They are never dull to each other.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander
Adrianne Allen
Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Marguerite Churchill
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Bing Crosby
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Susan Fleming
Norman Foster
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Miriam Hopkins
Bobby Jones
Roscoe Karns
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Jeanette MacDonald
Florine McKinney
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Mae West
Gordon Westcott

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Patricia "Boots" Mallory
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Nell O'Day
William Pawley
Arthur Pierson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Spencer Tracy
Irene Ware

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre
Rosco Ates
Leslie Banks
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Phyllis Fraser
Betty Furness
William Gargan
John Halliday
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Julie Haydon
Katharine Hepburn
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
Vivienne Osborne
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
Helen Twelvetrees
John Warburton
Dorothy Wilson
Fay Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry
Florence Britton
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lili Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Weldon Heyburn
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford
Eddie Buzzell
Walter Connolly
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Evalyn Knapp
Tim McCoy
Adolphe Menjou
Mayo Methot
Lillian Miles
Pat O'Brien
Barbara Stanwyck
Ruthelma Stevens
Lee Tracy
Barbara Weeks
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue
Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Nora Gregor
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Hedda Hopper
Walter Huston
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Kane Richmond
Helen Robinson
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Diane Sinclair
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Verree Teasdale
Franchot Tone
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson
Lew Ayres
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
June Clyde
Dorothea Cunningham
Andy Devine
Arletta Duncan
Sidney Fox
James Gleason
Russell Hopton
Boris Karloff
Paul Lukas
Tom Mix
ZaSu Pitts
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Eleanor Holm
Harold Huber
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Edward McNamara
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
John Wayne
Alice White
Warren William
John Wray
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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☐ Norma Shearer ☐ Lionel Barrymore
☐ Greta Garbo ☐ Joan Crawford
☐ Ann Harding ☐ Marie Dressler
☐ Ramon Novarro ☐ Barbara Stanwyck
☐ Maurice Chevalier ☐ Jean Harlow
☐ Clark Gable ☐ Janet Gaynor
☐ Ronald Colman ☐ Helen Hayes

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She Stole His Best Scenes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

knotted in a huge piece at the back, and rushed her to the barber.

Not since her childhood, when as a freckle-faced tomboy she had re-named herself "James" and persuaded one of her brothers to take her to the barber shop for a boy's hair cut, had a scissors touched her hair. She had passed safely through that hysterical era when, "My dear, you must cut your hair," was on every tongue, only to have it off without even a chance for argument, the first hour in Hollywood.

LATE that evening, she timidly asked if she could go to a doctor to have the splinter removed from her eye.

An hour later Miss Katharine Hepburn, bright star of the Broadway stage, found herself, shorn and with a big black patch protecting one eye, alone and deserted on Hollywood's doorstep.

She became quickly acclimated to the studio, but in the breakfast scene of "A Bill of Divorcement" she had considerable dialogue and stage "business" and she wasn't doing it right.

She talked too fast for recording; she moved too quickly.

She could never quite manage to walk around and land back in the chalk marks the director had designated as the spot for the action to climax.

It was all too new to an actress accustomed only to the wide sweep of a stage. She protested she was too tall (she's five foot, five and a half) to catch a glimpse of those chalk marks without deliberately looking down!

They took that scene exactly twenty-five times, not counting rehearsals.

Twenty-five times that morning Miss Hepburn ate her portion of scrambled eggs, and couldn't even bear to look at an egg for months after.

But no one scolded. Not even the commissary department!

With a friend she saw the first "rushes" of her scenes.

Turning to the girl she said, "Frankly, I'm bored. I think they're pretty bad." "So am I and so do I," the friend just as frankly admitted.

They left the projection room without waiting for more.

The picture finished, she left for a vacation in Europe.

Friends cabled her about the brilliant New York opening but neglected to send her the critics' notices.

No one told her she had been hailed as a *sensation*.

So it wasn't until Radio Pictures cabled her to hurry back for "Three Came Unarmed," that she knew she was good enough to go on in movies.

She returned from Europe as a first-class passenger because she thought newspaper and cameramen might think it a pose if she followed her usual custom of traveling steerage. No, not third-class, but *steerage*. That's the way she went over. That's the way she has crossed eight times.

"I TRAVELED steerage because I was always seasick and didn't get any fun out of the voyage. The food isn't so good, but I couldn't eat, anyhow. I'm afraid the spell is broken now. I didn't know what comfort I was missing until I came back first-class."

People are comparing her to Greta Garbo, because she is like her photographically. Garbo, too, is tall and thin—Miss Hepburn weighs only 107 pounds. Garbo has the same broad brow and high cheekbones, the same delicate yet square face, the same full mouth and heavy-lidded eyes.

Miss Hepburn says, "Garbo's eyes are di-



A new starring team. Katharine Hepburn and Joel McCrea are making "Three Came Unarmed." It's Katharine's second screen adventure, following her interesting portrayal of *Sydney* in "A Bill of Divorcement"



Georgie Raft's name is coupled with a different girl every week, but when this was snapped at the Frolics, Edith Roarke seemed to be getting his undivided attention. Edith is a fascinating dancer in "The Kid From Spain"

vine. They are beautiful and large. That's where we differ greatly."

It's a funny thing about those Hepburn eyes. Light in color—a turquoise blue—not specially large or provocative. Yet on the screen they seem liquid and dark, the lids heavier, the pupils larger.

SHE is a real Garbo fan herself and shies away from comparisons. "Because we are not really alike at all," she says. "Garbo has that Dusé quality, that deep under-current of tragedy, the beautiful repose and repression that belong to her race. I'm just an average sort of American girl who likes to talk too much and who moves quickly and energetically."

Katharine Hepburn's ancestry is Scotch and so is her appearance.

Her face is covered with light freckles; her teeth are white and perfect; and she could challenge Dietrich's title to the most beautiful legs in Hollywood.

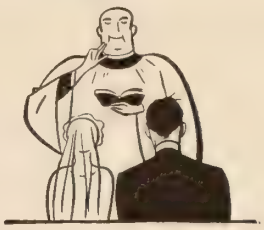
Her father is a surgeon in their home city of Hartford, Conn., and she has three older brothers and two younger sisters.

She is in her early twenties; athletic—the runner-up in a Connecticut golf tournament some years ago.

She is being criticized for keeping her personal life in the background and accused of imitating Garbo in her reticence to discuss it. She won't deny or admit her marriage of several years ago to Ludlow O. Smith. So far as the picture world is concerned, Mr. Smith appears to be a shadowy figure engaged in the insurance business—the scion of an old Philadelphia family.

BUT what you'll be interested in knowing at this moment is that she will make two pictures a year for a period of five years. During the winter she will go back to the stage, but her summers will be spent at the Radio Pictures studios.

And that's the really important news about an actress like Katharine Hepburn.



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Meet the Monster!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

Most of us by then would have had a heart that growled!

Another theatrical job. Again another company went broke.

The tantalizing aromas wafted from restaurants, the trunk held by a hotel manager, have inspired many an artist to forsake his ideal and sell short to dull methodical routine.

Not Karloff! Repeated adversity served only to sharpen his determination. He could not stoop to bribe his ambition with any little victory, any half-measure, with its inevitable result—efficient mediocrity.

He had pried in the opening wedge and he was going on.

By gradual stages, he achieved Hollywood and success. But it took exactly fourteen years.

THE story of those fourteen years is a document of human endurance tried to the breaking point. Of determination and desperation seldom equalled in the history of any career in any field.

This man had a background of rich experience. Nine years in stock is as fine an apprenticeship as any actor can serve. He had been in every conceivable situation demanding resourcefulness, intelligence, and ability. He had worked at persecuting, sordid labor, with the physical tension unrelieved for months at a time. It never broke his spirit, never swerved him a fraction from the central path toward his goal.

He thought all this preparation would mean something in Hollywood. But Karloff knew very little about the Village of Diminishing Averages.

He had to fight even for extra work. A few months of that, and he advanced tortuously out of that rank of forgotten men by sheer force of dynamic personality. They couldn't ignore him.

He was too stirring, too vivid, with his mysterious swarthy face, his deep, burning magnetic eyes, his long eloquent hands. He was "color" made articulate.

At last elevated to his first "bit" part, he clung to that meagre foothold. He determined that he would not slip back into "extra" obscurity.

It was an aching temptation to take the five dollars a day, when calls went out for mob-stuff and he had been a long time "between pictures"—and meals. But he knew it meant losing that precious stride forward, and he clung to it with unflinching singleness of purpose.

In the face of desperate need, actual hunger, he held out grimly.

Once reduced to crowd work again, he might never emerge. He had seen that happen to other men. Had seen it take the hope out of them, like taking away a soldier's stripes, and ambition dwindled steadily until the man was finally defeated by the imperative necessity of maintaining life. At the cost of his once fine pride and vaulting ambition.

If he went back, Karloff knew he might be just another extra for the rest of his life.

KARLOFF located a job driving a truck. The job started the following Monday, and in the meantime, he had to learn how to drive. Monday came. He drove the seventeen-ton truck. He loaded, unloaded, and piloted this juggernaut for one year.

The manager understood his situation and let him off for the necessary few days whenever picture work came up.

But when one picture lasted ten days, they finally had to give the trucking job to another man.

Around this time, Karloff met and married his first wife, Polly.

The introspective, analytical, serious man—and Polly, the blonde Fanchon-Marco dancing girl.

Frivolity wedded to the Three Fates. . . . Red heels in a cathedral.

The contrast obviously was marked for disaster from the first. After a time, Polly simply went to Panama as a cafe entertainer. Divorce followed.

One night, Karloff saw a picture called "The Penalty." Lon Chaney's brilliant artistry made such a vivid impression upon him that he wandered around for days like a man under a spell of enchantment, hypnotized.

His ambition given added impulse by Chaney's performance, Karloff made a fresh round of the studios. Someone called to him from a passing car. At first Karloff did not recognize the man, his ideal, who remembered an insignificant bit Karloff had done in one of his pictures.

Chaney, an extraordinarily gracious and kindly man, gave him a lift. They drove around for an hour.

Chaney was interested in Karloff's reactions to his "Penalty" performance and in his intelligent comments. They took the picture scene by scene, analyzed it together.

THE discussion was inspiring to the unknown actor. He did not know that he was one day fated to occupy the position left vacant when Chaney died.

He never strolled idly down the boulevard again. Chaney told him a man needed to be alone, that idle chatter was disorganizing. So Karloff roamed the hills back of Hollywood, avoiding the discouraging complaints of boulevard loafers.

The turning point came when he went to the Actor's Equity office one day for his English mail. At the foot of the stairs he paused and thought how futile it was to climb the long flight. He had been there the previous day. He debated whether to inquire or go on for his walk. Something urged him up the stairs. There was no mail—but the girl at the desk told him that a downtown theater was casting a play called, "The Criminal Code."

He landed an important part and played it superbly. Later, a picture version was made and he was cast in the same part. Things began to move.

SHORTLY after, Carl Laemmle, Jr., decided he was the man for "Frankenstein." Karloff ignited the imagination of a great public with that astounding performance. In it, he arrived.

You know the rest.

He fought a long time for his break. He endured more than the average person can comprehend, and there are chapters in his life he does not dwell upon. His is a saga of suffering, of hard-earned recognition. He survived years of famine, thwarted ambition, thankless devotion; he does not know what invisible force stimulated him—but even he would not do it again.

And with it all, his most astonishing personal characteristic is the fact that he is a man without a grievance. It seems that the people who work hardest for their success harbor the fewest grudges.

Karloff has learned there is nothing in life worth growing bitter about.

Now he has been married for three years to a charming, cultured girl who was a librarian in the city schools. They are ideally happy.

He has earned the repose and serenity of his lovely quiet home on Toluca Lake. He has suffered none of the usual symptoms of picture success. He drives a battered old Ford coupe, and his friends are the same ones he made fourteen years ago when he arrived in Hollywood.

Boris Karloff set a mark for himself, and he made it.

But what a price he paid!



So Jimmy Durante "ups" to Viola Dana and Shirley Mason and reads them the funny papers! But they don't seem to be laughing very hard. Oh, how mortifyin'! Jimmy's next picture is "Pig Boats," which is a pet name for submarines, we're told



Bachrach

Maybe you've never seen his face, but radio fans the world over know Roxy's voice. His real name is S. L. Rothafel and he's in the news right now because of his unique new motion picture theater, an imposing unit in Rockefeller Center, New York

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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Did Garbo Marry Stiller?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

An admirer of Stiller's? Unquestionably again. It was Stiller who guided her upwards, fought many of her battles for her. There is no reason to believe Garbo will ever forget that. Whether she has put aside all thoughts of marriage because of her memory of Stiller, or because she was at one time married to him, is another matter entirely.

HOW profound Garbo's impression of Stiller must have been, as the groundwork of her attitude toward him, is indicated nicely in a Swedish writer's account of her first meeting with the director. The quotes which the Swedish writer gives as those of Garbo may not be exact. I merely present them as they stand.

"I went up to find him after school," is the way the writer quotes Garbo. "I had never seen Stiller. I had only heard and read of him, but I had much respect for him and he was to me a great man.

"He wasn't in when I arrived and I sat down to wait. He came in finally with his big dog. He struck me as so different from other men, so original. Without saying a word he looked at me a long time, surveying me from head to foot. A long time afterwards he told me exactly what I wore that day, even what kind of shoes and stockings. Black, low-heeled shoes and black stockings. Then he said something about the weather and other small topics. At times I thought he wasn't even looking at me.

"Then he said, suddenly, 'Can you take off your hat and coat?' I took them off, feeling that he was watching my every movement. Then he asked for my telephone number, and that was the end of the interview."

This, then, is the story of Stiller and Garbo, out of which has come the rumor of marriage. The facts are worthy of speculation, for it is possible that Garbo spent more time in the company of Stiller than with any one man before or since. And there are rumors that certain papers have been signed in Stockholm regarding Garbo's status as a Swedish subject and regarding her sojourn in America. The papers may have something to do with Stiller and they may not. For the time being there is no way of telling. The burden of proof seems very much against it.

As I write this in Stockholm, a new rumor is afloat here. This time the story is that Prince Lennart, who married outside of royalty last spring and who is now known as Lennart Bernadotte, has written a special play in which Garbo will act at a small theater in Stockholm in which she is supposed to have a financial interest.

THE director of the theater, a woman, a friend of Garbo's, has denied knowledge of any such plans; has denied that Garbo has an interest in the theater.

It's much the same thing over again. Someone putting six and seven together and trying to make twelve. It may get to be twelve, but it isn't for the time being.

Did Garbo marry Stiller?

The several enterprising journalists may think so, but they can't prove it.

Three Ring Circus of '32

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

five thousand dollars and Radio Pictures buys it for Connie Bennett, whereupon Gloria is out cold for three days at the news. The Malibu season opens and the Malibu Follies begin.

Now the lights dim and the place is suddenly filled with terror. In two seconds the stage is cleared as an eerie, ghostly shadow creeps on.

Kidnappers threaten the town.

Windows are barred. Guards are placed and the menace slinks away.

From every corner comes the cry, "Is Garbo going? Is Garbo coming back?" while snoop sisters and scoop sisters run in and out writing down wrong names at right addresses.

Mary Pickford goes driving along the boulevard counting empty storerooms and wrecks the west end of the boulevard and the east end of Chico, Miriam Hopkins adopts a baby, buys a farm and divorces a husband all in one week, Ralph Forbes goes to Reno, his wife, Ruth Chatterton, goes to Spain and George Brent goes to vaudeville. Von Sternberg and Dietrich make faces at Paramount and Paramount makes faces right back. A blonde by the name of Venus is the cause.

A COOL little egg flips a coin all through "Scarface" and finds himself in the front ring. Georgie Raft makes a hit. A quick flash back reveals the Barrymores still making "Rasputin" with not a Barrymore left on speaking terms. Out of nowhere a mysterious car glides up to the home of Irving Thalberg. A tall figure steals in. Garbo has come to sign that new contract.

Buster Keaton buys a yacht on wheels, two admiral suits and with Lew Cody goes driving about the country astonishing the natives into hysterics.

Pickford decides on "Secrets" after all, and Ann Dvorak leaves Hollywood flat. With Leslie Fenton. Connie Bennett refuses to see twenty-nine reporters, seven columnists, and twelve sob sisters, and loses eight pounds, while a strange mannish figure steals quietly out of the depot gates. Unnoticed, Garbo has gone.

The polo chorus, including Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and Spencer Tracy, trot out in polo pants that would slay a potato-bug and do a quaint folk dance on horseback. They think, however, it's polo and practically nobody knows the difference. The Marx Brothers disrobe a producer in broad daylight on his own lot, while Marlene and Von Sternberg quarrel and make up and Marlene paralyzes the diners by appearing in the studio dining-room in a nickel's worth of shorts with bare legs exposed. Even the Marx Brothers were carried out in a body.



That serious bull-fight scene in "The Kid From Spain" is the real McCoy. Sidney Franklin, one of the world's great bull-fighters, visited his friend Eddie Cantor in Hollywood and stayed to make a thrilling sequence in Eddie's uproarious new picture

The loud rasping sound proves to be Lionel Barrymore asleep and snoring on sister Ethel's lap on the "Rasputin" set that just goes on and on, and Mary Pickford decides to make "Shanty Town" after all.

THE hunting scene takes place. The stage is darkened and into the gloom steals Mary Pickford, Sam Katz from Paramount, Junior Laemmle from Universal and Irving Thalberg from M-G-M, Harpo Marx and Chic Sale all carrying lanterns, while in the distance comes the gay lilt of "A-hunting we will (gulp, whistle) go," sung by Bing Crosby who arrived on the afternoon train.

The hunters wave their lanterns and go chasing madly about. Mary Pickford hunts for a leading man for "Secrets," I mean "Shanty Town," no "Secrets," no—aw nuts, —Sam Katz hunts for a "Panther Woman" and a "Lion Man," Irving Thalberg for a Red-Headed Woman, Junior Laemmle for a Laughing (tee hee) Boy, Harpo Marx for a small house with a big swimming pool.

M-G-M mistakes a platinum blonde for a red-head, while Junior Laemmle gives up the "Laughing Boy" picture in disgust and runs home to make more horrors.

Constance Bennett's first "Rockabye" has to be re-made and Gloria Swanson rolls about on good old English soil in mirth. Heigh-ho, the dairy-o, the "Farmer's" in the dell!

As though by a bolt from above, the circus of Hollywood freezes to a standstill. Paul Bern has taken his life. His wife, the platinum-headed Jean Harlow, is laid low in grief. Hollywood weeps in sympathy.

Reporters and the everlasting sob sisters own crowd the gate of the depot. John Gilbert and his bride, Virginia Bruce, are off to Europe.

Chatterton comes home from Spain. Forbes from Reno and Brent from vaudeville. The cards have been shuffled. Chatterton is now Mrs. Brent and they all have tea to celebrate.

Then Brent goes broad "a," Forbes goes wild-cat hunting and Chatterton goes right on with her gum-chewing.

A quick flash reveals the Barrymores still disputin' over "Rasputin," and Jimmy Cagney comes home. Off in the distance a cow pony kicks up the dust as Clara Bow rides back from her desert home to make another picture just as Alice White arrives at the depot gate for the same purpose. Fox decides to co-star Will Rogers and Blue Boy, the prize hog. While Charlie Chaplin lets out a fatherly plea that keeps his boys from movies. After years of threatening, Joan Crawford makes for Europe with Doug, Jr., following "Rain."

DIETRICH puts on men's trousers, tie, shirts and shorts and steals Garbo's thunder. While Von Sternberg takes one look and sails for the South Seas to hunt a typhoon. And this with a town full of windstorms.

The sob sisters now all join hands and come skipping in singing, "We're the scoopa, boopa, doop sisters."

Claudette Colbert waves good morning to hubby Norman Foster, who lives on the next hill and Mary Pickford positively decides on "Shanty Town."

With a blasting of trumpets and crashing of cymbals, De Mille (with puttees) returns to the scene leading a chorus of twenty-seven yes men. They immediately go into a historical rhumba with Cecil leading the intricate steps into the lion's den.

The rotund Charles Laughton, as *Nero*, wrapped in a sheet, goes flying about the Paramount lot on a bicycle. While Cecil sings, "Turn on the gas, turn on the gas, make it hot and snappy, but turn on the gas." For Rome, this time is burned with gas, while Claudette Colbert takes a milk bath that turns to cottage cheese in the heat. Off in the hills, two lanterns are seen bobbing about in the distance. Harpo Marx still hunts for a small house with a large swimming pool and Mary Pickford still searches for a leading man.

Ronnie Colman gets mad at Sammy Goldwyn and sues Sammy for all his dough. Sammy's that surprised you could knock him down with a feather. Jimmy Cagney goes back to work, tickled pink, Clark Gable has been chased through all three rings by every leading lady, for their pictures, and then Hollywood goes political.

"We want Hoover," screams Louie B. Mayer.

"We want Roosevelt," scream practically all of Mrs. Warner's little boys.

Then Roosevelt comes to town, the town (all but M-G-M) slings a parade and nobody wants anybody by the time it's over.

MARIE DRESSLER waves a hand from her seat in the front ring. The whole circus pauses a moment to gaze upon Marie whose steps falter just a little more, but whose smile is just as sweet.

Ethel Barrymore says, "That's all there is, there isn't any more," and goes back to New York, Rome goes right on being gassed, the English Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard arrive, setting the natives dizzy, while George Raft is the first man to take a bath on the screen.

Richard Bennett displays his hand-painted toe-nails, works jig-saw puzzles and razzes daughter Connie, all at the same party. The Stu Erwins and Helen Twelvetrees get themselves brand-new babies, when who comes to town with ears, neck and fingers blazing, but Mae West, good old *Diamond Lil* herself.

And then in the stillness of the night a new menace creeps on.

Thieves.

And when they depart, Zeppo Marx is stripped clean, and her monkey swallows the only diamond Mae West has left.

Night clubs open and night clubs close, the Palm Springs desert season is on again and once more Jimmy Durante is on his way to sit on a cactus. And just as the curtain is slowly lowering the scene flashes back to find Lionel Barrymore asleep on John's lap while "Rasputin" goes on and on and on.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER" — CAPITAL FILM.—From the story by Carlson and Behrend. Directed by Friedrich Zelnik. The cast: *Frederic II*, Otto Gebuehr; *Barberina Campanini*, Lil Dagover; *Her mother*, Rosa Valetti; *Baron Cocceji*, Hans Steuwe; *Baron Poellnitz*, Hans Junkermann; *Moeller*, Hans Brausewetter; *Eve, Barberina's maid*, Margot Walter; *Demoiselle Brigelli*, Iris Arlan; *Cagliostro*, Paul Otto.

"BLAME THE WOMAN"—PRINCIPAL.—From the story by Lord Castlerosse. Directed by Fred Niblo and Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Dan Macqueen*, Adolphe Menjou; *Joe Fragson*, Claude Allister; *Marda Blackett*, Benita Hume; *Reggie Dean*, Kenneth Kove; *Blackett*, Desmond Jeans; *Head Waiter*, G. D. Manetta; *Cloak Room Attendant*, Roland Gillette; *Miss Loftus*, Toni Bruce; *Spellman*, Shayle Gardener; *Restaurant Manager*, Stanley Vilden; *Portiere*, Philip Strange.

"CALL HER SAVAGE"—FOX.—From the novel by Tiffany Thayer. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Nasa*, Clara Bow; *Lawrence Crosby*, Monroe Owsley; *Jay Randall*, Anthony Jowitt; *Moonglow*, Gilbert Roland; *Sunny DeLane*, Thelma Todd; *Clara Springer*, Estelle Taylor; *Peter Springer*, Willard Robertson; *Romasa*, Weldon Heyburn; *Attorney*, Arthur Hoyt; *Maid*, Katherine Perry; *Hank*, John Elliott; *Harris Randall*, Hale Hamilton. Prologue players: Russell Simpson, Fred Kohler, Margaret Livingston, Reginald Barlow, Dorothy Peterson.

"CENTRAL PARK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ward Morehouse. Screen play by Ward Morehouse and Earl Baldwin. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Dot*, Joan Blondell; *Rick*, Wallace Ford; *Charlie*, Guy Kibbee; *Vivian*, Patricia Ellis; *Eby*, Henry B. Walthall; *Luke*, Charles Sellon; *Sgt. Riley*, Spencer Charters; *Nick*, Harold Huber; *Smiley*, John Wray; *Gangster*, Harry Seymour; *Chairman at Casino*, Holmes Herbert; *Lieutenant*, DeWitt Jennings; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Barney*, Wade Boteler; *Oscar*, Irving Bacon; *Hymie*, William Pawley; *Commissioner*, Frederick Burton; *Captain*, Harry Holman; *Spud*, George Pat Collins; *Second Commissioner*, Morgan Wallace.

"COMRADESHIP" — NERO PROD. — From the story by Karl Otten. Screen play by Ernst Vajda. Directed by G. W. Pabst. The cast: *Wittkopp, a German miner*, Ernst Busch; *His Wife*, Elisabeth Wendt; *Kasper*, Alexander Granach; *Wilderer*, Fritz Kampers; *Kaplan*, Gustav Puettjer; *Jean, a French miner*, Daniel Mendaille; *Emile, his friend*, George Chalia; *Francoise, Emile's sister*, Andree Ducret; *An old French miner*, Alex Bernard; *His Grandson*, Pierre Louis.

"CONQUERORS, THE" — RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Howard Estabrook. Screen play by Robert Lord. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Roger Standish*, Richard Dix; *Caroline Ogden Standish*, Ann Harding; *Matilda Blake*, Edna May Oliver; *Dr. Daniel Blake*, Guy Kibbee; *Frances Standish*, Julie Haydon; *Warren Lennox*, Donald Cook; *Stubby*, Harry Holman; *Benson*, Skeets Gallagher; *Mr. Ogden*, Walter Walker; *One of twins*, Wally Albright; *One of twins*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Auctioneer*, Jed Prouty; *Downey*, Robert Greig.

"CYNARA"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on novel "An Imperfect Lover" by Robert Gore-Brown. Stage play by H. M. Harwood and Robert Gore-Brown. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Jim Warlock*, Ronald Colman; *Clemency Warlock*, Kay Francis; *Doris Lea*, Phyllis Barry; *The Hon. John Tring*, Henry Stephenson; *Milly Miles*, Viva Tattersall; *Gorla*, Florine McKinney; *Onslo*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Joseph*, Paul Porcasi; *Mr. Boots*, George Kirby; *Henry*, Donald Stewart.

"DAVID GOLDER"—VANDAL-DELAC PROD.—From the novel by Irene Nemirovsky. Adapted by Julien Duvivier. Directed by Julien Duvivier. The cast: *David Golder*, Harry Baur; *Marcus*, Gretillat; *Soifer*, Franceschi; *Gloria*, Paule Andral; *Joyce*, Jackie Monnier; *Fischl*, Jean Coquelin; *Alec*, Jean Bradin; *Hoyes*, Gaston Jacquet; *Tubingen*, Camille Bert.

"EVENINGS FOR SALE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by I. A. R. Wylie. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Count Franz von Degenthal*, Herbert Marshall; *Jennie Kent*, Mary Boland; *Lela Fischer*, Sari Maritza; *Bimfel*, Charlie Ruggles; *Heinrich Fischer*, George Barbier; *Otto Volk*, Bert Roach; *Schwenk*, Lucien Littlefield; *Von Trask*, Clay Clement; *Richter*, Arnold Korff; *Von Zelling*, Freeman Wood; *Mr. Meyer*, Reginald Barlow; *Frau Meyer*, Lillian Elliott; *"Pink Elephant" (Lady)*, Grace Hayle; *Auctioneer*, Reginald Pasch; *"Pink Elephant" (Lady's Husband)*, Fred Sullivan; *French Custom's Man*, Jacques Jou-Jerville.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Adapted by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Maizie*, Betty Compson; *Ruth Payne*, Claudia Dell; *Tony Halliday*, Tom Douglas; *John Halliday*, George Irving; *Joe*, Wheeler Oakman; *Pete*, Luis Alberni; *Brennan*, Walter Percival; *Chief*, William B. Davidson; *Margaret Ryan*, Erin LaBrissoniere.

"HAUNTED GOLD"—WARNERS.—From the story by Adele Buffington. Directed by Mack V. Wright. The cast: *John Mason*, John Wayne; *Duke*, Duke; *Janet Carter*, Sheila Terry; *Benedict*, Erville Alderson; *Joe Ryan*, Harry Woods; *Simon*, Otto Hoffman; *Mrs. Herman*, Martha Mattox; *Clarence*, Blue Washington.

"HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN" — PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lloyd Corrigan. Screen play by Harlan Thompson and Ray Harris. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Peter Potter Kendall, II*, Stuart Erwin; *Joan*, Susan Fleming; *Madame Vivienne Polidor*, Alison Skipworth; *Eddie Clifford*, Gordon Westcott; *Appleby*, Grant Mitchell; *Wilson*, Sidney Toler; *Angus*, Tom Ricketts; *Drake*, Claude King; *Suzette*, Gertrude Norman.

"IF I HAD A MILLION"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Robert D. Andrews. Scenarists: Robert D. Andrews, Claude Binyon, Whitney Bolton, Malcolm Stuart Boylan, John Bright, Sidney Buchman, Lester Cole, Isabel Dawn, Boyce DeGaw, Walter DeLeon, Oliver H. P. Garrett, Harvey Gates, Grover Jones, Ernst Lubitsch, Lawton Mackall, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, William Slavens McNutt, Seton I. Miller and Tiffany Thayer. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, Norman Taurog, Stephen Roberts, Norman McLeod, James Cruze, William A. Seiter and H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Gallagher*, Gary Cooper; *Violet*, Wynne Gibson; *Eddie Jackson*, George Raft; *The Clerk*, Charles Laughton; *John Glidden*, Richard Bennett; *Mulligan*, Jack Oakie; *Mary Wallace*, Frances Dee; *Henry Peabody*, Charlie Ruggles; *Emily*, Alison Skipworth; *Rollo*, W. C. Fields; *Mrs. Peabody*, Mary Boland; *O'Brien*, Roscoe Karns; *Mrs. Walker*, May Robson; *John Wallace*, Gene Raymond; *Zeb*, Lucien Littlefield.



William Phillips

If there's truth in the rumor that all is not well between the Bill Powells, how come this nice little picture of Bill and Carole, snapped when they weren't expecting it? But—it's Hollywood, where anything can happen

"IRONMASTER, THE" — ALLIED. — From the story by Georges Ohnet. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Chester Franklin. The cast: Reginald Denny, Lila Lee, J. Farrell MacDonald, William Janney, Esther Howard, Virginia Sale, Richard Tucker, Freddy Fredericks, Astrid Allwyn, Ronny Cosbey, Otto Hoffman, Nola Luxford.

"KID FROM SPAIN, THE"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Eddie*, Eddie Cantor; *Rosalie*, Lyda Roberti; *Ricardo*, Robert Young; *Anita*, Ruth Hall; *Pancho*, John Miljan; *Alonzo Gomez*, Noah Beery; *Pedro*, J. Carroll Naish; *Crawford*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Jose*, Stanley Fields; *Gonzales*, Paul Porcasi; *Dalmores*, Julian Rivero; *Martha Oliver*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Dean*, Walter Walker; *Red*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Sidney Franklin*, Sidney Franklin.

"MAGIC NIGHT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Holt Marvell and George Posford. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Capt. Maximilian Schletoff*, Jack Buchanan; *Gen. Schletoff*, Clive Currie; *Ernst*, William Kendall; *Johann*, Herbert Carrick; *Max's Orderly*, Gibb McLaughlin; *Donelli*, Clifford Heatherley; *Theatre Manager*, O. B. Clarence; *Waiter*, Aubrey Fitzgerald; *Frieda*, Gina Malo; *Greta*, Peggy Cartwright; *Landlady*, Muriel Aked; *Countess Helga*, Joyce Bland; *Viki*, Anna Neagle.

"MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Harry Fraser. The cast: *Kent Rogers*, Rex Bell; *Lupita*, Neoma Judge; *Moe Ginsberg*, Nat Carr; *Jerry Sutton*, Lex Lindsay; *Judge McSweeny*, James Marcus; *Buck Gallagher*, Henry Sedley; *Collins*, Charles King; *Sheriff Hartman*, John Beck; *Mrs. Sutton*, Georgie Cooper; *Bartender*, Theodore Lorch; *Ed McSweeney*, Hank Bell.

"MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE"—UFA.—From the story by Robert Liebmann. Directed by Gustave Ucicky. The cast: *Heinrich Martin*, Werner Krauss; *Helene Martin*, Hertha Thiele; *Eva-Marie Sander*, Helene Thimig; *Dr. Alfred Sander*, Mathias Wiemann; *Julius Hanke*, Julius Falkenstein; *Grete Schulze*, Maria Bard.

"MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sax Rohmer. Screen play by Irene Kuhn, Edgar Allan Woolf and John Willard. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Dr. Fu Manchu*, Boris Karloff; *Nayland Smith*, Lewis Stone; *Sheila*, Karen Morley; *Terrence Granville*, Charles Starrett; *Fah Lo See*, Myrna Loy; *Von Berg*, Jean Hersholt; *Sir Lionel Barton*, Lawrence Grant; *McLeod*, David Torrence.

"MATCH KING, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Einar Thorvaldson. Screen play by Houston Branch and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Paul Kroll*, Warren William; *Marta Molnar*, Lili Damita; *Babe*, Glenda Farrell; *Erik Borg*, Hardie Albright; *Sonia*, Juliette Compton; *Ilse Wagner*, Claire Dodd; *Oscar*, Spencer Charters; *Nyberg*, Murray Kinnell; *Scarlatti*, Harold Huber; *Foreman*, John Wray; *Borglund*, Alan Hale; *Hobo*, Harry Beresford; *Erickson*, George Meeker; *Uncle*, Alphonse Ethier; *Maid*, Greta Meyer; *Rodensky*, DeWitt Jennings; *Frau Necker*, Bodil Rosing.

"ME AND MY GAL"—FOX.—From the story by Barry Conners and Philip Klein. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Helen*, Joan Bennett; *Dan*, Spencer Tracy; *Kate*, Marion Burns; *Duke*, George Walsh; *Pop*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Baby Face*, Noel Madison; *Sarge*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jake*, Bert Hanlon; *Allen*, Adrian Morris; *Eddie*, George Chandler; *Hank*, Hank Mann; *Police Captain*, Emmett Corrigan; *Doctor*, Lemist Esler.

"MEN OF AMERICA"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty. Screen play by Samuel Ornitz and Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Jim Parker*, Bill Boyd; *Smoky Joe*, Charles "Chic" Sale; *Anne*, Dorothy Wilson; *Cicero*, Ralph Ince.

"NO MORE ORCHIDS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Grace Perkins. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Anne Holt*, Carole Lombard; *Tony*, Lyle Talbot; *Bill Holt*, Walter Connolly; *Gran Holt*, Louise Closser Hale; *Dick*, Allen Vincent; *Rita*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Cedric*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Serge*, Arthur Housman; *Burkehart*, William V. Mong; *Merriwell*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Prince Carlos*, Jameson Thomas; *Captain of Ship*, Edward LeSaint; *Cannon*, William Worthington; *Benton (butler)*, Broderick O'Farrell; *Housekeeper*, Belle Johnstone; *Modiste*, Harold Minjir; *Holmes*, Sidney Bracy.

"PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Hildegard Withers*, Edna May Oliver; *Inspector Piper*, James Gleason; *Gwen Parker*, Mae Clarke; *Barry Costello*, Robert Armstrong; *Philip Seymour*, Donald Cook; *Bertrand B. Hemingway*, Clarence Wilson; *Donovan*, Edgar Kennedy; *Secretary*, Mary Mason; *Telephone Operator*, Rochelle Hudson; *Gerald Parker*, Guy Usher; *Fink*, James Donlan; *Chicago Lew*, Joe Hermano; *Macdonald*, William Le Maire; *Von Donnen*, Gustav von Seyffertitz.

"PROSPERITY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Screen play by Zelda Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Maggie Warren*, Marie Dressler; *Lizzie Praskins*, Polly Moran; *Helen*, Anita Page; *John Warren*, Norman Foster; *Holland*, John Miljan; *Cissy*, Jacquie Lyn; *Buster*, Jerry Tucker; *Mayor*, Charles Giblyn; *Ezra Higgins*, Frank Darien; *Barber*, Henry Armetta; *Knapp*, John Roche.

"RED-HAIRED ALIBI"—TOWER PROD.—From

the story by Wilson Collison. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Lynn Monith*, Merna Kennedy; *Trent Travers*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Bob Shelton*, Grant Withers; *Regan*, Purnell Pratt; *Kente*, Huntly Gordon; *Corcoran*, Fred Kelsey; *Morgan*, John Vosburgh; *Bee Lee*, Marion Lessing; *Gloria*, Shirley Temple; *Margoli*, Paul Porcasi; *Henri*, Arthur Hoyt.

"ROCKABYE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the play by Lucia Bronder. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Kubec Glasmon. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Judy Carrol*, Constance Bennett; *De Sola*, Paul Lukas; *Jake Pell*, Joel McCrea; *Snooks*, Jobyna Howland; *District Attorney*, Charles Middleton; *Commissioner Howard*, Walter Pidgeon; *Lilly Bel*, June Filmer; *Mrs. Pell*, Virginia Hammond; *Jimmie Dunn*, Walter Catlett; *Brida*, Clara Blandick.

"SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on "Secrets of Surete" by H. Ashton-Wolfe and "The Lost Empress" by Samuel Ornitz. Screen play by Samuel Ornitz and Robert Tasker. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Eugenie Dorain*, Gwili Andre; *Francois St. Cyr*, Frank Morgan; *General Han Molcff*, Gregory Ratoff; *Bertillon*, Murray Kinnell; *Leon Renault*, John Warburton; *Baron Fedor Lomzoi*, Lucien Prival; *Madame Danton*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Rena*, Kendall Lee; *Anton Dorain*, Christian Rub; *The Grand Duke*, Arnold Korff.

"SILVER DOLLAR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by David Karsner. Screen play by Carl Erickson and Harvey Thew. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Yates Martin*, Edward G. Robinson; *Lily Owens*, Bebe Daniels; *Sarah Martin*, Aline MacMahon; *Mark Martin*, David Durand; *Senate bartender*, Edward McNamara; *President Arthur*, Berton Churchill; *Poker Annie*, Jobyna Howland; *The mine foreman*, DeWitt Jennings; *Adams*, Harry Holman; *Colonel Stanton*, Robert Warwick; *Hamlin*, Russell Simpson; *Mrs. Adams*, Marjorie Gateson; *Rische*, Lee Kohlmar; *Hook*, Christian Rub; *Secretary*, Leon Waycoff; *Jenkins*, Charles Middleton; *Mrs. Hamlin*, Theresa Conover; *First miner*, William LeMaire; *Second miner*, Walter Lang.

"TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY"—FOX.—From the novel by Grace Miller White and the dramatization by Rupert Hughes. Screen play by S. N. Behrman and Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Tess Howland*, Janet Gaynor; *Frederick Garfield, Jr.*, Charles Farrell; *Captain Howland*, Dudley Digges; *Teola Garfield*, June Clyde; *Dan Taylor*, George Meeker; *Ben Letts*, Edward Pawley; *Frederick Garfield, Sr.*, Claude Gillingwater; *Dillon*, Matty Kemp; *Game Warden*, DeWitt Jennings; *Longman Sisters*, Eleanor Hunt, Marjorie Peterson; *Mrs. Garfield*, Louise Carter; *Jim*, Bruce Warren; *Old Martha*, Sarah Padden; *Peppy (monkey)*, Himself.

"TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Screen play by Courtenay Terrett and Robert Lord. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Tom Connors*, Spencer Tracy; *Fay*, Bette Davis; *Bud*, Lyle Talbot; *Billie*, Sheila Terry; *Chief of guard*, Edward McNamara; *Hype*, Warren Hymer; *Finn*, Louis Calhern; *Daniels*, Spencer Charters; *The Warden, Mr. Long*, Arthur Byron; *Reporter*, Roscoe Karns; *Dr. Meeker*, Grant Mitchell; *Warden Long's wife*, Nella Walker; *Tony*, Jack LaRue; *Black Jack*, William LeMaire; *Dr. Ames*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mike*, George Pat Collins.

"UPTOWN NEW YORK"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Screen play by Warren B. Duff. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Eddie*, Jack Oakie; *Pat*, Shirley Grey; *Max Silver*, Leon Waycoff; *Al*, George Cooper; *Papa Silver*, Alexander Carr; *Hotel Clerk*, Lee Moran; *Vending Machine Men*, Raymond Hatton, Henry Armetta.

"VIRTUE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ethel Hill. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Mae*, Carole Lombard; *Jimmy*, Pat O'Brien; *Frank*, Ward Bond; *MacKenzie*, Willard Robertson; *Gert*, Shirley Grey; *Magistrate*, Edward Le Saint.

"WILD HORSE MESA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Harold Shumate and Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Chane Weymer*, Randolph Scott; *Sandy Melberne*, Sally Blane; *Rawlins*, Fred Kohler; *Ma Melberne*, Lucille LaVerne; *Beni Weymer*, James Bush; *Sam Bass*, Charley Grapewin; *Horn*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Slack*, George F. Hayes; *Indian Chief*, Jim Thorpe; *Sheriff*, E. H. Calvert.

"YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by W. B. Dover. Screen play by Robert Lord and Bolton Mallory. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Joe Holt*, Joe E. Brown; *Alice Brandon*, Ginger Rogers; *Ed Dover*, Preston S. Foster; *Elliott*, Arthur Byron; *Cora*, Sheila Terry; *Manager*, Frank Hagney; *Armstrong*, Oscar Apfel; *Tom Brandon*, Walter Walker; *Dr. Vorse*, Edwin Maxwell; *Harris Daniels*, Harry Gribbon; *Armstrong's Secretary*, Mia Marvin; *Mr. Jones*, Selmer Jackson; *Colby*, William Burress; *Announcer*, Harry Seymour; *Messenger*, James Eagle; *Bookkeeper*, Anthony Lord; *Office Manager*, Bert Morehouse; *The Real Holt*, Guinn Williams; *Sam*, Farina.



Irving Lippman

"Make it sweet and snappy, Joe," yells the director, as Joe E. Brown gives Ginger Rogers a big kiss. It's all in the script for "You Said A Mouthful," in which Joe tries to be a swimming champion. Looks as though that script girl was ready for a little swimming, too, don't you think?



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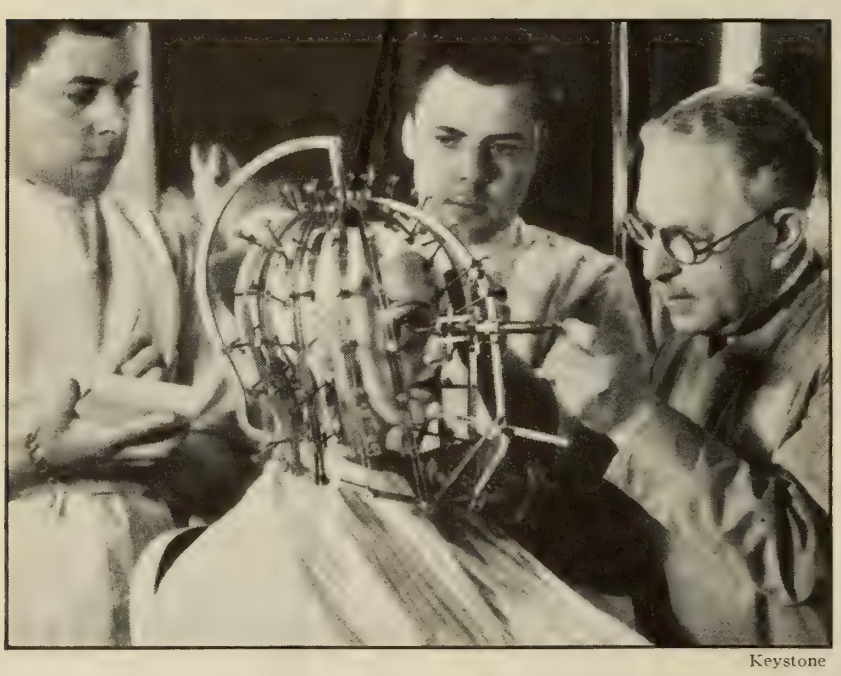
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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]



Keystone

This strange invention by Perc and Ern Westmore and Max Factor measures your beauty to a thousandth of an inch. According to the inventors, the nose should be same length as forehead and equal the distance between base of nose and tip of chin. Space between eyes should be width of the eye. Mouth corners should not extend beyond eye pupils



Keystone

Sheila Terry is here having her beauty measured. How does the tape line show you up in comparison with the proportions given in the opposite caption?

IN England, Jean Hersholt is at least as famous for his prowess with a pencil as on the screen. During the making of "Grand Hotel" he sketched every member of the cast, and now these sketches, 50,000 prints of them, are on display in every theater lobby, shop window and so on in the tight little isle.

GEORGE O'BRIEN is on his way to meet his father and mother in Rome, Italy. Some time ago, because of his father's ill health, George persuaded him to resign as chief of police in San Francisco, and recently O'Brien pére—which is mixing nationalities a little—went to Baden-Baden to take the baths. George couldn't finish his last film in time to make it there, so they're having the family reunion à la Mussolini.

WILLIAM POWELL, the astute and serious Bill, so suave, so polished, so what did you say?

Well, Bill's favorite pastime is making gag still pictures. Nothing is too undignified, too absolutely goofy.

Sort of a suppressed Marxian complex—or maybe just the play-boy in him.

TALA BIRELL'S mother, who was the Baroness Stephanie Sahaydakowski of Poland, is visiting her daughter in Hollywood. It is her first American experience, and she reports such a favorable impression that she intends to spend the winter. Gabriella, Tala's sister, has been here since Tala's advent into pictures.

IF you are one of the small minority who don't think ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville are funny, we can prove you are wrong.

They can make each other laugh. And do it often.

Break up in scenes all the time, and have to start over again.

This, little children, is the acid test for a comic.

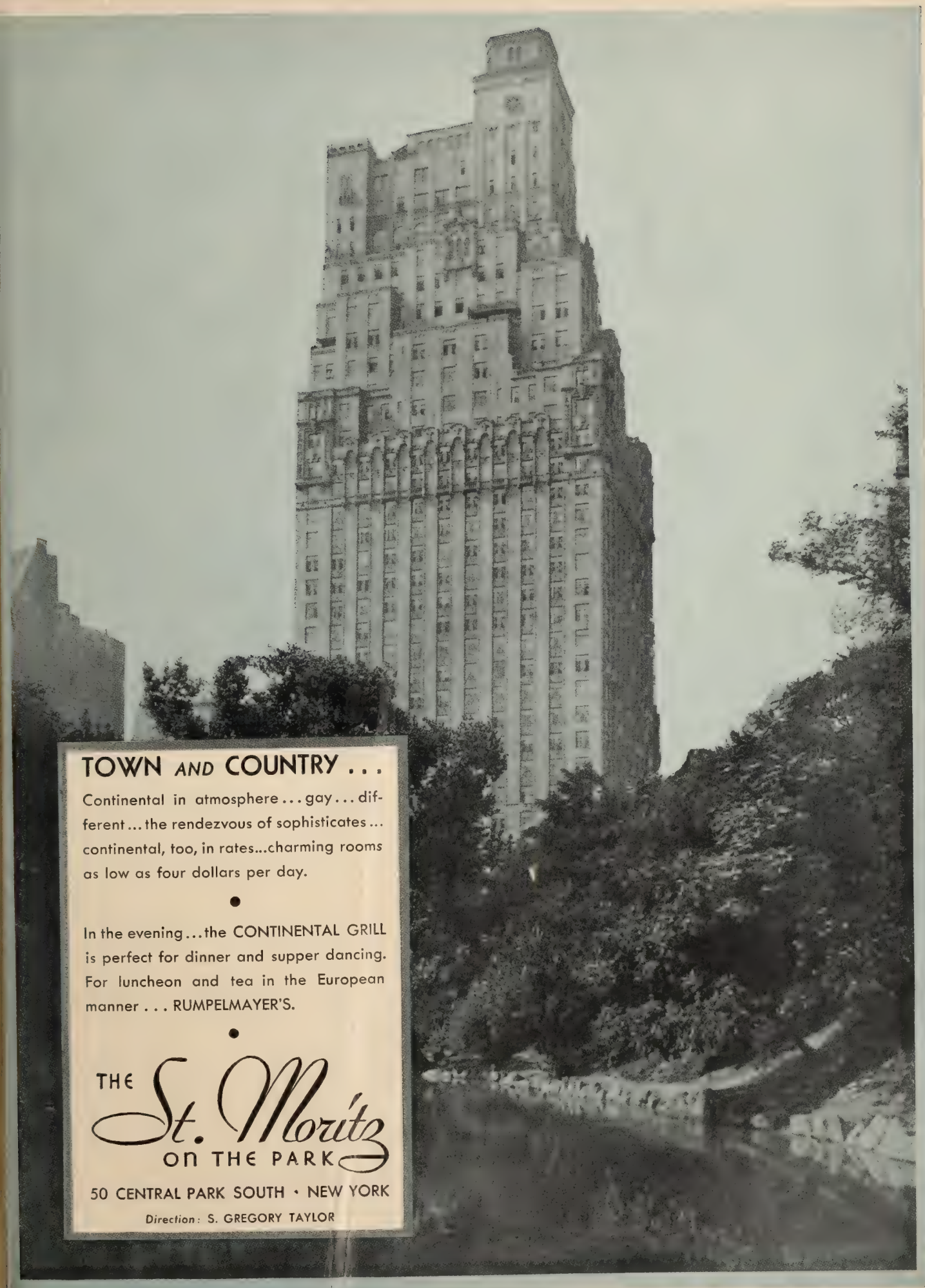
If he (or she) can pry a laugh loose from a fellow artist, he must be good—and we don't mean pretty good, either.

THE wig-wearing business of Ann Harding still goes on. Several of Ann's friends were amazed to see her at the opening of "A Bill of Divorcement" in a fiery red wig instead of the black one.

And strange as it seems, the fans just never caught on. And Miss Harding was spared a lot of autograph signing. Smart girl, that Harding person!



Making pictures isn't as easy as it may look. Here is a serious sort of conference on the "Animal Kingdom" set. Director and cast are working out final scenes, going over the script carefully and studying every bit of action. Left to right, you'll see Neil Hamilton, Ilka Chase, Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Henry Stephenson, William Gargan and director E. H. Griffith



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I *really don't know if I should smoke . . .*

. . . but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.



the Cigarette that's Milder

the Cigarette that Tastes Better

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PHOTOPLAY

EBRUARY

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JOAN
ENNETT

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He—DRIVES A TRUCK

You may be hardy as a truck driver—and get "pink tooth brush." Massage gums with Ipana when you clean your teeth!



"Pink Tooth Brush" *Threatens* them both!

NATURE sees to it that you start out with healthy, firm gums. But gums need stimulation and exercise to keep in condition—to continue healthy and hard. And our present-day foods are much too soft to give them the stimulation they actually need.

From being hard and sound, your gums weaken and deteriorate—become flabby and tender. They develop a tendency to bleed, and that "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush gives you your first warning of serious trouble ahead.

Do something about those tender gums of yours. Heed that telltale warning "pink tooth brush." For ignored, it may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease or the dread but rare pyorrhea. Neglected, it may even threaten good, sound teeth.

Check "pink tooth brush" now. You can't afford to delay, and the treatment is so simple and takes so little time.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Clean your teeth with it twice every single day. First of all, Ipana is a splendid modern tooth paste. Its flavor is refreshing. And it does clean your teeth thoroughly—brightens and whitens them.

But it does more. Each time you clean your teeth, rub a little more Ipana into your flabby, lazy gums. Massage it in lightly and don't rinse it off—leave it there. Ipana contains ziratol, and ziratol left on the gums works with the massage to correct that soft, unhealthy condition.

Schedule this treatment for your gums. In a month they will be firmer, healthier. Keep on with Ipana and massage—and you can forget "pink tooth brush."

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BELA LUGOSI
RICHARD ARLEN
LEILA HYAMS—AND THE
PANTHER WOMAN

Paramount Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 3 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | February, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMORESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	
1931		
"CIMARRON"		

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Paul Muni's superb acting and its heart-rending frankness bring "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" most applause from readers. Added to strong cinema red meat, audiences find the picture to be a powerful sermon against crime and a spotlight on an appalling penal problem of today

THE $25 LETTER

I recently returned from my first trip to New York. I expected to find myself awed and surprised—a strange man in a strange town. But I found New York curiously familiar.

Broadway—a million lights—skyscrapers—crowds—these were neither strange sights nor strange noises to me. I had seen all this many times in the movies back home.

Then the Bowery and Chinatown. The spieler did not need to point out interesting sights to me. I knew what to expect and was not disappointed.

Then I went to a night club. No surprise, everything as I expected. My check was the real surprise. I went to a movie where I would see something new.

I saw few things in New York that I had not seen portrayed many times on the screen and accurately, too. I don't travel much but I go to the movies often and I feel that I have acquired an education and have seen the world—from the screen.

FRANK ISAACS, Akron, Ohio

THE $10 LETTER

Who is it takes me to the show,
No matter if there's rain or snow?
MARIE DRESSLER.

Who is it never, never poses?
(And hence these "literary" roses)
MARIE DRESSLER.

Who reeled as *Marthy* through the play
Of "Anna Christie"—in her way
"Outgarboed" Garbo? Who? I'll say
MARIE DRESSLER.

Who made us laugh in "Min and Bill"
And cry in "Emma" at her will?
MARIE DRESSLER.

Who is it really satisfies?
Because in human lore she's wise
Above all other movie guys?
MARIE DRESSLER.

L'ENVOI

Go on, Marie, for years and years,
Moving us now to smiles, now tears,
Fame cannot spoil you—we've no fears,
MARIE DRESSLER.

MIGNON QUAW LOTT, Baton Rouge, La.

NOT a single adverse criticism is there on "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," nor on Paul Muni's performance in it. That film and "The Conquerors" draw the largest applause of recent pictures. And rightly.

"Night After Night," "Call Her Savage," and "If I Had a Million" come in for a generous share of praise, too. "Smilin' Through" remains among the leaders in its special field.

Many plaudits came for Joan Crawford this month, and closely in line with her were Shearer and Garbo.

An interesting note from an Alaskan reader says, "So few people in the U. S. A. realize how very much we appreciate the movies up here in 'Uncle Sam's Attic.'"

Another letter from Capetown, South Africa, tells us, "There are at least five different types of pictures being shown here tonight." Now that's diversity! And still so many of us go right on grumbling about the sameness of our film fare.

THE $5 LETTER

I specialize in nervous troubles. When I ordered a woman patient to throw away her medicines and go to the movies instead, she and her friends thought I was crazy.

But it cured her because it got her interested in something besides her ailments, largely imaginary.

I have done this whenever I have had a baffling nervous case, and I never found it to fail.

When the price of my prescription is checked with the usual doctor's bill, it will be seen that I'm not lining my own pocket exactly, but I don't mind, for I get results. Grateful husbands have told me that I saved them hundreds of dollars with my simple remedy. Incidentally, I'm not above taking a dose of my own medicine.

DR. D. W. DAVIES, Regina, Canada

MUNI STANDS ALONE

Speaking of a different picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," is it—plus! Paul Muni may not have a dimple to compare with Clark Gable's, or a winning smile such as Bob Montgomery's, but when it comes to acting he's right there.

PEGGY LOWE, Tulsa, Okla.

In contemporary American life motion pictures play an important rôle. "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" is a shocking, brutally frank reproach to a civilization which permits such things. There should be more pictures of this type.

They do a vital, if somewhat intangible, constructive work by placing before the public illustrations of various conditions badly in need of correction.

CHARLES WINSTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

The story of a thousand MEN WITHOUT WOMEN ... and of their women who can't do without men!



Never such a sensationally novel spectacle! Condensing into one mighty film a thousand unfinished love stories—and ONE that ends in a soul-gripping thrill! Every scene a blazing highlight from the endless drama that parades before Sing Sing's famous warden. He knows enough inside stories of headline criminals to make 20 motion pictures . . . Instead he's packed it all into 1933's first great hit . .

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BETTE DAVIS

and Arthur Byron. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Ask your theatre now when they're going to play this amazing

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE



The girl outside who couldn't wait.



The man doomed by her love.



Warden Lawes, who lives on a volcano of human passion.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AFRAID TO TALK—Universal.—(Reviewed under title "Merry-Go-Round.") This one is an exposé of some crooked police methods. Gripping and timely, but not for children. Eric Linden's work stands out. (*Nov.*)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (*Sept.*)

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are the girls. (*Dec.*)

ALIAS MARY SMITH—Mayfair Pictures.—Not much to this one, except an interesting cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (*Dec.*)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (*Sept.*)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (*Sept.*)

BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (*Aug.*)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY — World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (*Sept.*)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (*Sept.*)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who go "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (*Dec.*)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (*Jan.*)

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (*Oct.*)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (*Dec.*)

BIG CITY BLUES—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (*Aug.*)

BIG PARADE, THE—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound).—Sound effects skilfully added to an old favorite. (*Aug.*)

BIG STAMPEDE, THE—Warners.—Typical Western characters well portrayed. John Wayne and Noah Beery. (*Nov.*)

★ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A**—RKO-Radio—Unusual and dramatic story concerning an inherited taint of insanity, powerfully acted by John Barrymore, Billie Burke and a sensational newcomer, Katharine Hepburn. (*Nov.*)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (*Oct.*)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (*Jan.*)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (*Aug.*)

BLONDE VENUS—Paramount.—A mother-love story in which Marlene Dietrich does best work in the exotic scenes and Herbert Marshall is unforgetable as the soul-torn husband. (*Nov.*)

Ann Harding's Life Story

as told by her sister, will start in

next month's

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Never has a more surprisingly intimate biography been published anywhere.

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MARCH PHOTOPLAY

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February 15

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (*Oct.*)

BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide.—Small town girl sues political candidate for breach of promise, with unexpected results. Even Mae Clarke and Chester Morris could not lift this above the ordinary. (*Nov.*)

CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE — First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (*Oct.*)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (*Jan.*)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (*Jan.*)

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—Fox.—Edmund Lowe as Chandu, modern worker of magic, in an exciting picture. Bela Lugosi helps provide thrills. For the whole family. (*Nov.*)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (*Jan.*)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pgymies in Africa. Great stuff! (*Sept.*)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (*Jan.*)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (*Dec.*)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (*Oct.*)

CROOKED CIRCLE, THE—World Wide.—Snappy mystery-comedy, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmy Gleason as a cop furnishing the laughs, and Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supplying the romance. (*Nov.*)

CROONER—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (*Oct.*)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (*Jan.*)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (*Sept.*)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (*Aug.*)

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (*Jan.*)

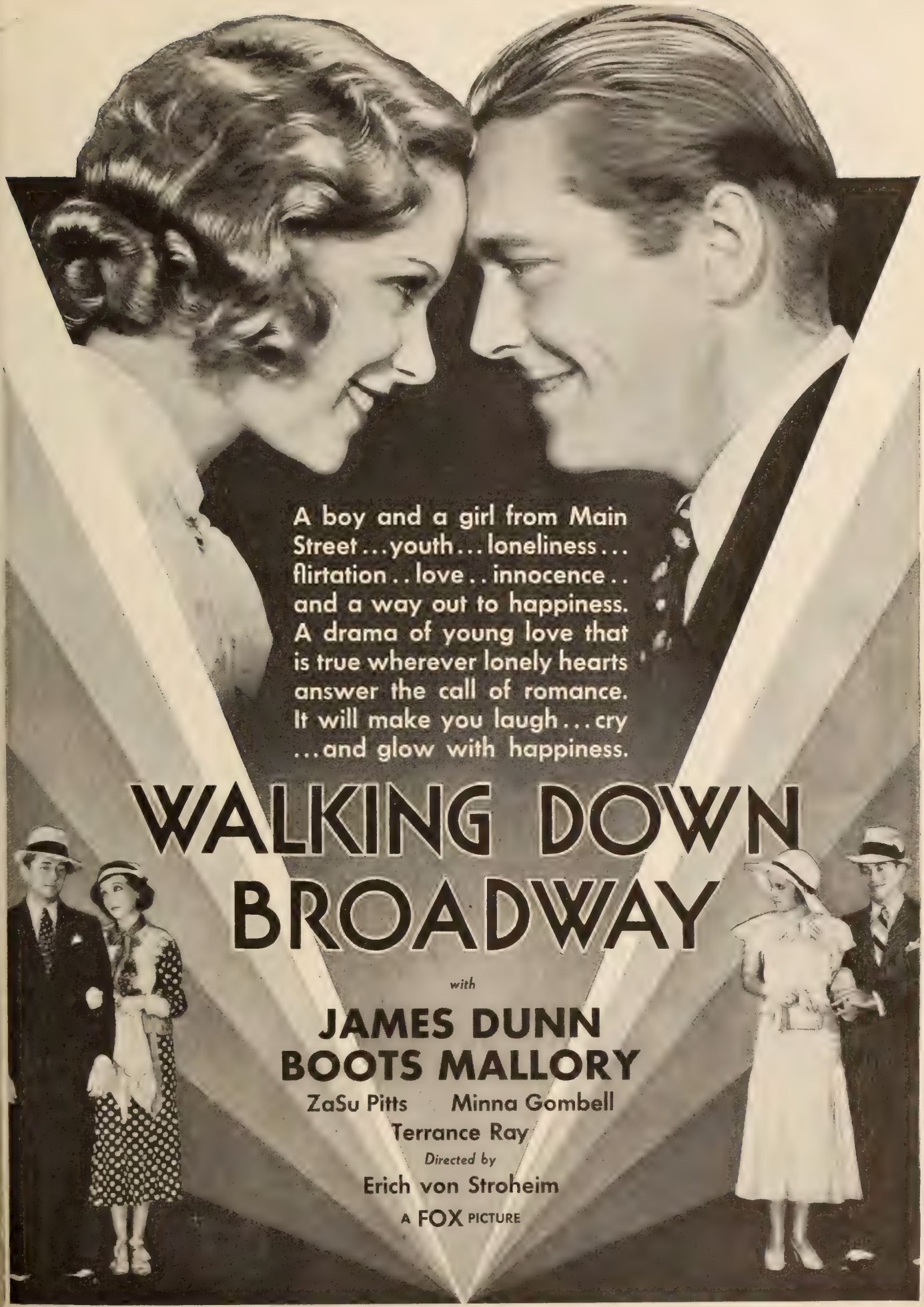
DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (*Oct.*)

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY——M-G-M.—Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (*Oct.*)

DOCTOR X—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (*Aug.*)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (*Sept.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]


A boy and a girl from Main Street... youth... loneliness... flirtation.. love.. innocence.. and a way out to happiness. A drama of young love that is true wherever lonely hearts answer the call of romance. It will make you laugh... cry ...and glow with happiness.
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with
JAMES DUNN
BOOTS MALLORY
ZaSu Pitts Minna Gombell
Terrance Ray
Directed by
Erich von Stroheim
A FOX PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DOWN TO EARTH — Fox. — In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (*Sept.*)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a *very* sober Charlie Ruggles. (*Jan.*)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (*Dec.*)

EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.—Good cast, but a weak story about a newspaper columnist. (*Nov.*)

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (*Dec.*)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (*Dec.*)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film. —Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (*Dec.*)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (*Sept.*)

FLAMES—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (*Aug.*)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY — Invincible. — Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (*Sept.*)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS — Paramount.—C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (*Aug.*)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (*Dec.*)

GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE—First Division-Monogram.—Fifi Dorsay as a Follies girl, saved from a designing millionaire by her press-agent. (*Nov.*)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (*Dec.*)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (*Sept.*)

GUILTY AS HELL—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (*Oct.*)

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (*Jan.*)

★ **HAT CHECK GIRL**—Fox.—You'll like this. Sally Eilers plays the pert little check girl and Ben Lyon the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. (*Nov.*)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (*Jan.*)

HEARTS OF HUMANITY—Majestic Pictures.—A cast of capable weepers gathered together in a drama that will make *you* weep, about a widower and a motherless child. Jean Hersholt and Jackie Searl. (*Nov.*)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount. —Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmailer (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (*Jan.*)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (*Sept.*)

HELL'S HIGHWAY—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix gives a fine performance in this first film of a new cycle dealing with prison chain gangs. Too morbid and brutal for children. (*Nov.*)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount.—Horse opera *de luxe*, chuck-full of shooting and cattle rustling, with virtue triumphing in the end. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane. (*Nov.*)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (*Dec.*)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (*Dec.*)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (*Sept.*)

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (*Oct.*)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS** — Paramount. — The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (*Oct.*)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (*Dec.*)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (*Dec.*)

★ **IF A HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (*Jan.*)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (*Aug.*)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (*Jan.*)

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (*Oct.*)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's première chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (*Aug.*)

JEWEL ROBBERY, THE—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (*Aug.*)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (*Dec.*)

KLONDIKE—Monogram.—Old melodrama of silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. (*Nov.*)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (*Dec.*)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (*Sept.*)

LAST MAN, THE—Columbia.—Lurid tale of mutiny at sea, with good work by Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings. (*Nov.*)

LAST MILE, THE—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (*Oct.*)

LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (*Aug.*)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (*Oct.*)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (*Dec.*)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (*Sept.*)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (*Oct.*)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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She looked the lady of leisure —but her hands shrieked "HOUSEWORK!"

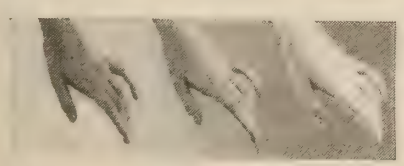
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (*Sept.*)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (*Dec.*)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—Carl Froelich Prod.—German language film with English subtitles, about a Prussian school for girls and the effect of its rigid discipline and repression on their emotional lives. Expertly directed and acted. (*Nov.*)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (*Aug.*)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (*Jan.*)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE — Tiffany. — That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (*Sept.*)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (*Jan.*)

MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (*Aug.*)

MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE—Paramount—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (*Aug.*)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (*Jan.*)

MAN'S LAND, A—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (*Aug.*)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (*Jan.*)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (*Jan.*)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (*Jan.*)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS — RKO-Radio. — Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (*Dec.*)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (*Jan.*)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sidney. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT LADY, THE—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (*Aug.*)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (*Sept.*)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE — RKO-Radio. — Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (*Dec.*)

MONTE CARLO MADNESS—UFA—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (*Aug.*)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (*Oct.*)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (*Sept.*)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (*Sept.*)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (*Sept.*)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (*Sept.*)

Gag Contest Winners

Announcement has been postponed until the

March issue of

PHOTOPLAY

The judges were unable to examine carefully the huge number of entries in the time originally allotted.

They, as well as the editors of PHOTOPLAY, herewith express their regrets over the delay.

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (*Dec.*)

NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (*Oct.*)

NIGHT MAYOR, THE—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (*Oct.*)

NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE—Paramount.—New situations and a brand new plot idea covering the events in an average neighborhood on one certain night. Fine cast includes Clive Brook, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee. (*Nov.*)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (*Jan.*)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (*Oct.*)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (*Sept.*)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (*Oct.*)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (*Oct.*)

OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures.—A Jack Hoxie Western that's just a little different. Gorgeous scenery, lots of excitement. (*Nov.*)

OUT OF SINGAPORE—Goldsmith Prod.—About a villain (Noah Beery) who shanghais sailors, sinks ships and kidnaps innocent daughters of kind sea captains. (*Nov.*)

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES — M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (*Sept.*)

PAINTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (*Oct.*)

PARISIAN ROMANCE, A—Allied Pictures.—Lew Cody as a roué, Gilbert Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl, in a rather dull story. (*Nov.*)

PASSPORT TO HELL, A—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (*Oct.*)

PASSPORT TO PARADISE—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (*Aug.*)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (*Dec.*)

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (*Jan.*)

PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic.—A mystery thriller that rides the rails. Old time melodrama. (*Nov.*)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE**—Paramount.—Don't pass up this political farce, which introduces George M. Cohan to the talkies. George and Jimmy Durante are a great team and Claudette Colbert adds her beauty. (*Nov.*)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (*Dec.*)

PROSPERITY — M-G-M. — Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (*Jan.*)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (*Sept.*)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (*Dec.*)

★ **RAIN**—United Artists.—Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson*, and Walter Huston as the stern reformer do interesting work in an adult story that never seems to grow out of date. (*Nov.*)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (*Aug.*)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (*Dec.*)

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (*Jan.*)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (*Aug.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

TALA BIRELL

The Glamorous In "NAGANA"



Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE

featuring
MELVYN DOUGLAS
with Onslow Stevens, Everett Brown, William H. Dunn, Miki Morita, Frank Lackteen

Story by Lester Cohen
Screenplay by Dale Van Every and Don Ryan
Directed by
Ernst Laemmle
Produced By
Carl Laemmle Jr.

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

From every point of the compass

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

"I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" was great! Paul Muni is, in my opinion, a truly great actor. It is my bet that he will travel far along the screen road. He not only gave a good performance—he gave a powerful dramatic lecture to any boys or men who may have had the slightest thought of crime.

HELEN MAE LEWIS, Warren, Ohio

JOAN CLIMBS ALOFT

Hurrah for Joan Crawford! I think she is a wonderful actress. Perhaps Garbo is still just a step ahead of her. But, come on Joan, you can make that one step!

VIRGINIA R. MARTIN, Detroit, Mich.

A rumor has recently reached me to the effect that Joan Crawford is being considered for the rôle of *Sonia* in "The Merry Widow." Joan has long been my favorite. Still, I am not convinced that she is the one for that rôle. However, she is often surprising (witness her *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain"), so I'm perfectly willing to be shown.

MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Penna.

What has happened to Joan Crawford? Where is the fascinating girl of "Our Modern Maidens" and "Our Dancing Daughters"? I am afraid she is losing lots of admirers.

THELMA C. SRACH, Los Angeles, Calif.

"THE CONQUERORS" CONQUER

For those who believe the current depression is unusual, let them see "The Conquerors"—how other generations have gone through similar conditions. It is a truly fine picture and one the whole family should see.

The cast is splendid. Richard Dix and Ann Harding give extremely convincing performances. The delightful comedy touches of Edna May Oliver and Guy Kibbee are excellent.

BERYL CROWELL, New Orleans, La.



The event Clara Bow's host of admirers have long been waiting for. Her comeback picture, "Call Her Savage," sends them into raptures. They find her at once the old madcap and a very much more poised Clara. She delights both boys and girls, and receives huge bouquets



George Raft proves our prediction that he would click heavily with the fair sex audiences in "Night After Night." Mae West also gets a big hand on her film début for her riotous comedy. There are posies, too, for Wynne Gibson and Constance Cummings as rivals for suave Georgie

I have been an admirer of Richard Dix since he started in pictures. In "The Conquerors" he has left nothing for the Barrymores to brag about. His aging stunt was done beautifully. We hope he will still be thrilling us when he *is* eighty-five.

MARY EDWIN MCLAUGHLIN,
Rochester, N. Y.

GRAND "NIGHT" AND STARS

I have just seen one of the finest pictures in a long time, "Night After Night." It's "good to the last drop—of the curtain." Congratulations to Mae West and George Raft! And I do hope we shall see them playing together again real soon.

VIRGINIA SPENCER BERTOLOTTI, Mobile, Ala.

I have never been so thrilled by a picture until I went to see "Night After Night." The whole cast was great; Mae West's work was especially good. I feel George Raft could play Valentino rôles successfully and revive the movie spirit of old.

ORELL BACIRS, Denver, Colo.

PLEASE, MISS BROWNE!

The world knows and realizes what a great artist and genius Greta Garbo is, but it is very noticeable that practically only letters from those who knock her are published in your magazine.

LORRAINE BROWNE, Toronto, Canada

FROM HITHER AND YON

This little missive comes to you from the "Land of the Midnight Sun." We are thrilled to face the hard rains of fall or wade the deep snows in winter to see a picture. Very few people in the good old U. S. A. realize how much we appreciate movies up here in "Uncle Sam's Attic."

LEONA L. NELSON, Cordova, Alaska

Give us more pictures like "Grand Hotel." Garbo ought to have heard the ovation she received. That ought to make her return from Sweden. Never will I forget Lionel Barrymore's rendition. Joan Crawford was gorgeous.

GERALD HAINES NEIL COHEN,
Calcutta, India.

As a foreigner living in China, I find it interesting to watch the reaction of the Chinese to the movies. The cinema is deservedly popular out here—the chief source of entertainment.

The Chinese are particularly fond of "leg shows"—spectacular choruses and the elaborate settings that usually accompany revues. They also appreciate gangster stories but display little interest in domestic tragedies or drawing room farces.

American movies are by far the most popular and the Chinese show unerring good judgment in their choice.

MRS. W. G. CUMINE, Shanghai, China

Born in China, I had the start of my English education in a Canton missionary school. When I came to Hawaii, I carried my embarrassing Oriental accent with me. It seemed impossible to shed what seemed part of my heritage. After high school, my English, writing and speaking, still had the Chinese slant.

One day I read in PHOTOPLAY, which I have been following for the last twelve years, that Paul Lukas did not speak one word of English before he arrived in America. I read, too, of Greta Garbo's Swedish accent. Yet they astonished me with their mastery of English.

I have made it a point to attend at least two talkies a week, paying particular attention to smooth or smart dialogue. Today I have lost my Chinese accent. Over the telephone people say they can't tell me from an American.

M. SING AU, Honolulu, Hawaii

There are thousands of people in the cities of South Africa who never have the opportunity of seeing famous actors and actresses in

come movie-goers' pros and cons



Maybe we should call them Doctors Laurel and Hardy—a writer says they cured her blues over a broken hand and lost job. Their acting as self-constituted fathers of little Jacquie Lyn in "Pack Up Your Troubles" also pleases those who like comedy tinged with a bit of sentiment

the flesh. Do you think that worries them? No. Why should it when we can see and hear the world's best on the talking screen?

The talkies have spoiled my appreciation of the stage out here because it compares very unfavorably with the movies we see. As for variety, there are fifteen movie theaters and there are at least five different types of pictures being shown here tonight.

N. Rumbelow, Capetown, South Africa

A GARBO QUANDARY

Just what is wrong with Greta Garbo? Or is it me? Every time I see one of her pictures I swear I'll never see another. Then I see she is to appear in a new picture; I get all thrilled anew. So I guess I must like her.

Maxwell Hooper, Asheville, N. C.

CLARA AT HER BEST

Clara Bow is back again, even better than before. In "Call Her Savage" she is wonderful. Just full of the old Bow pep and fire. We hope she will always be on the top rung where she belongs.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudy F. Bouteiller,
Louisville, Ky.

Clara Bow has come back to her loving public via "Call Her Savage," for which we have anxiously waited almost two years. No one can deny Clara's will power after seeing her new film. The lines have disappeared from her youthful face, and the merry twinkle in her eyes characterizes the Clara of old. Her figure is once more slender and graceful. "Call Her Savage" will re-establish Clara Bow!

Miss Catherine L. Pilsits,
Steelton, Penna.

PLAY, PLAYERS PERFECT

"Smilin' Through," ladies and gentlemen, "Smilin' Through"! A superb production! The greatest picture Norma Shearer has ever made. Leslie Howard, Fredric March and O. P. Heggie all deserve high praise.

E. L. Bernhardt, Tonawanda, N. Y.

RICH CINEMA FARE

"If I Had a Million"—there is a picture!—one whose entire meaning cannot be found merely on the surface. The directors (and there were seven of them) have given us a truly worthy production, leaving out all superfluous frills and unnecessary details. What a cast! What a story!

Maurice Drell, Chicago, Ill.

SEX FILMS GUIDE YOUTH

I am sixteen. Although I have always been an ardent admirer of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and enjoy their sweet romances best of all, I do not condemn sex pictures. So many parents try to prevent their children from seeing this type of film. They do not realize the high school student of today cannot learn anything from them he doesn't already know and that it wouldn't do him any harm to see what happens to those who fall from grace.

Do you see anything about the life of the hero or heroine of sex films to envy—to make you wish you were in his shoes? Emphatically no! Aren't they always shown as being unhappy and disillusioned? I can find very little in sex pictures that would put wrong ideas in young people's heads. But a very good moral can be found in them—that it doesn't pay to lead the wrong kind of life. I'm sure there must be many who agree with me in this.

Edward F., Asbury Park, N. J.

THE BARRYMORE ACE

We are proud indeed of our "royal family" and this is a tribute to the great genius of John Barrymore, so clearly demonstrated in "A Bill of Divorcement." His acting is superb. Katharine Hepburn was so brilliant that she easily took second honors.

Elizabeth Avery, Baltimore, Md.

JEAN COMES THROUGH

Here's to Jean Harlow, one of the bravest girls ever to face a camera! Consider her wonderful performance in "Red Dust," when the eyes of the world were upon her, mostly in disapproval! She will go on to bigger and better parts.

I think I like Jean best with red hair.

Alice E. Johnson, Bonaparte, Iowa

FOR THOSE PANIC PAINS

"Prosperity" is a fine picture and certainly prosperous in laughter. Marie and Polly help to brighten our gloomy depression mood.

Mrs. H. Schramm, Wheeling, W. Va.

You're too good, Lady Dressler! After seeing "Prosperity" I'm convinced that your public will never let you go. Whether this gossip about it being your last picture is the truth or not, you're still what the American public needs. I was "blue through and through" when I went to see "Prosperity," but by the time the picture was over I was humming a tune. How you do put it over, Marie!

Tom O. Murfitt, Syracuse, N. Y.

A PEST DESTROYER

Aside from the entertainment value of the now perfect photography and unerring sound reproduction found in the present-day talkies, there is an additional satisfaction—one that has afforded relief to theater-goers in that it has silenced the inevitable fellow in a nearby seat who persisted in reading out loud or murmuring the captions that appeared in the silent pictures. The sound and talking are now where they belong—on the stage and not in the audience.

R. Bill Williamson, Lafayette, La.



"The Conquerors" draws raves aplenty for its stirring romance and stars. Ann Harding and Richard Dix. His aging stunt causes one woman to hope he will still be a star when he is eighty-five. After seeing what oldtimers overcame, another girl thinks our panic mild

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Rosco Ates does the clowning. (*Dec.*)

RESERVED FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (*Aug.*)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, rip-roaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (*Sept.*)

RIDERS OF THE DESERT—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (*Aug.*)

RINGER, THE—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (*Aug.*)

ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (*Aug.*)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathe.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (*Jan.*)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (*Dec.*)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (*Sept.*)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (*Jan.*)

70,000 WITNESSES — Paramount-Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (*Oct.*)

SHERLOCK HOLMES — Fox. — The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock*. (*Dec.*)

SIGN OF FOUR, THE—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (*Oct.*)

★ **SILVER DOLLAR**—First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (*Jan.*)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (*Dec.*)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (*Sept.*)

★ **SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M.—A poignant love story. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, O. P. Heggie—all at their best! Don't miss this treat. (*Nov.*)

SOCIETY GIRL—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (*Aug.*)

SPEAK EASILY — M-G-M. — Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (*Sept.*)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (*Dec.*)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (*Sept.*)

STRANGE JUSTICE — RKO-Radio. — Story doesn't ring true, but excellently directed and well acted. About a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur. (*Nov.*)

STRANGER IN TOWN — Warners. — When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (*Aug.*)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (*Dec.*)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (*Jan.*)

TEXAS BAD MAN, THE—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (*Aug.*)

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (*Sept.*)

THEY CALL IT SIN—First National.—Loretta Young lovely as the church organist who falls in love with the city boy (David Manners). George Brent and Una Merkel help make this entertaining. (*Nov.*)

THEY NEVER COME BACK—First Division-Artclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (*Aug.*)

THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE—First Division-Monogram.—A thrilling murder mystery, with bright dialogue and comedy to offset the horror. (*Nov.*)

THIRTEEN WOMEN — RKO-Radio. — Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (*Oct.*)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (*Dec.*)

THOSE WE LOVE—World Wide.—Slow moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife and the other woman. Lilyan Tashman, Mary Astor and Kenneth MacKenna. (*Nov.*)

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (*Dec.*)

THRILL OF YOUTH, THE—First Division-Invincible.—About a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. (*Nov.*)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (*Oct.*)

★ **TOM BROWN OF CULVER** — Universal. — All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (*Sept.*)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (*Dec.*)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (*Dec.*)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (*Dec.*)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING—First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (*Jan.*)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners.—Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (*Oct.*)

TWO FISTED LAW—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (*Aug.*)

UNASHAMED—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (*Sept.*)

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (*Oct.*)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (*Jan.*)

VANISHING FRONTIER, THE—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (*Sept.*)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (*Dec.*)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (*Jan.*)

WAR CORRESPONDENT — Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (*Oct.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE** — M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (*Sept.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND** — Columbia.—Lee Tracy plays a young congressman who goes to Washington on purchased votes, and then tries to double-cross the gang in the interests of his country. A fine cast in an exciting film. (*Nov.*)

WEEK-END MARRIAGE—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (*Aug.*)

WEEK ENDS ONLY—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (*Aug.*)

WESTWARD PASSAGE — RKO-Pathe. — Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (*Aug.*)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD** — RKO-Pathe.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (*Aug.*)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (*Aug.*)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (*Dec.*)

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (*Sept.*)

WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (*Dec.*)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (*Jan.*)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—First National.—Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (*Jan.*)

Her dreams reveal a Passion she dare not rouse

. . . She dreamed of the kiss that would have sent their hearts soaring to heaven...but plunged their souls into hell! . . . .

Barbara Stanwyck
in The
BITTER TEA
OF GENERAL YEN

NILS ASTHER • WALTER CONNOLLY
directed by
FRANK CAPRA
From the Novel by Grace Zaring Stone



A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Lupe Velez
CUTS DOWN ON STOCKINGS



When I first become a star I am paid more money each week than I used to think there was in the world. I say to myself, "Lupe, you are rich!" Then I pinch myself to be sure I am not dreaming.

So I spend money like water. I buy the most expensive dresses and hats and shoes I can find. If a dress cost hundreds of dollars I say, "Pouf! That is nothing. Send me home two of them."

It is that way with everything. Bracelets, handbags, even, and stockings. I pay them what they ask and think I get the best because it costs most.

Then one day a man calls at my house. He is from Realsilk and he wants I should buy stockings from him.

I look at those stockings. They are very beautiful. I ask him how much they cost?

He tells me. It is a low price for fine stockings.

So I sniff and say, "They are not good enough for Lupe, they do not cost enough."

He laughs. Then he asks me if they are beautiful enough. And if they are sheer enough. And if they feel luxurious enough. And if I like the way they are made.

And I have to say, "Yes" to all those questions. It is true, too.

Then he laugh again and say, "Only they don't cost enough, eh?"

By that time I am laughing myself and saying to myself, "Lupe, you are a big fool with your money."

So I buy some of those Realsilk stockings which I like very, very much. And that is how I cut down on stockings, and on all the other things I have been spending money so foolishly for.





Lupe Velez hit Hollywood like a Mexican cyclone. Fiery, lovely and a born actress, she scored instant success in "Cuban Love Song" and "The Broken Wing". Her latest picture is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature, "Kongo".

BEAUTIFUL SILK STOCKINGS THAT WEAR

Realsilk stockings are made differently because they're sold differently. They are sold direct from our mills to you rather than through stores. And they are delivered direct to you, with no in-between steps and delays, so that you are always sure of getting *Fresh* Silk Stockings with Realsilk. That means greater beauty, elasticity and wear. Realsilk's direct method of doing business has also resulted in dozens of other hosiery improvements, among which are Realsilk's famous Seven Exclusive Features. If the Realsilk Representative in your neighborhood has not called on you lately, ask him to do so by 'phoning your local Realsilk office. (Listed under "Realsilk.") Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest producers of women's and men's silk hosiery.



Hal Phyfe

SINCE Hollywood has begun to turn more and more to the English actors, accent and themes—Clive Brook has been bounding from one British picture to another. Three in a row: "Sherlock Holmes," "Cavalcade" and next, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." More than twelve years of unvarying success in American-made pictures. What a record!



Hal Phyfe

IT'S a thread-worn word, but this striking portrait of Marian Nixon truly reveals real sophistication, the kind that isn't synthetic, or that doesn't rub off like face powder. A woman of the world—of the world of culture—is what this unusual camera study depicts. You will see Marian next in "The Face in the Sky," which is now in production



THE ash-blonde from Copenhagen has the eyes—her own and every other pair, as well, within range of vision. They haven't found yet the right niche in films for Gwili Andre, but beauty like hers illumines every picture she is in. She is now appearing in "Secrets of the French Police," and may be seen next in RKO's "No Other Woman"



Elmer Fryer

A DREAM of a costume and a dream of a girl that wears it. Kay Francis here sets a style that will wring the masculine heart. (It isn't quite fair, Kay!) You saw her subtly suave performance as *Marianne* in "Trouble in Paradise." She's going to play a woman detective rôle in "The Keyhole." George Brent will be the lucky lead

Some Like Them High, Some Like Them Low

THE new Gossard foundation, illustrated, has "fashioned" elastic panels from armpit to thigh, that mould your figure to a smooth, princess outline . . . so you may wear your waistline wherever you choose—high, low or normal! Peach satin-finished batiste is the fabric and fine lace forms the uplift bust. Model 6062.



The GOSSARD LINE of BEAUTY

The H. W. Gossard Co.
Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc
Chicago. New York. San Francisco, Dallas. Atlanta.
London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires.

College Girls *in one-leg test* cut down Stocking Runs 75%



"I washed one stocking every day the Lux way—the other I rubbed with cake soap . . . See the run in the cake-soap stocking! The Lux stocking is like new. Nothing but Lux for our stockings from now on, we girls all say."

Marjorie Sheerin

A GROUP OF COLLEGE GIRLS got together recently on a test of stocking wear.

The "One-Leg Test" they call it, because *one* stocking was washed every night the Lux way—the *other* rubbed with cake soap.

They reported amazing results! 75% *fewer* runs in the Lux-washed stockings than in the stockings labeled "Cake Soap."

Cake-soap rubbing destroys the *elasticity* of the silk. This is the live, stretchable quality of silk which makes it wear. Lux is made to *preserve* this vital elasticity. That's why clever girls *save* their stockings by washing them the 2-minute Lux way each night.



"WE GIRLS were awfully keen about this test," says Miss Sheerin, "because it showed us how many stocking runs you can avoid by washing your stockings the right way. In the test, we each took a pair, labeled one stocking *Lux*, the other, *cake soap*.



"EVERY NIGHT we Luxed one stocking rubbed the other with cake soap. There were 75% fewer runs in the Lux stockings!



"THAT'S WHY we all use Lux now—it's such an easy way to cut down stocking bills. It takes only 2 minutes, and when you save elasticity with Lux, stockings not only *wear* better but *fit* better. Keep their color and look smoother, too."

Mrs. H. N. Aikens washed 468 pieces with only one box of LUX

48 pairs silk stockings	126 pairs socks
51 pieces silk lingerie	66 pieces table linen
18 silk pajamas	120 handkerchiefs
36 children's undies	3 sweaters (baby's)

LUX *saves stocking elasticity*

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

ON attending the opening of "The Sign of the Cross" in New York, I naturally expected to be either entertained or edified. I was neither.

De Mille, in spite of his rather fixed tendency to over-zealousness in striving for effects, has, nevertheless, usually been able to wrest a spiritual significance from some of the greater themes he has chosen.

Certainly the opportunity should not have been lacking in "The Sign of the Cross." But I left the theater with the feeling that I had not been emotionally or spiritually satisfied.

Perhaps "The Sign of the Cross" is a great picture. Perhaps what I regard as serious defects may be applauded by the majority of motion picture theatergoers who see it. However, I believe I am not squeamish, and that I am right in thinking that certain sequences in the production had much better have been omitted.

TAKE that dance scene. Because of its peculiar nature, it is distinctly offensive. Some years ago Nazimova played *Salome* on the screen. She danced the terrible dance of that half-mad, neurotic woman when the head of John the Baptist was brought to her on a platter. Nazimova's dance of *Salome* was no more decadent than that of Joyzelle in the palace of *Marcus Superbus*.

Having rather astonished his audience with this type of spectacle, De Mille, one might think, would have restrained himself from going on to another offense. He lays bare with brutal frankness the horrible orgies of the Roman Coliseum. Lions and elephants destroy human beings and men—yes and women, too—mutilate and slay with gross savageness.

Two or three of the worst episodes have, I understand, been cut from the film since I saw it, but Mr. De Mille will pardon me when I say that several hundred feet of additional footage could well have been eliminated.

Whether such spectacles are bad taste or good entertainment is, of course, for the individuals that make up picture audiences to determine for themselves.

DE MILLE did a tremendously fine piece of work when he created "The King of Kings," and for that millions of persons owe him a debt of gratitude. His magic touch is obviously still there if he cares to exercise it.

Probably his latest picture will in no wise mar his reputation as a great director, but I most sincerely trust he will not make a similar attempt. Yet oddly enough, even the very defects of "The Sign of the Cross" are singularly impressive. No one who has once seen it will ever be able to forget it.

AFTER many months of picture inaction, Mary Pickford proves she has pondered to good advantage. Taking her cue from costume pictures mixed with sentiment, and obtaining for her lead the unmatched Leslie Howard, her forthcoming production, "Secrets," is likely to usher in a new screen era for her.

Mary is a finished actress. Her technique has always been illumined by an understanding intelligence. She has a gift of personal charm, exactly suited to the manners and customs of a more leisurely and polished age. In such an atmosphere, too, Howard is well nigh perfect. In "Secrets" each will have a sympathetic rôle.

All this Mary well knows, and we cannot help but applaud her for having thus met the problems that for the last couple of years have thwarted her. Her return to the screen should be a personal triumph.

AS I write these lines Clara Bow has stepped into a world unique to her experience. She is touring Europe under the tutelage of a former attaché of an embassy, in quest of culture. The expedition, I understand, is not really of Clara's choosing. This girl of appealing personality, of which the curious crowd never tires, frankly says Rancho Clarito is more alluring. Just previous to sailing with husband Rex Bell she visited the New York zoo, attired in blue pajamas, a turtle neck sweater, a little red cap and a magnificent fur coat.

I FEAR that the wonders of the Louvre and St. Peters may pall upon her. Clara is too emotionally simple and direct to be much impressed by the culture of Europe. And that, to my mind, is the real reason for her perennial hold upon the public.

There are no complexities in her acting. Even a child can understand it. And by her very simplicity she achieves near-greatness.

EVERYBODY has a pet belief that he can pick them, and B. P. Schulberg is no exception. You may recall that he picked Clara Bow.

He believes that any actor or actress who is destined to become a star makes a hit in the first picture, no matter what the picture or how small the part. He points to a whole list of stars to prove it.

But what does that make of a lot of other stars?

JOAN CRAWFORD has given more aid to aspiring young screen heroes than any other actress on the screen. In fact, with the exception of Clark Gable in "Possessed" and Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton," Joan has never had a big name in her pictures.

Kent Douglass was a brand-new comer from the Pasadena Community Theater when he supported Joan in "Paid." It was the unknown Lester Vail in "Dance Fools, Dance" and now comes Franchot Tone in her new one.

And if one reads the signs correctly, Joan is growing a lot irked at the Leslie Howards and Fredric Marches being passed about elsewhere.

"How about a big name for me?" Joan asks.

AND this, we are assured, is Joe E. Brown's favorite mother-in-law story.

Henry was sitting in the living-room concentrating on his evening paper. He failed to look up when his wife rushed in, evidently agitated.

"Henry! Mother says she wants to be cremated."

Henry finished his paragraph, breathed a patient sigh, and remarked, "Well, all right. Tell her to get her things on."

IF a Gold Medal were offered for the world's most enthusiastic motion picture goer, the award would undoubtedly fall to General Juan Vicente Gomez, president of Venezuela. Every day for three hundred and forty days of the year he sees a motion picture. Practically all that are produced.

He gets a big laugh out of Laurel and Hardy. With him, however, pictures are more a serious matter than recreation. He finds in them great educational value and knows far more about other lands and their customs than many men who have travelled extensively.

EVEN when he journeys into the interior, he does not permit himself to be denied his one great interest. On one occasion he had sent up to the top of a mountain a projection machine and a week's quota of films. At the age of seventy-five, he husbands his physical strength by having special motion pictures made of the progress of public works and roads throughout Venezuela.

Cameramen are also sent to his several ranches for pictorial reports as to just how they are being operated. A wise man, this Gomez, who has found that motion pictures are really of the great educational value that has been claimed for them.

HERE'S an elementary lesson in "How to Win Over the Reluctant Fan-Writer," as demonstrated by Miss Lupe Velez.

Fan-writer is talking with publicity exploiter, when Lupe is heard approaching in the distance—and I mean *heard.*

"Dear me," disapproves the P. F. W. (Prim Fan-Writer), "isn't she the noisy thing? And she uses *so* much make-up!"

At this moment, Lupe hurls herself into view and spies the pair. She gallops up with a cute little prance —and straight over to the P. F. W. whom she doesn't happen to know, but a little thing like that seldom stops Lupe.

"DARLEEENG!" exclaims Lupe, quite undismayed, smack in the face of the lady's obviously disapproving look, "you are *suuch* a pritty girl—but you need leep-rouge! Here, let me fix." With which she whips out a lipstick and proceeds to decorate the undefiled lips. "Theeere," coos Lupe, "she looks precious now. She look irreseestible, how you say. Darleeeng, use always the leep-stick. Here, I give you mine. It is soo pritty on you."

And is the F. W. (we can now drop the P.) sold on Lupe?

Thinks she's the most charming, refreshing, adorable, natural, talented—this could go on and on—girl in pictures!

WHEN sixty million people, who have never kissed before, begin to kiss that's really more significant than a political revolution, and motion pictures must be given credit for this astounding sociological change. It is the Japanese who are discovering what they have been missing all these centuries. American love scenes on the screen have become so irresistible that the Japanese censors have removed the ban from them.

Progress? Well, perhaps and perhaps not, but it must be a grand thing for the boys and girls.

A CERTAIN Hollywood director who has studied the movie extra and knows the species thoroughly, makes this estimate:

Take any twelve girls now doing extra work and you will find in one year's time that six of them will be married, one will be playing bits, one will have left the struggle for other work, and the other four will be exactly where they are now—just extras, contented with little work and less food.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



Freulich

AND now his bosses have issued orders that hereafter Boris Karloff is to be photographed only in character. So this is the last straight portrait you will see of *The Monster*. At any rate, as long as he may continue under contract to Universal Pictures. Sinister, those eyes, even here



"Clara and I could be cast away on a desert isle all alone, and have a good time every minute"

Clara *is the* Ideal Wife

By Rex Bell

HONESTLY, I was never so miserably unhappy in my life.

I have been married for a year to the grandest girl in the world, and on our very first anniversary, we had to be separated!

It was necessary for Clara to go to New York to make a personal appearance with "Call Her Savage"—and I had to stay in Hollywood to finish a picture.

I am getting through these lonely two weeks of our first separation by looking forward to the moment when we will be together again, and to the trip to Europe after that, with two whole months all to ourselves. We are going over on the great Italian liner, the "Rex." That was Clara's idea.

I like married life. I like being married to Clara. Fact is, I can't imagine being married to any other girl. It took me years to find the girl I wanted, and I know darn well I'd never find another like her.

We went together two years, and found out each other's faults and failures, as well as the good points. She decided to take a chance on me, and I knew I wasn't taking any chance on her!

Believe me, she's all gold, that girl.

Clara's love and companionship have given me a confidence in myself and my work that I never hoped to have. She knows exactly what an actor is up against every day, because she is in the same profession. In my opinion, no one in the acting profession should marry out of it. Better to stay unmarried.

Situations arise in the moving picture business that anyone on the outside finds practically impossible to understand. That's where Clara is marvelous. There isn't a spot I can imagine, an embarrassing situation that might have me in the worst light you can think of, that Clara wouldn't comprehend instantly. She understands this peculiar business of being an actor.

Now a non-professional wife—that's something else again. I've seen them—lovely, well-meaning girls who adore their husbands—but they just can't seem to get the angle. To realize the unexplainable things that can happen every day.

TAKE the hours, for instance. I am apt to get home for dinner any time between six o'clock and midnight—sometimes not until morning. After we finish work on the set, there are always things to go over with the director, people to see, a hundred and one details that need attention. We both know all about it. So if I arrive home at nine o'clock, and Clara knows we finished work on the set at four, she is not curious about what I did with the intervening hours.

It is far different with a non-professional wife. She may be married to the most devoted actor alive, but she can't help being exacting and curious because she doesn't *know* what goes on. She feels out of it, neglected, if he doesn't tell her every little thing. A tired man, after a hard day's work on location or under lights, doesn't feel like giving a recitation or a lot of explanations. I honestly think this is the foundation of much trouble between couples who have married out of the profession. They don't speak the same language.

Clara knows exactly what to do and say if I happen to get home all burnt up because something went [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



"From the way we feel now it looks like our love is one of those things that last forever and ever"

Why I Love Rex Bell

By Clara Bow

I THINK it's hard to say why one person loves another one, don't you? I might tell you it's . . . what do you call that? Oh, yes . . . a kind of magnetism between Rex and me . . . maybe that's what makes me love him. Or maybe it's more because I feel *right* . . . sort of peaceful and safe . . . when I'm with Rex . . . you know the sort of feeling I mean. Or maybe again it's the kind of loyalty we have for each other. Rex stuck by me day in and day out during troubles before we were married. We saw each other every day for a solid year. Well, that starts a kind of friendship that's going to last. Rex was so good to me, so kind and understanding . . . such a friend . . . I'll never forget that . . . not till my dying day.

Oh, but don't think I knew the minute I saw him that I was in love with him. I didn't at all. I thought he was charming and nice. And very kind. But the rest all came afterwards. It grows and grows and every day I love him a little more.

And from the way we feel now, it looks like one of those things that are going to last . . . forever and ever. So you see, I can't exactly put into words why I love Rex. But I do. That's all I know.

But I can tell you little things he does . . . and it's certainly the little things that count for a woman, don't you think . . . that may explain what I mean.

When I was working so hard in "Call Her Savage" I never went out. I'd come home so dead tired I could hardly move. I'd just tumble into bed at eight-thirty every night, and that was that. So I'd say to Rex: "Darling, why don't you go out and play cards with the boys? I hate to think of your sitting in here every night doing nothing!" And how do you suppose he'd answer me every time:

"Well, Punkin, (that's what he calls me) if you want to know the truth, I'd rather stay here quietly, just feeling you were in there in your own room next to mine, than win at cards for ten nights running."

Now, that's Rex for you!

No, you're wrong, there isn't any boss in our house. Rex always says to me: "Punkin, I want you to do anything that will make you happy. But if I don't like it, I'll tell you so. And I'll tell you *why*, too."

And he *does!* Believe me, he does!

IT'S funny, too, that Rex isn't jealous. Or at least, he's just jealous enough. A man wouldn't be interesting to a woman if he weren't a *little* bit jealous, don't you think? But he isn't jealous like other men.

Maybe that's the reason we don't quarrel. I can't remember one quarrel we've had since we married. Not about anything that counts, anyway. Oh sure, we have our differences over tiny little things. You know how it is.

For instance, I love dogs. And I've got a lot of them. I had five thoroughbred Great Danes . . . but I've given three of those away now. And I have two of the cutest little cocker spaniels you ever saw, and one of those big, red hunting dogs . . . you know the kind with the sad eyes.

Well, when I say I love dogs, I mean I love them all around me, everywhere, in and out of every room, and that kind of thing. But Rex doesn't like to have them [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



"IT'S a SECRET, gentle readers," Mary seems to be saying at the top, in keeping with the title of her film. "But I'll let you in on it." What's a secret? Why, the elaborate care with which all outdoors—or so much of it as Mary may need—is brought indoors, and securely housed. Now that twain of bothersome villains, Noise and Weather, cannot spoil otherwise perfect shots, and impose the heart-breaking burden of costly retakes upon the expense sheet for "Secrets," the forthcoming Pickford picture.

Here is a complete old Salem homestead, reproduced to the last detail within four studio walls. The scene about to be shot is that of Mary preparing to elope with Leslie Howard. Director Frank Borzage, pipe in hand, stands behind the pair, between the cameras and the microphone, while at the extreme right is Mary's personal maid, Erna Jorgensen, alert for instant service, as is her hairdresser, Mrs.



Photo by Stagg

Nina Roberts, standing, next to the microphone boom stand.

"Going on location" is practically a thing of the past, for the auto horns and drone of airplanes of Southern California have brought Hollywood to it.

Many a sound sequence has been ruined by these extraneous noises. On no studio set has an outdoor scene been worked out better than the one shown here. The house is surrounded by a synthetic garden of rare beauty, with birch trees built from tissue and oak trees made from plaster of Paris. Even some of the flowers have been set in cement, so they will break off when Mary picks them, as well-bred flowers should, and cause neither trouble nor delay.

And when all is said and done, and Mary finally makes her bow to us from the screen, the financial department, after scanning the production costs, will be sure to utter a heartfelt "Thank you!"

Who Is Hollywood's

Eighty leading ladies can't be wrong—he's champion by acclamation! But who can this paragon of lovers be?



Here he is—and practically every one of screendom's loveliest heroines has demanded him for her wooer. Who is he?



The dashing, compelling tenderness of John Gilbert won the hand of lovely Virginia Bruce, shown with him as they appeared in "Downstairs." But has it earned him the title of acknowledged champion?



Pulses quicken throughout the land when Chevalier reveals his ardent love, as here with Jeanette MacDonald in "Love Me Tonight." Perhaps that makes him premier



Your guess may be the cultured, powerful Richard Dix. Here he is with Gwili Andre in "Roar of the Dragon," to help you decide his right to leadership

WHO is the greatest lover of the screen? The greatest lover of all time—the greatest lover the screen has ever known? If you were asked that question, whom would you name? You know him, of course—but who is he?

Three guesses—or three dozen, if you like. And a dollar to a doughnut you're wrong.

Would you say Wally Reid, the typical young American lover whom countless fans still remember even after all these years?

Would you say Rudy Valentino, the unforgettable Latin lover whose passionate embraces swept millions of feminine fancies into amorous frenzy?

Would you say Jack Gilbert, the matinee idol lover who skewered maidenly hearts like beads on a string with his bold glances?

Would you say Dick Barthelmess or Ramon Novarro? Francis X. Bushman, or Lou Tellegen? Conway Tearle or Milton Sills or Bert Lytell or Thomas Meighan?

You might say any of these. But you'd be a long way from the truth.

Would your choice be among the more up-to-date lovers, the reigning heart-breakers of today? Would you say, for instance, Clark Gable, the rough guy lover, George Raft, the gangster lover, Warner Baxter, the romantic lover, James Cagney,

Greatest Screen Lover?

By Robert Ryan Miller

the up-and-at-'em lover, John Barrymore, the imperious lover, Maurice Chevalier, the naughty-naughty lover, Joel McCrea, the nice boy lover, Richard Dix, the ceremonious, eloquent lover—would you say any of these?

Sorry, but you're still wrong.

The screen's greatest lover is none of these. None of them can even remotely compare with him in the record he holds; he has made love to more of the beautiful women of the screen than any three of them put together. He has held with his arms and kissed with his lips more gorgeous creatures than any man on earth. Not one of the famous love-makers already mentioned can even challenge his right to the title of "The Screen's Greatest Lover."

Listen:

In the past fourteen and a half years this king of lovers has played in a total of one hundred and seventy-five pictures. During that time he has made love to over eighty different screen heroines. Since the beginning of the talking pictures alone, in the past four years only, he has been in fifty-three different feature films and "got his gal" in almost every one of them.

Valentino, during his entire screenlife, played in only fifteen pictures—a mere bagatelle.

Wally Reid did about eight a year for some five years.

Novarro and Barthelmess make three or four a year—often less. Gable and Raft and Chevalier are mere screen youngsters, who really can't even begin to compete.

Can you guess yet who he is?

No? Well, that isn't to be wondered at. Only one person has picked this man as the Perfect lover, and you'd expect it of her. Elinor Glyn. Nobody else would even suspect it. Least of all the screen's greatest lover himself.

He is a tall, slim, nice blond young man. He is suave and polished, and makes love with finesse and a marvelous voice. He has been married for nearly fourteen years—to the same woman—and has a daughter twelve years of age. He has been leading man for almost every important woman star who has graced the silver sheet in the last generation. He began lovemaking with Alice Brady, when she was the reigning queen. He continued with Bessie Love, Norma Talmadge, Pauline Frederick, Lillian Gish, Renee Adoree, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Lupe Velez, and on down the line. His list of screen "dates" looks like the bluebook of filmdom; it includes even fiery Pola Negri and the great Garbo herself. Eighty of them—what other mortal was ever so fortunate? What comparisons he could make! Nor is that all. The oddities about him match his record for range of experience.



John Barrymore! After seeing him with Garbo, as here in "Grand Hotel," many may say, "no doubt about it." Still, that's opinion, and we're talking of settled fact



Naturally, Ramon Novarro's claims must be weighed. Wonder what Madge Evans, shown with him in "Huddle," thinks of it





Latin ardor may have won George Raft first place. Constance Cummings' ideas, after this scene in "Night After Night," might help us guess

Do you suppose that Joan Crawford, shown with Clark Gable in "Possessed," has been convinced that he is the screen's lover beyond compare?

CAN you imagine the screen's greatest lover coming, not from the fabled Sahara or the romantic Argentine, but from Keokuk, Iowa? Well, he did. And can you imagine such a heartbreaker being a pillar of the church? Well, he is. And can you imagine his being Hollywood's dignified, official representative at functions great and sundry? His name never mixed up in any scandal at all?

Now you do know him. Conrad Nagel, to be sure.

Conrad Nagel is unquestionably the greatest lover of the screen. All the statistics prove it—and figures, unlike kisses, do not lie.



Oh, that compelling yank on the scarf—no, it's a towel! Perhaps Loretta Young, after this treatment in "Taxi," puts Jimmy Cagney's rough manner in first place



We must think of Richard Barthelmess when romantic prowess is in question. Here he is with Marian Marsh in "Alias the Doctor." Is he your choice as champion?



Warner Baxter to the judging stand—either as here with Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," or any picture you prefer! How about him as the hero for whom Hollywood's heroines clamor?

No other picture actor can even begin to approach his record of romances, no other screen lover can point with pride to even half as many celluloid conquests. Elinor Glyn wept the first day he came on the set to play in "Three Weeks"; when he had finished she sent him her portrait thus inscribed:

"To Conrad Nagel—the Perfect *Paul* and the greatest lover of the screen."

YOU'RE laughing at the thought of Conrad as the great lover? Well, so did he when the matter was mentioned to him.

"Why, I'm not a great lover," he protested, "that's one thing nobody can ever pin on to me."

But when he was asked to name any feminine star to whom he had not made love at some time or another—well, he had to stop laughing and think.

"Yes," he said after a long thought-conference with himself, "there is one. I never played opposite Mary Pickford in any of her pictures."

Too bad. What Mary has missed!

Conrad began his career on the stage in New York, playing opposite Dorothy Bernard in "Little Women," and making love, of course. But it was Alice Brady, who in 1918, convinced him that his real future lay in the then ridiculed moving pictures. The two made "Red Head" together.

"I remember one incident with Alice particularly," Conrad reminisced. "We were doing a wedding scene, and, anxious to make it authentic, the director had us go through the entire ceremony. The studio was in New Jersey, where no marriage license was necessary, and after the scene was finished somebody told us that we were really legally married because we had gone through the ceremony in the presence of witnesses."

That's about the best he can do by way of a hidden past.

Shortly afterwards Conrad married the present Mrs. Nagel, and they came to California to follow his movie hunch. His career in Hollywood began with "The Fighting Chance," in which he played with Anna Q. Nilsson. In that picture they invented the "submarine kiss"—he making ardent love to Anna submerged in a swimming pool.

Then came Sylvia Breamer, Lois Wilson, Elsie Ferguson, Ruth Chatterton of the silent screen, Dorothy Dalton, and Mildred Harris.

"I played with both Dorothy and Mildred in 'Fool's Paradise,'" the great Lover recollected, "and C. B. De Mille, the director, began it in his usual way with a general story conference of all the cast and crew. Poor Mildred was late that morning—an unpardonable sin; and I'll never forget Mr. De Mille's classic speech complimenting her upon being the first of a long line of famous women to keep him waiting."

Next, Conrad played opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew" and then, in rapid succession, made love to Leatrice Joy, whom Cecil B. De Mille nagged and scolded into stardom, Agnes Ayres, May McAvoy, Edith Roberts, and Bebe Daniels.

IT was with Bebe that Conrad got his first—and only—taste of Hollywood scandal. The company, making "Nice People," were working on a little deserted road in Topanga Canyon, and some passing motorists saw Bebe and Conrad sitting in one of the closed studio cars between scenes. They did not see the rest of the company, though, and the next day the "romance" was broadcast from the housetops.

"Thank Heaven, though," Conrad remarked, "Mrs. Nagel paid no attention to Hollywood rumors."

If she had paid any attention [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Only MUNI *Can Do* IT

"The Fugitive" is the envy of every actor in Hollywood and on Broadway, too

By Jeanne North

PAUL MUNI has the most perfect contract of any actor in Hollywood. We hear of Connie Bennett's $30,000 per week contract (a gross exaggeration since she only gets this by the picture!) and Ruth Chatterton's $750,000 one. (Not an exaggeration.) And we count them as the most fortunate contract-holders.

But that is not the way other actors look at it.

Spencer Tracy said to me, recently, "Have you ever investigated Paul Muni's contract? The lucky dog. He's got the drop on Hollywood as no one else in the business."

"But Muni is in New York doing a play!"

"Certainly. That's how he has the drop. He does a play in New York and then a picture in Hollywood. He demands his own price out here. He does only the picture he chooses—"

Spencer's description sounded like an actor's paradise. I was going to New York and decided to investigate this Utopian arrangement.

I did. Spencer was right. Paul Muni ("Scarface," "A Fugitive from a Chain Gang," etc.) is the envy not only of every actor in Hollywood but on Broadway.

He is under contract to Warner Bros. That is the way *he* terms it. I should say that *Warners* are under contract to *him!*

If Warners produce a script which he approves, he goes to the Coast to make it—when his New York play has finished its run. While at the Coast—he chooses his next Broadway production. He recently finished a run of "Counsellor-At-Law" on Broadway.

But he didn't get this drop on Hollywood without suffering and experience. His early Hollywood adventures taught him that fearlessness, and fearlessness only, can secure for a man complete independence. It's a startlingly unusual story only in its consequences. Almost every actor out there has been through the same disheartening disappointments.

It was in 1928—those early, bewildering days of the talkies. Hollywood producers reached Broadway and exclaimed, in unison, "Ah, here is the end. These actors and actresses are the solution. They can *talk.*"

So they carried them to Hollywood in hordes. Anyone on the stage was whisked into any compartment headed westward.

Among them—Paul Muni.

"They had no vehicles for us," Paul Muni laughed at the memory. "They popped poor fellows, like myself, into anything and everything. Plays that they tried to trick up.

"I was out there six months before they gave me something to do. I drew my salary every week and did no work. I couldn't understand! Then 'The Valiant.' It was to be a big production and then, right in the middle, they cut the cost. They had discovered Broadway names didn't mean a thing. 'This Muni guy—no one knows [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



Paul Muni may not have Hollywood's goat, but he does have probably the best contract in screen history

Cal York Announcing-



Keystone

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "To the studio set where my 'Secrets' are laid. Since my dressing-room seems a hundred miles away, I take out the trusty bike and pedal my way," should be Mary's answer



Referee Wesley Ruggles holding a stop watch on the kiss that broke world records. Contestants: Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. Is this picture to be titled "No Man of Her Own?" Tut! Tut!



Wide World

Does the inscrutable Garbo think she may have to remove "a leetle avoirdupois" when she returns to Hollywood? Anyway, here she is on the golden isle of Capri, by the blue Mediterranean

SAM RORK, who acts the guardian to his reborn protégé, the inimitable Clara Bow, is accompanying Clara and Rex Bell on their European jauntings. They're telescoping a "grand tour" into six short weeks, probably. London; Paris (and Clara's ideas about clothes have been toned down as much as has her flaming, combustible temperament; she dresses with taste and restraint now); Berlin; perhaps Vienna; St. Moritz.

According to Sam, what Clara needs just now is that broadening of vision, that understanding which Europe with its culture and tradition can give. And then just watch "our Clara," with her natural instinct for acting, her intensity, skyrocket to heights on which only the world's greatest dramatic actresses have been able to balance themselves.

We're with you, Clara. We hope you make it!

THREE days before Rex Bell's scheduled arrival in New York, Clara was in bed at the Savoy-Plaza with a "Don't Disturb" sign

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



International

"Hello, everybody," says that delicate little crooner, Kate Smith. "I'm in the movies as well as being on the radio. But if this back-hand stroke develops I'll be leaving them both to challenge Helen Wills. Just watch my wallops"



on her door. She had contracted a severe case of laryngitis two days after arriving in New York for her personal appearance at the première of "Call Her Savage."

"Oh, I don't want to go to Europe," she is reported as saying, "I want to go home to the ranch!"

BILLY SUNDAY, the "sawdust trail" blazer, went over to the Mae West set at Paramount—a bar-room, at that—to have his picture taken by the news camera boys. He was to make a few remarks and Mae was to make a few remarks, and that was to be that.

But Billy spouted and spouted—and kept on spouting, just as though he were conducting a revival and that Mae was a sinner whom he had to convert. But at last he stopped. And Mae stepped into the breach.

"Retake," she suggested quietly. "My turn now."

"Reload, you mean," one of the boys told her. "We had only short ends to begin with—we got about two minutes of all that, I guess."

They shot the "sermon" for two minutes. But Billy Sunday, inspired by that dizzy queen, Mae West, kept right on evangelizing. Maybe that is why they call her picture, "She Done Him Wrong"

"Tonight Is Ours," they call it. But our hero seems to have lost his Claudette Colbert, now that she's changed her naughty Roman empress costume. Don't lose heart, Freddie March! You'll *find* her!





International

Well, well—will wonders never cease? Here are Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmie Dunn "duetting" again. This time it's the six-day bicycle race—with soda pop 'n' everything. Now tell us, do we hear wedding bells? Well, we're prepared. We always have an extra supply of rice on hand



Jeanette MacDonald and her faithful Robert Ritchie were among those present at the Frank Joyce birth day fiesta. The piquant songster insists that Robbie is accompanying her and mother on that European jaunt because it's always nicer to have a man around! Yes, we've heard that one before!

IT'S the topic of all Hollywood. What will happen to Dietrich when Von Sternberg's contract expires? Both contracts are soon up but Von's is up sooner than Marlene's and in that strange interlude Paramount is extremely anxious for Dietrich to make a picture with another director. To sort of break the combination, as it were. The question is, will she or will she not? So far she has refused to even listen to such a thing.

We don't mind telling you the bets are if Marlene makes that extra picture, Von Sternberg will direct it, contract or no contract and try to stop him.

PRESTON FOSTER says he has a pal who told his girl friend:
"Your lips are like rubies."
And the girl friend said:
"Ruby who's?"
Now say you're sorry, Preston!

IN the theater program of "Counsellor-At-Law," in which Paul Muni starred in New York, under the heading "Who's Who in the Cast," was given a short record of Mr. Muni's activities previous to the present engagement. It states: "Paul Muni, who originated the rôle of *George Simon* last season, has just returned from California where he spent a busy summer in the Hollywood manner."

Now what can that mean?

A LITTLE ragamuffin stood outside the Paramount gate, watching the stars go in.

"Who's that one?" he suddenly asked.

"Kate Smith, the radio singer."

"Gee, any picture they take of her will be a close-up."

JEAN HARLOW has been dancing at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica a lot these days, and Hollywood has just discovered why. It seems Jean has a good old healthy schoolgirl crush on Jay Whidden, the orchestra leader and everyone is glad Jean has taken a new interest in life, at least.

In fact, Jean is just that interested she wants Jay for her next leading man. And the idea has pleased the young man so much, he's even had his nose remodeled. Just in case, you know.

So don't be surprised.

WE hereby nominate Katharine Hepburn for the official title of Hollywood What-A-Girl. She even has her own publicity department stopped, and that takes some stopping.

Up until a week ago, they didn't even have a stock biography of this baffling lady.

She doesn't want to tell, she wants to let us speculate. Pinch-hitting for Garbo?

YOU saw an item in PHOTOPLAY last month about Marlene Dietrich's street ensemble of man's flannel trousers, etc. Well, come to find out, she really *has* no dresses.

IT was "No, No, Janet," when piquant Gaynor took it upon herself to blast the fan-made Gaynor-Farrell romance. Despite all, in 1929 she upped and married a certain young lawyer, Lydell Peck.

It was a much firmer "No, No, Janet" from studio executives which prevented her from changing herself into a more temperamental Crawfordy-Shearer-Bennetty screen lady. For was she not—in those rosy, sentimental rôles—the people's choice?

But, at least, Janet, no one dared attempt to stop the "temperamental differences" which, you tell us, have called a halt to your marriage with Lydell Peck, now a Fox supervisor.

Yet, now that Charlie Farrell has gone from the Fox lot for ever and aye . . . So what?

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE has recently learned to drive a car, but she is taking no chances. It's a sedan and she keeps the doors locked. Yes, when she's inside, also.

Arriving at M-G-M in make-up for "The Son-Daughter," Mrs. Hale discovered the lock had sprung and there she was.

Warm day, too.

It took two lock-smiths to release the lady, and by that time all the make-up was down her neck.



International

"She didn't say yes—and she didn't say no. She wanted to stay" . . . and she *did*. They were carried to Europe "by accident", you'll recall. From the looks of that table we agree with goldilocks Marilyn Miller and raven-haired Don Alvarado that the stowaway racket is a mighty pleasant one



Keystone

The old marriage game still continues. This time the entry is petite Sidney Fox, twenty-three. And not-so-petite Charlie Beahan, scenario writer for Universal. Twenty-nine, and his second try. From the contented fireside expression on his face, we'd wager that this time will be his last

THE most amazing transformation of this last year is that of Joan Crawford. A year ago Joan went in for little sew-at-home dressmakers and had every dress copied in a half dozen colors.

They were simple little things with that home-made look.

But the home-made things have become a part of the Crawford past as Joan steps out in the latest Schiaparelli model or Hattie Carnegie knockout.

WHEN Marilyn Miller "and party" failed to attend to that little detail of leaving the *Bremen* at New York when the "all-ashore" signal was given not so many moons ago—it was just *too good to be true!*

"Nuts," was the remark of the Broadway "know-it-alls" when they read the stowaway story.

But, when Marilyn and Don Alvarado, "that big, bold answer to a maiden's prayer" (that's what his agent calls him), found themselves in mid-ocean, minus clothes, funds and passports, and plus twin headaches—it was just too true to be good!

SO was the fact that Marilyn "and party" weren't permitted to land at Cherbourg, when Marilyn suddenly made up her mind that she must visit the bedside of Jack Pickford, her former husband, who was lying ill in Paris at the time.

The petite Miss Miller denies all reports that she was married at sea. Says she and Don Alvarado are engaged, but that's as far as the romance has proceeded.

Well, it may not be Don Alvarado at all by the time you read this.

IT'S a funny story they are telling on Lew Cody and Buster Keaton.

At a grand party one evening, at which many people were present, they became more and more downcast at the apparent stinginess of the host.

It seemed to them refreshments were being served in eye-droppers and very infrequently, at that.

Getting more and more burnt at such a lack of hospitality, they put on their hats and stalked right out of—Keaton's own house.

LOOKS as if our Jack Gilbert has the right girl at last. He had to search around a bit—but then, so do prospectors.

The gay and merry Jack of old with the I-dare-you smile has returned, and welcome home, big boy.

Virginia takes him places and with her quiet smiling approval, brings out the best in him as no one else has ever done. Which reminds old Cal of his original theory that the smartest women are the ones who know when *not* to talk.

WORD comes breezing into town that Garbo (you remember Garbo?) has grown—er—quite plump. Returned travelers to Hollywood carry tales of Greta's wholesale consumption of the good old Swedish pastries, long denied, and now what?

One of Greta's greatest objections to this Hollywood was her constant need of diet and doing without the things she loves to eat. So it looks like another long, hard siege of denial and exercise for Greta who does so love her Swedish coffee cake.

HOLLYWOOD has a new mystery, more puzzling, more interesting, more intriguing, more just everything than any it has ever had.

One newspaper reported that Charlie Chaplin was arrested on a certain Sunday night in Ventura for driving faster than the law allowed.

Paulette Goddard was riding with him, the news item said.

Another newspaper printed a story that Paulette Goddard was given a speed tag on the same Sunday night in Ventura by the same motorcycle officer and cited to appear before the same judge.

Charlie Chaplin was riding with Miss Goddard, the news item said. Hollywood no longer cares who hit Lew Brice, nor which one of the four Marx Brothers is the maddest, nor what became of all the song writers.

Hollywood wants to know who was driving that car!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

Big Girl



The romantic story of Kate Smith, who now adds, to stage and radio triumphs, a career in the talkies

By Leonard Hall



Those dulcet tones that soothe like a mother's caress, and Kate Smith's equally rich personality, will charm you in Paramount's current production, "Hello Everybody"

PERHAPS Kate Smith is only a voice to you. A big, mellow voice of peculiar sweetness, coming out of the old family loud-speaker and filling the warm, lamp-lit living room with luscious melody.

But Kate Smith is more than that—much more. She has, for five years, been a big figure on the stage and on the air. Now she is bound to be a big figure in talking pictures—all 215 jolly pounds of her!

For the past year or two Kate's rich organ-tones have been trying to push the moon over the mountain by way of the microphone. She is one of radio's mightiest names and talents. She has hurled her enormous bulk about the stages of Broadway, to great acclaim.

Now big Kate has succeeded at last in her major endeavor. She has boosted the moon over the whole Sierra Nevada range of mountains and plump into Hollywood. There, bathed in floodlight, she spreads sweetness across the Paramount lot. Soon her first starring talkie, "Hello Everybody," will stir you. You probably heard her sing in "The Big Broadcast."

Yes—probably Kate Smith is only a big sweet voice to you.

To me, however, she is an old and dear pal. A girl-woman in her early twenties, a gay and gallant spirit, one of the most winning figures before the public's eyes and ears.

You see, I've known Katie since she was knee-high to a hippo. When I first beheld her, she was a mere chit of a girl in her 'teens—she couldn't have weighed more than a meager 180 when first she burst upon my startled sight. All these busy years we've been friends. Separation has made no changes. I've watched her rise with joyous affection.

And I think you should know her truly dramatic story.

One day my newspaper phone, down in Washington, jingled. The caller was Nelson B. Bell, then a potent press-agent and now a picture critic. He must always rank as the first of Kate's many "discoverers."

"Len," said Nels, "I want you to come down and see a girl I've found and am getting a job. She's a real find."

I was and am skeptical of all "discoveries." But I ambled down.

And there, filling Bell's office, was the girl. After the first shock at her bulk, I no longer noticed it. For her face was truly beautiful—regular features, lovely eyes and a peachy-creamy skin anyone would love to touch.

"This," said Mr. Bell, "is Kate Smith."

I HEARD her sing, in a little rehearsal hall, and I was thrilled. That rich, sweet voice caught hold of me, did something to me. It was made to order for the ballads of our era.

"Who for gosh sakes," I asked, "taught you to sing like that?"

"Nobody," said Kate. "I just learned."

That glorious voice, like little Topsy, just grew. How she sang—and how she sings! She was and is entirely a "natural" singer. She has none of the petty monkey-tricks of the prima donna. If there is such a thing as a human song-bird, it's Katie. She warbles as easily, naturally and unaffectedly as the rest of us breathe.

She opens her mouth, and out comes song. And that sweet and easy voice has made her rich and famous.

And so it was my pleasure to give Kate Smith one of the very first good newspaper notices of her career. 'Member that piece, Kate?

In those early days Big Girl took her jobs where she found them. They were few and feeble enough. She'd let off a ballad or two and then crash into an astounding "Charleston" routine, for it was the day of that goofy craze. The Charleston always brought down the house, not to mention the plaster and most of the lighting fixtures.

She played in Washington movie theaters for a few paltry pence. I used to visit obscure road-houses around the capital city with my lady of the moment.

And there would be Kate, warbling and hoofing for coffee and cakes. Sometimes for just cakes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



BLONDE Karen Morley and dark-haired Ricardo Cortez make a perfect couple, don't you think? Only in pictures, my dear. Director Charles Vidor recently walked with Karen to the altar. She has been hitting a popular picture pace. And Ricardo is coming back more strongly every day. The scene above is from M-G-M's "Flesh"



Eugene Robert Richee

AH there, Charles! You look just like a cat watching a partridge in a tree—well, watching something, anyway. But, no kidding, you gave us such a laugh in "If I Had A Million," that we wouldn't have considered for a moment missing out on "Madame Butterfly." Good lad, Ruggles. He's as convincing as he is funny, and that's saying a lot



Bert Longworth

CAN we believe our eyes? Little brown-haired Mary Brian gone blonde! Calm yourselves, that hair is not gen-u-wine. It's only a wig. Mary gets quite a kick out of it, just as Ann Harding does disguisin' in a *black* one. Mary has just finished "Hard to Handle" and is already hard at work on "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery"



GIRLS may come and girls may go but Thelma Todd's beauty is always with us. Isn't she an artist's dream in this model of black and gold tissue cloth? Her shoes match the frock. "Deception" is Thelma's latest. Next, "The Air Hostess," another Columbia film. Remember that hair-pulling match with Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage"?

Charlie *goes on* His Own



One of the last scenes Janet and Charlie ever made together. This is from "Tess of the Storm Country." They have co-starred in ten smash hits

By Reginald Taviner

SEVEN years ago a couple of kids started up the cinema ladder to fame. Together, they climbed swiftly to the top. America took them to its heart. The whole world embraced them. They were *Diane* and *Chico*, who arrived together in "7th Heaven."

The perfect screen romance was born between wistful, wee Janet Gaynor and boyish, bold-eyed Charlie Farrell. Almost unheard of before, they triumphed together. They triumphed equally. They were a perfect pair—so well matched that the millions of followers, whom they won overnight and have kept ever since, hoped for a real-life romance as well.

They were the screen's ideal young sweethearts. A welcome, refreshing relief from the old, hectic movie-lovers. Love's simple, unsophisticated young dream, personified. Clean. Sincere. A boy and a girl, more appealing than sex. You believed them. You sympathized with them. You loved through them, with them.

When you thought of one you thought of the other. Gaynor, Farrell; Janet, Charlie. They seemed to belong to each other, like moonlight and honeysuckle or bluebells and Scotland. And both of 'em belonged to you—together.

Now Charlie has gone on his own. He has left Janet, left the Fox studio altogether. His contract has been torn up at his own request. The kids whom you saw come together, grow up together, aren't together any more—the sweethearts have gotten a screen divorce. It isn't Janet's fault. It isn't Charlie's fault. It isn't anyone's fault. But everybody's all broken up about it. It's almost as though you had made the match yourself, watched it bloom for seven years, and then saw it go up in smoke.

Not that it all came about in a minute. Charlie didn't get mad and impulsively pack his make-up case. He still adores working with Janet, still hopes for another "7th Heaven." And thereby rests a story.

Chico had to leave his _Diane_ at last because he felt his future was in peril

OUT at his comfortable unmovie-like Beverly Hills house, over an eleven o'clock breakfast, Charlie explained it all. Between necessary occupation with baked apples, little pig sausages, coffee and fried eggs—it hasn't affected his appetite at all—he told exactly how he felt. Just then he felt grand, for he had just come back from a week's cruise on his little yawl and had slept twelve hours; sailing, he says, makes you both hungry and sleepy.

Before he went sailing he bade Janet goodbye. He took leave of the studio. He told the studio heads first, in Winnie Sheehan's office, where a lot of big shots were gathered to see if he didn't want to change his mind. He didn't. He had been too long making it up.

Then he went to the set where Janet is working on a picture with Lew Ayres, borrowed from Universal. There was quite a lump in Janet's throat when she saw Charlie.

"So you're going," she said in that little voice of hers. "You're going on your own—and that means I'm on my own now, too." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]





WOULD you take him for a master of laughs? Or a chap who totes stenographers around the office when they call him Buster? Well, the serious visage above is the foundation upon which Charles Laughton builds his powerful studies, comic and otherwise. At the right, is the "home body" side, with Mrs. Laughton. The opposite page tells of his whimsies

Such A Naughty Nero

And he's just as roguish in the studio as he often is on the screen

By Barbara Barry



As madly Neronian as ever Nero managed to be—yet using a broad English accent that bowled them over laughing! Isn't that just the turn you might expect, though, from Charles Laughton, shown here as he appeared in "The Sign of the Cross"?

AN English accent, mind you, on that old tyrant, Nero! It's too funny. The audience, attending the preview of "The Sign of the Cross," howled with laughter. Rolled right out into the aisles, they did. Wailed hysterically on one another's shoulders. Blasé Hollywood simply went wild. And with just cause.

Charles Laughton, our popular English acquisition, has done a refreshingly original job in characterizing the witless emperor, who fiddled on three strings while naughty Rome stewed in its own juice. And how he loved doing it!

You saw him man-handle Tallulah Bankhead, smash up a perfectly good submarine, and drown himself, with blood-curdling sound effects, in "Devil and the Deep." You saw him murder an innocent bystander and lay him among the sweet peas of his own back yard, in "Payment Deferred."

And all the time—even while he sneered and slaughtered—this Laughton chap had a wistful eye on the grinning mask of Comedy. Yearning for a chance to make folks laugh. If murder must be done, he argued, why couldn't it be accomplished by allowing the victims to laugh themselves to death? There you are. A nice clean murder, you know. Splendid! as Charlie himself would put it.

WORKING as desk clerk at the Claridge Hotel, in London, Laughton had an excellent opportunity to study the various types of humanity that passed in review before his discerning eye.

He knew them all. Peered beneath the veneer of civilization and beheld the elemental qualities that made them what they were—plodder, fop, sophisticate.

His tolerant understanding of human nature makes it possible for him to portray the widely diversified rôles he has assumed, so successfully.

For this reason, Charles Laughton need never be "typed," as the casting directors say.

Watching his work on the screen, you are probably convinced that the man himself must be a great deal like his characterizations. Stolid . . . prosaic . . . even a bit sinister. Which is decidedly not the case.

His ability to submerge his own personality so completely, in favor of the character he is portraying, marks him as one of the chosen few. Incomparable. The real McCoy.

The real Laughton is a revelation. In private life, this genial Englishman is a direct contradiction to his screen self. Unselfish, unspoiled, and with a humor as rare as it is subtle, he is a delightful, unforgettable personality.

My own first impression of the man was more or less hysterical.

He sat in the office of Paramount's publicity manager and scattered "still" pictures about the floor with a dead-pan nonchalance that sent the lady p.m. into immediate hysterics.

"*Char*-lee!" she squealed protestingly.

Char-lee's left eyebrow quivered almost imperceptibly. Apparently, he heard nothing. More stills fluttered to the floor and curled about his ankles like a sophomore's socks. His expression was one of gentle dignity and refinement.

"Char-*lee!*" the lady p.m. begged. "Stop that!"

CHARLEE stopped, because there were no more stills to be dropped. Calmly, he inspected the systematic arrangement of publicity paraphernalia on the desk.

His roving eye, with the faintest suggestion of a twinkle, lighted upon a miniature file case.

He pounced. The p.m. pounced. And won by an eyelash.

Char-lee sighed profoundly. A page of studio news caught his attention. Deliberately, he stooped to peruse it.

One paragraph described, in glowing terms, the unselfish magnanimity of one Charles Laughton, who had, voluntarily, arranged with the Powers-that- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

30 Years Married



Thirty years—it's a long time since wedding bells rang out for Ernest and Mrs. Torrence, and a notable Hollywood group, clad as of 1902, gathered to help celebrate the anniversary. Here, left to right, we see Ronald Colman, the Torrences and Lois Wilson. Many other celebrities were present



Perhaps because this was "thirty years after," the photographer posed the smiling groom with Ronald Colman (left) and Richard Barthelmess, and the blushing bride with Mrs. Barthelmess (right)



Having recently done "Frisco Jenny," Ruth Chatterton (above) was all set as to costume, while her husband, George Brent, lent international flavor as a Russian officer



What, after all that recent buzz-buzz about a rift in the marital lute? Well, here they came, Kathryn Carver and Adolphe Menjou—and how the Menjouian mustache has grown



Cold and reserved, these British? Not on this happy day, Clive Brook (right) for sample! Nor Mrs. Brook (lower left), Carole Lombard, or William Powell!

The Man *Who* Can't Talk

That is, for publication only—but Warren William has, nevertheless, a most satisfactory mouthpiece

By Ruth Biery



When interviewers ask Warren William questions, his screen voice freezes. But the missus handles this situation as competently as she does her husband

HERE'S a Hollywood phenomenon—an actor who won't talk, not even about himself. No, he's not dumb. You've heard him talk on the screen. And judging from his success, you'll hear him more and more.

He's anything but dumb mentally, but there's a gap between his thinking and his tongue that denies vocal expression to his thoughts. An interview with him would present a page with nothing on it but a photograph!

Of course, Hollywood thought it was a pose. Everybody decided he was trying to pull a Garbo.

Warren William has become a star in the last three years and yet this is the first story PHOTOPLAY has had about him! Why? Thereby hangs this tale.

Whenever a magazine or newspaper writer wanted to interview him, he looked baffled and asked the studio publicity man, "Why don't you hand them that biography I wrote for you?" If he was, reluctantly, induced to be interviewed, he took the scribe to luncheon, acted the perfect host, listened with polite interest—and said practically nothing. Now, how can you get what's in the heart and mind of a star who's a taciturn host, offering besides hospitality nothing but brief, biographical notes?

Here was a most attractive actor, who had done big things on the stage, had clicked on the screen and was getting bigger and better with every picture. Certainly a film star with an interesting story. But how to get it? His continued and demonstrated inability at conversation seemed to answer, "Impossible!"

What to do? Where to turn? An idea! How about Mrs. Warren William?

Surely the wife of a celebrated husband would be willing, indeed proud, to talk about him.

Mrs. William was the answer to an interviewer's prayer. Not only could she talk about Warren; she did. And among other items, she vouchsafed the most fascinating revelation a reporter could ask—the story of how a (vocally) dumb man managed to win the woman who is now his wife.

It began back in those exalted, strained days when the youth of America were in training, preparing themselves to grapple with the Kaiser's veterans in France. In those anxious days petite, blonde Helen Nelson was living in New York City, and chanced to notice a new photograph which graced the dresser of her most intimate friend.

At first she hesitated to ask questions. But each time she looked at the photograph, she felt a compelling magnetism. Finally she could be polite no longer.

"Pauline, who is that handsome fellow?"

"That's my brother. He's an actor."

Like most girls, Helen Nelson pictured actors as charming, eloquent, witty—brilliant conversationalists. So, when Pauline took her to an officers' training camp to meet her brother Warren, she knew exactly what to expect—so she thought!

The girls had to wait three hours before he was free from duty. When he finally appeared, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

Why Norma Shearer *says*

Follow Mrs. Irving Thalberg's suggestions on how to be happy though married. But if you can't or won't, then look out!

By Lois Shirley



After five years of wedded life, Norma Shearer is as enthusiastic and interested in every phase of it as any prospective bride

"BE enthusiastic about everything in life. But be most enthusiastic about your husband."

That is what Norma Shearer believes to be the secret of a woman's share in a successful marriage.

"No one is more boring to others than a woman who is bored with herself," says Norma. "To be interesting, you must be interested. It seems to me that the successful wives are the ones who have for their husbands the same enthusiastic interest they felt for their sweethearts. Please, if you want to make a success of this business called marriage, refuse ever to take it for granted, to accept it casually."

Norma likes to talk about marriage. She has thought a great deal about it. This charming, completely poised young lady is as thoroughly Mrs. Irving Thalberg, wife, as she is Norma Shearer, actress. After five years of marriage she is as enthusiastic and interested in every phase of it as any bride-to-be, venturing forth with a head full of theories, or any young wife of a few months, struggling to adapt these theories to practical living.

For she has successfully adapted them. And in doing so, she has learned that the very keynote of marital success is enthusiasm and interest.

She began by blasting that time-worn statement, "the first year of married life is the hardest."

"Because," she explained, logically enough, "the word 'hardest' should not be used in speaking of marriage. With marriage, life becomes easier. You have the one you love to help you live it. It seems to me it would be better to say that the first year of married life is easy, and each succeeding year becomes easier."

Original? Not necessarily. But at least it's a fresh and wholesome viewpoint. It begins with the assumption that married life is going to be successful, and surely that mental attitude is important and helpful.

"Of course, that first year does present difficulties which do not come with later years. All adjustments bring problems to be solved and the first few months of marriage are necessarily a period in which two separate human beings are becoming adjusted and adapted to each other. But there is a vast difference between the words, hard and difficult. The very fact that love and romance and glamour play so strong a part in that first year makes the difficulties easy."

"Stepping out" to the Calif.-U. S. C. football game, but Irving Thalberg is not going alone—

NEXT, she upsets the hallowed tradition. Or, at least, changes it. She believes that it is one of the most difficult phases of the first year.

"I don't think that any couple should take a honeymoon trip until after at least six months of marriage," Norma said.

"We waited almost a year before going to Europe for our wedding jaunt. At the time of our marriage our work made an extended trip of any kind impossible. Now I realize that it was the wisest and best thing which could have happened. It is much easier to go through the period of adjustment to each other's personalities while living the ordinary routine of life amidst familiar surroundings

"Let the Honeymoon Wait"

than it is to be thrust suddenly into a world for two, an exciting, unknown, unreal place, with nothing to serve as a balance.

"Unconsciously, during those first few months, you are trying to put your best foot forward. You are a little uncertain of the other's love. You wonder whether the other will grow tired of seeing you each day, of having you as a vital and ever-present part of life. You are filled with doubts as to your own ability to prove as interesting as he had expected, the thought that you may possibly be a heart-breaking disappointment.

"THAT is why it seems almost cruel to me to send two young people away by themselves on a long trip, with no preparation except the bewildering confusion of a wedding and all the attendant excitement. After they have stood the test of everyday life for a few months, the honeymoon trip would be a far more beautiful experience. The nervousness and self-consciousness, the uncertainties, would be gone."

There are at least two problems that soon raise their trite but potentially ugly heads in the midst of the marriage haven and have to be settled promptly and firmly. The first is the task of striking a happy medium, finding a common meeting ground upon which two people of different temperament and disposition may base their mutual conduct. The second is the old familiar "former friends" puzzle.

I asked Mrs. Thalberg, wife of five years' experience, how they should be dealt with. Here are her answers:

"Two people rarely feel in the same mood at the same moment. After marriage you can talk things over, help each other up or down the mental scale, balance each other's whims and fancies in a comfortably satisfactory manner impossible during the days of courtship.

"A man and woman of opposite temperaments can find ideal happiness in married life if they are wise and willing to give and take. They can help each other to reach a middle ground which will make each a happier, more well-rounded person.

"THE question of friends is a difficult problem in most marriages. I don't think it is wise to attempt to mix two groups of people, the friends of both, before marriage. It is rarely successful. And here, it seems to me, is where it is the wife's job to make her husband's friends their mutual friends. Women are usually more easily adaptable socially than men. Women, too, have time to keep up their friendships of former years without intruding them upon the scant leisure hours of their husbands."

I asked Norma Shearer if, after five years of being married and observing the marriages of others, she could phrase any workable rules for marital success that I might pass on to the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Her blue eyes lighted in a quick and sympathetic smile. She thought a moment, her sensitive mouth compressed seriously. Then she spoke slowly.

"Yes," she said, "I think I have. And you can tell your readers that I try to follow them myself. Like any other wife, I don't always succeed. But I keep on trying."

And here's the way she told them to me for you.

"The first rule, naturally, is to keep romance and enthusiasm alive every day. Make your husband know that he is as attractive to you today as he was the day you were married.

"Never, never ridicule your husband or argue with him over personal matters when others are present. Nothing can destroy love more quickly than ridicule. A wife who indulges in this form of mental cruelty loses something from her married life that can never be quite regained.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



Irving Thalberg never has his business hours intruded upon by his wife, nor are domestic problems a topic of conversation. Norma is the one who solves them



Norma is in stride with her husband, on the opposite page, because she's a staunch football devotee, too

"Here's to You, Son"—

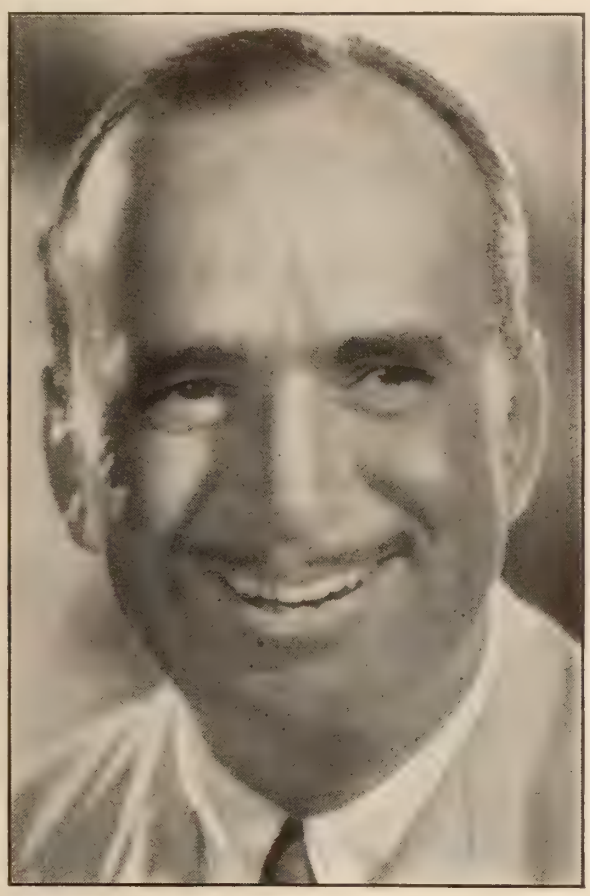


"WELL, Herman," says the younger, "prepare to take a licking on this hole." "George, Bobby Jones couldn't do that to me," retorts the elder. Herman, George—no, it's no mistake. That's what they've been to each other for years. Ever since Doug, Sr., started kidding Doug, Jr., and found he had tackled an expert

"The Same to You, Dad"

An intimate story of the most famous father and son in Hollywood

By May Allison Quirk



Doug, Sr.: "I think he's the swellest guy I know"



Doug, Jr.: "He's the best friend I'll ever have"

HE is the most modern father I know, he has less ego than any male parent I ever met, and he has the most talented son in Hollywood.

I'm speaking of Douglas Fairbanks and young Doug.

Said Doug, Sr., "If you mean do I have that exalted pride of a parent when I look at 'George,' the answer is no. I just think he's the swellest guy I know."

We were dining at Pickfair. There were sixteen people at dinner, all names amounting to something in the literary, film and artistic world.

Mary graced the head of the table, looking hardly a whit older than when I first met her many years ago. I sat between Douglas and young Doug.

Dinner was half over. Even G. B. (Bouquet) Sterne could find no fault with the gastronomical delights to be encountered in the Fairbanks ménage.

Under the stimulus of excellent food, perfectly served, conversation was very lively, and contrary to the general impression of Hollywood parties, the repartee was brilliant. Yet many times during the evening, young Doug had topped everyone else with a retort that sent the entire table into peals of laughter.

I turned to Douglas on my left and said, "Aren't you pretty proud of him?" to which he answered as above.

Many years ago Douglas started calling young Doug "George" and George retaliated by calling his father "Herman." The names stuck. Then Douglas continued.

"There must be something wrong with me. I know all men are supposed to fairly burst with self-esteem over their particular progeny, but I've never felt that way."

Yes, Douglas, I thought. There is something wrong with you. In a community of egotists, you stand alone, for you are not one.

Then he went on in that crisp, staccato voice of his.

"I got a great kick out of 'George' being born but I never thought of him then as *my son*, nor do I now. To me, he was always an interesting human being with rights of personality and thought that every individual is entitled to.

"As a matter of fact, from the very first he and I went on the theory that we had to make good with one another."

I FELT as if I wanted every male parent in Christendom to hear that statement. It was the solution to the eternal struggle that goes on between parent and child—age and youth. Douglas Fairbanks, without intentional purpose but merely following his inner feelings, had eliminated the greatest evil of parenthood—ego.

Here I'd known him for years yet never suspected him capable of that kind of parental philosophy, or shall we call it horse sense. True, I'd never discussed fatherhood with him. Pride in progeny is something we just take for granted.

All women say they *adore* babies and hope to have a house full of them. *All* men thumb their suspenders, or their belts, pass out the cigars and exclaim, "Looks just like his dad, doesn't he?" when Junior comes [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Babies, Babies, Everyone's

It's a race in Hollywood these days as to who will be the biggest family man

YOU have never seen anything like it. You wouldn't, no, not even with signed affidavits, you couldn't believe it. Fads and fancies have descended on gay old Hollywood, have come and gone, thank heavens, but the likes of this has never before been witnessed.

Hollywood has gone baby crazy and try to stop it. Try. Go on, I dare you. What's more, it has Hollywood licked. Down for the count of ten.

No longer does Hollywood breathe in (and out) the deep alluring scent of "Scarlet Night" perfume. Now Hollywood is redolent of bath soap. No longer is the love life of Mamie Glutz and her handsome leading man of supreme interest to Hollywood. Today, my hearties, they talk of vegetables, grated finely. The odor of cod liver oil wafts lightly from upstairs windows where nothing remotely resembling cod liver oil wafted before. Diapers flap gaily in the morning breeze where only chiffon step-ins once flapped. Production schedules are upset. Homes are upset. Love scenes are upset. Meals are upset. The Hollywood baby is king, queen, and all the little "Prince of Wails" combined. He rules his domain with a plump and grasping hand (ah, ah, let go papa's toupee) and Hollywood loves it. Absolutely dotes on it.



"He's gained two pounds," Miriam will shriek into the phone

Groups gather at formal dinners and heated arguments arise. Some hold out for tomato juice and some for orange juice. Some for prune pulp and some for coddled egg. In fact, prune pulp cliques are formed. They meet on Wednesdays and slander the coddled egg group that meets on Thursdays. Life long friendships are broken and lost. Many a prune pulper has openly walked out of a picture that had a coddled egger in its cast. What the outside world doesn't dream is that the prune pulp hero of "Her Burning Desire" openly and deliberately bit the ear of the coddled egg heroine in the sultriest love scene of the picture. So you see:

At exactly six weeks of age, Fredric March's baby, according to Fredric remember, smiled openly at Fredric each and every time he entered the room. And I think recited "You Are Old, Father William" and blew him a kiss, Fredric said. Or maybe that was Miriam Hopkins' baby, so we'll let it pass.

But anyway, Freddy bragged on that knowing smile 'til people could hardly bear it. And then came the morning in the "Sign of the Cross" for Fredric's great love scene. They did it over and over but still it lacked something.

"What's the matter, Fredric?" De Mille finally asked. "You don't seem yourself this morning."

"Well," said Freddy, his face a picture of dejection, "you remember I told you how my baby always smiled at me every time I entered the room."

"Yes, yes, go on," the director said.

"Well," said Fredric, "she *laughed at me* this morning."

"My Gawd, no," screamed the director. "This is terrible. Now brace up, old man, and try to forget. We'll have the lions eat the Christians this morning and you can make your love scene tomorrow."

A formal dinner awaited the Marches. The hostess waited patiently and then the phone rang. "We'll be late," Mrs. March said, "go ahead with dinner. The baby has detained us."

HALF way through the dinner, the Marches arrived. "What is it?" everyone asked breathlessly. "Has anything happened to the baby?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. March replied, "you see, tonight it was Freddy's turn to hold the six-thirty bottle and it took him a bit longer than usual."

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon own one of the most expensive and exclusive lots on the Santa Monica beach. They bought it for the fine bathing facilities it offered. Practically at their front door, the ocean called.

And then came Barbara Bebe. Today that beach is carefully wired off from the ocean. It's a play-yard, boys and girls, a play-yard. No one can possibly bathe, except in a tub, but what of it? Where bright umbrellas and bathing suits once

Got Babies!

By Sara Hamilton



ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE



Underneath his tree sits Wally, fishing pole in hand, while above his head wave the baby's unmentionables

gleamed, snow white diapers wave in the balmy ocean breeze. You could knock the sea gulls down with a pin.

Barbara Bebe loves the bright light on the radio. So the radio is on full blast from morning till night. Actors scream themselves into laryngitis and can't go through their scenes the next day, but who cares? The baby loves the "ittle ittie lightie to pay wis." Cute?

Door-knobs stick to the hands, backs are practically broken on concealed toys on rollers, trouser seats (to say nothing of injured pride) are damaged beyond recall in bowls of oatmeal quaintly concealed on davenports, the radio blares and diapers flap in the ocean breeze while lovely Bebe assures the guests, "You'd just never know there was a baby in the house. Never dream it."

"Oh dear," as ZaSu would say.

Then came Barbara Bebe's first tooth. Ben himself discovered it. He gazed at the amazed baby and like a mad man, raced up the stairs and stood in the doorway of Bebe's room pawing the air and making funny sounds. "A tooth," he manages to gasp at last, "she has a tooth." Wires hummed, phones rang with the news, cables sang, while Ben spent the day with a movie camera lodged in the baby's mouth *trying to take a news-reel of the tooth.*

Will somebody hand over the smelling salts?

AS for good old hard-boiled Wally Beery, he'll never be the same. It's even got Wally. He's been called many a name, has Wally Beery, from tough mug on up, but nothing anyone has ever called him has affected Wally like the little five letter word of Daddy. "D-a-d-d-y." It does something to Wally's face that brings a lump to the throat. He haunts the baby shops, big lumbering hands fingering tiny silk garments. Clutching one monstrous forefinger, Carol Ann toddles along beside this mountain of humanity, her daddy. Together they lunch at the Brown Derby, or the M-G-M commissary, Wally carefully wiping her chin.

And that mountain cabin of Wally's. His famous paradise hide-out. Whoops my dear, you should see the dear old rustic cabin now. Even its own mother wouldn't know it. Electric lights, frigidaire, heating systems and what have you. Carol Ann must have all the comforts of home even in the high Sierras. Underneath his tree, sits Wally, fishing pole in hand, while above his head wave the baby's white unmentionables in the mountain air.

Ah there, Wally.

And there was that never-to-be-forgotten interview of John Barrymore with a dignified lady writer, when John ordered all the dishes removed from the small commissary table and, with the table cloth, demonstrated his ability as the champion diaper folder of the colony. Dear me.

Oh, I told you. I tried to warn you.

They even rearrange production schedules, an unheard of thing. For instance, Stu Erwin was just about to begin on "He Learned About Women" just as the new baby arrived and Stu couldn't be pried away. He wouldn't Learn About Women with a new boy here, if he never learned about 'em. So they rearranged their whole schedule and for one week they shot scenes around him, until he finally came back, dazed but happy.

THERE is no sacrifice too great. No lengths to which they wouldn't go for their little darlings.

For years John Miljan has loved birds. The raising of canaries was John's consuming passion. Along came the new baby, the birds gave one disturbing cheep and it was bye bye birdies. "Amscray" for the canaries.

There was no room available for the baby, so John hauled a couch into his dressing-room, and there he sleeps, while baby occupies the front room with the Southern exposure.

Little Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ ***FLESH—M-G-M***

THIS time Wally Beery is a wrestler instead of a prize-fighter, and if "Flesh" doesn't quite come up to "The Champ," it still approaches mighty close. As the dumb beer-garden waiter-grappler who is infatuated with and subsequently marries a girl with a prison record (Karen Morley), Wally turns in another of those flawless, appealingly human performances that stick in your memory. The girl crosses him up with her crook lover (Ricardo Cortez), posing as her brother; and Wally's love for the other man's baby, believing it his own, is genuinely touching.

Miss Morley's work is second only to Beery's own, and Cortez as the rat-sweetheart and Jean Hersholt as the beer-garden proprietor do splendidly. The wrestling shots look brutally real.

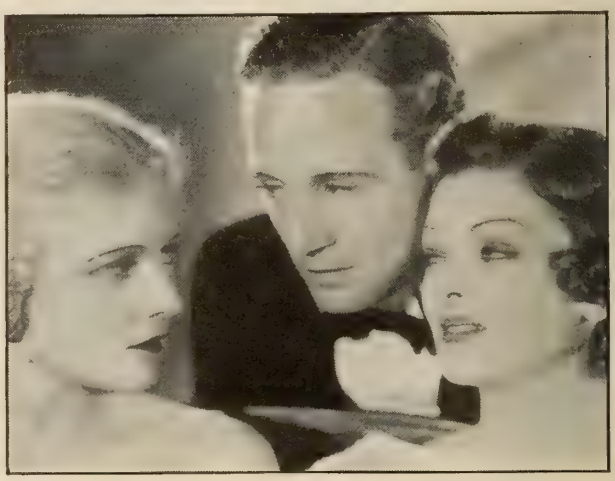


☆ ***THE SIGN OF THE CROSS—Paramount***

THE stage melodrama of our fathers' day comes to the screen as a De Millean spectacle of gigantic proportions marred, at times, by over-frankness in the presentation of details.

Charles Laughton, as *Nero*, largely carries the performance and the subtle satire of his interpretation is delightful. He does the incredible feat of making the vicious Roman emperor not only convincing but almost likable. Claudette Colbert supports Laughton admirably as his equally wicked consort, the *Empress Poppaea*. Fredric March is given a most difficult rôle to sustain, and because of that—and that only—must take second honors. Elissa Landi, as his Christian lady love, errs on the side of frigidity in her acting.

Positively not for children.



☆ ***THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—RKO-Radio***

COUNT the days until you can see this one. "The Animal Kingdom" is adapted from the stage play, one of those brilliant Philip ("Holiday") Barry successes.

Leslie Howard and Ann Harding are so perfectly cast that you forget they are playing a part. They are *Tom* and *Daisy*. And thank Heaven, the play has not been sacrificed to give all to the star. Ann Harding actually has less footage than Myrna Loy—but what she does with it!

The story is subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. *Tom*, a young publisher of beautiful books, has had a fine association—more than merely an affair—with a talented illustrator, *Daisy*, for three years. They have avoided chaining each other with ties or "duty." *Daisy* is profoundly in love with *Tom*, who depends on her friendship, her opinion, her uncompromising honesty.

But he marries *Cecilia* (Myrna Loy), who gives her best performance as this "nasty-nice" unscrupulous woman, using sex-allure with consummate cleverness to get what she wants.

At last he wakes up—he leaves—to go back to his real "wife" *Daisy*.

William Gargan is simply grand as an ex-pug butler. Entire cast is excellent. Don't miss this.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM — A FAREWELL TO ARMS
FLESH — THE SIGN OF THE CROSS
THE SON-DAUGHTER — THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH
THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN

The Best Performances of the Month

Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom"
Ann Harding in "The Animal Kingdom"
Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms"
Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms"
Adolphe Menjou in "A Farewell to Arms"
Wallace Beery in "Flesh"
Charles Laughton in "The Sign of the Cross"
Claudette Colbert in "The Sign of the Cross"
Nils Asther in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"
Lee Tracy in "The Half-Naked Truth"
Helen Hayes in "The Son-Daughter"
Ramon Novarro in "The Son-Daughter"
George Raft in "Under-Cover Man"
Irene Dunne in "No Other Woman"
Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly"
Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118



☆ ***A FAREWELL TO ARMS—Paramount***

THE memory of this poignantly tragic love story of Ernest Hemingway's, laid amidst the brutal futility of the World War, is one that will linger for many days.

Scenarists Benjamin Glazer and Oliver H. P. Garrett kept their eyes on both Hemingway's novel and the censors without apparent compromise. And Frank Borzage merits another bright feather in his directorial cap.

Helen Hayes, a nurse, falls in love with Gary Cooper, an American who has enlisted in the Italian army. Torn between love and duty, Gary returns to the front, and Helen to the tiny Swiss village to await the coming of their child. Sensing her peril, Gary deserts, fighting and dragging his way back to her. He arrives a few minutes before she dies while armistice bells ring about them.

The performances of Helen Hayes and Adolphe Menjou are among the outstanding of the year, while Gary Cooper probably does the best work of his career. Jack La Rue and Mary Philips contribute splendid performances. And Cinematographer Lang must not be forgotten.

The scenes showing the retreat of the Italian army after the great defeat at Caporetto are especially magnificent. A picture you should see.



☆ ***THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN—Columbia***

PRIMARILY a triumph for Director Frank Capra, this film inevitably invites comparison with "Shanghai Express."

Nils Asther, as *General Yen*, in love with a white girl played by Barbara Stanwyck, steals the show. Stanwyck fans may be disappointed to find her in a rôle which, while excellently handled, is secondary. She is engaged to a missionary when *General Yen* abducts her.

The story, contrasting the Oriental and Occidental philosophies against a background of war and intrigue at Chapei, is necessarily slow in tempo, but absorbing, and helps to make logical the melodramatic events. Most of the plot hinges on the decision of *General Yen* to "convert a Christian," which he does at the cost of his own life.



☆ ***THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH—RKO-Radio***

IF you liked Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event," you'll like him in this—which, while not quite of that caliber, very closely approaches it. A high-powered spieler and press-agent does his stuff, and how Tracy does it! He "sells" New York a carnival girl (Lupe Velez) as an Indian Princess dancer, and a chamber-maid as the high priestess of a nudist cult; the laughs come so fast they leave you almost breathless.

Lupe is enticing both as the carnival dancer and the princess. Frank Morgan turns in a splendid performance as *Merle Farrell*, the producer, and Eugene Pallette helps keep the comedy ball rolling at a high speed, which will make you forget everything except that the movies are mighty good medicine for the blues.

☆

THE SON-DAUGHTER—M-G-M



DAINTY as a Chinese doll, Helen Hayes brings to the screen the portrayal of *Lein Wha*, son-daughter of *Dr. Dong Tong* (Lewis Stone). In love with *Tom Lee* (Ramon Novarro) a prince [in disguise, she insists her father sell her in order to obtain ammunition money. *Lein Wha* strangles her repulsive husband (Warner Oland) with his own queue. The cast includes H. B. Warner, Ralph Morgan, Louise Closser Hale.



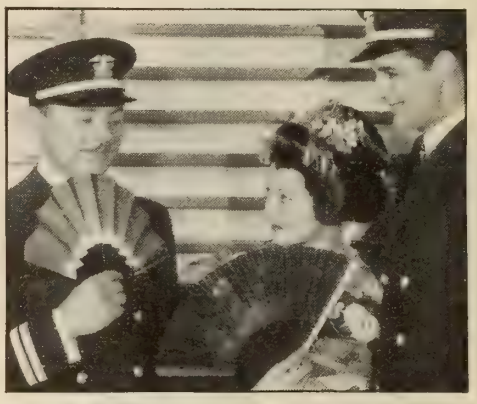
UNDER-COVER MAN —Paramount

IF you have been resisting George Raft because you didn't like the element his picture character stands for, prepare to give up. Mr. Raft will have you right in his pocket after this one. The film is slow in getting under way, but George's high tension never relaxes. The story is about the knavery in the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll and the rest of the cast give good performances. Not for children.

NO OTHER WOMAN— RKO-Radio



IRENE DUNNE does another of those abused wives—and does it well. Her court-room scene is something to get up and cheer about. Charles Bickford turns in a realistic performance as the steel-worker who makes millions, thanks to his ambitious wife, and then goes haywire over a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden is fine as the young inventor. Good entertainment, but don't take the kiddies.



MADAME BUTTERFLY —Paramount

BEAUTIFUL photography and the sensitive performance of Sylvia Sidney revives this creaking old vehicle into a lovely production. Backgrounds and settings are exquisite, the whole feeling brought up-to-date. A personal triumph for Sylvia Sidney, who beautifully portrays the pathetic tragedy of the little geisha girl who loved not wisely but too well. That Japanese baby is adorable. Entire cast excellent.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS —Paramount



A THRILLER of thrillers. Charles Laughton, in the rôle of a demented scientist on an island, tries to make human beings out of animals. Among the monstrosities created is *Lota*, the much publicized "Panther Woman" (Kathleen Burke). To test her reactions he detains a shipwrecked traveler (Richard Arlen). The uprising of beast-men will bring you out of your seat.



LAWYER MAN— Warners

BILL POWELL in top form as the East Side attorney who goes Uptown and tangles with the political machine. Bill is excellently aided and abetted by a bang-up cast—especially Joan Blondell as his secretary, David Landau as the pork barrel boss, and that new girl, Helen Vinson, who's going to be heard from a-plenty. If you know any law, forget it—see the picture anyway.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE DEVIL IS DRIVING— Paramount



EDMUND LOWE and James Gleason are employees of the Metropolitan garage managed by unscrupulous car stealers. Dickie Moore, little son of Gleason, is run down by one of the car thieves, resulting in a show-down and Gleason's death. Gleason and Lowe are splendid, with Alan Dinehart, Lois Wilson, Guinn Williams and Wynne Gibson turning in nice performances. Strong story gone astray.



THE MUMMY— Universal

PREPARE to thrill and shiver when Boris Karloff, as an Egyptian mummy brought to life, stalks through reels of gruesome horror. Buried alive 3,700 years before for having loved a priestess, Zita Johann, the mummy attempts to bring back to life his lost love, only to find her soul in a modern young woman. David Manners, Bramwell Fletcher and Arthur Byron complete the cast.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE— First National



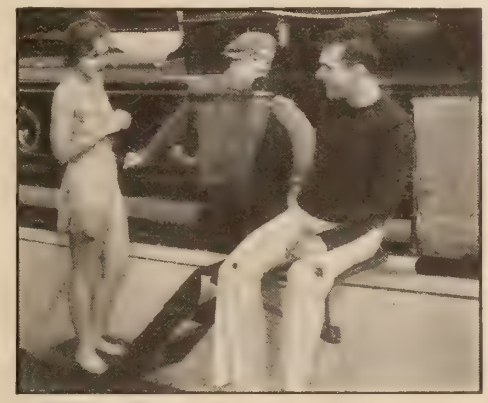
A VIVID story of the "inside" of a great department store and the forces that keep it moving. As the cruel and heartless store manager, Warren William gives one of his finest performances. Wally Ford and Loretta Young, employees, are but pawns in his hands. Alice White is a cute little gold-digging model, while the late Albert Gran, Ruth Donnelly and Charles Sellon contribute fine bits. New and entertaining.



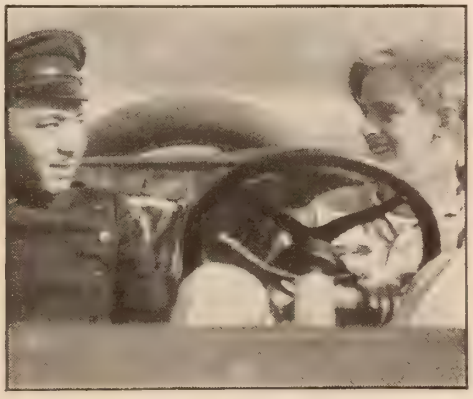
FRISCO JENNY— First National

ONLY the triteness of the story keeps this picture from being great. Ruth Chatterton is at her best as *Barbary Coast Jenny* who, bereft of father and lover during the earthquake, rises to power through political corruption. She kills the friend who threatens to expose her to the son who is district attorney. Direction is excellent. Donald Cook, Louis Calhern, Robert Emmett O'Connor, James Murray lend able support.

FAST LIFE— M-G-M



HILARIOUS excitement that the young in spirit, with a slight hankering after horseplay, will devour. It's a speed-boat racing yarn to which Bill Haines adds the thrills; Cliff Edwards some divine nonsense; Madge Evans the pert love interest; Conrad Nagel the expert villainy; and Arthur Byron the faith that makes all its absurd impossibilities possible. Happy and giddy.



THE RACING STRAIN— Willis Kent Prod.

THE attractive fourteen-year-old son of a famous father in his first picture. Wally Reid, Jr., comes across with an easy, natural performance and proves his right to the Reid mantle. Story is a suitable vehicle for the presentation of young Wally. The type of yarn youngsters love—lots of action and some wholesome comedy. Good supporting cast. Clean entertainment for the family. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 113]



In 1924, Mary MacLaren—then a ranking movie favorite—deserted her film career to marry an English colonel who was stationed in India

Disillusioned, four years later she was back in Hollywood. And now, a beautiful, cultured woman, she hopes to make a screen comeback

I *was* Once *a* Star

But today I must take my place in the ranks of countless extras

By Mary MacLaren

ONCE the center of the stage was rightfully mine. The kliegs and the cameras were focused on me. It was what I did that mattered, and mine was all the adulation, all the attention showered upon success.

Wherever I went people stared at me and uttered my name. Dinner parties waited for me if I happened to be late, and directors showed me marked courtesy.

My life was truly a bed of orchids.

Now I am one of the extras among the mob. If I am fortunate, I get a "bit" to play. You, who used to stand in lines before the theaters because it was my name up there in the lights, now sit through film after film never knowing that I am even in any of them.

I am only a bit of "atmosphere," one of a hundred, one of a thousand other such, drifting unnoticed across the background of the screen.

Your eyes are fixed today upon some other star. It was her name instead of mine that drew you in. It is her face, her emotions that you watch now in the close-ups that once were mine.

But I am still in the picture, and I was on the set while it was being made. I stood aside, one of the many, watching this new star in the place that was once my own. The honors and attentions that I used to know now belong to her.

Do you remember "Shoes," a picture which, in 1915, was possibly as great a sensation as "Grand Hotel" is today? Do you remember "The Petal on the Current," Fannie Hurst's beautiful love story? Do you remember—

But, of course, you don't. These were among my pictures. I was starred in them.

Do you remember Lois Weber, the woman director, who in my time was as important a figure in the motion picture world as Lewis Milestone or Ernst Lubitsch is today?

No, I suppose you wouldn't. What of her? Well, she discovered me.

You do know "Call Her Savage," though. You've seen it, perhaps. You didn't notice me, to be sure; you were naturally watching Clara Bow. But I was there just the same.

I was one of the crowd in that ballroom scene where Clara Bow and Thelma Todd pulled each other's hair. Just one of the crowd drifting through. Clara Bow had the spot where I used to be.

You possibly have seen "Ladies They Talk About," too. You went to that to see Barbara Stanwyck, but you might also have seen me. However, you wouldn't know anything about that.

Perhaps you took in "The Devil Is Driving." If you did, you might possibly recollect the hysterical woman whose car was stolen. More probably you [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



"WE'VE licked the blighters!" A great scene in the making of Fox's picture, "Cavalcade." Historic Trafalgar Square, London, on November 11, 1918. The gentleman in the high hat is Clive Brook. The lady with the pearls, at his right, is the English actress Diana Wynyard. Director Frank Lloyd rides on the traveling crane. Trafalgar Square and Nelson Monument sets, for this classic of England, are copies of originals



FOR DINNER AND AFTER

YOU may call it the "cocktail" frock, the "five-'til-midnight" dress—or anything you wish, but it will be the same dress. It's a dress, like this one of Constance Cummings'—perfect for dinner or the hours after. A positive essential to the smart wardrobe at any season.

CONSTANCE wears this charming white silk crepe dress to dinner in her new picture "Billion Dollar Scandal." For the new season, you will want it in one of the pastel tones, perhaps "Moonlight blue" which sounds as romantic as this gown looks. Here you see both back and front. Note the demure back detail which shows just a slit of decolletage. The deep girdle and the softly puffed sleeves are all a part of its charm. For dancing purposes, you will want the skirt in a more modified length.



— Seymour

SILK RATINÉ IN PINK

LOVELY Jean Arthur has returned to the screen in "The Past of Mary Holmes." Walter Plunkett has used a shell pink silk ratiné for this graceful gown which she wears at a dinner party in her home. It is perfect in its simplicity—the fabric is distinctive and new for now and spring.

LIKE Constance Cummings' dress on the opposite page, Jean's is adaptable for formal or informal affairs. Sleeves puff out below a dropped shoulder—the neckline, high in front, is cut to a deep "V" at back. A jeweled clip and bracelet in pearls and gold are charming accents.

New Notes From Hollywood



THERE'S nothing quite so satisfactory as a soft wool suit to wear under your winter coat. Nancy Carroll wears a trim, youthful one in "Child of Manhattan." This suit has been duplicated for you in a fine rabbit's hair cloth in black with a very flattering ruffled blouse of white woven crinkled organdy. Although it is difficult to discern the detail of the suit in this photograph, Robert Kalloch has used careful tailoring in the line of the jacket and skirt. The jacket is held together by buttons arranged in the manner of a man's tuxedo—the skirt is slightly full with the blouse tucked into it. Nancy carries a smart black suede handbag trimmed with copper initials.

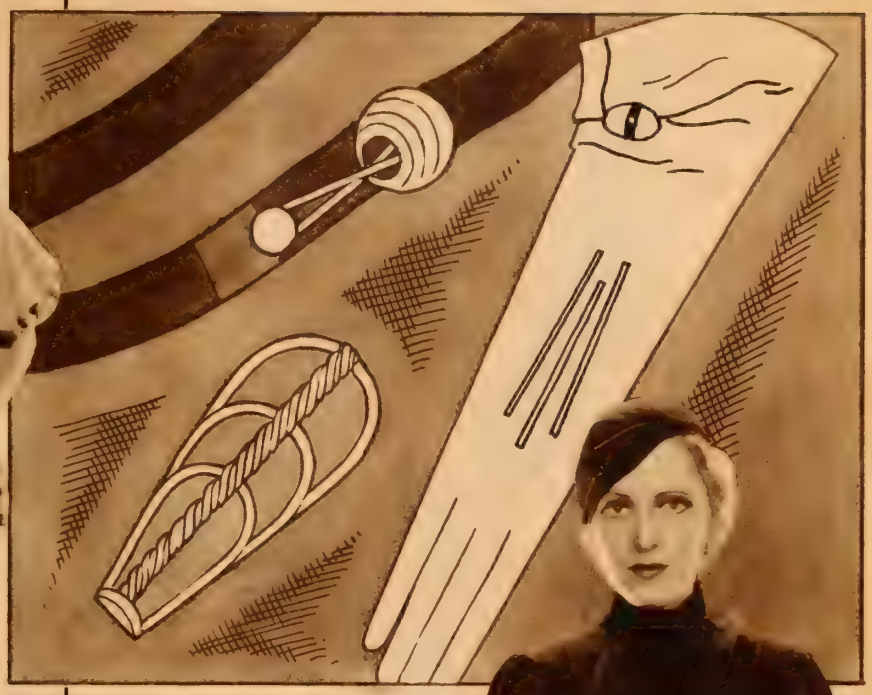


—Seymour

GINGER ROGERS has a flair for wearing the type of gay, young clothes you would like to have for yourself. That's why it is so nice to know that you can actually buy some of her picture fashions. Take this clever checked woolen dress she wears in "Forty-Second Street," it is a green and brown combination with contrasting brown crepe belt and collar. A trick copper buckle on the belt—and buttons used in an amusing way. By Orry-Kelly.

CHAMOIS is quite the newest thing under the sun in accessories—you could wear these, sketched here, for both tailored and sports costumes. The chamois belt has a smart wooden buckle. The bag has a tortoise shell top. And the gloves are pull-ons with stitching.



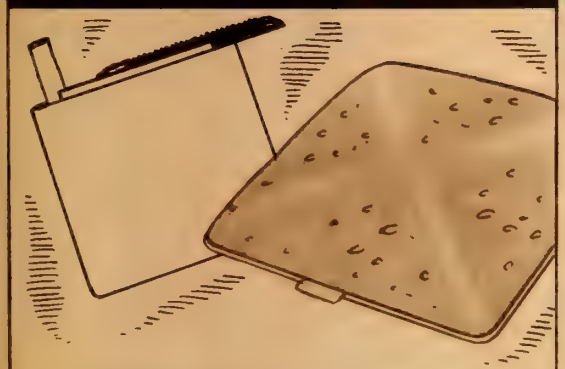


THE very newest note in accessories must accompany your Hollywood frock. There's the trio, above. A black suede belt with metal buckle that buttons together. A new gold clip looks like an egg beater! And a white kid glove is draped with a button.



ANOTHER attractive dress from the "Billion Dollar Scandal" is this one in silk crepe worn by Constance Cummings, at left. Again the soft sleeves puff becomingly and the scarf neckline is charming. You'll like it to wear right now under a dark coat—in a bright tone.

WALTER PLUNKETT has designed an unusually attractive dress for Jean Arthur to wear in the court scene of "The Past of Mary Holmes." It is a navy blue rough silk crepe with a high neckline and jabot. Its lines are slim and tailored. To make it becoming for you with dark hair, it has been made up with white collar and jabot.



TWO gadgets for your purse are these, above. One is a white kid covered cigarette case. You pull back the top and out pops a cigarette. A speckled green enamel compact is square and flat.



EPAULET clips are the newest rage for evening gowns. These, sketched above, show you how they fasten. A dark silk slip with ecru lace is perfect for dark dresses.

WHEN you see "Hot Pepper," look for this attractive evening gown worn by Lilian Bond. Earl Luick designed it for a nightclub scene. It is made in one of the new silk crepes with an interesting texture. The frills over the shoulders are satin. Straps of the crepe fasten over these with buckles. This gown is sketched above. Isn't it smart?

JOAN BLONDELL is playing "Blondie Johnson." When you see her in the picture, you will find her wearing some very smart clothes. One of them is this evening ensemble. The short jacket is beige with brown buttons. The sleeves are fitted to the elbow where fullness starts. Note the wide lapels. The dress of brown crepe is designed for double duty purposes, it may be worn evenings without the jacket.

CAROLE LOMBARD knows how to choose smart clothes and wear them well both on and off the screen. In "No Man of Her Own," she plays the rôle of a young librarian who marries a man of means—as you can imagine, this gives her a grand opportunity to wear some stunning costumes. One of them is this attractive black crepe dress trimmed in white. Isn't the ruffled cuff, placed above the elbow, a unique detail? The ruffled collar is especially flattering about the neckline—all in all, an ideal dress for you to choose for this season. Don't miss the clever use of buttons on both the cuffs and collar. Travis Banton is the designer—as you will recall, he has done some beautiful costumes for Carole.

LOUNGING pajamas have become indispensables to everyone's wardrobe. Especially pajamas of the type worn by Claire Dodd in "Hard to Handle." This pajama, shown at left below, combines the practical tailored qualities with nice feminine detail. A light blue crepe is contrasted with a darker blue trim. The trousers are quite mannish in their center creasing. The bodice is intricately cut and is topped by a high collar tied nonchalantly like a scarf. Full sleeves are gathered into a tight cuff, tied like the collar. This is an Orry-Kelly design. Don't overlook those slash pockets. Claire is wearing sandals.



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 123.



Manatt

THIS scene from "Rasputin and the Empress" (latest title) is perfect in its artistry. In the palace of the czar, at this mystic hour of the night, what is John Barrymore saying to czarina Ethel? "Get rid of that monk, *Rasputin!*" might be a safe guess. And Ethel for the moment has a doubt. But, careful John, there's eaves-dropping going on! Don't you see that huge "mike" overhead?

"I Got A Divorce, Because—"

Maurice Chevalier, for the first time, tells why he and Yvonne Vallee broke the marriage bonds

By Virginia Maxwell



Bound for *la belle* France just after his big success in "The Smiling Lieutenant," *M.* Maurice, with *Madame* at his side, looked quite happy, though perhaps her smile was just a bit enigmatical. Was there even then the undercurrent of matrimonial unrest that was eventually to separate them?

SINCE the surprise volley of Chevalier's sudden divorce in Paris last summer—a divorce he had sought to keep secret from the world—he has hidden himself away from interviewers.

Maurice, a shy fellow at heart, feared terribly the glaring spotlight of publicity which he realized American curiosity might turn upon him. American women *are* curious about the dapper Frenchman, who, presumably happily married to his little French wife, Yvonne, suddenly up and divorced when everyone least expected it.

Maurice evaded newspapermen in Paris when news of the affair leaked out. He shied away from all questioners. And then, quite unaware that he might step accidentally into the tentacles of an interview, he found himself, one afternoon recently, chatting merrily about everything in the world, except his divorce.

Chevalier was in New York, on his personal appearance tour. And New York means gay little gatherings—tea parties they're usually called—where folks chat informally.

I'd known Maurice Chevalier since that memorable day, five years ago, when he stepped from a transatlantic liner to face a battery of reporters and cameramen, confident that his inimitable smile would make him rich and famous in the land of plenty.

He was right. But he is a different Maurice since then. There is an air of seriousness about his blue eyes when he looks at you, as if those eyes, once accustomed to the peasant fields of peaceful France, had suddenly seen the shadowy ghost which haunts the famous.

Maurice was in a thinking mood when I asked him if he were still happy, as happy as that first day, five years ago. He had just arrived again—this time without his wife. Quite alone.

"Of course, I am 'appy. And why not?" He threw up his hands in that little gesture which has made him so beloved on the screen and his eyebrows went up in surprise.

"Well, some of your followers are wondering lots of things about you, Maurice," I began cautiously. "They are wanting to know why you got a divorce—why the sudden smash-up of a marriage everyone believed to be happy."

If anyone had told me a movie actor could actually blush, I wouldn't have believed it. But Maurice's jolly cheeks turned a little crimson and I felt sorry instantly that I had asked the question.

"Oh, but my dear Madame Maxwell," he flustered, "that ees so very private—so very, very private—in Europe we never speak of such things—eet ees unchivalrous—eet ees mean—eet ees terrible—no."

"I'M sorry to seem rude, Maurice, but I was only asking in the name of curiosity for thousands of other women who have always admired you in pictures and who now are frankly amazed at your marital smash-up."

Maurice's eyes opened wide for a moment as if he were surprised anyone would wonder about anything so private. We sat down across from each other and he offered me a cigarette.

"And what are they saying about me?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"They are saying, for one thing, that your movie success turned your head—that the little woman who was your wife back there in the serenity of a French household, became a bit burdensome in Hollywood when your time was claimed by a world of other admiring, beautiful women. *N'est-ce-pas?*"

Chevalier's eyes flashed.

"Eet ees not so—eet could not be so. I never went to parties in Hollywood—I lived [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Sylvia Tells All About

YOU know Sylvia as America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist, who has shaped and re-shaped half the lovely figures in Hollywood. You have read her remarkable series of articles, from month to month, in PHOTOPLAY.

Sylvia herewith begins a new series. She will tell you how various types of stars achieved their present physical beauty, and you can follow her instructions and attain the same results. Her dynamic personality — which shines through these columns—will encourage and inspire you to the completion of your task.

Sylvia has agreed to do something she has hitherto always declared impossible. That is, to answer personally your letters. Her expert services are now freely at your disposal. See her statement on the opposite page. Address Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY, *221 W. 57th St., New York City.*



DO you want to look like Connie? Do you envy her attractiveness, her grace, her poise?

Listen—you girls and women—if Connie is your ideal; if you are, basically, the Connie Bennett type—listen while I tell you exactly how I treated her and what system I used to help make her the lovely woman she is today. And you can do for yourselves what I did for her.

The first time I heard about Connie was when Joe Kennedy, at that time head of the Pathe Studios, came into my office and told me about this new star, the daughter of Richard Bennett, whom he had just signed up. "But," he said, "she is very thin. Do you think you can do anything with her?"

"You bet I can," I said. "I can take off pounds or put them on. Lead me to your new beauty."

A few nights later, I was asked to a dinner party at Kennedy's house. Gloria Swanson, who has been my patient for some time, was there, and over in a corner, sitting all humped over in a short fur coat, was a sickly looking girl.

"Who is that?" I whispered to Gloria.

"That's Constance Bennett," she said.

"Why, the poor kid is sick," I said and went over to talk with her. I saw that her face had a grayish look and she was much too thin. I could also tell that she was a bundle of nerves. She told me she had been trying all over Europe to gain weight and couldn't.

A couple of days after that I got a hurry call to go straight to her hotel (she was living at the Beverly Wilshire, then). Now I had said I wouldn't take Connie as a patient until I was sure it was all right with her physician for me to do so. But she looked so pitiful that night that I relented.

BEFORE I tell you just what sort of person Connie Bennett really is, I'm going to tell you everything I did for her and made her do, and if you're thin and underweight and suffering from nerves you can follow this program.

The first night she was very nervous—and a little later I'm going to tell you some of the reasons that Connie gets nervous—so for an hour I gave her a gentle massage with hot cocoa oil. You can do this for yourself. Rub gently with your hands over your body, paying particular attention to the solar plexus, for that is a nerve center, until you feel those muscles relaxed. Then work on the face nerves and muscles, digging in with the fingers at the cheek bones and working gently around the eyes. Then, lying on your stomach (you thin girls can do this, for you usually have long arms) work all up and down your spine with your fingers, digging under the vertebrae. I worked like this for an hour with Connie, and when I left her she fell right to sleep.

She had to get up at seven o'clock every morning she was working. All reports to the contrary, she was never late at the studio. But before leaving for work she had her breakfast and I'm going to tell you about it. When she first got up she had a glass of water with a few drops of lemon juice in it—that's marvelous for the complexion. When she was dressed she sat down to this breakfast. It will put weight on all thin girls.

Hominy with a sliced over-ripe banana and cream.
Whole wheat toast and plenty of butter and honey.
Glass of milk.
Cup of hot tea (this was Connie's choice).

At eleven o'clock, she had brought to her a big glass of orange juice. It is a stimulant, and when you need something to keep you going take orange juice. It will keep you pepped up at a fast speed for four hours. But [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Connie Bennett



Are you the Constance Bennett type? Sylvia reveals in this article the exact methods she employed in treating the famous star and in bringing her to radiant health. (Inset) Sylvia

Sylvia Now Answers Your Personal Letters

WELL, girls, I see there's no way out!

I've fought and fought against answering letters.

I've told you to spend the time that you would take in writing me in doing your exercises—but you insist on writing and I guess there's nothing I can do but answer those letters.

If you want a personal reply enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, otherwise letters will be answered here, in their turn. Now that I've started to answer letters, the lid's off and the more the merrier, so write me all your troubles about your figure and I'll tell you what to do. Write enough details to enable me to answer you intelligently. Be sure to give your full name and address and don't be afraid of your name appearing in the column. Address me in care of PHOTOPLAY. *Here goes for the first batch of mail!*

SYLVIA.

THICK ANKLES

Dear Sylvia:

What can I do for thick ankles? My legs are thin enough, okay in fact, but my ankles are thick and look ugly.

Mrs. B. H., Detroit, Mich.

Put a Turkish towel over your ankles and, with the palm of your hand, pound the flesh beneath the towel as hard as you can. Don't be afraid of hurting yourself. Hit — and hit hard. Then here's an exercise. Lie flat on the floor with arms above your head and toes pointed downwards. Without moving your toes spring to a sitting position and try to touch your toes with your finger tips. Of course, you can't touch your toes, but that's not the idea.

You can feel the muscles pulling in your ankles. It's a wonderful exercise. Do it fifteen or twenty times a day.

SAGGING CHIN

Dear Sylvia:

I'm not old—only twenty-six—and yet my chin is beginning to sag. The rest of my face looks young but the muscles of my chin are drooping. What do you suppose causes this?

S. H. R., Hopkinsville, Ky.

I can't tell you what causes it—maybe you stand wrong and throw your chin too far forward—but I can tell you how to cure it. Every night and every morning smear your chin with a good cold cream and then with the palm of one hand rub down from the tip of your chin to your chest, and with the back of the other hand rub up from your chest to the tip of your chin. As you do this, be sure to dig well under the chin and relax the muscles of your chin—don't hold them tight—as you work with your hands. Then with the backs of both hands slap hard underneath your chin. Do this twice a day and watch the results.

EXERCISES FOR THE SICK

Dear Sylvia:

Because of an illness in which I have to lie flat in bed I have grown too fat. I'll be able to get up in a couple of months and I don't want to look so fat. Isn't there some exercise that you can give me to do in bed to reduce?

H. F., Chicago, Ill.

I'd certainly have to know more about your illness first or I might give you the wrong exercise. Usually, when people have been in bed a long time they lose that surplus weight when they get up and start to move around. Write me again and tell me what your trouble is and whether the doctor says you can take any sort of exercise or not.

BONY HANDS

Madame Sylvia:

The worry of my life is my bony hands. I wish you could tell me how to have nice plump [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month





THE famous Colleen Moore bang has given way to a more modish bob, which one columnist considers the nicest bob in Hollywood. Certainly much is to be said for it. Colleen's straight hair is slightly waved toward the ends, which are turned up or under, according to caprice.



COMPARE the Colleen of today with the Colleen of six years ago, shown in circle! Amazingly little change, except that her severe coiffure has been replaced by lines that reveal and soften her face. Even Colleen's natural brows have not changed in six years!

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



PENSIVE Clara Bow offers a fundamental lesson in brow make-up. Clara's exotic brows harmonize with her mahogany hair. Unless your hair is very dark or silvery blonde, avoid a black brow pencil or dye; use brown, instead. Spare the brows and concentrate on the eyes.



FOR clearly defined, smoothly rouged lips, follow Mary Carlisle's advice: "Outline lips horizontally with edge or point of stick; then fill in vertically with flat side."

EAU de COLOGNE is a welcome addition to toilette accessories because of its revitalizing properties. Gwili André bathes her temples with it to relieve fatigue.



Five Steps in a Holm Manicure



YOUR hands are almost constantly the cynosure of another's gaze. They are far more eloquent than eyes or mouth, for these we have learned to veil. But hands have a way of telling all—that you are fastidious, dainty, careful in your personal ways, or careless, neglectful of the fine points that create charm and loveliness.

If you will use your hands gracefully, keep the skin soft and smooth, nails well-groomed, your hand beauty is assured. In your business, social and home life, in achievement and personal adornment, hands are all-important. To say that you may often stand or fall by your hands alone is no exaggeration.

The listless, lily hand is a thing of yesterday; today's hands do, and through doing become strong, capable and beautiful.

ELEANOR HOLM begins her manicure by removing old polish. Notice that she is applying the remover with a brush. Cotton is more efficient, since it will serve both application and removal at the one operation.



AFTER soaking her nails in mild suds for a few minutes, Eleanor files them lightly, gently, to the desired shape.



NOW the cuticle is ready to be pushed back with cotton-swabbed orange stick dipped in cuticle remover.

HOLLYWOOD REVEALS ITS OWN WAY TO BEAUTY





MARTHA SLEEPER reveals her color chart for the benefit of similar types. Her skin is olive, eyes hazel, hair brown. A rachel powder, raspberry rouge and lipstick and brown eye make-up are her preference.



UNA MERKEL considers cucumbers a definite skin beautifier, not only in creams and lotions, but in the diet. Una looks as if she enjoyed them, too.

FOR cleansing and lubricating, Florence Lake uses a pasteurized cream. After cleansing, she pats on, leaves on while in her warm bath, then removes the surplus.



ELEANOR then buffs her nails with paste or powder polish, especially the tips, to rid them of surface roughness.



THE beauty of Eleanor's nails is now emphasized by liquid polish. Leave the half-moons and tips au naturel.

Putting Your Best Face Forward



SHARON LYNNE'S full, soft bob should prove an inspiration to those who still like a longish coiffure. The waves are wide and irregular, the forehead hair-line revealed in an unusual manner. The left part is very low. I think this type bob will be in good style for years to come.



THE back is devoid of wave until the ends turn upward in masses of heavy curls. A permanent is marvelous for curls like these. Sharon rolls her hair, while wet from shampoo, on wood sticks for these lovely curls.



FLORENCE LAKE is having her lashes dyed in a prominent Fifth Avenue salon. Dye has been applied to her long lashes, which are naturally blonde, to make them inky black. Shields protect the skin from the dye.

Dressing Table Tricks for Every Girl



MARY CARLISLE remembers to slip on cotton gloves over her well-oiled hands before retiring, a sure way to flower-like skin. Specially treated sleeping gloves come for those with unusually sensitive skin. Beautifying and protective for linen.



ALMOND meal mixed to paste with lemon juice makes a good, safe bleach, says Maureen O'Sullivan. Apply to cleansed skin, let dry, remove with cold water. Leaves the skin soft, clear.



THE second beauty-mark to appear in these pages is worn by Jean Harlow, a coquettish accent with platinum hair. Beauty-marks are for the fair-skinned only, where the contrast between black and white is striking and exotic.



SOAP, water and a sponge rubber face cloth is Rosalie Roy's recipe for skin beauty. The cloth mildly massages, stimulates. For cold application, chill this cloth a few minutes in icebox.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 86)



ZaSu wouldn't think of leaving the kids behind, so here are Don Mike and Ann, taken on location with mother. She is co-starred with Slim Summerville in "They Just Had To Get Married"



ZaSu, Good Samaritan

Those fluttering hands strew charity in private life, as well as screen laughs

By Sara Hamilton

RECENTLY, at a movie, I sat next to a woman who had known ZaSu Pitts many years. Had been, in fact, one of the legion whom ZaSu had helped in time of need. People about us were howling as usual at ZaSu. Suddenly, through the laughter, I was conscious that this woman, sitting next, was very quiet. And still. And then I heard through the laughter, strange little sounds, like suppressed or choked sobs in her throat. I wondered. "I don't mind," I heard her say later to her escort, "I don't mind them making her funny. It takes a great actress to be funny. But why, why do they make her look like that? Why, ZaSu's the most beautiful woman I have ever seen!"

ZaSu Pitts *is* a lovely woman. Her eyes are deep violet. Great, round lovely eyes that never smile. "They weep," some one said, "even when ZaSu is funniest." Her hands are slim and beautiful, her feet and ankles are quite the trimmest in town, her figure slender and graceful, her features small and lovely. About her clings an indefinable, ethereal quality.

And yet, you know what they do with her on the screen.

Oh, it's a strange story, I tell you, this story of ZaSu Pitts.

She stole into this land of movies a quiet little wraith of a person, unknown and certainly unwanted. Her mother thought ZaSu should be an actress. So after graduating from high school (with honors, and the best tennis player in the school) she donned her best taffeta dress, grabbed up her little straw suitcase and bid Santa Cruz, California, farewell. She was on her way to Hollywood. Alone and lonely. She had never been away before by herself. And yet, here she was, starting out to conquer the world.

And at eighteen, ZaSu *was* playing in pictures—tiny bits as old maids or fussy old women. But there were days when a homesick, heartsick little girl sat alone in her poor little hotel room, and cried out her heart in loneliness and defeat. She was backward, unused to the ways of movies. She suffered.

Later, she moved to the Studio Club in Hollywood. Surrounded by girls like herself, normal, fun-loving girls, all eager and anxious to get on in the movies, life became a little more pleasant. In fact, ZaSu, with her funny little ways and understanding heart, was the pet of the club. Things picked up. She got herself a nice part in Mary Pickford's picture, "The Princess," as a drab little slavey. And was thrilled and happy.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

"The two creams I praised *Eight years ago* I believe in *even more today*"

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt



In **1925** —"compellingly beautiful." Mrs. Vanderbilt cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.



Today —Even lovelier! This portrait is startlingly like the one taken eight years before. How can *anyone* remain so beautiful?

"Most women do too much to their skin . . . I believe the simplest kind of care is the most intelligent."

MRS. VANDERBILT has today the same dazzlingly white skin—the dark passionate eyes, full red lips and almost black hair as when she first came out.

"I believe I have the simplest and the wisest method of caring for my skin," she says.

"It's so simple you can keep it up faithfully day in and day out. And there's a great deal in that. Moreover, it's based on the few things the skin really needs."

And what are those few things?

"Cleansing—with an absolutely *pure* oil cream. And—protection.

"Twice a day I give my skin the thoroughest kind of a cleaning and toning up with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin feeling wonderfully fresh.

"Then I never go out without first putting on the finest softening and *protective* cream I know—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

"I always feel that Pond's Creams are absolutely reliable!"

• • •

Here are some special uses to which women put these two precious creams:—

The Nightly Cleansing—Pat Pond's Cold Cream liberally all over face and throat. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues.

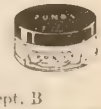
The Perfect Powder Base—Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths the skin and holds the powder for hours.

To Heal Roughnesses—To Prevent Chapping—Pond's Vanishing Cream is *marvelous!* Use it all the time.

For Smooth, White Hands—Pond's Vanishing Cream always before going out in the cold.

Pond's Creams are praised and used by:
Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
Miss Anne Morgan Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples



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Please send me (check choice): *Pond's New Face Powder* in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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Leo Reisman on Pond's program Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaker. WEAF and NBC Network

"How can I win

You will want to share the screen stars' secret of winning—and holding—admiration! It is so vitally important to a woman's happiness to know she is truly attractive. Read what the exquisitely lovely Claire Windsor has to say. She tells you how to have the most important feminine charm of all—and how *to keep it* in spite of birthdays.



Here's one secret you MUST know

CLAIRE WINDSOR *replies*

"I WANT your advice," thousands of women write to Claire Windsor. "How can I become truly attractive? How can I win admiration—and how can I hold it?"

"You can be attractive at any age. Birthdays haven't a thing to do with it," Claire Windsor replies. "Provided, of course, you are careful to guard complexion beauty!

"A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have . . . Screen and stage stars know the secret—and *keep* this youthful charm right through the years."

Claire Windsor, like so many other fascinating stars, actually grows *lovelier* as years pass by!

How does this charming star keep her skin so glamorous?

"I use a very simple care, but I use it regularly," she says. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in wonderful condition."

Have YOU tried the Beauty Soap of the Stars?

Hollywood's beautiful stars have found fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap the very finest complexion care. Of the 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this luxurious soap *regularly*. This overwhelming verdict has made it the *official* soap in all the big film studios.

Naturally *you* will want to try it. Buy a few cakes today, use it regularly. The beauty soap of the stars is sure to make *your* skin glamorously smooth and fine!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Lux Toilet Soap

"Admiration?"

women write this famous star



CLAIRE WINDSOR

This fascinating screen star declares any woman can win admiration—and *hold* it, too—if she knows how! "A fresh, youthful skin is quite the most compelling charm a woman can have," she says.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]



When movie serial queen (that was!) meets director (that is!) they give each other the glad hand—be it in Hollywood or Timbuktu. Which is what's going on between Herbert Brenon, one of our veteran directors and Pearl White, who now lives in France most of the time

JIMMIE DUNN and Maureen O'Sullivan are back after a week at Arrowhead. They still maintain they are not married, although Jimmie does break down and confess they are going to be. Maureen looks mysterious and says, "Ask Jimmie." So there you have it.

AND one little girl explained to us that the reason for the Hollywood Boulevard Christmas decorations was because Santa Claus didn't have any money this year, but the stars did.

LUPE VELEZ and her "Chonney" Weissmuller are going every place together these days and Lupe, with her "Chonney" back, seems happier than she's been in a long time.

Hollywood's criticism kept them apart as long as Johnny was married to Bobbe Arnst, but now that Johnny is free, they are making up for lost time.

Lupe has just signed with M-G-M and during a recent M-G-M preview, Lupe called a certain publicity woman aside and whispered:

"See, I keep my promise. I make "Chonney" stay away while he still married. And now it's all right, isn't it, baby? Say you not mad with Lupe." And Lupe was like a pleased child when assured everything was all right now and no one was "mad with Lupe."

LUPE VELEZ drew many a laugh with her recital of how she gave Johnny Weissmuller the air when she learned he had been stepping out with Tallulah Bankhead but, now that Tallulah is in the East, she apparently has forgiven Johnny.

TO El Brendel goes the prize whimsy of the year.

"Aren't those conversational lulls at a table embarrassing?" a hostess said to El. "What do you do?"

"I just keep right on talking," said El.

WHOOPS, my dear. We just heard that the big Ann Harding romance down at Palm Springs was none other than Dudley Murphy, writer and director on her home lot.

And very much that-a-way they are said to be, too.

DURING the making of a scene in Mae West's new picture, "She Done Him Wrong," an actor's lines read, "I don't like these flies." Quick as a wink, Mae flashed back, "Okay Buddy, pick out the ones you don't like and we'll have them killed for you."

WHEN Jeanette MacDonald left for Europe for a three months' concert tour, sho took no chances on getting lonely.

With her went her mother, her manager-fiancé, Bob Ritchie, her secretary, a chauffeur and a personal maid. Not to mention her old English sheep dog, and the car. They left the kitchen stove home, but what do you bet they'll be sorry when they get in one of those cold Continental hotels?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Mary, Mary—you look contrary! Or are you merely keeping your "Secrets" to yourself? But we're *so* thankful for having you back again! Particularly in that luscious gown which we should imagine is soft baby blue or pale pink, with tiny roses peeping from beneath its billowy folds

"CALENDAR FEAR"

THE FEAR THAT ACTS LIKE A POISON ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY



LOOK back on your own marital experience, or drop into your doctor's office, and you will soon learn that "CALENDAR FEAR" often acts on the feminine system like a poison.

If you don't know, a doctor will tell you that FEAR alone can upset the delicate feminine mechanism . . . FEAR alone can magnify a minor feminine irregularity until it seems like a physical crisis . . . FEAR alone can, and does, upset a woman's nerves until her very health is menaced.

Yet how easy it is to banish this fear! . . . How simple to replace the failings of questionable feminine antisepsis with the blessings of approved marriage hygiene! How wise to follow the authoritative advice of the world's great physicians, hospitals and clinics! . . . For over forty years they have recommended to womankind the regular and unfailing use of "Lysol" for complete feminine antisepsis and cleanliness.

The gentle, soothing results secured by "Lysol" cannot be approached by certain chlorine-type antiseptics. They release free caustic alkali which sears delicate membranes and deadens live, sensitive tissues.

The dependable effectiveness secured by "Lysol" cannot be approached by certain chlorine compounds. They lose 95% of their power to destroy germ-life when in active contact with organic matter . . . "Lysol" under such practical conditions maintains its potency.



"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.

The clean, safe, refreshing administrations of "Lysol" go a long way toward preserving feminine health and protecting marriage happiness. Use "Lysol". Your druggist has it . . . Your doctor recommends it . . . And while this vital subject is uppermost in your mind, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage" . . . The coupon herewith will bring it to you in a few days.

FACING WOMAN'S OLDEST PROBLEM

A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English. Send for *free* booklet, "Marriage Hygiene."

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept. M-2*
Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me *free*, postpaid, a copy of "Marriage Hygiene."

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



We never *heard* of such a thing! Players on the wrong side of the footlights! Well, if Mae West *insists* on seeing the pretty chorines "hoof" . . . I suppose you'll have to give in, Director Lowell Sherman, and let Alice White, Cary Grant and Wynne Gibson have a little fun. For a star can do no wrong. Even though her picture's called "She Done Him Wrong"

AFTER all these years it does come as something of a shock and we hope Alice White and Cy Bartlett have some explanation to offer.

A spy reports Cy was seen in the Brown Derby, lunching with two girls, while at a table, some distance away, Alice sat with a couple of other people.

IT was the irony of something or other that Bob Savage should arrive in Hollywood the day Clara Bow left.

Six years ago they were such pals.

Only the fact the marriage license bureau closed at five o'clock kept them from getting married one night.

They arrived for their license ten minutes too late.

Later still, Bob pulled that suicide gag—but not soon enough to keep him from writing some sloppy verse.

In the intervening six years, Bob has been to South Africa, and many other places.

"I haven't been crazy over a girl for six years," he said.

"No, it's not because of Clara. She's married now, happily, I am told, and that's the end of that.

"Maybe I'll find another girl somewhere some day but so far I haven't had much luck."

DICK POWELL and Patricia Ellis are playing opposite each other in a picture over on the Warner lot. And when the day's work is over, what do Dick and Patricia do but stay right in character. Or you could figure it out another way and say they weren't playing any of the time.

This one looks pretty serious. And what about it, Mary Brian?

THE announcement of the engagement of Estelle Taylor and John Warburton, credited to John by a news service, evidently was all that was needed to break the engagement, if it ever existed.

Estelle denied it vehemently for the public and what she said to John privately, of course, was private.

In any event, he is back in circulation again, dining and dancing with a different girl every night and rumors that Estelle may remarry Jack Dempsey are gathering momentum.

BELIEVE it or not, Fifi Dorsay and her "Four Riders of the Argentine," as Hollywood calls them, are still going strong.

During the Olympic games in Los Angeles last summer, the four Argentine riders caught one glimpse of Fifi and then refused to go home.

So no matter where Fifi goes these days, there are the four Argentines in her wake. Fortunately, they don't take their horses.

CLARA BOW! After declaring all the way across the continent on her way to New York that "Hot cha" didn't pay, that she was through showing her legs in pictures, that she wanted people to forget her sexy pictures and recognize her as a serious actress, every town that has played Clara's new picture to date, used billboards and photographs of her with nothing on but a chiffon step-in.

Well, Well! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]



Acme

So the two jazz babies are teaming up for vaudeville, are they? Jeanette Loff (remember "The King of Jazz"?) and orchestra leader "Buddy" Rogers are seen here going over "their stuff" in the United Artists Theater in Hollywood. Here's hoping that the team goes over in a blaze of glory!



"Since Colgate's made my smile worth while this picture goes to Colgate's!

Besides—they've saved me quarters on toothpaste since I was a youngster"

No tooth preparation—of any kind—at any price—with any claims—can clean your teeth better or more safely than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Any dentist will verify this statement.



ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

If You Want Beauty, Be Active!

By Carolyn Van Wyck



MAX FACTOR is inspecting Dorothy Dix' make-up. She holds a real beauty secret—a powder brush. Powder, brush away for that screen-beauty look.



A NICE foible, changing hair to match evening gowns. Muriel Evans covers her sleek, auburn hair with a mass of platinum curls for fairy-like beauty.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the workers and the doers get the good things in this life. Especially beauty, vivacity, appeal.

Until I went to Hollywood recently, it never occurred to me that the stars and the near-stars are among the hardest working women on this earth today. Now, when I meet them here in New York on vacation, business or personal appearance tours, I become very conscious of my own inactivities. These girls struggle for a spare hour or two, and even their vacations are spotted with interviews, appearances, business appointments. Yet, they somehow manage to look their loveliest and to be cordial and pleasant under trying circumstances.

I think they are a lesson and a great inspiration for everyone who desires loveliness and charm. If the deep, deep secret of beauty and all the good things that both men and women want in themselves could be whispered in the magic formula of two words, they would probably be these: Do things.

Recently I had tea with Sue Carol, radiant, more beautiful than I have ever seen her. Yet the last year has been more eventful than any other in Sue's life. For Miss Carol Lee Stuart, her young daughter, arrived, July 8th. But Sue goes on with her career and numerous other interests, probably doing all a little bit better than before.

Then there was Jean Harlow a while ago. Jean had been on tour twenty-three successive weeks, making four or five appearances daily. Yet Jean was still as voluptuously beautiful as ever. Shortly after, she was to meet with stardom and bitter heart-break as well.

Clara Bow is among the newest of these doers to claim attention. You have only to look at present-day pictures of Clara to see that something important has happened to her. She has changed, and I think we shall all like the new Clara better than the old, who let fortune rule her instead of ruling fortune, herself. When Clara began to take her own life into her hands, things happened, changes came about, and Clara's acting, at least, was hailed as it never was before.

So if you're one of those girls who is not satisfied with yourself, your life, your associates, do something about it. Don't wait for things to work out. If you're not satisfied with your looks, decide just what is wrong and begin to correct it. If life is narrow and dull for you, try to find some outside interests. Keep yourself busy. Don't give yourself time in which to concentrate on yourself and worry.

Find things to do, preferably happy things. Try to make yourself what you'd like to be. You may succeed, and certainly you will save yourself the agony of self-reproach.

SENSIBLE care, I find, is very prevalent among the stars. Enough sleep! Yet how we shy away from it if we're very young. A bugaboo, a stop signal, that shuts out fun, cuts off pleasure. But Norma Shearer has different ideas. Sleep is necessary to her loveliness and well-being. Even when there's a party in the Shearer-Thalberg home, Norma will excuse herself before the hour is too late, go off to bed.

To bed at nine-thirty, at least one night a week, might be a wise platform for every wide-awake girl.

THE curled coiffure still continues in high favor. From Hollywood, down, we find curls and bangs still very popular. But there is one severe curl complaint from the average girl. The coiffure that, the night before, was so crisp, so compellingly devastating, the next morning often looks like a pile of hay. When you are having your hair done, ask your hairdresser to arrange it so that it is also practical for day and have him show you just how to do this yourself. You will save your looks, disposition and money by this little forethought.

OUR looks have a way of letting down at this time of the year. Skins misbehave, hair gets lustreless, figures a little out of hand. Our skin leaflet, with special attention to acne and blackhead conditions, our reducing booklet and a new leaflet on hair are yours on request. Individual beauty problem letters will also be answered promptly and completely. Remember to send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



AS YOU DESIRE ME

Take a lesson in confidence from "those dear...but younger friends"

A LITTLE hard to admit, isn't it—that you find yourself more and more inclined to avoid those younger friends—that your skin is fading—that you are slipping ...just a little?

Just imagine the great beauty expert, Vincent, of Paris—studying your own case. Nine chances in ten he would exclaim..."But you do not *clean* your skin properly. Even if you come to me for treatment—you must first wash your skin thoroughly at home...I cannot perform miracles..."

Beauty experts—the whole world over—will tell you that a skin thoroughly cleansed, twice daily, is the first rule of beauty care. But—beware—all too many soaps wash away the natural oils—leaving your skin dry, parched, a prey to wrinkles and lines . . . while a skin cleansed with Palmolive is not only cleaned but protected against the ravages of time and age. Its olive and palm oil lather has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

Make a simple two weeks' test of Palmolive, the soap containing olive oil. Follow our directions and see natural beauty return to your skin...and almost forgotten admiration return to the eyes that appraise you...

This much Olive Oil goes into every cake of Palmolive Soap.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

3 AGELESS SECRETS *of charm*







MAE CLARKE, *Radio Pictures' player, keeps fit by the best exercise of all—riding! For evening, she wears this lovely velvet gown, in brown with gold sequins. Her formal daytime suit is of cocoa-colored ostrich cloth, lavishly trimmed with fox.*

THE centuries have not changed the desire of every woman for a good figure, for sparkling eyes and a lovely complexion. With modern fashions as exacting as they are, a slender, round figure is almost imperative.

These three secrets of charm are usually the gifts of good health. So when reducing, diet and exercise should be watched with care. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination—the enemy of charm and good complexions.

Fortunately, a delicious cereal provides this needed "bulk." Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"—as well as vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables.

Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of faulty elimination. How much better than unpleasant patent medicines—so often harmful and habit-forming.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians.

Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or use in cooking. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"CHARM"

Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. C-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, *"Charm."*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



A waggish guest caught Ralph and Frank, the brothers Morgan, in the actual throes of preparing one of their famous suppers. You must try "Bolero"—the Morgan masterpiece, hot from Spain!

Spanish Accents The Menu

THERE'S an hour 'round about midnight when the average man gets a hankering for a good snack from the ice-box. And if the ice-box doesn't yield anything, fertile masculine imaginations will! Three famous midnight cooks of stage and screen are Alfred Lunt, and the two Morgan brothers, Ralph and Frank. The Morgans have a slight edge on Lunt because they cook in a regular brother act —and their prize dish is Spanish.

If you daren't eat hearty food before retiring, you can use the Morgan concoction, "Bolero." It may be served as an entrée at luncheon, dinner or supper. Because it is one of those special dishes that guests remember for days, it should be a *must* on your menu.

BOLERO

1 tamale	1 cup fresh corn cut from cob
2 tomatoes	½ cup chopped carrots
Chopped celery	½ cup chopped raw potatoes
1 egg	1 clove of garlic
Ripe olives	½ cup chopped pimentos
½ cup grated cheese	

To begin, you heat the tamale and mix with the egg. Then prepare a casserole or baking pan with a cover, by buttering it liberally. When this is ready, put in a layer of corn—if you can't get the corn cut from the cob, canned corn will do just as well. Next comes the tamale and egg. Then a layer of olives and chopped pimentos with a dash of the garlic. The garlic, of course, is an authentic Spanish touch but if you don't like the flavor, it can be omitted without ruining the dish. Over this layer, distribute the chopped vegetables. Add salt and paprika. Add the rest of the corn and the sliced tomatoes. Over all this, sprinkle the grated cheese.

Your oven should be heated to 350 degrees when the casserole is put in.

Bake the contents for thirty minutes, if you have used the above recipe, for four people.

For eight, double the ingredients and bake for forty minutes. Just before serving, uncover and brown the cheese under the broiler flame.

The Morgans usually counteract the hotness of this dish with a cool, green salad.

And if they are serving it for luncheon or supper they precede it with chilled tomato juice, finishing off with fresh fruit and black coffee.

Frank makes a green salad with lettuce, endive and watercress topped by a savory French dressing. Here's his dressing recipe:

FRENCH DRESSING

Rub a mixing bowl with garlic. Then use three parts olive oil to one part vinegar. Season with mustard, salt and black pepper (freshly ground, if you have a grinder). Add a little sugar and paprika to taste.

Mix and chill in ice-box before pouring over the salad.

Ralph prefers a salad of cole slaw with Spanish dishes. He maintains that it is cool, refreshing and forms a pleasing contrast to the spicy main dish.

He likes it prepared with a sweet and sour dressing made with cream, vinegar and sugar. Or with a French dressing to which has been added a hard-boiled egg.

Frank likes his slaw mixed with chopped carrots and raw spinach—its sounds strange but is delicious—try it.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Charlie Goes on His Own

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"There was a big lump in my throat, too," Charlie confessed as he related that scene. "But I had to do what I did—I just had to."

There was no question of money involved. Charlie was sitting on top of the world financially, making a salary so big that his income tax alone would almost pay the salary of the new president of the United States, all by itself.

Only two months ago the studio took up the last option on Charlie's contract, and he was all set for another year. When he told them he didn't feel like taking a cut in salary, that was all there was to it.

They paid him the increased figure. It was only when that was settled that he asked the front office to let him go—and the real difficulty stood exposed.

BAD parts were the reason for Charlie's decision. Just that and nothing more. There was no unpleasantness of any sort. When he left, the studio officials patted him on the shoulder, told him they hoped he'd soon come back and wished him well. But Charlie wants more *Chicos*, and he's going to try to find them wherever they happen to be.

"I knew that I picked possibly the worst time to begin free-lancing," he said, "and Mr. Sheehan told me so before I left. But I couldn't stand that colorless diet of straight leading men any longer. How can you play characters that haven't any character?" he demanded, spearing a sausage a bit viciously. "I couldn't go on playing them forever—I couldn't go on being simply the unimportant half of an important team, and that was what I was getting to be."

As he spoke his voice was almost pathetically sincere, and a couple of furrows appeared on his boyish brow. He had worried about it endlessly, he said—you could see that it meant the world to him. Make no mistakes, there isn't any so-called professional jealousy involved. Charlie isn't jealous of the good parts Janet gets—he wants her to have them, always will. Charlie was always ready to help Janet by playing cat to her Queen.

He did it in "Tess of the Storm Country," did it for Janet after he had refused to do it for the studio. His part held nothing for him. Janet did the same for Charlie in "The First Year." That part held little for her, but Charlie asked her to go on for him.

"Sure, she did," he said enthusiastically, "although she knew in her heart she shouldn't. Janet would always do almost anything to help me." That's the kind of team they were.

But Charlie doesn't want to be merely a foil for Janet Gaynor on the screen. He can't see why there couldn't be two good parts in the picture—one for Janet and one for him. He would have been perfectly satisfied with that, would have asked nothing more. But the stories were picked for Janet, and his part usually wasn't so good. Then, when they each made a separate picture, Janet's pictures were always big productions while Charlie was given any old thing. He isn't blaming anybody for that, except possibly himself. Least of all does he blame Janet.

"When they started us out in '7th Heaven,'" he explained, "they gave us a lot to live up to—and it was really up to us. Janet realized that and did what she had to do to get what she wanted. I didn't—I just kept putting it off. Janet would walk into the front office and insist upon having the parts that were right for her and she got them. They built her. I took what they gave me, with the result that they just kept me around the lot to be Janet's leading man. But we began as stars together, and that's the kind of stories I wanted."

Having made the break, Charlie is under no delusion regarding what he is up against. He has not grown temperamental or gone Hollywood. He is simply making a deliberate sacrifice for a purpose—with his eyes open.

"I know that there aren't any too many really good parts to be had," he said, "and I know that even of those there are, I shan't get a chance at most. I may not make half the money I have been getting, or I may do less work and make more—but the money part doesn't matter. I do know, though, that I shall wait for the kind of parts I want, and accept nothing else. I owe that, not only to myself, but to the memory of *Chico*."

While he is waiting for those parts, Charlie is improving his work with constant study. He spends as much time with teachers of various sorts as he formerly spent at the studio.

Asked whether he would return to the Fox lot to do another picture with Janet if a suitable part should be forthcoming, Charlie nodded unhesitatingly.

"I'd be tickled to death," he said, "—after I do a few good parts elsewhere and if they really do have a story for both of us. Even if I should be lucky and get several good pictures by myself before one came with Janet, when I did go back, there wouldn't be any difficulty over money. I'd rather work with Janet than with anyone else on the screen, but I do want the last couple to be forgotten before I do any more with her.

"THERE'S always the picture around the corner," he said, a bit wistfully, "and that was what I was waiting for. I dreamed of the big picture that was coming. I found out what they had on the schedule for me, and that picture wasn't there. It wasn't easy or pleasant to do as I did."

Voluntarily giving up the certainty of several thousand dollars a week these days would scarcely be easy or pleasant. Leaving little Janet on that big lot, severing an association that had begun in the clouds—no, that wouldn't be easy or pleasant, either. *Chico* leaving, with *Diane* still waiting for him to come back—just as she did in "7th Heaven."

"But, you see"—and here Charlie bit down hard on the sausage—"I just have to have some real parts I can sink my teeth into."

Chico, you will remember, was really a most remarkable fellow!

Babies, Babies, Everyone's Got Babies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

on tour, write long feverish letters to their publicity agent wholly about the baby and forget the publicity. And when they neglect their publicity, well—

The Fredric Marches spent one whole year, plenty of thought, care and money on the perfection of their home and then along came Penelope. They were crowded. So without a regret the Marches moved in order to have plenty of room for baby to smile at Freddy and the ice man.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay were in the midst of remodeling their home. Floors were torn up, partitions out and things in a mess. Word came baby could be had sooner than they expected and instantly all work was halted while an entire upper floor was made over into a nursery with Barbara and Frank personally supervising the painting of ducky-wuckys and giraffey-waffeys hippity-hopping across the walls. No matter the discomforts of torn down walls and torn up floors. The nursery was perfect.

Miriam Hopkins' secretary became the baby's nurse, as Miriam would trust no one else. So business letters, invitations, fan letters, important mail gathered dust on the table. "He's gained two pounds," Miriam will shriek into the phone to every soul she knows and many she never heard of before.



My! My! Those bike races must be absorbing. Pat O'Brien hasn't even taken time off for a shave. And Patsy Ruth Miller's absolutely hypnotized by them. But her hubby, Tay Garnett, looks away for a moment

Whoopee rooms are now drying rooms. With baby shirts drying above gilded, forgotten bars and soap chips in the poker chips. The "witching hour" is now the stretching hour. My, you should see Junior stretch! In fact, if you're in Hollywood you will see Junior stretch if you have to be drugged and dragged there.

Von Sternberg was known to go into immediate hysterics if one as much as passed his stage door. But regardless of time or scenes, Dietrich's little girl bounced in and out exactly when she pleased. Mamma said she could. And mamma loved it. Rehearsals were on for "Blonde Venus." Marlene was going over her song with little Maria looking on. Marlene sang:

"You so and so" (Did you eat your carrots, darling?)

"You little so and so" (Musn't eat any more ice cream, darling.)

"Look what you've done to me" (Your hannies don't look clean, sweet.)

And so far into the night.

Love scenes were broken in upon. "Oh, darling," Norma Shearer said to Leslie Howard during the making of "Smilin' Through." "Oh, dearest, how's mamma's little baby?" which sent the astounded and slightly near-sighted Mr. Howard reeling into a corner. But it was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

re-designed to end revealing outlines without sacrificing needed protection

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

A NEW KOTEX . . . a self-concealing Kotex . . . re-designed to conform perfectly with the demands of the closest-fitting dress . . . yet . . . (and this is so important to you) every bit of thickness, of needed protection, is retained. This New Phantom Kotex, so skilfully constructed, contains identically the same layers of filler, but *you don't realize it!* Because the ends are flattened and shaped, you are scarcely aware of the presence of protection.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Softness . . . safety-plus!

That wonderful absorbency . . . that softness . . . that delicacy so characteristic of Kotex are exactly the same in the New Phantom Kotex. It gives you supreme safety. Disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little. Make sure, when buying Kotex wrapped, that you get the genuine. For your protection, each tapered end of the New Phantom* Kotex is plainly stamped "Kotex." On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.*





To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians, in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms, and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter, there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today, the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers, courageous, intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book, the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple, understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
c/o Kotex Company, Room 2164A,
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed .....

State .....

City ..... State .....

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"CHARMING — EXCEPT FOR HER RED DISHPAN HANDS"

"WHAT A PITY SHE DOESN'T KNOW OUR INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT"



"I was furious at first *and then*

. . . well, my curiosity got the better of me. I heard these women saying that *they* did all their own work, too, but they kept their hands daintily white by using Lux in the dishpan!

"Of course I've always used Lux for fine things. Next day I started right in using it for dishes, too.

"In a few days all that dishpan redness had disappeared! Lux doesn't dry my skin as ordinary soaps do. Its quick suds get dishes clean in no time. Since a big box of Lux does my dishes for a month, it's the most inexpensive beauty care I ever heard of."

LUX for dishes *lovely hands for 1¢ a day*



Babies, Babies, Everyone's Got Babies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

just Norma's little son paying his daily visit to mother's set. And mother's golden wig reposed dizzily on mother's ear by the time the visit was over, but who cared?

People wait in the outer office of Irving Thalberg, important M-G-M executive, and have been waiting, in fact, since last Tuesday week. And there they sit, in awed silence while papa talks to "sonny" three times a day about "the dreat big bears" over the phone.

It's beyond me.

MANY a screen laugh has been lost forever because of Hollywood babies. For instance, Joe E. Brown tries out every new gag on the baby. He'll open that mouth of his, take a deep breath and then gasp "Razzle Dazzle." If Mary Elizabeth merely yawns or throws the oatmeal spoon down papa's throat, the gag's out. If she laughs, it's in.

Then my, oh my, there are the parties. Mustn't forget the parties. When baby is exactly three months old, the first party is thrown. Usually a small family group. At six months, a little larger affair is given. At one year, a pip. A jamboree, no less. Limousines drive up. Nurses alight with baby on one arm and a suitcase on the other. Baby's own refreshments, clean clothing, toys, comforts, sheets, blankets, waterbags, bottles, nipples and so forth.

A festive table is set with solid gold appointments and a huge cake covered with pink candies in the middle.

So two dozen babies sit, or if they can't sit, they lie, and eye the cake they may not eat, making occasional snatches at each other's hair while nurses wring hands and mammas in the next room play bridge and argue heatedly whether plain old castor oil is better than the new mineral oil. Flashlights from twenty-seven newspaper photographers boom and flare, babies squeal, the castor oilers leave in a rage at the mineral oilers and well—pardon me, I'm exhausted.

Skeets Gallagher, Jr., exactly three-and-one-half years old, is Hollywood's boredest man-about-town.

Skeets has attended exactly twenty-eight parties, knows all the tricks and little of life's thrills are left for Skeets.

They even give up cheerfully and gladly, these screen lovers, that coveted and sought after fan worship. That oh-my-gorgeous-hero thing. For instance, John Boles stood at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard at Highland Avenue. Nearby, stood several beautiful girls frankly and openly overcome at the Boles charm. And John loved it. They noticed the manly physique and were thrilled. The ravishing mustache and were overwhelmed. The blue eyes and were simply limp.

And just then the car for which John had evidently been waiting, drew up to the curb, and like a flash two little girls from the car were on him, one completely wrapping her legs about his middle, the other slowly strangling him by the necktie, his hat flew under a passing truck, his trousers were slipping, his hair was on end while the two girls kept squealing, "daddy, daddy, daddy."

He loved it. Ate it up. Completely forgetting the worshipping group who were standing with mouths open and eyes popping.

YES, it has good old Hollywood laid low, this baby thing. Depressions and reverses have tried in vain to knock the props from under its feet. While bankers and big men fought to control it, it took the clutch of a baby's hand, the gurgle of a baby's voice and a diaper waving in the breeze to do it.

Yes, good old Hollywood is licked at last. And loves it!

Bouquet Hollywood

CLARA BOW—New York. "Those stories that I'm trying to be a lady are wrong. I just want to be myself."

MERVYN LEROY, Director — New York. "Give me a story, give me a star and I'll set up a camera in any room corner and make a picture."

KATHARINE HEPBURN—Hollywood. "I intend to speak my mind when I please, despite movie traditions."

LUPE VELEZ—Hollywood. "I have changed. I am getting sense and I see life from a different viewpoint."

AL JOLSON—Chicago. "I didn't know that I'd been rich until the depression slapped me in the face three years ago."

MAURICE CHEVALIER—New York. "A wife should not work. If the man and wife both go out to work every day you do not have a marriage. You only have a standing dinner date."

TALLULAH BANKHEAD—Chicago. "Just let Hollywood get some good, nasty, cloudy, rainy, gusty weather for a change and the place will be God's country."

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, Matador — Chicago. "Naw, a red cape don't mean nothing to a bull. It's just part of the show. A bull is color-blind."

CHARLES LAUGHTON—New York. "You've got to use your brains a lot more in pictures than on the stage."

RUDY VALLEE—New York. "Quantity plus quality spiced with simplicity and mixed with personality are the essense of showmanship."

ETHEL BARRYMORE—Chicago. "Hollywood is a factory. My brothers have become institutionalized. I couldn't."

For how much could you Ethel?

NORMA SHEARER—Chicago. "My baby can talk—just as well as I can."

(The lad is two.)

RUTH CHATTERTON—Hollywood. "Life has taught me it's better to be a little bit gullible—at least so far as appearances go—and give others a chance."

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND—New York. "My great pastimes are asylums, jails and courts."

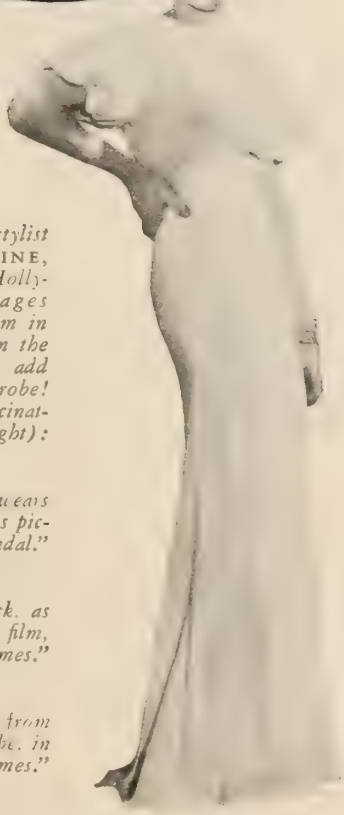
MAE MURRAY—Hollywood. "I am entirely dependent on my husband, the Prince, for support."

HELEN HAYES—Hollywood. "A sailor kept me off the screen for years. He walked out of a movie where my first picture 'The Weavers of Life' was showing and said, 'This is the —— awfullest picture I ever saw.' I agreed with him!"

Now! Wear Hollywood's Clever Clothes!



OUT of motion pictures come the smartest of fashions; dainty frocks, charming coats, gayest of sportswear created by Hollywood's skilled designers especially for your favorite stars in latest picture plays. Now, you, too, may wear these clever clothes—for exact copies are offered at moderate prices by many confidence-commanding stores! (See Page 123.) If you do not know where to buy "Hollywood Fashions" ask PHOTOPLAY, using the coupon printed for your convenience below.



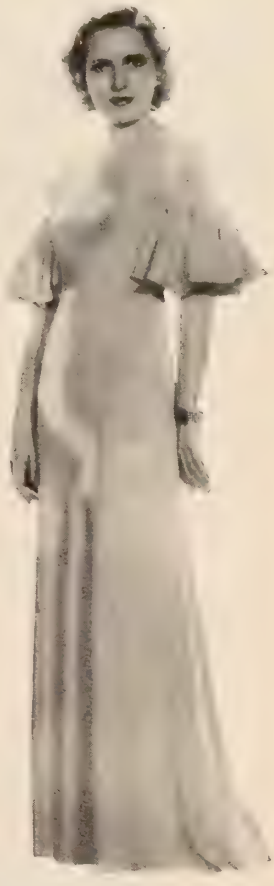
Each month Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *presents the newest "Hollywood Fashions" (see Pages 62-67). Read about them in* PHOTOPLAY: *see them on the screen in local theatres; add them to your own wardrobe! Three of February's fascinating fashions (left to right):*

As Constance Cummings wears it in the Charles R. Rogers picture, "Billion Dollar Scandal."



Jean Arthur's smart frock, as she wears it in RKO's film, "The Past of Mary Holmes."

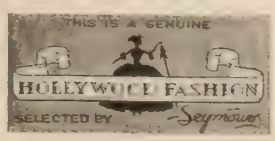
Another lovely dress from Miss Arthur's wardrobe, in "The Past of Mary Holmes."



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Look for the "Hollywood Fashions" label, shown above, in your movie frock!

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I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be purchased.

I like to shop at (Please name the department store you prefer)._____

My Name and Address is _____

2-33

Ask The Answer Man

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Ralph Bellamy was most asked about this month. If the wishes of admirers come true his movie future is safe



When Oklahoma laws kept Rochelle Hudson off the stage because she was a minor, she promptly moved to Hollywood

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

LETTERS poured in this month asking about Ralph Bellamy. "Don't hold out on us, Mr. Answer Man, tell us all you know about Ralph," is the general plea. So I surrender! Now listen:

Ralph is a native of Chicago, Ill. He was born there on June 17, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 178 and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Began his theatrical career when he ran away from home and joined a Shakespearean repertoire company. This was during his first year in high school. After that came work in stock companies, where he was everything from leading man to chief carpenter. In 1930, he headed for New York determined to crash Broadway. Later, while appearing on Broadway in "Roadside," he was given a movie contract and started off to Hollywood. He made his talkie début in "The Secret Six," playing the rôle of a reporter. Since then he has appeared in "The Magnificent Lie," "West of Broadway," "Surrender," "Almost Married," "Disorderly Conduct," "Forbidden," "Young America," "The Woman in Room Thirteen," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Airmail" and "Wild Girl." Quite a record for a chap who has only been in Hollywood since 1931.

Ralph is married to Katherine Willard from the stage. His chief hobby is collecting old music boxes. He has about fourteen ancient models in his collection now. Has a weakness for neckties, preferably blue ones.

ROCHELLE HUDSON, the girl about whom readers are all asking, was born in Claremore, Okla., the home-town of Will Rogers, eighteen years ago. Her theatrical ambitions began at the age of four. From then until she went to Hollywood, she appeared before clubs, societies and school audiences. Her first screen appearance was in "Laugh and Get Rich," which was followed by minor rôles in many Radio pictures. In "Fanny Foley Herself" she gave an exceptional performance and won the feminine lead in "Are These Our Children?"

Rochelle is just 5 feet, 3 inches tall, but remember she still has time to grow more before she is twenty-one. She tips the scale at 105 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. Was chosen a Wampas Baby Star in 1931. She can sing, dance, and paints beautifully. And I don't mean her face either. Has a Ford roadster which she drives herself. Speaks French fluently. Her next picture will be "The Savage Girl."

LOUIE, WATERTOWN, CONN.—Mona Maris has covered some territory in her twenty-four years in this merry world of ours. Born in Buenos Aires, S. A., educated in France, entered silent pictures in London in 1928 and talkies in Hollywood in 1929. How's that for traveling? Mona is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 115 pounds and has dark brown hair and green eyes. She speaks Spanish, French, German and English. Her real name is Emita Capdevielle and she is still single. Her next picture will be "Secrets" with Mary Pickford.

ED PORTERFIELD, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—'Member Ed, if you're the winner I get half. Edmund Lowe was a newspaper reporter in "Guilty as Hell." He doesn't go in for that type of rôle very often.

WINIFRED KLINE, RICHMOND, MICH.—Here you are, Winnie. Charles Farrell was born in Onset Bay, Mass., on Aug. 9, 1902. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 170, has brown hair and brown eyes. Virginia Valli has answered to the name Mrs. Farrell since February 14, 1931.

D. L. W., TENAFLY, N. J.—Dot, the chap you described is Alan Mowbray, and that English accent of his is the real McCoy. He's a native of dear ol' London, born there on August 18, 1896. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 158 and has light brown hair and grey-blue eyes. Is married and has one daughter. Appeared on the stage before going into pictures in 1930.

FILM FANS FIFTEEN FUNSTERS, ELYRIA, OHIO.—If it wouldn't break up the tongue-twisting rhythm of the name of your fraternity, I'd ask what does a tottering chappie have to do to become a member. Jane Novak's last picture was "Red Skin," made in 1928. In the silent version of "The Bad Man" Holbrook Blinn played the rôle of *Pancho Lopez*, the same rôle that Walter Huston played in the talkie version. Bill Hart was only married once. Thomas Meighan's latest appearance is in "Madison Square Garden." For the rest of the information, girls, send me a stamped envelope.

CONSTANT READER.—Stop the disputing, here's the information. The three girls who appeared at the switchboard in "The Big Broadcast" (can you imagine having operators hmmmmm in your ear like that?) were not the Boswell Sisters. They are singers known to radio listeners as "Major, Sharp and Minor." Their real names are Josephine Riley, Anita Nieto and Barbara Johnstone.

HELENA SECHREST, LAKELAND, KY. — Your friends were as far from guessing the right title of the picture as I am from *Fu Manchu*—and I hope that's as long a distance as I think it is. The name of the picture was "Such Men Are Dangerous." If you have any back issues of PHOTOPLAY, look in April 1930 and you can see the review and show it to your friends.

RUFUS PRADOS, JR., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Yes, Rufie, Dorothy Wilson has real long hair. Hope she doesn't bob it before this reaches print. She is still single, so you won't have to go hide in a monastery. The little lady was born in Minneapolis, Minn., on November 14, 1909. Is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 103 and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Men of America."

MRS. E. HARTMAN, BRONX, N. Y.—You're both wrong. Dick Powell has real auburn hair, but it photographs dark. Next time you see Jimmy Cagney or Clara Bow on the screen notice how dark they photograph, yet they are both red-heads.

Such a Naughty Nero

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Be to shift his working schedule with Dick Arlen, that Dick might be free to attend a long-anticipated football game.

Char-lee straightened abruptly. He scowled ferociously at the helpless p.m.

"Rubbish!" he announced crisply. "What do you mean? Writing such confounded nonsense?"

"But, it's true!" the p.m. declared. "And, anyhow, I didn't write it. Frank did."

Snatching up the offending page, Char-lee started menacingly toward the door.

"Frank? Who's Frank? Where's Frank?" He glared at the page and flushed uncomfortably. "This silly thing makes me look like a darn sissy!"

THAT was my introduction to Charles Laughton. A modest man, he has a genuine dislike for fanfare. Is a difficult subject to interview, because he honestly hates to talk about himself.

Paramount's entire personnel, from office boy to president, adores him.

He terrorizes delighted office girls; tucks squealing stenographers under his arm and dashes the full length of the corridor with them; generally upsets the efficiency of the whole organization. And they love it.

When Charlie walks in, the staff automatically declares time out. They crowd around and listen eagerly while he relates, with exaggerated gestures, various amusing incidents of the day. They call him "Buster," and are rewarded with a terrifying scowl, then an infectious chuckle.

Laughton is an actor because he can't help it.

Years ago, a chubby youngster sat in the gallery of a London theater, stifling, with difficulty, a wild desire to stop the show and shout down to the puppets on the stage that they were all wrong. Real people didn't act that way. Stomping around, and throwing themselves about. His own technique is vastly different and doubly effective. Extravagant gesturing is no part of him.

Instead, he stands quietly, fulfilling even the most difficult emotional reactions with the mere flick of an eyelash, a slight drooping of the lips. Subtle. Acting supreme.

In the short time he has been with us, Laughton has made the talkie industry sit up on its hind legs, roll over and play dead. And now, with the public clamoring to see more, he merely bows graciously and announces his intention of returning to London.

Producers toss restlessly in their downy beds, scheming frantically on bigger and better ideas to keep this new gold mine from walking out on them. Platinum-plated contracts are being held temptingly before his eyes. But Charlie continues to shake his head regretfully.

"I'm getting stale," he said simply. "They've offered me more money than I ever saw before, to stay here and carry on. But, money isn't the whole thing, if a fellow's stale. I've been working pretty consistently during the seven months I've been here, and I'm tired. Empty.

"I WANT to go back to England for a while. The change will do me good. Set me up. Then, I can come back, go to work, and feel that I'm really giving them what they're paying for. That is, if they still want me."

"They'll want you!" I hastened to assure him. He seemed rather dubious.

"I've been warned that the public will forget me in six months," he said.

Real ability is not forgotten in six months. I told him so.

Furthermore, the producers should appreciate his reluctance to give them anything but

QUICK, PURE SUDS in lukewarm water



keep baby's "undies" soft as down

Could anything be a surer test of soap than baby's little silk-and-wool shirts! Washed every day, yet they *must not* shrink and stiffen . . . they *must not* hold any harsh irritant to harm baby's skin! Try Ivory Snow for baby's washing. See what beautiful pure suds you get instantly in LUKEWARM WATER. See how soft and sweet and comfortable they keep baby's clothes.

Ivory Snow is a new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics—made to dissolve without hot water. You can start with the lukewarm water that is SAFE for silks and wools and colors. For Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as drift-snow. It melts like snow, yet each tiny particle is packed full of rich, smooth, pure Ivory suds. You'll have no trouble rinsing Ivory Snow—no trouble with soap spots—because it dissolves *thoroughly*. It has no flat pieces that can stick to fabrics.

You will like Ivory Snow for speedy dishwashing, too. It keeps your hands young and fair, without extravagance, for a whopping big package costs only 15¢! At your grocer's.

Makers of fine fabrics praise IVORY SNOW

After thorough washing tests, Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu call Ivory Snow **"a perfect soap for silks." "Ideal for woolens,"** say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.



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famous women KNOW THIS SECRET



Since the days of ancient Egypt, it has been known that woman's most effective beauty is in her eyes. Not their color—not their size or shape—but the *expression* of which they are capable when properly made up. Cleopatra knew this secret. Stars of the stage and screen know it too. Famous beauties—including the one whose picture appears above—know the charm-value of the "expression" made possible by dark, long appearing, luxuriant lashes. And they know that the NEW, non-smarting, *tearproof*, harmless Maybelline is the easy way to acquire such lashes *instantly*. Try it yourself. You will be delighted with results. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown is 75c at all toilet goods counters.

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the best that's in him. His decision marks him as infinitely wise and just.

Studio "red tape" amazes him. When they planned to use an extra's hands, instead of his own, in the close-up shots in "Devil and the Deep," Laughton protested. His hands are expressive, a definite part of his personality.

Why substitute other hands when his own were available?

They told him why. The picture had finished shooting, and salary complications would arise if they used him in the close-up retakes. An extra man would cost only ten dollars.

After much altercation, Charlie succeeded in convincing them that the money was a minor issue, and the scenes were shot with his hands performing the necessary duties—gratis.

At the door of the publicity office we said goodbye. A stenographer passed us and said, with devilish intent: "Hullo, Buster!" She knew what she would get for that, and Laughton didn't disappoint her.

With a ferocious scowl, he reached out and caught her by the back of the neck.

"*Char*-lee!" she squealed merrily.

And, as Char-lee swung her under his arm and started down the corridor, I heard for the last time that delightfully infectious chuckle.

Sylvia Tells All About Connie Bennett

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

because it is a stimulant, don't take it at night before going to bed. It will only keep you awake.

Then here is the luncheon menu I gave Connie:

Thick vegetable soup
Small lamb chop
Baked potato and cold butter
One fresh vegetable
Cup custard and caramel—or some other sauce
Glass of milk.

Right after lunch—she usually had the meal served in her dressing-room—she rested on her couch for fifteen minutes. You girls who work in offices can do the same thing. Instead of loitering over the luncheon table chatting with your girl friends, go to the rest room in your office building and lie down.

In the middle of the afternoon Connie had a big glass of tomato juice.

For dinner:

Ripe olives
Celery (wonderful for the nerves)
Creamed soup
Any kind of meat, broiled or roasted (no fried meats)
Two fresh vegetables
Baked potato
Avacado salad with mayonnaise
Rice pudding, or jello or fresh fruits
Demi-tasse

You shouldn't need me to tell you this, but some of you never seem to realize that the hours before midnight are the hours of real beauty sleep. No matter where Connie Bennett was, no matter what grand party she attended, she always, while she was under my care, came home at nine o'clock to be ready for my treatment—the gentle massage with the cocoa oil. And she got right into bed, too. She obeyed me exactly and I certainly think that when a girl as attractive as Connie and a girl who loves parties as well as she does, can do that, you can.

I made her take plenty of breathing exercises—standing in front of an open window and inhaling slowly, raising the arms at right angles to the body and then exhaling and lowering the arms. I told her to sing—that's a wonderful figure developer. She really has a lovely voice—low and small, but appealing.

And I made her laugh—laugh heartily, too—for that's a swell way to put on weight. "Forget you are a lady, Connie," I told her, "and let out a big hearty laugh when something strikes you funny."

She took lukewarm showers after which she rubbed her body with a rough towel for ten minutes.

Just before she went to sleep at night she had a glass of grapefruit juice. This is a real sleeping medicine. Why orange juice is a stimulant and grapefruit juice a sedative, I don't know—but I do know it's the truth.

So much for Connie's routine—a really very simple one that all girls can do.

Connie did exactly as I told her to, for she is a smart enough business woman to know that without looks and a lovely figure, she could never be a great star, and from her you may take a lesson in obedience. But Connie had a hard time conquering her nerves. She was easily upset. When she came home at night and her German maid had gotten the telephone messages that came during the day wrong, she would fly off the handle. She called the girl "Dumb Dora," and yet Dora was crazy about Connie and never took these outbursts seriously.

Another thing that always upset Connie was when she got so many letters asking her for help. She wanted to help everybody and knew she couldn't and it worried her.

"Forget it," I used to tell her. "Your worry should be to restore your looks."

Connie loved being the big shot at the studio and was very ambitious. She was a tireless worker. Once I watched "the rushes," scenes of herself that had been taken the day before, with her. She looked at them over and over again, tirelessly watching her every movement.

As I have said, she was really sick and run down when she first came to me. After the first week she said to me one night, "Look—I'm building up and I'm feeling so much better."

She gained, under my treatment, fifteen pounds in one month, and her pep came back.

Connie is like the great French actresses. She loves a political intrigue and likes to have things revolve around her. Of course, you know about the feud that existed between her and Gloria Swanson. Poor Joe Kennedy—he had to settle many difficulties, yet when Connie and Gloria met they were very polite to each other—too polite to be natural, I always thought. Connie often asked me if I thought Gloria was beautiful.

CONNIE has many typically European ideas. She loves parties and that's why I give her so much credit for coming home every night at nine. When she wasn't working she liked to play a little tennis and golf but her chief sport was sitting around talking. Connie loves to talk. She was also crazy about tango records and she liked to dance.

Connie Bennett is certainly a strong character. I remember that her sister Joan used to call her often while I was there and Connie used to give Joan advice. It was darn good advice, too. One night Joan had asked her something and Connie said, "Now don't cry, Joan, no man would ever make a sap out of *me*, I can tell you." Connie always had plenty of spunk and courage and she was very appreciative of everything I did for her.

"You give people life," she said to me one day. "You give people confidence in themselves again."

It was one of the nicest compliments I ever had paid me, but remember that Connie cooperated with me and did what I told her to do and that's what you girls who want to be like her will have to do, too.

Sylvia Now Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

hands like some of the girls whom I know.
F. H., Pasadena, Calif.

You're probably skinny all over and need to build yourself up generally. That means you should go through the routine I've given in my article this month. Do what I told Connie Bennett to do for a while and gain fifteen pounds in one month. Then spend special care on your hands. Massage them gently night and morning with a good feeding cream. Let this cream stay on overnight and wear loose kid gloves while you sleep.

LONG NECK

Dear Sylvia:
What should I do for a long neck?
H. H. K., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Be thankful you've got a long neck and that your head isn't slammed down on your shoulders like those fat women I rave against. Look at the actresses—all the great ones have long necks. It's a sign of beauty. Stop complaining about something that a lot of people wish they had.

There—those are the only questions I have time to answer now. But come on you girls—ask me about what's bothering you. Now that I've been forced into answering letters I'm ready for you. Come on and tell your Aunt Sylvia all your figure problems.

The Man Who Can't Talk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

sister's friend was tingling with excitement. She started to chatter. She found her words echoing back as from a granite mountain. Warren spoke hardly a word, after acknowledging the introduction, until the girls were ready to leave. Then he announced, "I'll drive you to the station." And at the station, "I'm going back to New York with you."

"But you haven't been given leave!" was his sister's astonished exclamation.

"I'm going."

They all dined together. The two *girls* talked. But right in the middle of dinner Warren leaned over and kissed the neck of the beautiful young woman sitting beside him. The next day, sister's chum received a special delivery letter from Warren. And the next day, another. She didn't see him often, but each day brought one of his long, beautiful letters.

For the man who couldn't talk, could write. What a woman expects her loved one to say with his lips under the moon and the stars, Warren William could say with his pen without moonlight or starry skies. He didn't need Nature's romantic aids to put just the right thoughts into the right words—in letters.

Helen offers some facts which may explain this. Warren comes from a line of bankers. His real name is Warren William Krech, of the banking house of Krech, but he dropped the surname for professional reasons. Perhaps his ancestry accounts for his conversational silence, since almost all bankers seem to have a one-word vocabulary consisting of "no."

But as it happened this twig of the family tree possessed the non-banking ability to write letters that charm. When he went overseas, the letters continued. After the armistice, he remained in Europe to entertain the doughboys who were still in service there. And his

RADIANT Health!



HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

. . . WHEN YOU PURIFY YOUR SYSTEM THE SAL HEPATICA WAY!

IT'S easy enough for *sixteen* to bubble over with high-spirits. But after that first flush of youth, you can't feel exuberant and look lovely unless you keep your system free of poisons.

Sal Hepatica will keep your entire blood stream fresh and pure. For Sal Hepatica is no ordinary laxative. It is America's great saline—it contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Carlsbad and Aix.

First of all Sal Hepatica flushes wastes and poisons from your digestive tract—and gently. But because it *is* a saline it does more. It purifies and tones up your whole system—keeps you from getting sick. It combats colds, headaches, acid system, rheumatism.

And how much lovelier you look! Your skin is translucently clear. Your eyes sparkle. There's new spring in your step. You feel young and look young. Whatever you do, you *enjoy!*

Just get a bottle of Sal Hepatica, and try this saline road to health! You'll feel like a different person!

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SAL HEPATICA



are you "Hair Conscious?"

Worrying about your hair—wondering if it's looking its best — destroys poise, makes you self-conscious and ill at ease. Don't be guilty of nervously pushing in pins and constantly tucking in stray wisps of hair. And don't, *for heavens sake,* let falling hair pins embarrass you. Depend on Sta-Rites to keep your hair securely in place at all times. Remember, too, that Sta-Rites come in three different styles, each designed to meet a particular hair dressing need.

NEW DE LUXE BOB PINS

Flat on the inside, round on the outside, they are stronger, smoother and neater than ordinary flat bobs, and less visible in the hair.

REGULAR STA-RITES

Because of their exclusive design they keep the hair neatly in place for a longer time.

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Made from small round spring steel wire, they are tight gripping and fashionably inconspicuous.



New Sta-Rite Wave Set

The colorless wave set that will not flake or scale. Comes ready to use — easily applied — leaves hair soft, lovely and natural. Eliminates the dull, lifeless look so common when hair is waved at home.

At your favorite store or send twenty-five cents for complete dressing table assortment.

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Shelbyville, Illinois
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"Precious little aids to beauty"

buddies learned that this fellow, who could never entertain them at their informal gatherings because he had nothing to say, could hold them spellbound by his acting. The submerged self which went into his letters also expressed itself in eloquent glory when he was playing that he was some other fellow.

THEN Warren came home. The actors' strike was on, so times were tough even for an actor of his ability. Work came eventually, as it always does to those for whom Fate has decreed fame from the beginning.

On the road with "I Love You" in the rôle Richard Dix played on Broadway. Fifty weeks which produced more letters. It's perfectly obvious why the William family must always live in a house with a garret.

In "Mrs. Jimmy Thompson" he was a pickle salesman; a dignified lawyer in "We Girls"; with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse," a straight leading man. Pictures, too—a half-wit carpenter with whiskers is one product of the silent days. Mrs. William explains that when she married him in 1923, she felt an urge far greater than love—a compelling need that seemed to draw her—a feeling that he was going to do big things and that she could and must find her happiness helping him.

There was a long list of plays after they were married. "Twelve Miles Out," "Let Us Be Gay"—it would take a page to print them. Successes and flops, about equally divided.

Warren didn't want to play in "The Vinegar Tree." But work was scarce—you know what success it won. Mary Boland and Warren William. It brought him into the talkies. He finished his engagement in it on a Thursday night, hopped a plane and started work the next Monday morning with Dolores Costello in her last screen appearance, "Expensive Women."

Whereupon Hollywood received its star who can't talk—except for strictly professional purposes on the screen. And his studio fell heir to a problem. Movie-goers want to know who's who and what's what about rising stars. The movie capital is a Babel of publicity—actors and actresses and their press-agents—so even a shrinking violet's praises have to be shouted in self-defense. A star's public has a right to know about him. But how can they if their favorite is possessed by an overpowering shyness that prevents him talking to reporters even when they seek him out?

They wanted him to appear at the electrical parade in honor of Franklin D. Roosevelt's visit. He said, "No." They thought he was being temperamental. He wasn't. He'd heard that the stars would have to say "a few words" into the microphone. He did go, finally—and said, "Good evening."

HE loves the sea. That comes from his wish to avoid people. He has owned three yachts, and he's going to buy one soon for the Pacific Ocean. Then he'll go away and commune with the waves that don't talk to him or expect him to talk back—which is fine for Warren, but not so helpful to his public.

It does seem there's only one thing for Warren William to do, while he's on land and making pictures, if he's to be understood by his professional associates—producers, directors, fellow players, as well as interviewers and admirers.

He must write all Hollywood and all fandom a stream of his inimitable letters.

"I Got A Divorce, Because—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

economically—drove around in a small, inexpensive car. I am a peasant at heart and always I shall remain that way. I love home and books and fireplaces. That ees cruel for anyone to zink zat."

"Then," I countered, "they are thinking that you fell in love with Jeanette MacDonald and no man's life could hold two loves at once, especially if one of the ladies happens to be his wife."

"No, really, they are not saying zat, are they?"

FOR the first time since we began talking I thought I detected a bright little light in the Chevalier eyes, a light which any actor could keep controlled like a business man can put on a poker face.

"It has been rumored," I assured him. He threw up his hands then and a little frown puckered his brow. He looked exactly like a small boy who's been suddenly called upon by his teacher and doesn't know the answer.

"Eet ees an injustice to 'Jonette,' " he said, after a moment. "She is a fine actress and we have worked together harmoniously in many pictures. But her fiancé, Bob Ritchie, was in zee studio every moment of our love scenes together. Please say to those who believe thees story that I am not in love with 'Jonette,' I have never been in love with her. I have no plans for another marriage and thees vow will hold good for a very long time, if not forever."

"Then what?" I entreated. "Won't you come through and tell just what was wrong with your marriage?"

Maurice's expression dropped to a noticeable sadness and he sat meditating for quite a while. Suddenly, he looked up and his eyes lighted on the pedestrians in the street below.

"Do you see those women hurrying home?" he asked quietly. I nodded.

I stood at the window beside him, studying the six o'clock throng moving briskly through the twilighted, winter evening to the subways and street cars which would take them home; home to small apartments and big houses dotted throughout the city and suburbs, many of them to join husbands after a day at the office or shop. Some of these women would be bored all evening, some of them would be secretly railing at their fate, some of them would sit quietly listening to husbands relate their clever business *coups*, all the while, perhaps, thinking of someone else.

"I don't know," I admitted, "perhaps four out of every seven are happy and the other three are miserable. Our American divorce rate is three out of every seven marriages, I believe."

"And what can they do about it?" Maurice asked, spiritedly. Before I thought of an answer, he went on:

"Nothing—usually! If they're rich—or if the husband can make enough money to do the elegant thing—the chivalrous thing—in the gentlemanly manner, he will release the wife on whose nerves he is constantly treading." He had said enough now to make him want to go on and explain.

"MARRIED people who are not suited to each other's temperament get horribly on each other's nerves. Eet starts as small arguments—over nothing. The arguments become more frequent. Suddenly, you wake up to the realization that you are both quarreling over trivial things and that these things become tremendous issues.

"Anyone who has gone through the horror of incompatibility will understand what I mean. Two people, who, through days of bickering, petty quarreling, magnifying issues which normally could be laughed off, gradually strangle the love that once was theirs.

"And then, too late, they discover that in

place of the lovely, fragile emotion which they held in their hearts for each other, there is nothing left but a void; a constant dread of a new encounter with a foolish triviality only to bring out again that "ole devil" incompatibility.

"Thees ees what happened to us—to Yvonne and to me—after seven years of marriage."

I looked at Chevalier and he had suddenly grown a bit haggard in those boyish lines around his mouth. There was no actor play in what I saw in his eyes that day. He seemed so helpless, so lonely, so completely stripped of all sham.

I remember Maurice's parting words as we said goodbye that evening. He said: "If you *must* tell all this, please tell those who have wanted to know that I have been a gentleman all the way through this divorce, I have executed every detail of our arrangement in the elegant, Continental manner. And no matter how long we live nor how far apart we may be, I shall always hope Yvonne and I can be good friends!"

Here's to You, Son—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

into the world, so when a thing is as completely pigeon-holed and settled as that you rarely bring the matter up for discussion.

Why this subject of parenthood should be too sacred to permit of any new ideas towards perfecting it, I have never understood, but let a voice be raised in dissent, let a brave soul agree with Emil Ludwig, that only weak and apathetic natures see in their children the highest consummation of their lives, and they will call forth such a diatribe from the public press as would scorch them alive.

Personally, a controversy delights me and one of these days I'm going to start one on that subject.

There was no need to ask young Doug here just where his father stood with him. I had seen them come down the stairway with their arms around each others shoulders and laughing like a couple of freshmen on a lark. But I turned to him anyway with the question.

"What do you think of your father, Doug?"

He shot a quick look at me, his eyes laughing. He thought I was framing some gag and he was not going to be caught napping.

"No wisecrack," I said. "I'm serious."

HIS face sobered instantly and he answered, "He's the best friend I'll ever have. You know we've never been a conventional father and son."

"What do you mean by conventional father and son?" I demanded.

"Oh, the sort that treats his offspring as a sounding board for his own egoism. Herman let me think for myself but we did everything together."

I turned to Douglas again, hoping the chatter down the long table would continue so we could talk uninterrupted.

"Was this a theory of yours as to how children should be brought up?"

"Oh Lord, no," he answered. "No theory, I just wanted 'George' to express himself, not me. Don't misunderstand me. I think a lot of youngsters who express themselves are simply being ill-mannered. Like the little boy who was at a party with his mother and suddenly yelled, 'Mother I heard what you said. Mother you are a fool.' At which his mother smiled charmingly and explained, 'You see my son has been brought up to express his mind without fear.'

"George's mother and I taught him good manners and let him grow."

My mind turned back to the first time I ever saw young Doug. He was living with his mother at the Hollywood Hotel. He must have been all of eight years old.

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COLORS HAIR INSIDE WHERE NATURE DOES

levard sheltered under its tile roof all the famous names of the screen at one time or another, and its Thursday night dances, held in the lobby of the hotel, were as informal and gay as moonlight hayrides.

Everyone of note in the film world attended those weekly affairs.

I have a mental picture of young Doug, sitting on the broad stairway that led into the lobby, dressed in a magnificent cowboy outfit; metal-studded belt, lasso, longhaired chaps and all.

Undoubtedly, he had been permitted to wear this costume as a pacifier for being too young to join the dancers.

HE would sit there with his elbows on his knees, chin cupped in his hands and watch the people making merry, and, in all probability, dreaming of the time when he would outride Tom Mix and capture the bandit, or else lick big Bill Farnum in a hand-to-hand combat.

It was pretty hard to reconcile that youngster in chaps dreaming on the stairway with the muscular, bronzed young man impeccably dressed in evening attire, sitting on my right. Scarcely more than fourteen years could have passed and half of those years covered the period of adolescence; yet here was a fellow who had already won distinction as a writer, artist, sculptor and actor, any one of which is an accomplishment.

Time alone does not account for such amazing development. He is that rare person possessing not only many talents but also the talent to make use of them, and say what you will, the method of his bringing up accounts for much of it.

Somewhere along the line, probably from observing what went on around him, young Doug must have learned that it is fatal to be average.

He'll never be that. He does not follow the crowd.

His short articles on other film luminaries are unique and utterly delightful, principally because of his ability to pin down in a single paragraph their various idiosyncrasies.

He is audacious. Will use an indelicate word now and then but never infringes on the nicer rules of human etiquette.

"How did you learn to write at your early age?" I asked him. "Don't you know that it is an American tradition that one must serve at many things before becoming a good writer?"

"Well, you see," he answered, "I secured the waste-paper basket concessions at all the big clubs and hotels and from these I pilfered enough cast-off manuscripts to learn about life—"

"Stop it," I cried. "If you won't be serious for a second I'll leave you to play with your silver for awhile."

And now young Doug will want to murder me for what I am going to tell you.

At my first meeting with him after he grew up, I couldn't observe him without confusion. Silly statement that, but true. He seemed more sophisticated than anyone I had ever known and the contradiction between his youthful years and that state of affairs sort of embarrassed me. Then I saw him again and came to a conclusion.

His sophistication is simulated. It's part of a defense.

MANY people think on first meeting with him that he is high-hat. Even Joan had that impression before they really knew each other. That's part of the defense, too. Defense against what, you ask?

He hates to be so young.

His mind and abilities are far ahead of his years, and I'm sure he is always afraid that strangers will discover how youthful he is and treat him as such.

He will do anything, try anything, wants every experience of life, and is eager and enthusiastic when once you break down that world-wise exterior, which proves his is not a real sophistication. Sophisticates are usually blasé, particularly about the thrills that life has to offer.

Recently a famous educator, Dr. Schmulhausen, lectured on psychoanalytical matters, in Los Angeles. Men like Upton Sinclair, Judge Ben Lindsey and others were on the reception committee in honor of the gentleman, but young Doug was head of the committee and master of ceremonies.

Rather remarkable company for a lad in his early twenties.

THAT night, during dinner, I noticed that Douglas enjoyed a glass of wine with his food, and commented on it, knowing that in former years he never drank anything stronger than tea.

"That's true," he answered. "I never tasted alcohol in my life until about five years ago. But George liked a glass now and then so I got to taking one with him." Then he added smilingly, "You know a glass of beer or wine serves to increase the feeling that life is a very agreeable thing."

If a few short years have developed young Doug into a personage, the last three or four have done something fine for Douglas also.

He is still forceful, dynamic, but he has grown much warmer, more human. He has learned something that few people ever know—the great art of listening, of seeming to be completely absorbed in what is being said at the moment.

I have only known half a dozen people who could listen. So few realize that flashes of silence improve any conversation.

Douglas' attitude toward young Doug narrows to a very thin line, the difference in their ages, the late forties and the early twenties.

Father and son meet and play golf, shake up something hidden in the locker, indulge in a few cigarettes and later, perhaps, sit together in the front row of the hottest show in town.

I feel the inner man in Douglas Fairbanks has captured something of priceless value these last few years. Perhaps the leisure he has taken for himself has done it. Most people work and live too fast to think, and there is no growth without thought.

The story comes to mind that on Douglas' last birthday someone gave him a party and during the course of dinner Mary was asked how old Doug was.

She replied, "He's twenty-one going on twenty."

Douglas responded by looking fondly at her and answering, "That's right Mary—a man is old only when his imagination becomes so feeble he can no longer fancy himself in love."

As this story is written, I learn that young Doug is busier than an orchestra following a newsreel. He is working on a picture called "Sucker," is writing a book for which he is also making the drawings, and has a play in mind which he hopes to get time to put on paper.

I GOT to wondering if there was no limit to his abilities and just what heights he would reach within the next ten years, so I wired him and asked what he hoped to be doing ten years from now.

His answer is typical:

"First I hope to be situated so that in case I want to go to the U. S. C.—Notre Dame football game I can do so without having to work nights to make up for it. After that, all I can say is ten years is a long time. No man can look ahead that far because too much beyond the horizon obscures his view. The reason you make plans is so you can change them. Nobody hoping to progress will hold unswervingly to a fixed course. It may be wise to take a different road through a new field if your pathway is hopelessly obstructed, but only prophets with long grey beards make predictions, and beards are out of style just now. If a fellow can bring to himself some measure of success in any field, he should feel satisfied."

Well, whatever you do Doug, Jr., your biggest success will have been making good with "Herman."

Clara is the Ideal Wife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

wrong during the day. Maybe the sound-machine went flooie. Or I've done stunts all day and am badly bruised up. Perhaps they rushed us to death to get a lot of shots before sundown, and I'm fit to be tied. For the moment, they can take the whole picture business and toss it in the Los Angeles river. I do a rave, although ordinarily I'm not much of a raver.

Does Clara blow up because I bring my troubles home and let off a little steam? Not that girl. She knows all about it. She stays very calm, has dinner sent up to our room where we can dine in cozy privacy, and talks it over with me. In no time at all, everything is smoothed over and cooled off. She understands all about it. I don't have to tell her just what happened, in detail. Half the time, you can't put it in words. But she has had identical experiences herself. Even if she has troubles of her own at the time, she doesn't mention them until she has me "yessed" and happy. Of course, she "yesses" me. And, of course, I love it.

THE next morning, when I go to work, all is serene. Generally I have completely forgotten whatever it was that sent me home grumbling. "They can have their picture business—I'll take horses."

Clara is domestic. She likes to see the house looking nice and orderly, but always livable. Only she has that sixth sense, that sort of God-given instinct, for keeping a man comfortable. Lots of good housewives never learn it. If I kick off my boots and chaps wherever I happen to be, or set up a rubbing-table in the parlor, Clara figures that probably the world won't come to an end—the damage isn't very serious, and maybe it will all come out in the wash, anyway. You see, I live there *too*. She knows whatever she wants to do will be okay with me.

I am no hen-pecked husband. Clara lets me think I'm the head of our house, and that's more than lots of men can say. She asks my advice about everything. She wouldn't think of making an investment or signing a contract without consulting me. And she won't enter into any long contracts, for that would keep us from going to the ranch when we want to, or might separate us for weeks at a time.

My wife makes more decisions on my business affairs than her own. She will put up a better fight for me than I can. She intercedes on contracts and studio matters and gets more for me than I would think of asking. I can do the same for her. If you love someone, you can promote that person's interests better than your own.

We always try to help each other. She has more faith in me than I have. She likes my friends and I like hers. We never criticize them. We are fond of each other's relatives, would do anything for them except let them interfere with our marriage. We do not allow them to advise us in our domestic relations or business matters. That leads to misunderstandings, and we prefer to make our own decisions, even if they are wrong sometimes.

WE have absolute faith in each other. We do not attempt to trap each other with questions as I have seen so many young married people do. That's fatal. It means there is suspicion some place. Having faith, not fear, is the way to be happy.

People ask me about that "ole debbil," professional jealousy, since we are both, as it were, members of the same club. Not a chance, I tell 'em. Clara would like nothing more than to see me the biggest star in the business. She was the biggest star once, and can be again if she wants to be. I enjoy seeing her success and her pleasure in it.



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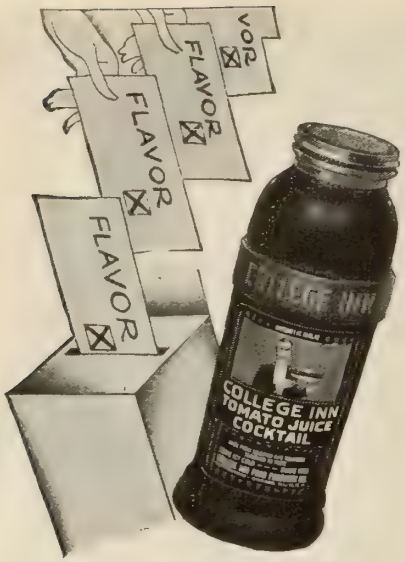
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We do not think that two people can remain in pictures indefinitely and be happy. The pressure is too great. We want to work hard while we are young, get our money and back away. I think one member of the family can continue longer, and it should be the husband. At any rate, I would never be happy idle, no matter what I did. My wife and I look forward to the time when we can live on our ranch the year round, do some traveling when we want to, and have children. Two, I think, would be ideal.

Clara is domestically inclined, but she is not the type who can go out in the kitchen and help someone else get dinner. In other words, do the puttering. She is no putterer. No sir. She has to take the department over and run the works. She would rather have her pie fail on her own initiative than succeed on somebody else's. That is like her. Whenever she has been in a jam, she hasn't tried to shift the blame to anyone else.

We live quietly when we are working, spending many evenings alone playing two-handed bridge until nine o'clock and then going to bed. We have our own bed-rooms, because my studio cal s are generally two or three hours before hers and she can sleep that much later.

Our friendships are all tried and true. We agree that it is a bad idea to form life-long attachments overnight.

Clara acts on impulse. I am more deliberate. She does impetuous things that spring from her heart. I have always sort of envied spontaneous people like that. You see imitations of it all over, but it can't be forced. Clara's is the genuine article.

From my observation, two opposite natures like ours get along better. We all like to discover new traits in our beloved. With all her other characteristics, Clara is lots of fun. I think too many wives overlook the importance of being a playmate as well as a helpmate. Clara and I could be cast away on a desert isle all alone, and have a good time every minute.

There's a whole lot to making a man contented and happy. It takes a smart girl, and one who loves her man. . . . But it takes a smarter one to make him want to make *her* happy. To feel that absolutely anything is worth giving to see her in fine spirits.

Perfect wife? Perfection plus, *I* think.

Why I Love Rex Bell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

in the house, jumping all over everything . . . dragging the china off the table when we're at dinner, chewing up our best living-room rug. You know how playful they are. And when a Great Dane is playful . . . Oh, Lordy!

So we have our tiffs about whether the dogs will remain outside or whether they'll come in. And so far it's been fifty-fifty.

Then I love monkeys. And Rex doesn't. Except in a zoo. And so we have our words over monkeys every once in a while. . . . But really, that's about all.

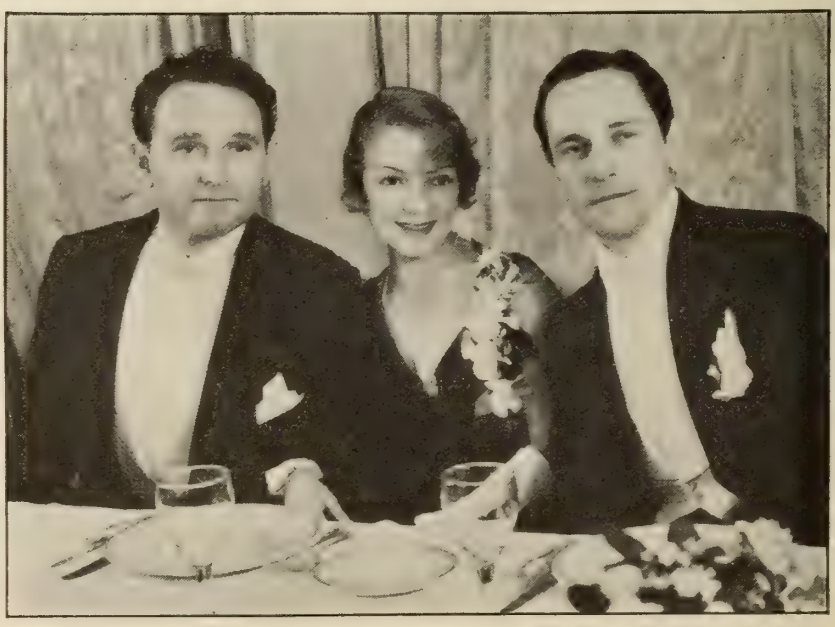
And that's not very much to get excited about, is it?

Speaking of zoos, where do you suppose I took Rex the first minute he arrived in New York? The Bronx Zoo, of course! And did he love it!

You see, here we are with only three days left before sailing for Europe . . . and I wanted Rex to see something of New York. It seemed a shame going all the way off to Europe and strange places when you haven't even had one tiny peep at the grandest town in the world. So I thought the zoo was the best place to start.

But the funniest thing was this. We were motoring up Riverside Drive to get to the zoo. All at once, Rex made the chauffeur stop the car. "Isn't that Grant's Tomb?" he asked. And what do you think, here I was born and bred in Brooklyn and I'd never even seen Grant's Tomb . . . didn't even know where it was. Can you beat it! I suppose Rex will be the one who'll discover the things worth seeing while we're traveling.

If you've talked to Rex, he's probably told you about my cooking. He always does talk



Laurels to you, Frank Borzage, for your deft direction of "Bad Girl." And to you, Helen Hayes, for that great emotional performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Three cheers, Freddie March for your work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." No wonder the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences gave this trio the highest awards of 1933. Bravo!

about that. I expect he didn't think I could do it. Particularly since his mother is one of the grandest cooks alive. Well, if he hasn't told you about my three masterpieces, I'm going to brag right now. If you ever come out to visit us on the ranch you're going to taste biscuits and angel food cake and devil's food cake that will make your eyes roll right up to heaven.

Sure, I had to use a cook book at first . . . to learn how to measure things. It always bored me to have to measure everything exactly. So finally I just got sick of it and threw the darn book away. Then I started to play around with my own ideas on how to cook vegetables and meats and make sauces. Oh, boy! you know the kind of grand rich food that makes one put on pounds and pounds. . . . Well, I put on the *pounds* and *pounds*. You've heard about that. But when that got serious I took them all off again by sticking to a tough diet for three months, and exercising and having daily massages . . . and racing around the ranch like mad.

NO, I wasn't irritable. Ask Rex. I never felt better in my life. And Rex says I never looked better either. But that's the wonderful thing about Rex. He's so thoughtful. He remembers all the little things to say that mean so much to a woman. And he remembers to do all the sweet little things that most men forget, or never even think about. He *never* gives me a chance to be really irritable.

I mean things like this: When I was working like a horse at the studio all day, coming home ready to drop in my tracks at night, there, in our Beverly Hills house, would be Rex, waiting to pull my shoes off for me. And if I looked grumpy and too tired to talk, he'd just be quiet . . . not say a word until I was ready to talk to him.

And while I was here in New York for the première of "Call Her Savage," and Rex was making "Diamon' Trail" and "Crashin' Broadway" in Hollywood, he sent me flowers practically every day. And every day there was a letter and a telegram. And we talked to each other on long distance at least ten times.

Well, we've been kidded for that . . . told we acted like sweethearts, not like husband and wife. But if more husbands and wives were thoughtful in this way, there'd be more happiness in the world.

Of course, Rex doesn't understand all my moods. I don't think men ever do understand all the different things that go on in a woman's mind, do you? But Rex isn't like the rest of them. He doesn't ask questions. He doesn't force me to give explanations until I'm ready. And then I always do.

LIKE the day he arrived from Hollywood. We were both terribly excited at the thought of seeing one another. I hadn't slept more than two hours the night before. And I'd been ill all week with laryngitis. What makes it worse, I wouldn't stay in bed as the doctor ordered. I won't give in. When you've fought everything all your life, you even fight a silly thing like a sore throat. That's me, you see.

Then I rushed down to the station an hour early and sat there in the cold, getting more fidgety every minute. And finally, there was Rex . . . Looking all worn out and dark under the eyes as if he hadn't slept a wink either. Which he hadn't.

Well, women are funny. Naturally, he was excited to death to see me. But do you know, I was just too tired and weary after all that excitement of looking forward to his arrival to be anything but dumb . . . and a little weepy. Of course, Rex didn't exactly understand. . . . But he didn't act hurt. He just said: "Well, honey, you're all worn out. What you need is a lot of rest before that long trip of ours. So just you forget all about me. I can take care of myself. I won't bother you at all."

Now, do you understand why I love Rex?



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ACE COMBS

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PHOTOPLAY is first always with latest Hollywood beauty secrets. Valuable hints for you every month

ZaSu, Good Samaritan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

Her friend, Julanne Johnston, was attending the Hollywood School for Girls at this time and on week-ends ZaSu would visit Julanne and prepare for the big dance at the Hollywood Women's Club, on Saturday nights. And what a time. "Oh, my!" ZaSu had herself a pink organdie that was a dress. It puffed and billowed and did strange things. And in her little pink organdie, round the floor she flew, a beautiful dancer, her trim ankles twinkling. Then the pink organdie would be carefully washed and ironed for the very next Saturday night.

IT was while she was still at the club that she fell in love with Tom Gallery. Madly and deeply. Her mother didn't want ZaSu to marry just yet and perhaps spoil that promising career, so up until the very last minute, ZaSu couldn't make up her mind what to do. It was awful. The very day they had planned to marry, ZaSu was still running around in circles.

The phone rang. The doorbell rang. Everything rang. ZaSu, unable to pack her suitcase amidst so much excitement, was running about waving a step-in in one hand and a nightgown in the other.

"All right, all right," Tom finally announced, "either you'll marry me or I'll go away this minute and not return." So that settled it, and a few minutes later ZaSu and Tom stepped into the car that King Vidor and Florence (now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz) had waiting, and were gone.

ZaSu gave him every ounce of love she knew how to give. But Tom's didn't last. With her two children, one by adoption (Barbara La Marr's little Sonny), she lives alone since their divorce.

ZaSu Pitts possesses the greatest understanding of any woman this or any other town ever had. There isn't a thing you could do, no matter how wretched and mean, there isn't a depth too low for you to sink, that ZaSu couldn't understand the whys and wherefores and reach out a helping hand. She has a terrific weakness for the weak.

Her works of charity are beyond number. In fact, only ZaSu herself knows. And often the people she has helped haven't the slightest idea of the source of the help given. She works quietly through friends and organizations.

One day, ZaSu met a former favorite of the screen on the street. She told ZaSu, with streaming eyes, of the help she had received from such and such a person. "Without it, I would have died," she said. "I'm glad, so glad," ZaSu said. And the friend never dreamed that ZaSu herself had been the one behind the helping hand.

MOTHERS and babies are her specialty. Hundreds and hundreds of little children, but for ZaSu Pitts, would have gone ragged and hungry.

She is a woman in constant, agonizing pain. Her body is never free for a moment, since the birth of her baby, from racking torture. Often at midnight she'll trail home from the studio, weary, aching with pain, tired from the long day's work, and at seven she's up and at the phone. Calling this party and that. "Did you get the money or the food to so and so? Will you do this today for them?" Or calling Central Casting, "You will help that little extra today, won't you? Please promise you will."

A certain actress whom ZaSu knew but slightly fell into deep trouble. It led to jail and ZaSu followed her. Day after day, with a thousand pressing things to do, she found time to visit this unfortunate woman. When they took her on to prison, hundreds of miles away from Hollywood, ZaSu didn't forget. Time after time she made the long journey with candy, cigarettes, a joke, a smile, a handclasp and best of all, understanding.

On one of her trips to San Francisco, walking quitely along, ZaSu spied a very old man on a corner selling apples. His eyes looked pleadingly at the busy people hurrying by. Without a word, ZaSu seized the basket of apples, and was off. "Apples, mister. Apples, lady," she was calling. "Just a dollar. Here you are." Dashing out to cars, in and out of the crowd. The bewildered pedestrians were handing out dollars and clutching red apples in their hands without knowing just how it came about. In five minutes she had collected a handful of bills. The old man, to this day perhaps, wonders who this good Samaritan could have been.

But every so often the very ones she helps and benefits are the ones that turn against her. Lay plans to bleed her, or grumble openly at the amount given or the work secured.

It has never embittered her. "You see, the poor dears, it was really my fault. I just didn't understand," she'll say, hunting and searching for excuses to shield them.

Withal, she has a grand sense of humor. Or rather, a sense of the ridiculous. She laughs at things and at times when no one else would think of laughing. Her friends know it and they know better than to meet the glance of those violet eyes at certain times.

IN one of those Thelma Todd-ZaSu Pitts comedies there was a certain bit of business and dialogue, certainly not very funny, but every time the two girls reached that point and turned to look at each other—well, they couldn't go on. They grew hysterical and finally the whole crew, watching and waiting for that moment, grew hysterical with them. It was just funny to ZaSu and she'd have laughed if they'd have killed her.

Every man that has ever worked on her set adores her. Yet, she is a woman of strong positive personality. She knows exactly what she wants and gets it. There is nothing wishy-washy or negative about ZaSu. She's definite, strong, determined.

Once in a long while she'll lose her temper and then will quietly and firmly say what she thinks. They'll stand about her respectfully and a bit awed, and listen. And then she'll end it with one of those "oh, my's" and everyone will be in tears with laughter. ZaSu included.

She loathes jewelry and never wears it. But yet she has a passion for lovely clothes. And buys them for her friends to wear.

Did you ever hear the story of ZaSu's ermine coat? It seems ZaSu went out and purchased one. She then called all her friends on the phone and announced she now had an ermine coat for the girls to wear and to take turns now and decide when each of them wanted it.

And if I should tell the names of some of the stars in Hollywood that have strutted into the swanky Mayfair or glamorous openings in ZaSu's coat, you'd gasp with surprise.

THEY were laughing one day about ZaSu. It seems one of her friends returned the community coat, after the last Mayfair, and ZaSu looked it over. "My," she said, "I'll have to have this thing relined. The girls won't want to wear it with this old lining."

At openings, at swanky night clubs, at most any place stars gather and glitter, you'll never find ZaSu. She's like a shadow in this Hollywood that steals in and out of people's lives, hiding away within her own four walls with her two beloved children.

She's capable of great and lasting friendships.



Claudette Colbert wears this stunning costume in her new picture rôle of a queen. It seems she has taken a mad fancy to the little hat, with its jaunty feathering poking up out of the crown, so it will probably become another fashion fad. Her gown is a henna crepe trimmed with cross fox

Her dearest friends are those same girls of Studio Club days whom ZaSu knew when she was making a few dollars a week instead of her four-figured salary of today.

Europe, you know, rates her as one of the greatest of American actresses. Hollywood rates her the greatest clown. An artist worth little consideration. For instance, they seldom hand her a script. "*Ad lib*, ZaSu," they say, "just say anything."

Most of the time they never bother to write out dialogue for her.

They give her no special lighting. No thought. They drag back her hair from that lovely, sensitive face, hand her a drab rag or uniform, shove her on and she walks away with every scene they throw at her.

WHEN she can do so much with so little, what do you think would be the result if the same effort, care and opportunities afforded other actresses were given ZaSu Pitts?

Some day this Hollywood may awaken to a tremendous fact. They may eventually learn that here in their midst is this woman, a great and beautiful actress, and a great and beautiful character.

Some day—perhaps.

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UNITED HOTELS

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Harold Lockwood

OUR doughboy readers must have been thrilled when they saw our February 1918 issue. All the biggest stars were enthusiastically knitting for them. Ethel Clayton, Marguerite Clark, Beverly Bayne, Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick and a bevy of others were pictured engaged in this patriotic endeavor.

Did you ever know that a McSweeny of Chicago made good in the movies in a big way? In the article "From Stenography to Stardom" we learned that Virginia Valli (now the wife of Charlie Farrell) started life as Virginia Helen McSweeny.

Who said the Viking invasion was comparatively recent? The Swedish Warner Oland reached Hollywood long before the Sphinx-like Garbo, and an interview revealed the interesting pre-movie career of this Scandinavian who excels in Oriental portrayals. The Mary Pickford-Marguerite Clark competition was raging.

A story on Harold Lockwood appeared also—the handsome, talented player whose successful career was cut short by death.

Families were featured in the rotogravure with cunning baby pictures of Jane and Katherine Lee, a charming sisterly pose of Norma and Constance Talmadge and Ethel Barrymore with her three beautiful children. Alice Joyce paraded across two pages as a ravishing model for the season's knock-outs of a fashionable couturiere.

Petrova's "Daughter of Destiny," the first of her own productions, was reviewed along with "Raffles" which brought John Barrymore back after having "been absent from pictures too long for pictures' good." Other features were "A Little Princess" with Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks' silent version of "Reaching for the Moon."

Cal York item: John Barrymore is being divorced by Katherine Harris, stage actress.

10 Years Ago



Pola Negri

WHAT with all of us having to put our Rolls-Royces in storage for lack of gasoline, the way millions were tossed about in this number makes rather satisfying depression reading. Isn't it jolly to contemplate being able to refer to, say, half a million as a paltry sum? Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Ruth Roland, Cecil B. DeMille and that juvenile Midas, Jackie Coogan, had at that time acquired their hardest million—that first one.

Their film salaries were shrewdly invested in oil, real estate and the like. (Jackie Coogan's investments today include stock in a brassière factory.) Mary Miles Minter had just finished her million-dollar contract with Paramount. Pictures of her new home, for which she paid $150,000 were shown.

ZaSu Pitts and Tom Gallery, recently divorced, were then Mr. and Mrs., both playing with Agnes Ayres in "A Daughter of Luxury."

DeMille was making "Adam's Rib," with Pauline Garon, Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills and Theodore Kosloff.

The performance of Anna May Wong in "The Toll of the Sea" was mentioned as the best portrayal of the month.

Pictures of Dorothy Dalton, Elsie Ferguson, Nita Naldi, Charles deRoche, May McAvoy and Antonio Moreno bring pleasant reminders of these old favorites.

The then reigning vamp, the exotic Pola Negri, was the cover queen.

The six best pictures were "Peg o' My Heart" with Laurette Taylor; "The Beautiful and Damned," "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Minnie," "The Hottentot" and "Down to the Sea in Ships," the film that started Clara Bow on her career.

Cal York item: Constance Bennett, starting her film career, announces frankly she is in pictures to make money.

5 Years Ago



Ruth Taylor

CLARA BOW was very much to the fore. Her red-headed vivacity sparkled from the cover and the story of her life revealed her conquering spirit, so pluckily shown in her present comeback. She won plaudits in "Get Your Man," Charles (Buddy) Rogers playing opposite her.

Other lauded pictures were "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," featuring Ruth Taylor; "Chicago," with Phyllis Haver; "The Enemy," starring Lillian Gish; "The Legion of the Condemned," with Fay Wray and Gary Cooper, and the late Milton Sills in "The Valley of the Giants" with Doris Kenyon. "Wings" was the long-run picture on Broadway.

Places in the gallery were accorded Greta Garbo, Laura La Plante, Betty Bronson, Lupe Velez, John Mack Brown, Camilla Horn, Ruth Taylor, Renée Adorée and John Gilbert.

Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Bebe Daniels, Sally O'Neil, Madge Bellamy, Joan Crawford, Olive Borden, Phyllis Haver, Janet Gaynor, Lois Moran, Mary Philbin and Jetta Goudal were dodging the wedding ring. Joan Crawford threatened never to marry as long as she could support herself. Of the famous twelve only four are still outside the marriage circle—the Misses Garbo, O'Neil, Moran and Philbin.

We told of finding Mary Miles Minter living in obscurity in Paris with her mother. She was a voluntary exile seeking peace after the publicity over the Taylor case.

The story of Lon Chaney's rocky road to fame revealed that, as the son of deaf and dumb parents, he unconsciously learned pantomime, this being his only means of communication with them.

Cal York item: It's a girl at the King Vidors (Eleanor Boardman).

I Was Once A Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

won't, because it was only a bit. But the woman in that bit was me.

Ex-star! I'll say I am. There are lots of pictures you've seen me in lately, for the way things are I've been lucky. In the old days I helped a lot of people and made many friends, and now a few of them are glad to do something for me. It isn't so hard to throw a day's extra work, a bit, or even a small part my way if they want to—and some of those who "knew me when" are willing to do it.

I'm willing to take whatever I can get. I've swallowed my pride long ago.

SOMETIMES the pill has been a bit bitter, though. It was especially bitter once. Thinking over old acquaintances whom I might ask for work, I remembered one whom I was sure would be glad to do something for me. I would almost have staked my life on him. He used to be my leading man. Since then he has become a director at one of the biggest studios, with big cars, a big house at Malibu, and all that sort of thing.

I helped him get his first job playing opposite me, and I used to help him even in his personal affairs, patching up his squabbles with his girl.

So sure was I of him and his welcome that I went all the way to his beach house to see him. Malibu is a long way from Hollywood for a girl who has to ride the bus, and the bus fare is a lot for a girl who is broke. But so sure was I that I gambled my last few cents to get there, and then walked from the end of the busline. He was giving a party. A lot of Hollywood's big names were there. I did not belong; I knew that directly I saw him. He took me quickly into a little anteroom where there was no danger of my being seen. Sandwiches and decanters were everywhere, and I was famished; but he didn't offer me anything to eat or drink. He didn't even ask whether I *had* eaten.

I couldn't help thinking of the innumerable times when he had been a guest at my house in the old days—but no matter.



"I can't be bothered memorizing lines," says Philip Horimoto, Hollywood's newest and cunningest Japanese wonder child, now playing with Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly." "Being quite a man—I'm two and a half—I make up my dialogue as I go along. Don't I, Bonzo?"

What color nails at the Ritz?

all colors—



MRS. JULIAN GERARD
MRS. OLIVER CARLEY HARRIMAN
MISS BETTY GERARD

Lunching in the Oval Room of The Ritz—Mrs. Julian Gerard in black with the latest *Ruby* tint. Mrs. Oliver Carley Harriman in vivid green crêpe and silver fox—*Rose* nails. Miss Betty Gerard in beige with *Coral* nails.



Natural goes with all costumes but best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange, yellow.

Rose is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . with green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white, or any of the very pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Garnet, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) a real *red* red you can wear with anything when you want to be gay.

ONE of the hoity-toitiest places to go "fashion-snooping" is The Ritz. And the first thing you notice when you take your eyes off the most terrapin-y menu in town is the array of tinted finger nails!

All shades! Nobody's sticking to one tint! And everybody seems to be a whiz at picking the right shade for the gown.

If *you* aren't a serious nail tint fan already, better get going. It will make you feel gay and important.

Just one warning. The effect you get depends *entirely* on the Color and Quality of the polish you choose.

Smart women have discovered two things—that Cutex has the loveliest shades in or out of Paris, *and that they stay by you.* With Cutex you don't get to an important Hour in your life and find your nails all chipped or streaked or faded! Also Cutex goes on smoothly and evenly and dries in no time. If there's any dress in your closet that hasn't its special shade of polish to snap it up this winter, go get it!

EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

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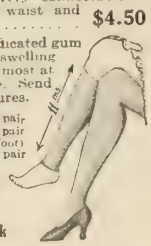
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"I'm trying to begin over again," I told him, "and you're in the very spot where you can help me. I need a job."

"I'll see what I can do," he answered, "but—well, you see—"

"Oh, I'm not asking for anything big," I told him, "I'll do whatever you can give me. A small part, a bit, extra work even—anything."

"Yes, yes—of course. Er—well, leave your name and telephone number, and I'll let you know."

He left me sitting there and went back to his guests. I saw him again at the studio and repeated my request. I even asked a mutual friend to speak to him for me, because I knew he could help me if he wanted to. But I guess he didn't want to. Anyway, I have never heard a word from him from that day to this.

MANY of my "fair weather" friends look the other way when they see me coming. They would rather not bother speaking to me. If I ask them for work they give me a dull shake of the head and mutter, "I'm sorry—I'll see what I can do." Then, when I leave, they turn to whoever is near them:

"See that girl? Well, she used to be—"

In the old days I gave many of them money to look after their sick wives and kids. I got them jobs, saved jobs for them when they were going to be fired. Now some of them are up; but they don't seem to remember me. That's what it means to relinquish the throne. That's what it means to fall from the pinnacle. That's what it means—to be an ex-star.

How did it happen? Well, it happened in a number of ways.

To begin with, none of us can turn our backs on the calendar. Just as in the prize ring, youth will be served. Some of us accept defeat; others try to hang on. You've seen an aging champion in the ring take fearful punishment from a fighter just coming up—and an aging star who tries to remain at the top despite her loss of popularity, makes a spectacle just as pathetic.

Some of us go into character parts—and some are too far gone even for that before we realize that we're gone at all. After that, it's retirement if we can afford it, and extra work if we can't. And then, some of us make mistakes. Mistakes that automatically take us off the screen. Some of us come back, and others don't.

In my particular case I left the screen at the height of my career to marry. My husband was a colonel in the British army, and I went to India with him. We were divorced some time ago, and it became necessary for me again to make a living. Naturally my thoughts turned to Hollywood, and I came back to the screen.

I am still a young woman, but I had been away eight years—too long. Perhaps, had I remained here, the story might have been the same. It is the same with too many stars. None of us can last forever.

WHEN I came back I thought I had many friends. I did not expect stardom again, of course, but there was no reason why I shouldn't get good parts. I thought that I would have no trouble getting work. However, I did not know my Hollywood.

I went to see those old friends—some of them in very important places now—but there were no cheers. I left my telephone number, but the telephone seldom rang. So, like all the others, I started the round of the casting offices. I was afoot; my limousine with its liveried chauffeur, like the name which means nothing now, belonged in the past.

But it *was* an old friend who did give me my first job after I came back. I had been pounding the pavements for days; that morning I was flat broke. I hadn't had any breakfast; I didn't know just when or where I was going to get any. Then I saw a face I knew, and this time it was a face which wasn't turned away when it saw me coming.

"Why, Miss MacLaren—"

He came towards me with hand outstretched. It was Ben Stoloff, who had been a prop boy in the old days when I was a star. Now he was a director, making a picture for Para-



Mary MacLaren does a "bit" in "Cavalcade," the picture that is so British in theme and broad a's. Here she enacts the part of a lady who has fainted

mount. Had he something for me—anything? Sure he had. Within the hour I was made up and playing a bit. I have found out since that the bit wasn't in the script at all; he had thought it up for me right there.

"Why didn't you come to me before?" he asked as he took me to lunch and listened to my tale of woe. I was eating ravenously; hungry girls do.

I told him that I hadn't known he had risen to be a director, and that, anyway, most of the directors I had known in the old days had turned me down.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I guess most of 'em would. That's Hollywood."

BUT there were a few others who knew what I was up against, who were willing to do anything they could. Among them was Frank Lloyd, who found a job for me in his big special, "Cavalcade"; Harry Joe Brown, who used me in "Billion Dollar Scandal"; Ralph Ince, who gave me a bit in Radio's "Heroes for Hire," and, lately quite a few others.

I am grateful to all of them. I am bitter against none. In the others I am just—well, disappointed.

I've started again. I manage to make some sort of a living. Still, I can't lose the feeling that I'm waiting, always waiting for the assistant director to come over to my chair:

"We're ready for you now, Miss MacLaren."

But he doesn't come now, of course. Besides, I haven't any chair. Instead, I hear him yell:

"Now, you people in the background, try and get some life into it. You're all happy—you're having a whale of a good time—"

Of course we are. I am. I'll get a ten-dollar check and tonight, dead tired, I'll go back to my little apartment and try not to think of the time when I was a star. I'll ride home on the bus, cook a simple little meal on the gas plate, and eat it by myself. There won't be anyone waiting there to bother me with a bushel or so of fan mail, and the telephone won't ring with someone wanting me to put on my diamonds and go to a big party. I'll wash out my stockings and underthings, and then maybe I'll read a bit, if I can stay awake. I'll get up tomorrow morning at six to be made up on the set at nine; I don't dare be late now. That is, I'll be on the set if I'm lucky, for even ten-dollar checks don't come along every day.

VERY few of the people I work with now know that I was once a star. I don't tell them, and not many remember. A new star is born—and the old one is forgotten. Pathetic? Well, perhaps it is.

But it's life, and as Edna Ferber says, any experience we have in life is just that much velvet. Sometimes it feels more like burlap, though.

Sometimes some of my old acquaintances tell me that I'm on my way back, that I'm headed for stardom again. I know they're only trying to cheer me up. But I don't think I would want to be a star again, even if it were true.

I'm an ex-star now, and I've learned many things.

I've learned, for instance, who my friends really are.

I've learned the inestimable value of real friendship as distinguished from the synthetic, the flattering kind. I've learned to live simply, and that simplicity is the only road to happiness.

A star is a goldfish in a bowl, showing her glittering glory to the public gaze. Her life is lived for her—she never has a minute of her own.

She has to do this, she has to do that, whether she wants to or no; her stardom is a ball and chain around her soul. She is chained to big mansions, to big incomes and expenses, to big affairs and big careers.

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BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER



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Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Marguerite Churchill
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Bing Crosby
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Susan Fleming
Norman Foster
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Miriam Hopkins
Bobby Jones
Roscoe Karns
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Jeanette MacDonald
Florine McKinney
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Mae West
Gordon Westcott

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Patricia "Boots" Mallory
Philip Merivale
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Nell O'Day
William Pawley
Arthur Pierson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Spencer Tracy
Irene Ware

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre
Rosco Ates
Leslie Banks
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Phyllis Fraser
Betty Furness
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan
John Halliday
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Julie Haydon
Katharine Hepburn
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Edna May Oliver
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Vivienne Osborne
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
Helen Twelvetrees
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Florence Britton
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lili Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Weldon Heyburn
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
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Eddie Buzzell
Walter Connolly
Richard Cromwell
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Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Evalyn Knapp
Tim McCoy
Adolphe Menjou
Mayo Methot
Lillian Miles
Pat O'Brien
Ruthelma Stevens
Lee Tracy
Barbara Weeks
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue
Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

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Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
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Helen Hayes
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Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
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John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
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Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Charlotte Susa
Verree Teasdale
Franchot Tone
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson
Lew Ayres
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
June Clyde
Dorothea Cunningham
Andy Devine
Arletta Duncan
Russell Hopton
Boris Karloff
Paul Lukas
Tom Mix
ZaSu Pitts
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Harold Huber
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Edward McNamara
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
John Wayne
Alice White
Warren William
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Only Muni Can Do It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

him. He isn't handsome like Buddy Rogers. When only partly finished, they decided to cut the bridge in half.

"The end of the year came around and they took up my option. Yet I had had only that one picture. It was a weird time; a nightmare.

"One moment I decided to get myself a swimming pool and swim the rest of my life in Hollywood. The next moment I told myself I'd go to New York.

"Then they made a test to see if Muni could act. I used only plays for that test in which I had done character rôles. That gave them the clever idea I was to be a Lon Chaney.

"They bought a brilliant little story, 'A Friend of Napoleon.' They wanted Muni to play six statues that came to life. Even the yes-men voted against it. But, somehow, the picture was made (used with the title "Seven Faces") without much credit to anybody.

"BY this time I had begun to wake up. I learned that exhibitors, the men who show the pictures to the audiences, have a lot to do with a player's success. And they knew nothing of Muni.

"Then I was sent out on personal appearances with the six statues.

"On the train coming back I received a telegram to read a book called 'Louis Beretti.' I was already 'sold' to exhibitors for 'Mad Musician,' 'Rasputin,' 'Louis Beretti' and 'Liliom.' I bought 'Louis Beretti' and read it on the train. It seemed like a good vehicle. I was pleased. And when I arrived in Hollywood, I discovered Edmund Lowe was to do it, and Charlie Farrell was scheduled for 'Liliom.'

"Instead of saying, 'Go on home and forget us—your name does not mean anything,' they tried to give me a little rôle in 'Liliom.'

"Everyone told me to be 'subtle.' They talked about Hollywood politics.

"One of the big directors was in 'the dog house' just then. He had done something to displease them. I met him at the studio gate one morning and he asked me where I was going. I told him I was going in to see the producer for the last time.

" 'Don't be a fool,' he told me. 'I am in bad. I come to the studio and collect my $3,500 every week.'

"He urged me to take the little part in 'Liliom' and collect my salary.

"I went on to the producer and said, 'Let's finish this business!'

"I had made up my mind. I didn't and don't give a whoop for Hollywood unless Hollywood gives a whoop for me.

"I DON'T want them to think they are doing me a favor or me doing them one. I wasn't going to be hanging around if they didn't really want me. I don't believe there is money enough in Hollywood to keep me there if I am not wanted.

"If I must work upon the idea of pleasing everybody and displeasing myself—I will not work.

"I had about $22,000 coming on my contract and I settled for $10,000. And I said I would never sign a straight contract in Hollywood again and I meant it. I will choose my stories and make pictures only under my present conditions. I have in my arrangement that I am *not to be starred* and I do not argue about money. Starring and money are not important to Muni. Good stories are!"

I looked at Paul Muni—expecting to see his eyes flashing. Instead, they were twinkling. "I do not think I am temperamental. Just sensible. As I tell it, I see the whole story.



To save teeth you must fight film

WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material—not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember, the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent—twice every day and to see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p. m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

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2-33

It is the first time I have seen it all in one picture. It is quite funny."

Not many people could leave Hollywood like that and return to it. But Paul Muni is an *actor* and Hollywood does need true actors.

His reputation *is* for being temperamental. Not difficult to understand the reason!

That reputation was renewed during the Olympic games.

He refused to allow visitors on his set—and picture studios during the Olympics were like Westminster Abbey during the London tourist season.

One day, a guide brought some "most important" persons to his set.

Mr. Muni left. "When they have seen the picture being shot, I will return."

Temperamental!

"IT is difficult enough for an actor to get in front of a camera. He has to work hard to get before a machine and breathe into it *life*. It is a challenge to any actor unless he is a great technician. I do not mean an actor must live his part exactly, but from the moment he first reads it, he does get a vibration.

"He must. Something begins boiling within him and he only gives his best when he is at the boiling point.

"So often something happens during that point in pictures. The sound track. Something. And visitors are most disconcerting. I cannot help that.

"Guides and sightseers take me out of myself and make me self-conscious. If that is temperament—.

"To me it is just being myself. I am not an exhibit like an actor is supposed to be.

"I have been on the stage twenty-four years. I guess I am an idealist about it. The joy of doing the thing I want to do. I have given up more money to do the things I want to do—."

An idealist whom Hollywood could not understand. Neither could Broadway in the early days. Ten years ago he was offered an opportunity to play with Laurette Taylor in "Humoresque." He chose, instead, "We Americans"—the part of an old man, which gave him a chance at human-interest characterization. Friends and advisers thought him crazy. The billing with Laurette Taylor would have been five times as high. The money twice as much.

The reputation—. Yet he did the other because he wanted to do it. And he has practically followed that course ever since.

INDEPENDENT. Living up to a code. Allowing himself to be shown in performances only of his own choosing. "I got my feet on the ground in Hollywood—and I intend to keep them there."

It's the only way for a person to get the drop on Hollywood, but it takes a fearlessness possessed by so few that it makes Paul Muni the single exception among so many.

Heart Throb

Most of my life reading has been my greatest pleasure. Not long ago I lost my sight. I had seldom been to see a movie.

Now I turn to talkies as my one recreation.

Although unable to see, I can follow the thread of the story. In the silences my granddaughter whispers what the actors are doing and I can make a mental picture.

The talkies, I feel, have kept me from going insane.

Lou Lewis,
Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal

FASCINATING, informative scientific picture—with a thrill or two—interestingly and chattily explained by the producer, J. E. Williamson. From the watery depths of his glass studio you watch divers overcome those monsters, the shark and the octopus, and see them exploring sunken ships for buried treasure. An artistic color sequence reveals the beauty of West Indian fish, coral and the fantastic feathery flora undersea.

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPADE)—UFA

A GROOM without a bride—a bride without a wedding ring. Otto Wallburg—Kaethe von Nagy. The stage is set for an elaborate wedding, the guests are assembled, when the unwanted groom-to-be discovers his bride has deserted. She and her lover flee to the home of her grandmama, whose assumption that the couple are newlyweds causes many complications.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW—Majestic Pictures

A MAN has held in his heart and ever-present in his mind an intense desire to avenge, according to his own code, a great wrong. Quite coincidental is the meeting of this man (Purnell Pratt) with the famous producer (Lew Cody), who has wronged him. One night he tells their story and asks his hearers for a verdict of life or death for the villain. And what do you suppose their decision is? Sure, you're right! Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper and Greta Nissen also in cast.

SELF-DEFENSE—Monogram

PAULINE FREDERICK deserves a better vehicle but the picture is good entertainment. She plays *Katy Devoux*, who runs on the level, a Canadian saloon and gambling hall. She conceals it from her daughter in boarding-school. Heavy gets in dirty work, girl appears at awkward time, place is hastily transformed into an inn. Pauline is excellent. Very good supporting cast.

YORCK—UFA

DURING a trying period in Prussian history—1811-1812—General von Yorck was forced to lead his men against the Russian army. Werner Krauss, in the title rôle, gives a vivid portrayal of the commander who, although he does not engage in actual battle, endures mental anguish utterly incomparable to any physical danger. No English sub-titles to aid those not up to par on their German.

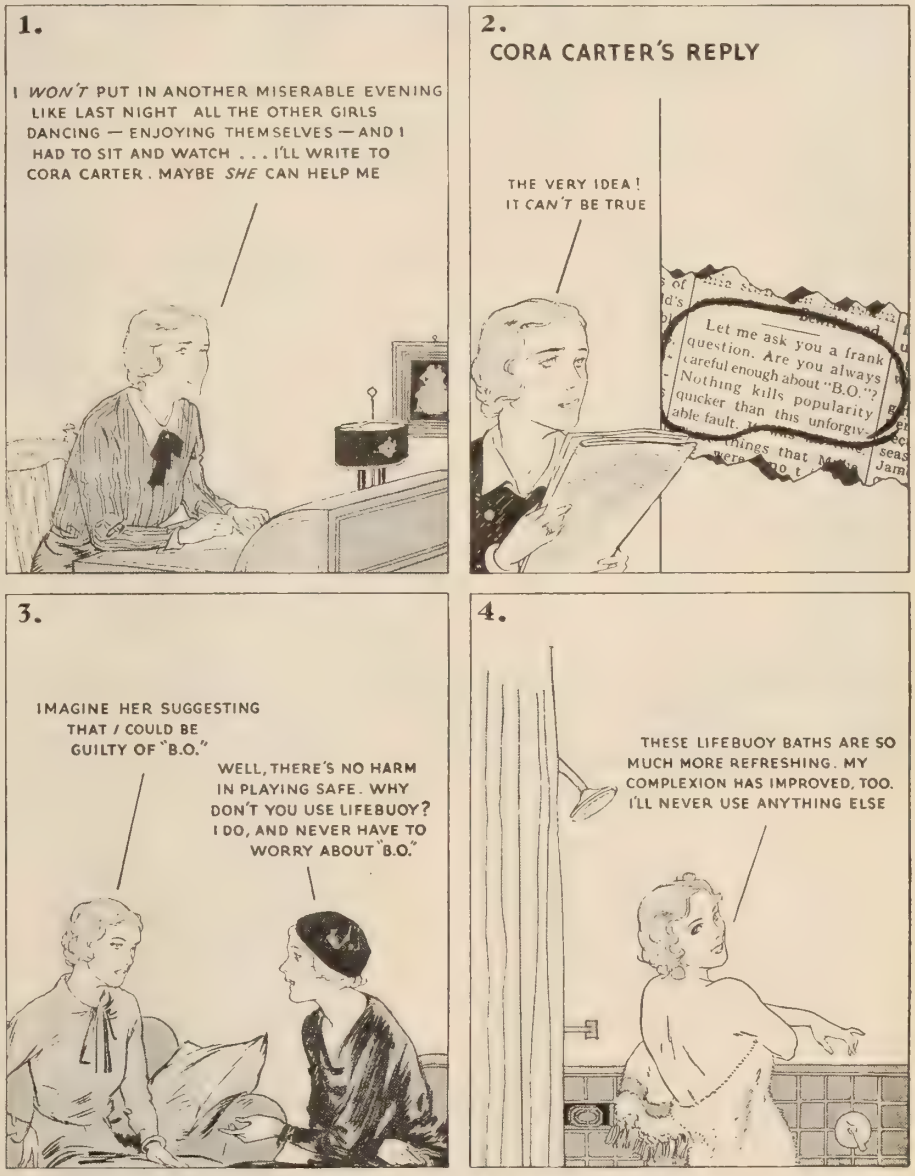
ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox

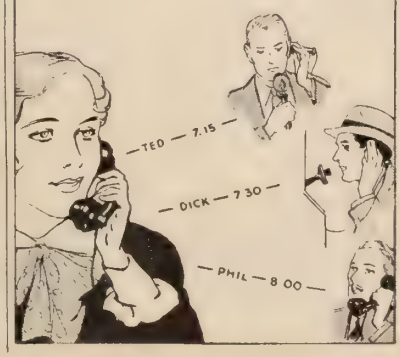
A WESTERN 'way above the average, with lots of stunt riding, fancy riding and packed with thrills. The crooked foreman of a tenderfoot Englishman's Arizona ranch rustles both the boss' steers and his ingenue sister, but George O'Brien, as one of the hands, puts an effectual stop to that. George's best film so far: Maureen O'Sullivan looks lovely.

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia

ANOTHER football story but nevertheless entertaining. The spectacular college career of the likeable young hero (Richard Cromwell) combines love, sports and a unique angle of "big business" duping gridiron heroes. The cast includes Dorothy Jordan, Mae Marsh, Lucien Littlefield and Robert Warwick.

A HINT FROM THE "HEART" EDITOR by Timmins





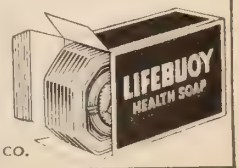
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THE DEATH KISS—World Wide

ANOTHER mystery picture with a studio background. The leading man is murdered during the filming of a scene, and the leading lady, his wife, is accused. David Manners, as the scenario writer, turns amateur detective and clears everything up. Adrienne Ames, as the movie star, hasn't much to do. A knockout cast including Bela Lugosi, John Wray, Barbara Bedford.

THE FORTY-NINERS—Freuler Film

A VEST-POCKET edition of "The Covered Wagon," largely assembled from stock film shot about that time. A crooked scout betrays the wagon train, the Indians attack, a buffalo herd stampedes, and the U. S. cavalry shows up just in the nick of time. A lot of action, but not very interesting.

THE VIRGINS OF BALI—Principal

ANOTHER authentic glimpse in the "Goona Goona" mold, of courtship and marriage as practised in the Dutch East Indian island of Bali, with abundant shots of the carefree young ladies in their sketchy costumes, to fill out the leisurely progress of the heart affair. Deane H. Dickason explains native customs as the screen presents them.

SLIGHTLY MARRIED—Invincible

"SLIGHTLY MARRIED" is slightly entertaining with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp in and out of trouble and marriage. Impulsively marrying a girl of the streets, Byron grows to love her only to have his family tear them apart and hurry him into another engagement. But love and a little baby conquer all and the lovers are remarried. Marie Prevost is funny in a bit and Jason Robards is the usual double-crossing pal.

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures

PRETTY dull stuff. Noah Beery plays a "ha-ha-ha" type of villain in a picture of swindle and seduction that ends with his murder, of which Barbara Kent, the heroine, is accused. She's cleared by the discovery of a recording machine in Beery's office and all is well. Gilbert Roland as the young assistant district attorney has little to say. Carmel Myers slinks around rolling her eyes and sighing "Caris-si-ma-a." Otis Harlan is satisfactory in a not so comic rôle.

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram

A FEEBLE little story with a slight Robin Hood flavor that wanders over a great deal of Western territory and gets nowhere. Bob Steele is a naughty hold-up man (in league with a crooked sheriff) who falls in love and reforms. Helen Foster is the girl.

HYPNOTIZED—World Wide

WHEN it's funny, it's very, very funny, but when it isn't, it lets you down badly. Not enough Moran and Mack. But there's a dog and a swell lion and an elephant that do very well. Wally Ford and Maria Alba a hot pair; Charlie Murray as circus owner and Ernest Torrence as hypnotist furnish the laughs. The story of a bridegroom hypnotized on his wedding eve.

SPEED DEMON—Columbia

ORDINARY program entertainment, trite story, but the kids will go for the speedboat races. Buster Collier (*Speed*) is the driver who is framed, but wins out in the end. Georgie Earnest, who plays an orphan asylum runaway, shows unusual promise. Frank Sheridan is convincing as *Cap*, the old boatbuilder. Joan Marsh is the love element.

HEART PUNCH—Mayfair Pictures

A ROMANCE of the prize ring, but the romance is fortunately rather better than the prize-fighting scenes. A cast of old-time favorites, among whom you'll recognize Wheeler Oakman as the fight promoter, Lloyd Hughes and Marion Shilling as the lovers, Mae Busch and George Lewis. Oakman's performance stands out with Gordon De Main, as the defense attorney, running a close second. Not especially recommended.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED —Universal

SLIM SUMMERVILLE and ZaSu Pitts in a domestic comedy about an on-and-off divorce. Slim as a butler and ZaSu as a maid are left a fortune, and Verree Teasdale, as a scheming wife, compromises Slim; ZaSu who has obtained an interlocutory decree, retaliates by doing the same thing, which automatically voids the decree and regains Slim. Story weak, but Slim and ZaSu come through.

FLAMING GUNS—Universal

TOM MIX, foreman of Bill Farnum's ranch, rounds up the cattle-rustlers and falls in love with the boss' daughter, Ruth Hall. The boss has him arrested rather than have him for a son-in-law, but Tom breaks jail, grabs Ruth, and heads Tony over the border, pursued by a posse of motorcycle cops and Bill's Rolls-Royce. Clarence Wilson stands out as the conniving uncle.

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia

ABOUT an iron-jawed plain clothes terror (Jack Holt), who makes up his mind to, and finally *marries* a blondined torch-singer (Lillian Miles), employed in an underworld czar's night club. After much police and gang melodrama, our hero cleverly lands the entire gang in jail. What saves the sorry business is bad guy, Walter Connolly, eating his way (literally) through the entire picture—and PHOTOPLAY being read during the tensest scenes.



It's called an "overseas cap," this jaunty little hat worn by Adrienne Ames. It matches her brown tweed suit. Isn't that a tricky and yet becoming arrangement for the plaid scarf attached to the blouse? It pulls through slits under the jacket collar

BEWARE HALF-CURED COLDS!

They Expose You to a Weakened System and to the Dangers of Serious Complications!

DON'T temporize with a cold. Don't take remedies that merely allay the cold instead of getting it thoroughly out of the system. A half-cured cold is a cold never cured and a constant source of danger.

A cold calls for specific treatment—for *internal treatment*. There is one remedy for a cold that meets all the requirements of efficacious treatment—that is, GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE!



"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

The Four Things Necessary

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine knocks a cold and knocks it quickly because it does the four things required.

First of all, it opens the bowels gently but thoroughly, the first step in expelling a cold.

Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is only playing with a cold.

For more than 40 years Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine has been the standard cold and grip tablet of the world. Don't let anybody tell you he has something better for a cold. Responsible druggists never try to substitute on Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

New Economy Size Pocket Tin

In addition to the regular box of 20 tablets for 30c, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is now packed and sold in convenient pocket-size tins containing 40 tablets for 50c. 20 per cent more value for your money!

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

NOW! BLONDEX
IN NEW
25¢ SIZE
formerly in $1.00 packages only



"I LOVE YOU"
... he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. Blondex, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky, lifeless hair the lustrous, golden sheen men adore and other women envy. Safe—Blondex contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. See how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! And here's good news! Blondex is now on sale in the new size package for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the $1.00 package. Get Blondex today —see how glamorous and beautiful it will make *your* hair. At all drug and department stores.

He Said He'd Never Marry!



THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.
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Smart Hollywood Gives Spring Fashions An Early Boost

by Seymour

THE far-famed California sunshine really gives Hollywood stars an edge on the rest of the country when it comes to spring fashions.

Right now out here you can dash about seeing all sorts of new trends that point to what everybody will be wearing several months from now.

Constance Bennett appears at lunch in a new striped print frock. You jot down prints in your notes—striped prints. Adrian designs a dress for Joan Crawford's new picture —it's that new silk called matelassé and is trimmed with piqué bows, of all things! And it has a slit skirt—a new trend you mentally note. Incidentally, you girls are going to miss seeing the usual array of Crawford fashions in Joan's new picture because she plays the part of an ambulance driver with a war story background—uniforms will be the principal costumes.

VACATIONERS at Palm Springs, one of the most popular desert resorts within driving distance of Hollywood, return with sun tanned skins. Thus at once you surmise that white and vivid shades to complement the sun tan will be a great summer vogue. Shirts and shorts or slacks and a shirt are the favorite sports garb at Palm Springs.

And at famous Malibu beach, the beach frock fad started by Bennett and Tashman last year, promises to thrive smartly through a new season.

MUCH beige hosiery is being worn about town for daytime. However, Norma Shearer contradicted the general trend for coppery colored evening hose by wearing beige hose to match a beige ensemble for evening. This smart coppery glint for evening is quite in line with sun tanned skins.

YOU won't envy the stars so much when you hear that long and tedious hours have to be spent in fitting rooms while a new wardrobe is being made ready for a picture. Kay Francis is in the midst of such a siege now. She will wear dozens of stunning new gowns and wraps when next you see her.

And Barbara Stanwyck, who certainly hasn't been given a fashion break in recent pictures, is going to wear some knockout costumes in her next picture.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is a clever girl —and a well-dressed one. She told me the other day that she much prefers to buy clothes that are made for her by the studio designers. And she added that she buys all the accessories for a costume at one fell swoop.

Blue is a never failing color entry in the spring list. Nancy Carroll was hurrying down the boulevard a few days ago in a bright blue rabbit's wool frock. A matching blue hat was brimmed and her accessories were a darker shade of blue.

AT a recent opening of a picture, Lilyan Tashman wore an ankle length brown velvet coat over an orange dress—a striking alliance. Any number of evening slippers with jeweled heels were seen at this affair—a majority of the frocks accompanying these slippers were ankle length, thus giving the jeweling full spotlight.

Helen Vinson, whom you have probably noticed recently in several pictures, wore an interesting ensemble to a dance at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening. A long brown velvet wrap had epaulets of sable. With this she wore a small brown velvet hat caught at one side with a brilliant pin. Helen possesses a very fair skin and light brown hair, so she wisely chooses brown and shades of yellow or gold for her personal wardrobe.

Why Norma Shearer Says "Let the Honeymoon Wait"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

"Forgive wholeheartedly and completely or not at all. When a man has made a mistake, make your forgiveness gracious and then forget about it. Only the unwise wife refers to it again, making both her husband and herself miserable by its repetition.

"NEVER intrude on your husband's business hours. It must be annoying to any busy man to have his wife telephone him in the midst of his work, or drop in to interrupt him with some matter which could easily wait until evening and his leisurely consideration.

"Your domestic problems should never become a topic of conversation. That's the wife's job and a constant complaint about servants or bills or household affairs is simply an open confession that the job is too big for her.

"Never let the children take first place, above your husband, in your interests and affections. They are separate individuals with their own lives to live and you must build for the happiness of the years when they will be grown and away from you.

"The five words, 'I have nothing to wear,' have caused more marital upsets than many more serious phrases. Having something to wear is, I think, as much a part of a woman's job as managing her home or taking care of her children. The wise wife will budget her money and plan her wardrobe so that there is at least one wearable dress for every occasion.

"Plan your day so that you can be freshly dressed when your husband comes home. Nothing must be more irritating to a man, tired by a day's work, than to come home to an upset household and a disheveled wife.

"Become interested in the things which interest your husband. You'll be surprised how easy it is to share his pleasures, and how delighted he'll be to have you take an intelligent interest in them.

"LAST, but by no means least, talk things over together. Share your plans and your ideals. This applies especially to the girl who has been in business, who has become accustomed to living her own life and to making her own plans with no one to consider except herself. A sane and sensible consideration for the desires and wishes of your husband

will do much to help make your marriage happy."

So much for rules. Now for a few "don'ts."

"Don't feel neglected if your husband wants to spend an occasional evening away from you. Instead, encourage him to see his men friends, to do the things he did before marriage with the same freedom from oppressive restraint.

"You'll be surprised at the enjoyable time you can have by yourself, smearing cold cream on your face, reading the book you've been wanting to read for so long, arranging your hair in a new mode, writing those long-neglected letters, perhaps seeing an old friend and indulging in an evening of satisfying woman-gossip.

"DON'T annoy or antagonize your husband in the matter of make-up and clothes. But don't throw your make-up out the window. Effect a compromise. If your husband objects to the rouge and lipstick just as you are starting out for an evening, agree with him pleasantly, walk out of the room, turn around three times and come back, asking eagerly, 'Is it better now?' Invariably he will agree. And away you go, everyone happy and satisfied. "Don't think too much about yourself, feel too sorry for yourself, or take yourself too seriously. Honestly, I find that the only time I'm really bored is when I've been thinking too much about a certain person called Norma Shearer.

"Don't harbor grievances against your husband. There is nothing more irritating than a sulky wife. Talk it over, quietly. Tell him how and when he has hurt you. That is much better than allowing the grievance to rankle and grow until it assumes vastly magnified proportions.

"Eliminate bitterness. Don't foster it by a hurt and unreasonable silence.

"Last of the don'ts, but one of the most important—don't let jealousy run away with you. Even if you're fairly bursting, conceal it. Always place the prettiest woman, the one in whom he is most interested, next to your husband at the dinner table. Encourage him to talk to other women, even to flirt with them a little if he wishes. Don't be rabidly possessive just because you are married to him."

Miss Shearer smiled again, half humorously this time. "Don't make me sound like the source of all wisdom, please. Don't let your readers think for one minute that I haven't made dozens of mistakes in spite of my wonderful theories. Because I have. But I don't mind admitting it when I'm wrong and I don't mind saying, 'I'm sorry, Irving. I'll try never to do it again.'

"A woman's career does have a bearing on the success or failure of her marriage. I feel that having a career gives her a great advantage over the woman who has no outside interest.

"I sincerely believe that, instead of giving up a career for love, a woman should take up a career. It makes her more interesting, more capable of inspiring and holding her husband's love.

"AND please understand that by career I don't necessarily mean a professional one. Every woman can't be a business executive, a writer, a musician or an actress. Any outside interest, any vital and absorbing work or hobby, which will keep her alert and alive, will serve the same purpose."

Do you wonder that Norma Shearer is successful in both a movie career and in matrimony? I don't. Because her parting words were these: "After all, if a woman is honestly and sincerely interested and enthusiastic in making her marriage a success, it just can't fail."

That goes for a career, too.

And Norma Shearer, Mrs. Irving Thalberg, is one of the most enthusiastic, the most interested—and interesting!—personalities in Hollywood.



New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—*quick!*

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results *guaranteed*

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 52, Atlanta, Ga.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE"—RKO-Radio.—From the play by Philip Barry. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Daisy Sage*, Ann Harding; *Tom Collier*, Leslie Howard; *Cecilia Henry*, Myrna Loy; *Owen*, Neil Hamilton; *Regan*, William Gargan; *Rufus Collier*, Henry Stephenson; *Grace*, Ilka Chase; *Franc*, Leni Stengel; *Joe*, Donald Dillaway.

"BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE"—Columbia.—From the story by Grace Zaring Stone. Adapted by Edward Paramore. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Megan Davis*, Barbara Stanwyck; *General Yen*, Nils Asther; *Dr. Robert Strike*, Gavin Gordon; *Mr. Jackson*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mah-Li*, Toshia Mori; *Captain Li*, Richard Loo; *Mrs. Jackson*, Clara Blandick; *Jones*, Walter Connolly; *Dr. Lin*, Moy Ming; *Rev. Bostwick*, Robert Wayne; *Dr. Hansen*, Knute Erickson; *Mrs. Hansen*, Ella Hall; *Mr. Pettis*, Arthur Millett; *Miss Reed*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Miss Avery*, Martha Mattox; *Mrs. Blake*, Jessie Arnold; *Bishop Harkness*, Emmett Corrigan.

"DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER" (Enchanted Escapade)—UFA.—From the play "La Belle Aventure" by G. A. de Caillavet, Robert de Flers and Etienne Rey. Adapted by Reinhold Schuenzel and Emerich Pressburger. Directed by Reinhold Schuenzel. The cast: *The Countess*, Ida Wuest; *Andre, her son*, Wolf Albach-Retty; *Helene, her niece*, Kaethe von Nagy; *Valentin*, Otto Wallburg; *Grandma Trevillac*, Adele Sandrock; *Jeantine, her maid*, Kaethe Haack.

"DEATH KISS, THE"—World Wide.—From the story by Madelon St. Denis. Screen play by Barry Barringer and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Marcia Lane*, Adrienne Ames; *Franklyn Drew*, David Manners; *Sheehan*, John Wray; *Avery*, Edward Van Sloan; *Zugsmith*, Alexander Carr; *Steiner*, Bela Lugosi; *Howell*, Harold Minjir; *Hilliker*, Wade Boteler; *Gulliver*, Vince Barnett; *Asst. Director*, Al Hill; *Script Clerk*, Barbara Bedford; *Chalmers*, Alan Roscoe; *Mrs. Avery*, Mona Maris; *Myles Brent*, Edmund Burns; *Hill*, James Donlan; *Clerk*, Harold Waldridge.

"DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE"—Paramount.—From the story by Frank Mitchell Dazey. Screen play by Louis Weitzenkorn, P. J. Wolfson and Allen Rivkin. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Jimmy*, Edmund Lowe; *Silver*, Wynne Gibson; *Buddy Evans*, Dickie Moore; *Beef Evans*, James Gleason; *Nancy Evans*, Lois Wilson; *Jenkins*, Alan Dinehart; *The Dummy*, George Rosener; *Mac*, Guinn Williams; *Bill Jones*, Charlie Williams; *Dolan*, John Kelly; *Ticker*, Francis McDonald; *Nellie*, Geneva Mitchell; *Fritz*, Tom Kennedy.

"FAREWELL TO ARMS, A"—Paramount.—From the novel by Ernest Hemingway. Screen play by Benjamin Glazer and Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Catherine Barkley*, Helen Hayes; *Lieut. Frederic Henry*, Gary Cooper; *Major Rinaldi*, Adolphe Menjou; *Helen Ferguson*, Mary Philips; *The Priest*, Jack LaRue; *Head Nurse*, Blanche Friderici; *Bonello*, Henry Armetta; *Piani*, George Humbert; *Manera*, Fred Malatesta; *Miss Van Campen*, Mary Forbes; *Count Greffi*, Tom Ricketts; *Gordoni*, Robert Cauterio; *British Major*, Gilbert Emery.

"EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE" — First National.—From the story by David Boeham. Adapted by Robert Presnell. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Kurt Anderson*, Warren William; *Madeline*, Loretta Young; *Martin West*, Wallace Ford; *Polly*, Alice White; *Ross*, Albert Gran; *Sweeney*, Allen Jenkins; *Mrs. Hickox*, Marjorie Gateson; *Monroe*, Hale Hamilton; *Miss Hall*, Ruth Donnelly; *Marion*, Zita Moulton; *Garfinkle*, Frank Reicher; *Bradford*, Berton Churchill; *Higgins*, Charles Sellon; *Josie*, Helen Mann; *Meek*, H. C. Bradley.

"FAST LIFE"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Let's Go" by E. J. Rath. Screen play by Byron Morgan and Ralph Spence. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Sandy*, William Haines; *Shirley*, Madge Evans; *Burton*, Conrad Nagel; *Jameson*, Arthur Byron; *Bumpy*, Cliff Edwards; *Halstead*, Warburton Gamble; *Mr. Williams*, Kenneth Thomson; *Van Vrinken*, Albert Gran; *Sherman*, Ben Hendricks.

"FLAMING GUNS"—Universal.—From the novel "Oh, Promise Me" by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Tom Malone*, Tom Mix; *Ramsey*, William Farnum; *Mary Ramsey*, Ruth Hall; *Mulford*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Hugh*, George Hackathorne; *Red McIntyre*, Duke Lee; *Pee Wee*, Pee Wee Holmes; *Rustlers*, Jimmy Shannon, William Steele, Walter Patterson, Bud Osborne; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns; *Tony, Jr.*, Tony, Jr.

"FLESH"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Adapted by Leonard Praskins and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Polikai*, Wallace Beery; *Lora*, Karen Morley; *Nicky*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mr. Herman*, Jean Hersholt; *Joe Willard*, John Miljan; *Comedy Waiter*, Vince Barnett; *Pepi*, Herman Bing; *Dolan*, Edward Brophy; *Mrs. Herman*, Greta Meyer.

"FORTY-NINERS, THE"—Freuler Film.—From the story by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by John P. McCarthy. The cast: *Tennessee Matthews*, Tom Tyler; *Virginia Hawkins*, Betty Mack; *O'Hara*, Al Bridge; *Widow Spriggs*, Fern Emmett; *Jed Hawkins*, Gordon Wood; *Lola*, Mildred Rogers; *Tanner*, Fred Ritter; *MacNab*, Frank Ball; *Tanner's wife*, Florence Wells.

"FRISCO JENNY"—First National.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont, Lillie Hayward and John Francis Larkin. Screen play by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Jenny*, Ruth Chatterton; *Dan Reynolds*, Donald Cook; *Dan McAllister*, James Murray; *Steve Dutton*, Louis Calhern; *Willie Gleason*, Hallam Cooley; *O'Hoolihan*, Pat O'Malley; *Kelly*, Robert Warwick; *Weaver*, Harold Huber; *Amah*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Good Book Charlie*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; *Harris*, J. Carrol Naish; *Rose*, Noel Francis; *Sandoval*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Kilmer*, Sam Godfrey; *Martel*, Franklin Parker; *Captain of Police*, Willard Robertson; *Danny*, Buster Phelps; *Judge Reynolds*, Berton Churchill; *Tom Ford*, Edwin Maxwell; *Old Man*, Harry Holman; *Miss Jessie*, Fritzi Ridgeway; *The Singer*, Clarence Muse; *Mrs. Reynolds*, Nella Walker; *Miss Beulah*, Gertrude Astor; *Miss Tessie*, Claudia Coleman.

"HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE"—RKO-Radio.—From the story by Ben Markson and H. N. Swanson. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack and Corey Ford. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Teresita*, Lupe Velez; *Bates*, Lee Tracy; *Achilles*, Eugene Pallette; *Farrell*, Frank Morgan; *Colonel Willikens*, Robert McKenzie; *Lou*, James Donlan; *Gladys*, Shirley Chambers; *The Sheriff*, Charles Dow Clark; *Farrell's Press Agent*, Thomas Jackson.

"HEART PUNCH"—Mayfair Pictures.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by B. Reeves Eason. The cast: *Jimmy Milligan*, Lloyd Hughes; *Kitty Doyle*, Marion Shilling; *Lefty Doyle*, George Lewis; *Spike*, Wheeler Oakman; *Goldie*, Mae Busch; *Zenias*, Walter Miller; *Benton*, Gordon DeMain; *Wong*, James Leong.

"HYPNOTIZED"—World Wide.—From the screen play by Mack Sennett and Arthur Ripley. Adapted by John A. Waldron, Earle Rodney, Harry McCoy and Gene Towne. The cast: *Egbert Jackson*, Charlie Mack; *Henry Johnson*, George Moran; *Professor Limberly*, Ernest Torrence; *Charlie O'Brien*, Charlie Murray; *Bill Bogard*, Wallace Ford; *Princess Mitzi*, Maria Alba; *Pearl*, Marjorie Beebe; *Capt. Von Stromberg*, Herman Bing; *Abe Shapiro*, Alexander Carr; *Consul*, Luis Alberni; *Ludwig*, Harry Schultz; *Drummer in Orchestra*, Matt McHugh; *Ringmaster in Circus*, Mitchell Harris.

"ISLAND OF LOST SOULS"—Paramount.—From a novel by H. G. Wells. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Philip Wylie. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Dr. Moreau*, Charles Laughton; *Edward Parker*, Richard Arlen; *Ruth Walker*, Leila Hyams; *Lota, the Panther Woman*, Kathleen Burke; *Montgomery*, Arthur Hohl; *Capt. Davies*, Stanley Fields; *Hogan*, Robert Kortman; *M'Ling*, Tetsu Komai; *Ouran*, Hans Steinke; *Gola*, Harry Ekezian; *Sayer of the Law*, Bela Lugosi; *Samoan Girl*, Rosemary Grimes; *Donahue*, Paul Hurst; *American Consul*, George Irving.

"LAWYER MAN"—Warners.—From the novel by Max Trell. Screen play by Rian James and James Seymour. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Anton*, William Powell; *Olga*, Joan Blondell; *Barbara*, Helen Vinson; *Bentley*, Alan Dinehart; *Izzy Levine*, Allen Jenkins; *Gilmurry*, David Landau; *Virginia*, Claire Dodd; *Flo*, Sheila Terry; *Dr. Gresham*, Kenneth Thomson; *Spike*, Jack LaRue; *Kovak*, Rockcliffe Fellows; *Merritt*, Roscoe Karns; *Chorus Girl*, Dorothy Christy; *Mrs. Levine*, Ann Brody; *Guiseppi*, Curley Wright; *Moyle*, Edward McWade.

"MADAME BUTTERFLY" — Paramount. — From the story by John Luther Long and the play by David Belasco. Screen play by Josephine Lovett and Joseph Moncure March. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Cho-Cho-San*, Sylvia Sidney; *Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton*, Cary Grant; *Lieut. Barton*, Charlie Ruggles; *Goro*, Sandor Kallay; *Yomadori*, Irving Pichel; *Cho-Cho's Mother*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Cho-Cho's Grandfather*, Edmund Breese; *Mme. Goro*, Judith Vosselli; *Suzuki*, Louise Carter; *Peach Blossom*, Dorothy Libaire; *Mrs. Pinkerton*, Sheila Terry.

"MAN AGAINST WOMAN" — Columbia. — From the story by Keene Thompson. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Johnny McCloud*, Jack Holt; *Lola Parker*, Lillian Miles; *Mossie Enris*, Walter Connolly; *Georgie Perry*, Gavin Gordon; *Happy O'Neill*, Arthur Vinton; *Christy*, Emmett Corrigan; *Smoke Johnson*, Clarence Muse; *Brodie*, Harry Seymour; *Alberti*, Jack LaRue; *Landlady*, Katherine Claire Ward.

"MUMMY, THE" — Universal. — From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Richard Schayer. Screen play by John L. Balderston. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Im-ho-tep*, Karloff; *Helen Grosvenor*, Zita Johann; *Frank Whemple*, David Manners; *Professor Muller*, Edward Van Sloan; *Sir Joseph Whemple*, Arthur Byron; *Norton*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Nubian*, Noble Johnson; *Professor Pearson*, Leonard Mudie; *Frau Muller*, Katheryn Byron; *Doctor*, Eddie Kane; *Inspector*, Tony Marlow; *Pharoah*, Maes Crane; *Knight*, Arnold Gray; *Marion*, Henry Victor.

"NO LIVING WITNESS"—Mayfair Pictures.—From the story by Norman Houston. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Jerry Bennett*, Gilbert Roland; *Clyde Corbin*, Noah Beery; *Carol Everett* Barbara Kent; *Emillia*, Carmel Myers; *"Pop" Everett*, Otis Harlan; *Miss Thompson*, Dorothy Revier; *Nick*, J. Carrol Naish; *Nick's Mother*, Ferike Boros; *Police Captain*, John Ince; *Looey*, Monte Carter; *District Attorney*, Broderick O'Farrell; *Harry Newton*, Arthur Millett; *Fatty Raskin*, James Cooley; *Eddie Schrabe*, Gordon DeMain.

"NO OTHER WOMAN"—RKO-Radio.—From the play "Just A Woman" by Eugene Walter and a story by Owen Francis. Screen play by Wanda Tuchock and Bernard Schubert. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Anna*, Irene Dunne; *Big Jim Stanley*, Charles Bickford; *Margot*, Gwili Andre; *Joe*, Eric Linden; *Bobbie Stanley*, Buster Miles; *Susie*, Leila Bennett; *Eli*, Christian Rub; *Bonelli*, J. Carrol Naish; *Governess*, Hilda Vaughn; *Chauffeur*, Brooks Benedict; *Butler*, Joseph E. Bernard; *Anderson*, Frederick Burton; *Sutherland*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Judge*, Edwin Stanley.

"RACING STRAIN, THE" — Willis Kent Prod.—From the story by Willis Kent. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: *Big Shot*, Wally Reid, Jr.; *Mr. Martin*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *King Kelly*, Paul Fix; *Marian Martin*, Phyllis Barrington; *Aunt Judy*, Ethel Wales; *Speed Hall*, Eddie Phillips; *Big Shot, as baby*, Dickie Moore; *Big Shot's Father*, Lorin Raker; *Tia Juana Lil*, Mae Busch; *Togo*, Otto Yamaoka.

"ROBBERS' ROOST"—Fox.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Jim Wall*, George O'Brien; *Helen*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Brad*, Walter McGrail; *Aunt Ellen*, Maude Eburne; *Herrick*, Reginald Owen; *Hays*, William Pawley; *Prossie*, Doris Lloyd; *Happy Jack*, Clifford Stanley; *Briggs*, Gilbert Holmes; *Daniels*, Frank Rice; *Tulliver*, Robert Creig; *Mac*, William Nestell; *Smoky Slocum*, Vinegar Roan; *Latimer*, Ted Oliver.

"SELF-DEFENSE" — Monogram. — From the story "Man's Law" by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Tristam Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Katy Devoux*, Pauline Frederick; *Alice*, Claire Windsor; *Tim Reed*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Nona Devoux*, Barbara Kent; *Dan Simmons*, Robert Elliott; *Dr. Borden*, Henry B. Walthall; *Jeff Bowman*, Jameson Thomas; *Paul*, George Hackathorne; *Charlie*, Willie Fung; *Sandy McKenzie*, Lafe McKee; *Jury Foreman*, George Hayes.

"SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE"—Paramount.—From the play by Wilson Barrett. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast: *Marcus Superbus*, Fredric March; *Mercia*, Elissa Landi; *Poppaea*, Claudette Colbert; *Nero*, Charles Laughton; *Tigellinus*, Ian Keith; *Dacia*, Vivian Tobin; *Favius*, Harry Beresford; *Glabrio*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Titus*, Arthur Hohl; *Ancaria*, Joyzelle; *Stephanus*, Tommy Conlon; *Strabo*, Nat Pendleton; *Licinius*, William V. Mong; *Tyros*, Harold Healy; *Viturius*, Richard Alexander; *Philodemus*, Robert Manning; *The Mute Giant*, Joe Bonomo.

"SLIGHTLY MARRIED"—Invincible.—From the story by Mary McCarthy. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Mary Smith*, Evalyn Knapp, *Jimmy Martin*, Walter Byron; *Nellie*, Marie Prevost; *Jack Haines*, Jason Robards; *Marjorie*, Dorothy Christy; *Brandon*, Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Martin*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Mr. Martin*, Phillips Smalley; *Hodges*, Herbert Evans; *The Judge*, Lloyd Ingraham; *The Landlady*, Mary Foy.

"SON-DAUGHTER, THE" — M-G-M. — From the stage play by George M. Scarborough and David Belasco. Screen play by John Goodrich and Claudine West. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Tom Lee*, Ramon Novarro; *Lien Wha*, Helen Hayes; *Dr.*

Dong Tong, Lewis Stone; *Fen Sha*, Warner Oland; *Fang Fou Hy*, Ralph Morgan; *Toy Yah*, Louise Closser Hale; *Sin Kai*, H. B. Warner.

"SPEED DEMON" — COLUMBIA. — From the story by Charles R. Condon. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Speed Morrow*, William Collier, Jr.; *Jean Torrance*, Joan Marsh; *Pete Stenner*, Wheeler Oakman; *Langard*, Robert Ellis; *Catfish Jones*, Georgie Ernest; *Captain Torrance*, Frank Sheridan; *Runyan*, Wade Boteler; *Judge*, Edward LeSaint; *Lefty*, Fuzzy Knight; *Red*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Bull*, Harry Tenbrook.

"THAT'S MY BOY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Tommy*, Richard Cromwell; *Dorothy*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mom*, Mae Marsh; *Pop*, Arthur Stone; *Adams*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Uncle Louie*, Lucien Littlefield; *Al Williams*, Leon Waycoff; *Pinkie*, Russell Saunders; *Carl*, Sumner Getchell; *Mayor*, Otis Harlan; *Hap*, Dutch Hendrian; *1st Student*, Elbridge Anderson; *2nd Student*, Crilly Butler; *Tommy (as boy)*, Douglas Haig; and famous football stars.

"THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the screen play by Gladys Lehman and H. M. Walker. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Sam Sutton*, Slim Summerville; *Molly*, ZaSu Pitts; *Marie*, Fifi Dorsay; *Hume*, Roland Young; *The Judge*, Guy Kibbee; *Lola Montrose*, Verree Teasdale; *Hampton*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Montrose*, David Landau; *Radcliff*, Robert Greig; *Lizzie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Fairchilds*, Wallis Clark; *Mrs. Fairchilds*, Vivian Oakland; *Rosalie Fairchilds*, Cora Sue Collins; *Wilmot Fairchilds*, David Lee Tillotson; *Bradford*, William Burress; *Mrs. Bradford*, Louise Mackintosh; *Langley*, Bertram Marburgh; *Mrs. Langley*, Virginia Howell; *Clerk*, James Donlan; *Tony*, Henry Armetta.

"UNDER-COVER MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Wilstach. Adapted by Thomson Burtis. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Nick Darrow*, George Raft; *Lora Madigan*, Nancy Carroll; *Dannie*, Roscoe Karns; *Martoff*, Gregory Ratoff; *Kenneth Mason*, Lew Cody; *Connie*, Noel Francis; *Inspector Conklin*, David Landau; *Sam Dorse*, Paul Porcasi; *Gillespie*, Leyland Hodgson; *Jimmy Madigan*, William Janney; *Bernie*, George Davis.

"UNRWITTEN LAW, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by John Krafft. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Fifi LaRue*, Greta Nissen; *Pete Brown*, Skeets Gallagher; *Ruth Evans*, Mary Brian; *Lulu Potts*, Louise Fazenda; *Roger Morgan*, Lew Cody; *Jean Evans*, Hedda Hopper; *Stephen McBain*, Purnell Pratt; *Val Lewis*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Abu Zeyd*, Mischa Auer; *Frank Woods*, Arthur Rankin; *Captain Kane*, Wilfred Lucas; *Ed Riley*, Ernest Adams.

"VIRGINS OF BALI"—PRINCIPAL.—Produced by Deane H. Dickason with a native cast.

"WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA"—PRINCIPAL.—Direction, narrative and photography by Captain J. E. Williamson.

"YORCK"—UFA.—From the story by Hans Muller and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Gustav Ucicky. The cast: *Yorck*, Werner Krauss; *Barbara*, Greta Mosheim; *Friedrich Wilhelm III*, Rudolf Forster; *Lieut. Ruediger Heyking*, Hans Rehmann; *Chancellor Hardenberg*, Gustaf Gruendgens; *Clausowitz*, Lothar Muethel; *Kleist*, Friedrich Kayssler; *Macdonald*, Raoul Aslan; *Vicomte Noailles*, Walter Janssen; *Roeder*, Theodor Loos; *Diebitzsch*, Otto Walburg.

"YOUNG BLOOD" — MONOGRAM. — From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Nick*, Bob Steele; *Gail Winters*, Helen Foster; *Sheriff Sharpe*, Charles King; *Lola Montaine*, Neoma Judge; *Deputy Sheriff*, Hank Bell; *Ed*, Art Mix; *Beckworth*, Henry Rocquemore; *Col. Bondage*, Lafe McKee; *Hank*, Perry Murdock; *Tony Mirullo*, Harry Semels.

Heart Throb

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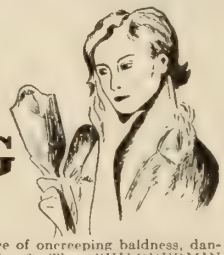
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Winners Of $1,000 Puzzle Contest

HERE they are—the eighty-three prize winners in PHOTOPLAY'S ninth annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, selected after careful checking and re-checking of the thousands of entries by the judges. Checks, ranging in amounts from $5 to $300, have been put in the mail and will be in the hands of the happy individuals at practically the same time they receive this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Again, as in previous years, entries in this fascinating contest came from all parts of the world. In selecting the winners the judges kept in mind the rule which specified, "Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness and simplicity in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes." That was a task with thousands of neat, simple yet attractive solutions.

The entry of Marye C. Hicks, of Chicago, Ill., won the unanimous vote of the judges for first prize; Edith L. White, of Rochester, N. Y., was awarded the second prize, and Chas. H. Kuhn, of Indianapolis, Ind., the third prize.

Here is the list of all winners:

First Prize, $300

MARYE C. HICKS, 8020 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Second Prize, $100

EDITH L. WHITE, 3749 Lake Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Third Prize, $50

CHAS. H. KUHN, 3225 Forest Manor Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Ann Harding
Loretta Young
Lew Ayres
Fredric March
Robert Montgomery

September

June Clyde
Dorothy Jordan
Maureen O'Sullivan
John Barrymore
John Boles
George Raft

October

Ruth Chatterton
Jeanette MacDonald
Sylvia Sidney
Clive Brook
Charles Farrell
Paul Lukas



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Big Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Then lightning struck her and rebounded in dismay. She was witnessed by her second "discoverer," Eddie Dowling, playwright, actor, manager.

Eddie, during a Washington engagement, had noted Katie's performance—perhaps from three blocks away. He hired her for his new musical comedy, "Honeymoon Lane." Kate Smith was launched on Broadway, and the resulting swell flooded the boardwalk at Coney Island.

WHAT happy days for Big Girl! Probably as happy as any she's known. She was a hit. She was making pretty good money—I'll never forget her girlish pleasure over her first modest diamond ring. She sang and she Charlestoned and she went on home to her mama in a small side-street apartment. Glorious days, those, on the way up!

Then she appeared opposite Mr. Bert Lahr, rubber-faced comic, in "Flying High." Another success. Movie houses and vaudeville began clamoring for her—smothered her with luscious pay-checks.

Radio lured her. She was an instantaneous socko, for the microphone and loud-speaker love that big round voice. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" became her theme song and her pet sensation, and she's been lugging the moon to wealth and glory ever since.

And that, mates, is a lightning review of Big Girl's public career.

But that's only Kate the Performer.

What about Kate the Woman?

It's always the living, laughing, loving, suffering human being behind the career that is inevitably fascinating. The girl behind the lipstick.

I know the real Kate Smith, too.

And it is wonderful to realize that her spirit is as sweet and generous and rich as that remarkable voice.

Her heart must very nearly fill that ample body. Where there's room for the voice-box I really can't say. Add to her sweetness a great gay spirit that is always on tap for her friends, and you have as winning a girl as you could excavate in a world-wide census. Her sub rosa generosities would fill a couple of fat books.

And she's always the same swell Kate, now that she's plastered with cash and written large in electric lights.

She still lives modestly — and Broadway whispers that she has some $300,000 soaked away in government paper. Hauling that old moon over the mountain has been worth the effort.

BOY friends? Sure—Kate's had 'em. She likes 'em, and why not?

And so Kate breezes along, singing her songs. One of the grandest girls whose Charleston ever threatened a reinforced stage.

Six years ago! Then Kate eagerly went out to Toll House Tavern and sang for her supper —and little else.

Now she luxuriates in Hollywood and sends that rich voice rolling over the wild air waves to millions.

Kate's the biggest, sweetest Cinderella who ever found a glass slipper on the floor of a Hollywood studio. More power to Big Girl.

Who Is Hollywood's Greatest Screen Lover?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

to screen sweeties it's a cinch she would have been cuckoo long before now.

It was shortly after this, that Pola Negri came from Europe in a blaze of glory and Conrad was chosen as her first American leading man. At the time, Gloria Swanson was queen of the Lasky lot—and the battle was on between Gloria and Pola. Mabel Normand, it later appeared, had "ribbed" Pola, while on the boat, to demand a dressing bungalow just like Gloria's; and Pola got it, too.

"And it was Pola, not Garbo," Conrad added, "who coinedthat phrase; 'I tank I go home now.' She would call her maid, 'Schnapps'—and believe me, the two of 'em would go home on the least provocation."

NEXT on the list with Conrad were Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, and tragic-eyed Alma Rubens. During the making of "Lawful Larceny," in which Conrad made love to Nita in New York, she caused a ten-day sensation by appearing without stockings and resting her feet on the rail of her box in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Lucille Ricksen, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Patsy Ruth Miller, Eleanor Boardman followed. Conrad made love to all of them as the script demanded. Then to Blanche Sweet, who quarrelled constantly with her director-husband, Mickey Neilan.

"The only thing that would stop them," said Conrad, "was when the set orchestra played 'Mamma Loves Papa, Papa Loves Mamma,' which was a popular tune of the time."

Norma Shearer was next with "Excuse Me," and then Conrad did the part which alone should give him the title, hands down. That was "Three Weeks," with Aileen Pringle. Then came Marion Davies and Garbo.



You've read the answer by now, so there's no use making a secret of it. Behold, Conrad Nagel, screen lover of more charming women than any other three men you could name—and a pillar of the church, as well as spokesman for the industry, in his hours off duty. To round out the picture we see the two real loves of his life—Mrs. Nagel and their twelve-year-old daughter, Ruth Margaret, at their beautiful home in Beverly Hills

Since the movie infant has learned to talk, Conrad has played opposite and made love to Dolores Costello, Eleanor Boardman, Genevieve Tobin, Catherine Dale Owen, Loretta Young, Anita Page, Lila Lee, Myrna Loy, June Collyer, Leila Hyams, Kay Johnson, Bernice Claire, Ann Harding, Madge Evans, Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Joan Blondell, Betty Compson, Evelyn Brent, Virginia Bruce, and so on and on, ad infinitum. The above is not a complete list, because Conrad's memory failed him after getting that far. Besides which, he has played repeats with many of these named.

So, little girl with a crush on Conrad, don't be discouraged. If you want to meet your hero in the flesh all you have to do is to come to Hollywood and be a movie star—and it's a cinch that, sooner or later, he'll hold you in his arms. He's held them all.

THAT'S why Conrad Nagel is the greatest lover of the screen, with a record that is almost a certainty to stand for all time. Bring on your Barrymores, your Gables, your Rafts, Warren Williams, and Chevaliers, and then bring on your hearts and flowers.

Conrad can spot 'em all a Ziegfeld chorus and then win in a walk. He has picked all the orchids in Hollywood's garden of love—and what's more, he's still picking 'em.

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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...with this utterly NEW TYPE LOTION

YOU can keep *your* hands lovely, too. This radically different lotion is called Chamberlain's—and it is far superior to *ordinary*, old-fashioned preparations. It contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose.

One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chap, soreness, windburn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and *naturally* lovelier—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking. Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be *rubbed* in. Try it. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands and skin—or *money back*. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.



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FREE TEST

GAG CONTEST WINNERS
Will be announced in the
MARCH PHOTOPLAY

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

TIS rumored, Elissa Landi wasn't too, too pleased when Fox renewed that option. Elissa frankly confessed she was happier on the Paramount lot in "The Sign of the Cross" than she'd ever been on the home lot.

"IN love?" repeated Lee Tracy, when asked if it was true about him and Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

"Why—it must be love! Only last night she gave back a $10,000 bracelet I bought for her."

THE only bubble of sadness in Clara Bow's bucketful of joy when she left for New York was that she had to leave her two pet white mice—if you can imagine Clara with pet white mice—behind. While out on the desert with Rex she one day caught a little field mouse whom she called Mickey Mouse, and when he died in Hollywood because of the lower altitude, she bought two white mice, which she called Lydia Pinkham and Snookums.

But Clara should cheer up—because by the time she gets back from Europe she'll probably have a whole flock of white mice.

THE death of Joel McCrea's father, Thomas P. McCrea, brought to light Joel's family background, which comparatively few knew.

The McCrea family is one of culture, wealth and distinction.

They have lived in Los Angeles since the horse-car days.

The elder McCrea was an executive officer and member of the directorate of one of the city's largest corporations.

WHEN Lucien Littlefield finished work on "Rasputin," which, as everybody knows, was months behind schedule before it was finally completed, his next job was with a little independent concern.

Lucien noticed the assistant director pacing the floor with a deep furrow of worry on his brow. He asked what seemed to be the trouble.

"*Trouble?*" exploded the a. d. "My God, this is *awful*. Do you realize we are half an hour behind schedule?"

KATHARINE HEPBURN has Hollywood on its ear with her didoes. But the climax came when Katharine calmly lay down in the main street of the Radio Pictures studios to read her fan mail.

Anything for sensation.

BOMBARDED by questions from all sides, Norma Talmadge and George Jessel found time to have their own private laugh out of the report that Norma had guaranteed the $100,000 property settlement George made upon his wife, Florence Courtney.

"We will be accused next of blowing up the Maine," Jessel wired Norma, "when, as everyone knows, Harry Green did it."



Will she star—or will she not? This haunting question keeps eyes of Hollywood's prophetic jury perpetually on the lesser luminaries. After many rejections, these remained the anointed Wampas babies for 1933. The Wampas, you know, are the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers. In past years they have picked thirteen; but this year it's fifteen. (Superstitious? Maybe!) Left to right standing: Toshia Mori, Boots Mallory, Ruth Hall, Gloria Stuart, Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, Lilian Bond, Evalyn Knapp, Marion Shockley. Seated, left to right: Dorothy Wilson, Mary Carlisle, Lona Andre, Eleanor Holm, Dorothy Layton. June Clyde, who completed the official roster of fifteen, was not present for this picture. There are seven blondes, four with brown hair, two red-heads and two brunettes

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust","Strange Interlude","Prosperity","Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO.**

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"RASPUTIN" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"MEN MUST FIGHT" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"HAPPILY UNMARRIED" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER.** What a trio for "Buddies!"

"PIGBOATS" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante...Walter Huston...Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER


Howard Chandler Christy
1932
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
forever and ever..
"It's toasted"
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The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

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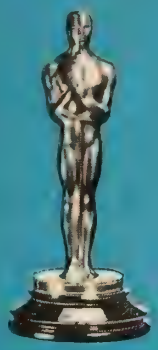


CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Earl Christy

WHICH MOVIE STAR DOMINATES YOU?

The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter" "Farewell to Arms" and "Madelon Claudet" won highest acting honors of the past year! In her new role co-starred with Clark Gable, she challenges the film world for this prize again!



HELEN

HAYES

CLARK

GABLE

IN

The WHITE SISTER



How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the screen's best, should bring to life on the talking screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-stabbing romance of F. Marion Crawford's love drama! Helen Hayes, Clark Gable together! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.

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Skinner's Trouble
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Troubleproof Crepe





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RABBE

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n into a tale of
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battled Man-King of
cage only to discover
oman he learned to love.
n across two continents.

Pictures

DOLPH ZUKOR PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 4 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | March, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
2923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Not in many a day have we received as steady a chorus of praise as that which keeps coming for "Smilin' Through." But now "A Farewell to Arms" is setting a similar pace with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes sending the readers into tearful ecstasies. Above is a glimpse of their final scene

THE $25 LETTER

When I came home after seeing "Smilin' Through," everything seemed to have a new meaning. I fingered the cheap curtains at the window, the little yellow ribbon that I used to tie them back with, in fact, I even saw beauty in their simplicity. I ceased to think about money, expensive curtains, a mansion, glamorous people, parties. Things that made me dissatisfied seemed to be forgotten.

Why cannot we have more beautiful pictures like that? In these hard times it has been those pictures of sophistication and glamour and grand people that have made us more dissatisfied. They have helped to magnify our trouble, until we have forgotten how to smile. Thanks to Miss Shearer, who has realized what we wanted even before we fully realized it ourselves. And congratulations on her superb portrayal.

Mrs. A. Fessia, New York City

THE $10 LETTER

'Midst all those brickbats hurled at Crawford's mouth, Garbo's acting, etc., may I throw a few bouquets in praise of the work of the screen for itself and us women?

The screen has undoubtedly made actors and actresses into sophisticated, arresting human beings of presence, poise, allure. Never shall I forget Conrad Nagel's booming, unromantic voice as I first heard it. Today, I drink in every word. And just contrast the Crawford of yesterday and gawky, freckled, buxom Garbo "who couldn't wear clothes," with the glamorous creatures they are today!

The motion picture has surely made women, who naturally copy these arresting types, evolve from the fluffy-haired, sexless creatures of five years ago into sophisticated, youthfully-mature, radiant personalities.

Mary K. Jones, Tucson, Ariz.

PERHAPS it's strange and perhaps it isn't—but this month it was a dead heat between Norma Shearer and Clara Bow. Next came the cascade of brickbats tossed on our doorstep for the article, "Cary vs. Gary," which appeared in our January issue. The majority were for Gary Cooper, whom they say is genuinely unique! Though Cary Grant has won many loyal followers.

As to pictures—we predict that tributes to "A Farewell to Arms" will run as strong as the flood still pouring in to commend "Smilin' Through." Of the other recent releases "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and "Flesh" received many commendations.

Because Mickey Mouse has spread so much joy and laughter o'er the world, one reader feels conscience-stricken about trapping the "pantry thieves" in her home.

Appreciation is voiced for the producers who show the cast both at beginning and end of their pictures.

THE $5 LETTER

Temporarily unemployed, dejected and dog-tired, I wandered into the theater today. I was so "down in the dumps," I hardly knew what was showing, and cared still less, suspecting that I'd sleep through most of it anyway. Imagine sleeping through a picture like "The Conquerors." What a tonic it turned out to be! And what a buoyant spirited fellow emerged two hours later! Faith restored in my country, myself and my fellow citizens!

Never before have I written to a movie mag, but after seeing "The Conquerors," why I just *had* to get it out of my system.

J. L. Thompson, Lynchburg, Va.

"CARY vs. GARY"

Jack Jamison said in the January Photoplay that Gary Cooper "doesn't know how to walk, talk, or how to put over a scene, the way a trained actor does." Well, I challenge that statement! I have seen Gary in "A Farewell to Arms" and he does as good a job of acting as I have ever seen.

Glenn A. Broquist, Rock Island, Ill.

In your January Photoplay you said there was a fight between Gary Cooper and Cary Grant to see who would stay on the screen. Gary Cooper will not fail. Yesterday, in the opening scenes of "A Farewell to Arms" we only saw Gary's lips, but those lips which are so sensitive and show his feelings which no other actor's does, identified him at once. All around me I could hear "Gary Cooper" being whispered, and I want to tell you many of them were men.

When the Japanese girls named Gary "Sweetheart of the World" they hit it right on the head, for he is. There is no question at all, Gary will win.

Miss Elizabeth Piemme, Mobile, Ala.

I dislike hearing that Gary Cooper resembles Cary Grant or anyone. Gary is different. That queer little crooked smile is incomparable. Montgomery and Chevalier may well feel a tweak of envy, for none other compels masculine admiration, who at the same time draws the feminine "oh, ohs." Gary is genuinely unique!

Mrs. Homer Peach, Greensboro, N. C.

We are for Gary Cooper ten million strong. You can find the Cary Grant kind anywhere, but you never find Gary Cooper unless you go to the show. If one has to go, let it be Cary Grant, for if you don't, we will never go to another picture that studio puts out.

The Girls' Gang of Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.

So glad Paramount has given Cary Grant a contract. I am a great Gable fan, but Cary has everything Gable has—maybe not so much acting ability, but more looks, more charm and a most infectious smile. If they must choose between Gary Cooper and Cary Grant let me cast a million votes for Cary. Give him the parts that M-G-M gives Gable and watch his smoke.

Osa Pfarr, Hillsboro, Ohio

TRUE APPRECIATION

Tonight, after I had seen Nils Asther's portrayal of *General Yen*, I was convinced that I had witnessed a nearly flawless interpretation of an Oriental. In all my twenty years of movie-going I have never been so genuinely

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

A MAGIC NAME

BLAZES ANEW!



Warner Bros. bring you again THE STANWYCK THEY TALKED ABOUT in "Night Nurse" and "Illicit"

At last! Her radiant beauty, her throbbing artistry are given the sweep and sway deserved by the most entrancing personality on the screen. See her now in all her seductive glory as a girl who asked all men for love—and tricked them when they offered it! Is she really wicked—or just maddeningly, fatally alluring? Find out in the most startling Stanwyck hit in years!

Barbara STANWYCK in "LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"



With Preston S. Foster, Lyle Talbot. Directed by Howard Bretherton & William Keighley. Add it to "I Am A Fugitive", "Silver Dollar", "20,000 Years in Sing Sing", and others in the amazing list of hits from

WARNER BROS.

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AFRAID TO TALK—Universal.—(Reviewed under title "Merry-Go-Round.") This one is an exposé of some crooked police methods. Gripping and timely, but not for children. Eric Linden's work stands out. (*Nov.*)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (*Sept.*)

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are the girls. (*Dec.*)

ALIAS MARY SMITH—Mayfair Pictures.—Not much to this one, except an interesting cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (*Dec.*)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (*Sept.*)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (*Feb.*)

AREN'T WE ALL?—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (*Sept.*)

BACHELOR'S FOLLY — World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (*Sept.*)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (*Sept.*)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who go "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (*Dec.*)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (*Jan.*)

BEAUTY PARLOR—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (*Oct.*)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (*Dec.*)

BIG STAMPEDE, THE—Warners.—Typical Western characters well portrayed. John Wayne and Noah Beery. (*Nov.*)

★ **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A**—RKO-Radio—Unusual and dramatic story concerning an inherited taint of insanity, powerfully acted by John Barrymore, Billie Burke and a sensational newcomer, Katharine Hepburn. (*Nov.*)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (*Oct.*)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (*Feb.*)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (*Jan.*)

BLONDE VENUS—Paramount.—A mother-love story in which Marlene Dietrich does best work in the exotic scenes and Herbert Marshall is unforgetable as the soul-torn husband. (*Nov.*)

Winners' names

in

"Gag" Contest

will be found on page 112, this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

$1,000 is divided among the lucky 107 who led the field.

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (*Oct.*)

BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide.—Small town girl sues political candidate for breach of promise, with unexpected results. Even Mae Clarke and Chester Morris could not lift this above the ordinary. (*Nov.*)

CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (*Oct.*)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (*Jan.*)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (*Jan.*)

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—Fox.—Edmund Lowe as Chandu, modern worker of magic, in an exciting picture. Bela Lugosi helps provide thrills. For the whole family. (*Nov.*)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (*Jan.*)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pygmies in Africa. Great stuff! (*Sept.*)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (*Jan.*)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (*Dec.*)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (*Oct.*)

CROOKED CIRCLE, THE—World Wide.—Snappy mystery-comedy, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmy Gleason as a cop furnishing the laughs, and Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supplying the romance. (*Nov.*)

CROONER—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (*Oct.*)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (*Jan.*)

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (*Sept.*)

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPADE) — UFA. — A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who flees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (*Feb.*)

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (*Jan.*)

DEATH KISS, THE—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (*Feb.*)

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

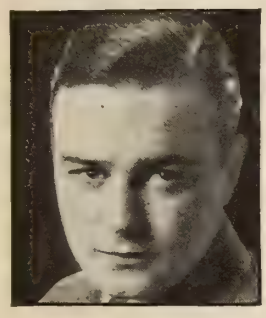
Hollywood's Roll of Honor

AND ALL OF THEM IN

STATE FAIR



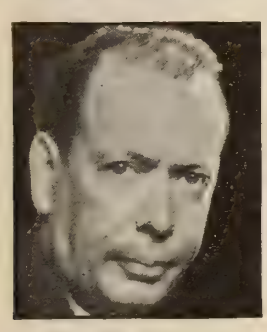
JANET GAYNOR
as "Margy Frake" who falls in love with "Pat Gilbert" (Lew Ayres).



LEW AYRES
as "Pat Gilbert," reporter, and Margy's sweetheart.



NORMAN FOSTER
"Wayne Frake," son of Abel, who falls for "Emily Joyce" (Sally Eilers).



FRANK CRAVEN
the storekeeper, a dour country philosopher.



WILL ROGERS
as "Abel Frake" father of Margy and owner of "Blue Boy".



SALLY EILERS
as "Emily Joyce," a performer at the fair.



LOUISE DRESSER
as "Melissa Frake" mother of Margy and Wayne.



VICTOR JORY
Barker for the Hoopla Stand at the "State Fair."

• Another sensational screen treat from FOX. Phil Stong's best seller, "State Fair" —the novel that millions are talking about —with these eight popular screen stars in the leading roles, is already being hailed as one of the outstanding hits of 1933. Whether you read the book or not, here is ONE PICTURE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO SEE!

•

A HENRY KING Production

FOX PICTURE

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



In "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" Barbara Stanwyck and Nils Asther give such superb portrayals that one of our readers hopes if their work cannot be equaled, the producers will let Oriental films rest forever

interested in an Oriental portrayal. My sincere wish is that you either continue giving us such fine characterizations or, if it is not possible to equal "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," let Oriental pictures rest forever.

MARY J. TRACHT, Shelby, Ohio

"Smilin' Through," that perfect screen drama, left me all aglow with emotions that seem to have been slumbering for many years. I felt deeply moved and inspired.

Norma Shearer must be very proud of this latest of her accomplishments. In it she proves her versatility as an actress.

Of the performances of Fredric March and Leslie Howard enough cannot be said in praise.

MRS. JESSE W. KOCH, Lynbrook, L. I.

PÆANS TO "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

It didn't matter that I was twenty-five minutes late, that I forgot my car was parked on a "one-way" street, that the detour cost me fifteen precious minutes in which I managed to run into a car, and that my husband was a little tired of waiting. Nothing mattered.

The reason? I was still in a different world, remembering as I shall always, the superb performance of Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou in "A Farewell to Arms."

GLADYS CARPENTER, Springfield, Mass.

Movies good and bad I've seen, but the finest one was "A Farewell to Arms," with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes. That story with such two fine actors can actually make most people ashamed of their marriage and love. The love in that beautiful story is like a breath of a sacred flower. God knows why all loves couldn't be like that.

DOROTHY BRADFORD CHILES, San Antonio, Tex.

I read that "A Farewell to Arms" was to be released both with a sad and a happy ending. Evidently, the public must be considered as too tenderly constituted to view the original tragedy as Hemingway wrote it. I resent this implication.

EDNA MAY EWERT, Peabody, Kansas

ANTICIPATION

No other Hollywood actor could have been better suited to the rôle of the gentlemanly tough in "Night After Night," than George Raft. I can hardly wait until I have an opportunity to see him in "Under-cover Man," with Nancy Carroll. I just know it's going to be good.

And I'm simply squealing for more Raft interviews, and bigger and better Raft portraits in PHOTOPLAY.

LUCILE BULL, Tampa, Florida

I think Nancy Carroll is one of the screen's best performers, as well as a sparkling beauty with an amazing personality. She was grand in "Hot Saturday," and in her more recent production, "Under-cover Man," she played the rôle of *Nora* superbly.

A combination of just enough sophistication and just enough sweetness. I always eagerly await Nancy's films.

RICHARD PARLIER, Charlotte, N. C.

WELCOME BACK, CLARA

The great question of the season has been, "Can Clara come back?" Now, "Call Her Savage" has appeared, and the almost unanimous verdict has been "Yes!"

I think Clara's success is due to the fact that she represents the type of girl every young woman wants to be and every young man wants for a sweetheart—lovely and lovable, full of fun and pep. She represents Eternal Youth!

MRS. MARY E. ROONEY, Boston, Mass.

Keep up the good work and the world will bow down to the "Great Bow," and no "Gar" prefixed to it, either.

MRS. AILEEN LEFFLER, Louisville, Ky.

Call her savage? Well, I declare. What's become of the little savage sailor girl who used to tame the United States Navy as easily as Barney Google's Sully tames wrestling come-ons?

Say, mister, who is that sweet little girl that looks at you so innocently? Where's my old sweetheart, where's the *savage* lady? Yes, that's what I mean, where oh where is Clara Bow?

Ed W. STEINBRENNER, Sioux City, Iowa

Connie Bennett and Kay Francis may wear beautiful gowns but they had better watch out for our Clara. She may take the name of Hollywood's best-dressed woman.

M. D. REISBECK, Denver, Colo.

Why, oh why, did Clara dress in sleek "Kay Francis" clothes? Bow is no Norma Shearer, nor can she emulate Kay Francis in dress. But how she does wear underwear! Better than Alice White!

MRS. BELLE KURLAND, Denver, Colo.

"FLESH"

In my opinion, Wallace Beery is one of the most natural actors on the screen today. His work in "Flesh" deserves high praise. No other actor could have played the part of *Polikai* so ably as Beery. Name him "King of Movieland."

BETTY LA FOND, Indianapolis, Ind.

What's the idea of making Ricardo Cortez play second fiddle to Wallace Beery in "Flesh"? Ricci doesn't have to play second fiddle to anybody. He's versatile, and can act. He's got a better profile than a certain actor who seems to be sublimely unaware that his profile has slipped ages ago. Ladies dream about Ricci, men like him. Give him a hand, he's not afraid of work.

EDWINA GREEN, Baltimore, Md.

MICKEY ENDEARS ALL MICE

This is perhaps a different type of reader-comment, for it is about the Star of Stars! We moved to this place in the country, and the house was old and at night we couldn't sleep for the scampering and scratching of mice. Not caring for cats, I bought mouse traps. After that I would lie awake nights waiting for the deadly click of the traps, and thinking of all the joy and laughter Mickey Mouse had brought to the world, and I felt as guilty as a criminal.

MRS. E. PRITCHARD, Taylorton, Sask., Can.

Mickey Mouse's fame will never die. His antics in Disney's animated cartoons make for radiant happiness. He takes you into the

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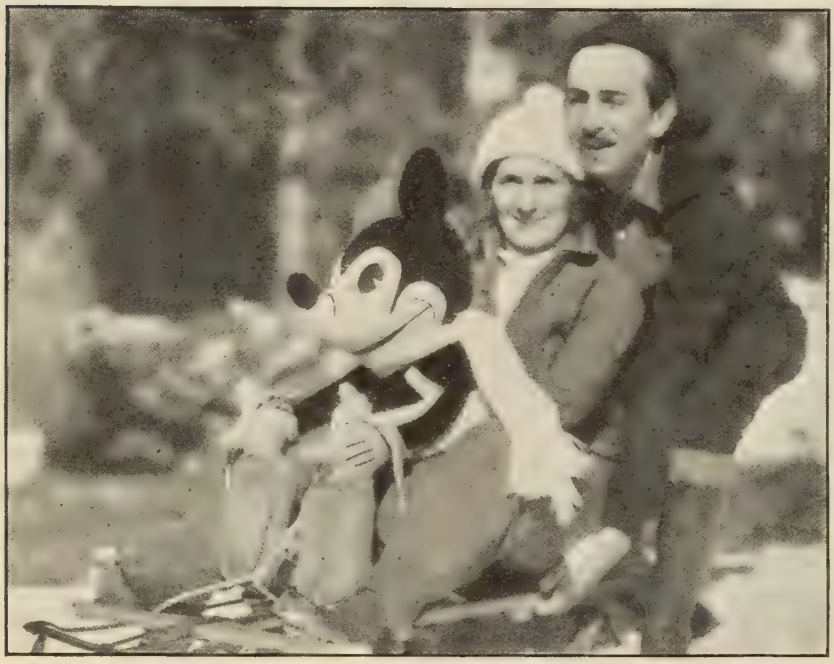


George Raft and Nancy Carroll—teamed with him in "Under-cover Man"—demonstrate the work which is drawing George lots of notice. One reader would like to kill two birds with one stone, by having George do a screen life of Valentino


"The BIG CAGE"
with
CLYDE BEATTY
ANITA PAGE ★ ANDY DEVINE
RAYMOND HATTON ★ VINCE BARNETT
MICKEY ROONEY ★ WALLACE FORD
★
No man in history ever threw forty lions and tigers into one cage, then *jumped in* with and *controlled* them. Thus appears CLYDE BEATTY, the world's *greatest* and *bravest* in his line, in UNIVERSAL'S remarkably thrilling picture, "THE BIG CAGE."
There have been many wild-animal pictures, but *never one like this,* in which the wildest of snarling beasts are but the background for extraordinary romance and tragedy. THRILLS? *Just imagine* a terrific storm raging and all these animals breaking loose from their cages. *You* will ask us how such a picture can be filmed.
Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE
Directed by
KURT NEUMANN
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL

More Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]



Well, folks, here we have *Sir Michael Rodent* taking his mama and papa (Walt and Mrs. Disney) for a "ride" during the snow party at Lake Arrowhead, in his honor. Bouquets for Mickey prove that his antics still amuse young and old

land of unreality in which he lives—where simple objects are transformed into very elegant ones. Mickey's one comedian that invariably evokes a good hearty laugh from his audience.

ADRIENNE WARFIELD, Boston, Mass.

ADDS INTEREST

To me the most satisfying improvement in recent pictures is the one of the company that gives the cast at the end of the picture as well as in the beginning. I am sure many people like myself have noticed the particularly fine work of a supporting member of the cast and wondered all through the performance who it was; but not wishing to stay till the picture was shown again have left the theater with the feeling that the evening was not quite a hundred per cent. I sincerely wish that all the companies would adopt this idea.

JEANETTE L. BELL, Springdale, Conn.

AN INDELIBLE MEMORY

The memory of the never-to-be-forgotten performance of Jeanne Eagels cannot but burden the brilliant young actress who is giving us a new *Sadie* and who is doing it splendidly! All hail to Joan Crawford! Her *Sadie* arouses your sympathy, stirs your emotions, and compels your highest respect and admiration for this indomitable actress who is fast ascending the heights of screendom. Were it not for the lingering memory of that other *Sadie*, the character that Miss Crawford gives us would be enough to bring her any awards the screen may have to offer.

CATHERINE NEWTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

I have just seen "Rain." Never has Joan Crawford given us such a colorless performance. Walter Huston, with his marvelous technique, far outshines Joan. Nevertheless, I am patiently waiting to see Joan exploit her dramatic powers in "Today We Live."

MRS. FRANK KARRAS, Detroit, Mich

"MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM"

I have just seen a movie audience literally plucked from its seat and set down in far-distant Prussia. I have seen it sit silently at the end of a picture still unable to dissolve itself into the world as housewives, stenographers, business men and school children.

"Maedchen in Uniform" has set a new level of artistic and beautiful cinematic work. Strangely enough, it is entirely the product of women, written, directed and acted entirely by members of the feminine sex. And what is more astonishing, one doesn't miss the men. Although the dialogue is in German, the audience is easily able to follow the story from the eloquently expressive acting.

ANN BODINE, University City, Mo.

WE WANT LEE!

I think some one ought to put the public wise to keep an eye on this boy, Lee Tracy, who gives such a perfect performance in "Doctor X." Here, folks, is a real genius. For fine acting ability, Tracy has them all taking a back seat. He's no John Gilbert or Robert Montgomery when it comes to looks, but can that boy hold his own in acting!

DOROTHY HAFEMEISTER, Oshkosh, Wis.

A LETTER TO MARY

A hint to the Queen of the movies. The only Mary Pickford! Why are our fairy stories not filmed at the Christmas holiday season? My, how we used to enjoy the old pantomimes!

Mary dear, instead of hunting around for stories, why not give us Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, etc., and go down in history as one of the great actresses on the screen, where we could take the children always to see something truly fine?

ELIZABETH ELLENBERG, San Francisco, Calif.

PRACTICAL FASHION HINTS

I have a grown-up daughter and I fashion all her wardrobe. We study the styles each month in the PHOTOPLAY and in all modern pictures on the screen, and I copy any that are practical for our use. And so for a very small sum, my daughter has clothes that are different and entirely up to the minute.

MRS. JOHN POTTS, New Albany, Ind.

FILM VERSIONS OF BOOKS

Though some people have an emphatic distaste for movie versions of books they have read, I seldom go to movies except to see just such a picture. "Anna Karenina," "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "Lorna Doone," "Lady of the Lake," "So Big," "Resurrection," "Arrowsmith" and "Camille" are but a few stories that have survived that acid test for me. Despite the fact that all these stories when filmed were not absolutely identical with the originals, I found them interesting. The changes were so slight that I could revive faded memories of the original, which I had usually read long before. Then, too, those changes lent new suspense to the original plot.

E. CORTELYOU, Columbus, O.



Opinions still differ—mightily—about Joan Crawford's work in "Rain." Some say "fine" and some shake their heads. It may help your decision on Joan's ability, to glimpse her at work in her latest picture, "Today We Live," with Robert Young

Red chapped hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

Soreness relieved instantly



EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.

But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.

Does not dry the skin

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.

***A 7-day trial bottle for you*—FREE**

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.

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· TODAY · TOMORROW · NEXT DAY

HINDS *honey and almond* CREAM

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. HM3, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



DO YOU *Believe* in **SIGNS?**

Claims of competing tomato juices are everywhere. Don't be confused. Selection is really simple, if you remember one magic word — COCKTAIL — College Inn Tomato Juice *Cocktail.*

You will ban mediocrity if you specify the original Tomato Juice Cocktail as prepared by College Inn. Here's the better tomato drink, smart, full-flavored, full-bodied, with a tang and a zest that characterizes the better things of life.

Unseasoned tomato juice is flat, uninteresting, ordinary. Why drink it? You season the soup —there's sauce for your meat, or fish. Say distinctly: College Inn Tomato Juice *Cocktail.* It's the sign of the epicure!

College Inn

THE ORIGINAL TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.

Hotel Sherman, Chicago . 415 Greenwich St., New York

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE — Paramount. — Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (*Feb.*)

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY——M-G-M.— Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (*Oct.*)

DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (*Sept.*)

DOWN TO EARTH — Fox. — In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (*Sept.*)

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—First National.— Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees, Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (*Feb.*)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a *very* sober Charlie Ruggles. (*Jan.*)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (*Dec.*)

EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.—Good cast, but a weak story about a newspaper columnist. (*Nov.*)

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (*Dec.*)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (*Dec.*)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.— Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (*Feb.*)

FAST LIFE—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (*Feb.*)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film. —Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (*Dec.*)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (*Sept.*)

FLAMING GUNS—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (*Feb.*)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (*Feb.*)

FORBIDDEN COMPANY — Invincible. — Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (*Sept.*)

FORTY-NINERS, THE—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (*Feb.*)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.— Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (*Dec.*)

FRISCO JENNY—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (*Feb.*)

GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE—First Division-Monogram. Fifi Dorsay as a Follies girl, saved from a designing millionaire by her press-agent. (*Nov.*)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (*Dec.*)

GOONA-GOONA—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (*Sept.*)

GUILTY AS HELL—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (*Oct.*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (*Jan.*)

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (*Feb.*)

★ **HAT CHECK GIRL**—Fox.—You'll like this. Sally Eilers plays the pert little check girl and Ben Lyon the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. (*Nov.*)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (*Jan.*)

HEART PUNCH — Mayfair Pictures. — Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (*Feb.*)

HEARTS OF HUMANITY—Majestic Pictures.—A cast of capable weepers gathered together in a drama that will make *you* weep, about a widower and a motherless child. Jean Hersholt and Jackie Searl. (*Nov.*)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount.—Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmailer (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (*Jan.*)

HELL FIRE AUSTIN—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (*Sept.*)

HELL'S HIGHWAY—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix gives a fine performance in this first film of a new cycle dealing with prison chain gangs. Too morbid and brutal for children. (*Nov.*)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount.—Horse opera *de luxe*, chuck-full of shooting and cattle rustling, with virtue triumphing in the end. Randolph Scott and Sally Blane. (*Nov.*)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (*Dec.*)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (*Dec.*)

HOLD 'EM JAIL—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (*Sept.*)

HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (*Oct.*)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS** — Paramount. — The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (*Oct.*)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (*Dec.*)

HYPNOTIZED — World Wide. — Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (*Feb.*)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (*Dec.*)

★ **IF A HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (*Jan.*)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (*Jan.*)

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS — Paramount. — Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

These lamps say, "Pickpockets keep out!"



Uncertain "bargain" lamps can pick your pocket. They're apt to waste current, put on black masks too soon or burn out too young. The loss they cost you can pile up...up...to mock the few pennies in price you thought you "saved!" Don't let poor lamps pick *your* pocket. Use Edison MAZDA Lamps.

They radiate good light at low cost...and each bears the honorable mark GE

For good light at low cost

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes, lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight lamps, too. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Substantial, Salutary, Savory!



Never was there such delicious onion soup as that "brewed" in the Brown Derby kitchen, saith Wallace Beery

THESE crackling, bleak winter days, when a cozy kitchen is a pleasant place to be, are certainly the opportune time to experiment with new dishes. And why not try something that will appeal to the male members of the family, as well as test your culinary skill. Simple recipes requiring just that added something to make them seem quite novel.

Wally Beery's special at the Brown Derby, famous Hollywood restaurant, is onion soup. Here's the chef's own recipe.

Onion Soup

Method: Slice two large onions and saute in a skillet, using a generous amount of butter. When they are brown add a quart of rich chicken broth. Heat thoroughly and season to taste. Pour in individual soup bowls, and place half a French roll on top. Sprinkle a tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese on top of each roll and brown under the broiler flame for five minutes. Enough for six servings.

Henry's, another of the film center's eating places, specializes in German and Hungarian repasts. Among them is one of Charlie Chaplin's favorite dishes:

Sauerbraten

4 lbs. beef—chuck or rump
2 onions, sliced
1 ts. peppercorns
3 bay leaves
3 cups vinegar
1 cup water
¼ cup sugar
4 ginger snaps

First, sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper. Place with the onions, bay leaves, peppercorns and ginger snaps in a deep earthen bowl. Add water and vinegar. Meat must be covered by the liquid. Then cover your bowl, put it in a cool place and let stand four days.

Now take out meat and place in an iron kettle, in which you have let out some fat. Brown it on all sides. Add a little of the spiced vinegar. Then put on a tight-fitting cover and allow to cook slowly for three hours, or until tender. Gradually add more of the liquid in which the meat has stood, whenever necessary while cooking.

When done, remove meat, skim off fat in kettle and strain the liquid. Melt the sugar in an iron frying pan, add the strained liquor gradually. To this you may also add a teaspoon or two of flour, if you like your gravy a bit thick. Cook until smooth.

This may appear to be a complicated process, but is really very simple and not nearly so arduous a task as it may seem before giving it a trial. A cookery adventure guaranteed to appease the masculine appetite.

Although not quite ten years old, Jackie Cooper wisely leans toward the wholesome in his selection of foods. An evidence of this is his fondness for—

Macaroni with Curried Vegetables

Cut three carrots, a few mushrooms and one apple into small pieces. Fry in butter. Mix one tablespoon wholewheat flour, one teaspoon curry powder, one teaspoon chutney and sprinkle over vegetables. Add one teaspoon lemon juice. Stir over fire for a minute. Add a pint of boiling water and four ounces of wholewheat macaroni previously boiled until tender. Mix well and cook in double boiler for two hours.

Photoplay Magazine
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of Photoplay's Famous Cook Book, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

_____

_____

_____

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

HOW IS YOUR FIGURE *in a modern gown?*



LUPE VELEZ, *fiery little screen and stage star, knows the important part that figure plays in modern fashion. She is stunning here, in three entirely different costumes: white lace for evening, simply and beautifully cut; silver fox, most precious of furs, on a sophisticated afternoon ensemble; and the severest of tailleurs for country or morning in town.*

IT IS difficult to get fitted smartly today unless you have a good figure. For current styles emphasize gentle curves. Those whose measurements are a bit generous are sharply restricted in the things they can select.

So, many of us hasten to reduce. Diet and exercise are both necessary. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise eyes may lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow. Wrinkles appear.

Today you may obtain this necessary "bulk" by eating a delicious cereal. Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk" as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Enjoy ALL-BRAN as a cereal with milk—or use in cooking. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Isn't this much pleasanter, much safer than taking patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"



Full of valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. C-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



She has "IT"...





but not what you think

After one dance they pass her up. They forget that rose-petal skin, those dreamy eyes, her agreeable manner, her grace on the dance floor... She has "IT," all right —*but not what you think!*

HOW can this beautiful girl, with breeding and sweetness, ruin her great charm by this undesirable "it" . . . perspiration odor from lingerie that isn't scrupulously fresh.

Of course, she doesn't realize that she's offending. Perhaps she thinks she doesn't perspire. But we all do, even though we don't *feel* sticky. Frequently over a quart a day, doctors say.

Underthings are always absorbing this perspiration, and the odor is bound to cling. Others notice it, even when we aren't aware of it ourselves. Second-day underthings are *never* safe.

Fastidious women don't risk offending in this way. They Lux underthings after *every* wearing . . . it's so quick and easy!

Lux is made to take out perspiration completely and *safely*. It removes all odor, and saves color, protects delicate fabrics.

As everybody knows, perspiration contains substances harmful to silk. By Luxing underthings — stockings, too — after each wearing, you keep them new longer. This dainty habit takes only 4 minutes!

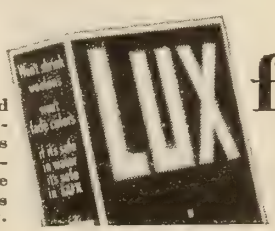
AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor. *Protect daintiness this way*

Wash after each wearing. One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

Avoid ordinary soaps — cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

MILLIONS of women find Lux *in the dish-pan* the world's most inexpensive beauty care for hands. Costs less than ½¢ a day.



for underthings

removes perspiration odor—saves colors



Irving Lippman

THE critics had mentally filed Loretta Young as a "capable young ingénue" who wouldn't ever rate a rhapsody—*when* along came "Life Begins." She staggered them. About the time they were recovering from that shock, up popped "They Call It Sin," and Loretta completely capsized them. So you never can tell about twenty-year-olds!



Ernest Bachrach

"AN' shure the lad has kissed the Blarney Stone—else why should he be so popular with the lassies?" say the envious ones of Joel McCrea. Yet, Joel continues his state of blessed bachelordom—which probably accounts for his jolly smile. Or perhaps he is pleased with his work in "Rockabye," his latest picture with Constance Bennett



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MEET Mrs. Charles Vidor, née Mildred Linton. Better known as Karen Morley or "the lady who walked alone" . . . until she met a certain young director. If Karen is cool, detached and independent in private life, it doesn't prevent her from being intensely dramatic in her pictures. Her acting in "Flesh," with Wallace Beery, was topnotch



SOME people said she looked like Connie Bennett. Others cried: "There's Karen Morley!" when they first saw her in pictures. But this beautifully molded face, these sculptured lines belong to none other than Carole Lombard who, ever since she added *e* to her name, has been stalked by success. Did numerology do the trick? Possibly!



Is this YOUR picture?

. . . *the picture of an attractive girl* ready, without warning, to have the town's smartest bachelor presented to you? Never a worry, an embarrassing doubt, about how your *complexion* looks at that moment?

Such poise *can be yours*, you know! There is a Face Powder that flatters your complexion by its utterly true tone values, that doesn't betray a shiny nose or brow, and that is really invisible to close up scrutiny!

Its name? Coty! Coty presents a true tone for *every* complexion. Each has a delightful *warmth* and rich depth. None has the flatness of color you see in ordinary face powders. Your *individual* Coty Powder tone will never give you a "made-up" look!

Choose *your favorite* from among the *twelve* pure and fragrant tones Coty *blends*. Be sure to look for the powder-puff box!

THE PERFECT FACE POWDER



William A. Fraker

THEY say John Boles once fanned nineteen batters to win for the University of Texas, and we'd say his comeback after the "singies" went out hints that "Unbeatable" may still be his middle name. If his work opposite Nancy Carroll in "Child of Manhattan" bears out the promise of "Back Street" and "Six Hours to Live," we'll be sure of it

"I'll Follow You"...



Says MisSimplicity to the more or less elusive waistline. The cross-strap back (exclusive in MisSimplicity*!) gives you a high bust and outlines your ribs so you may wear your belt of your frock wherever you choose—or none at all! Model 6605, is of peach satin, fine lace and Kendrick elastic.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. No. 1:859:198

The GOSSARD LINE of BEAUTY

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., *Division of Associated Apparel Industries,*
Chicago New York San Francisco Dallas Atlanta
London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

SCRAP OLD IDEAS ABOUT DIETING

sugar *helps* you reduce!



SAYS **Sylvia** WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON THE CARE OF THE FEMININE FIGURE

Once in a great while I find it harder to rid a Hollywood star of a silly idea than to banish a brace of extra chins. And the silliest idea of them all is the idea that sugar has no place in a reducing diet.

But thank goodness, my clients usually listen to me when I tell them that there is a certain "sugar secret" which will actually help them reduce faster. I am going to give you that "sugar secret" here. But first I want you to read my three simple slenderizing commandments. They're part of the advice I give to all my Hollywood clients in my $100 a half hour consultations.

FIRST: Get sufficient exercise. Walk at least two miles a day in the open air.

SECOND: Shun fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces—*and by all means liquor!*

THIRD: Now get this right—*don't starve yourself* on sugar!

Why you reduce FASTER
with my "sugar secret"

Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and safely melts away body fats. Why? Because fats are fuel . . . *sugar is the flame.* Late dietetic discoveries prove that. You actually lose that excess poundage faster with the right sweet at the right time.

But what is the best sweet for slenderizing? That's the secret . . . and its name is "Life Savers." I prescribe Life Savers to all my clients because they are a *purposeful* candy for reducing.

In the first place, Life Savers give quickly assimilated sugar energy — without a lot of fat-building bulk.

Being hard, they dissolve slowly and deliciously on the tongue, thoroughly satisfying the normal hunger for sugar. Slip one on your tongue as often as you have that sweets hunger —*and don't worry about putting on weight!*

You'll find a Life Savers flavor that you like—there are fourteen members in the Life Savers family. Take your pick. Personally, I'm fond of Cryst-O-mint.

Let's Not Fiddle Around!

I'm in earnest about this reducing business . . . Prove that you are and I'll make you a wonderful gift. This gift is a booklet that sums up information I usually get hundreds of dollars for. Buy two packages of Life Savers and send me the two wrappers with the coupon below . . . and my book comes to you free.

Mme Sylvia

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *Beautiful Paramount star now being featured in "The Sign of the Cross."*



There are many enticing kinds of Life Savers —the new Spear-O-mint—Pep-O-mint—Wint-O-green—Cryst-O-mint—Cl-O-ve—Lic-O-rice—Cinn-O-mon —Vi-O-let—and the fruit drops—Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS . . . SEND THIS COUPON; IF YOU DON'T, *Don't*

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. P-3-33, Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. and possessions, or Canada, include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

MIRACLE of miracles! At last one writer is satisfied that Hollywood has done right by his brain child. Noel Coward, distinguished author of the stage play "Cavalcade," is jubilant over the screen version and has congratulated the executives of the Fox Company, its producers. Rather a relief—is it not?—after that parade of malcontents—outstanding members of which were Theodore Dreiser ("An American Tragedy") and Ernest Hemingway ("A Farewell to Arms").

Possibly Coward's opus was fool-proof. However, I do not believe that this is the explanation. Coward is a most skilful craftsman, and it was obviously easier and better to follow the author's plot, rather than to attempt to find some substitute. The case of "Cavalcade" leads me to suspect that authors are sometimes right and that picture producers are not always wrong.

THE fad for burning glances and hot, tempestuous passions is definitely on the wane. The Latin lover type—at least the imported variety—has been displaced by the "made in England" brand, curiously restrained in its amours. These English actors have their own notion of how a man in love should deport himself toward the lady. And the members of the fair sex that attend the movies are inexpressibly surprised and delighted with the change.

The box-office appeal of such finished English actors as Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall hurried the process already in operation. I believe, however, that the American motion picture public is not sold on English actors as such, but that they sense in them a refinement and subtlety in performance that perhaps have too often been lacking in the general run of screen players.

Motion picture patrons have grown more discriminating and have learned not only to appreciate but to demand those nuances in acting that the more sophisticated audiences of theatrical centers have long not only expected, but demanded, of the stage.

THE "Buy American" movement may or may not affect the motion picture industry. Many of the foreign-born motion picture actors are beginning to wonder whether the idea may result in bias for American actors only.

Hollywood studios are extraordinarily cosmopolitan, and a number of old and rising foreign favorites might conceivably find no call for their services in the face of a united pro-American front. It could easily be argued that neither art nor artist knows any nationality. But argument is often futile in the face of popular movements. When, however, such a picture as "Cavalcade"—British through and through—meets, as it is doing, so tremendous a response from American motion picture patrons, it does not seem likely that the many British actors in the cast are in danger of abruptly losing favor.

Such discrimination would, in the long run, do us more harm than good. American films might be boycotted in foreign markets.

While Russian gasoline continues to sell in enormous quantities in the United States, it would seem rather absurd for us to turn upon actors whose only offense is that they are not American-born.

"WHAT does the public want?" Producers and exhibitors have attempted to answer this question since the beginning of the motion picture industry. A very well-known mid-western exhibitor makes these recommendations:

"One—let the men who nursed this business from the days of the old nickelodeon to the dawn of the talkie determine the type of picture to be made. Send the intellectuals, the sophisticates and highbrows who have nothing but supercilious scorn for this industry, back home.

"Two—quit worshipping the stage; cease looking to it as a chief source for material, inspiration and technique.

"Three—in the field of current literature pay less attention to 'Best-Sellers' and more to 'Best Renters' and regardless of whether it is 'Best' in either class—film it only if it can be filmed—and then let it be adapted only by a person intimately acquainted with movie audiences.

"Four—cease making celluloid novels and transplanted stage plays—make movies."

Unfortunately, these "recommendations" do not solve the problem of "what the public wants." Motion pictures, taken over from stage plays, often are successes; "highbrow" films make a hit with the "masses"; while many a "lowbrow" offering is scorned alike by "intellectuals" and "the common people."

No, there is no formula, no pattern. Each new studio release must, in the nature of things, inevitably be a gamble. Not even the public itself can tell beforehand what it wants. It must see to know.

THIS incident, which occurred during the making of a picture at Paramount, is only typical of the care given children in the studios.

A member of the cast uttered a profane word before little Philip Horimoto. The teacher employed by the board of education to be constantly with the child on the set remonstrated, and the offender expressed his regrets, but the next day he forgot himself again. Whereupon the teacher called a taxicab, took the child home, leaving a waiting motion picture company flat. While overhead mounted, the teacher presented the case to the board of education, which upheld her act. The company was out thousands of dollars and in a panic.

Little Philip returned to work only when a solemn guarantee was given that a similar offense would never again occur in his presence.

TEN years ago PHOTOPLAY published a list of "The Twelve Greatest Figures in Motion Pictures" of that day. The list had been compiled by one of the leading trade journals devoted to films. As PHOTOPLAY explained, "The selections were made, not from the standpoint of popularity, but in an effort to decide on the people who have had the greatest influence and have done the most effective work toward the improvement of the screen." Mary Pickford was the only woman in the list.

David Wark Griffith, Director-producer—Because he was the first director to take the screen seriously, creating the greatest number of useful innovations in production.

Samuel L. Rothafel, Exhibitor—Because he was the first to work at a vision of the great entertainment possibilities of the world's best music with pictures.

Adolph Zukor, President of Paramount Pictures—Because his organization, due largely to his business genius and insight, has assisted in the financial stabilization of pictures.

George Eastman, President Eastman Kodak Company—Because of his dependable production of the fundamental physical supplies; and his Eastman Theater at Rochester, New York.

Mary Pickford, Actress-producer—Because she was the first big box-office attraction and because she has made a sincere effort to keep faith with her public.

Charles Chaplin, Actor, director, producer—Because, judged by all the scientific standards of genius, he is the one genius the motion picture has directly produced.

Douglas Fairbanks, Actor-producer—Because he abandoned an established type of product and gambled in bigger things, through a desire to make better pictures.

Thomas Alva Edison, Inventor—Because he evolved the one workable method of making motion pictures, thus making the films possible as a business.

William A. Johnston, Editor "Motion Picture News"—Because he created and developed a high type of trade journal, and has endeavored to maintain it honestly and fearlessly.

Will H. Hays, Director-general of the film industry—Because he has focussed public attention on pictures; because he led the victory in the Massachusetts censorship battle.

J. D. Williams, Executive—Because he organized First National, which brought the exhibitor in closer touch with the producer.

Cecil B. DeMille, Director—Because he is one of the best optical reporters of our time, combining artistry and entertainment; because he has made many stars.

TWO of the twelve—Eastman and Edison—have passed away; Griffith's name has lost its magic, and some of the others, for reasons due largely to changing conditions, are not of the importance they enjoyed when this list was first published. Rothafel still sits in the seats of the mighty. Radio City—but recently opened—is a monument to his energy and imagination. Will Hays remains the over-lord of the industry, and DeMille one of the great directors. Pickford, Chaplin and Fairbanks continue as international figures.

Who would essay to pick the dozen great ones of today? A difficult task, indeed, far more difficult than was the case only a decade ago.

THEY learn young. The other day, Joan Bennett laid out some shopping money on her dresser and imagine her surprise to see her little daughter, Ditty, just four, walk into the breakfast room with the money in her hand.

"Why, Ditty," Joan said, "where did you get that?"

"Oh, at the studio," said Ditty, tossing her little head. "They've got lots of it to give away for just nothing."

And Joan nearly passed out.

IT isn't the high powered press-agents or publicity ballyhoo that always does the stars the most good. Not always. For instance, in a small Hollywood beauty shop the other day, a customer firmly announced that her favorite movie person was Richard Barthelmess.

"I'm for him because he's square," the woman said. "I live near his chauffeur. They live in a little flat near my home. And in all this depression, that chauffeur has never had one cut, or been laid off without wages while Mr. Barthelmess is away. All the other servants have been treated with the same fairness and consideration. And a man who treats his servants honestly and fairly, is good enough for me on the screen."

And the half dozen customers hurried out to tell their friends about Richard Barthelmess.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

The Eyes of Men···The Eyes of Women Judge your Loveliness every day



You may be sprightly and sixteen; fair and forty; or serious and sixty. Yet you cannot deny that every pair of eyes that looks at you commends your beauty or regrets its lack. For life is a Beauty Contest for every woman. And she whose skin is soft and fresh has a wonderful advantage.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To possess a lovely, clear complexion take infinite care in choosing your beauty soap! Use gentle, creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women! Its lather is rich as cream · · · luxuriant in any kind of water. It is made of pure, delicate oils, safe for the most delicate feminine skin.

NEW LOW PRICES

Never in all your lifetime have you known a soap of such exquisite quality to cost so little! The price of Camay is now so low you will want to buy a dozen cakes today!

You can hardly glance out of the window, much less walk in town but that some inquiring eye searches you and your skin. This is the Beauty Contest of life in which all women must compete. Not even a queen escapes it. And a modest country girl can win it · · · if her skin is lovely.



• *Make a rich lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water, massaging it into your skin. Rinse with cold water. Then note how soft and fresh your skin feels.*



• *This is creamy-white Camay, the famous beauty soap that thousands of lovely women use for their complexions, for their hands and in their bath.*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Which Movie Star

Here are a few great favorites among masculine screen personalities. Each, to our mind, has a million dollars' worth of outstanding, vibrant "feminine appeal." We've classified them according to type. Then we analyzed their separate appeals, and found, to our surprise, that we'd discovered a lot of secrets about you women who admire them. What do you think about this? We'd like to have your opinion. THE EDITOR.

WE'VE been suppressing a little theory of our own with considerable effort for some time past. It's all about why we think a certain type of woman goes all weak-kneed and trusting when Clark Gable sets his teeth and flashes an electro-magnetic dimple in her direction.

Or why another type forgets about the roast that's burning, or that she promised little Tommy to take him to the zoo this afternoon, when Leslie Howard starts to make love in that half-serious, half-whimsical manner of his.

When we couldn't keep our pet theory on our chests any longer, we threw on last year's copy of an Agnes hat and rushed off to consult a real authority on the subject.

The authority in question was Dr. John B. Watson, eminent American behaviorist psychologist. Really not half so fearful as it sounds!

Dr. Watson has spent years and years compiling proofs that human behavior is not such a queer, unpredictable thing as some people would have us believe.

According to Dr. Watson, there are certain primal responses in men and women—responses which definitely explain why a certain type of woman is strongly attracted to, say, Ronald Colman, and reacts about as violently to Johnny Weissmuller as she would to her Aunt Tabitha's Maltese cat.

Now, these basic, *potent* motives for the attractions between men and women literally knock in the head all those old *village* axioms, such as:

"Opposites attract," or "There's no accounting for tastes," or "Love is blind." And a hundred others, just as scientifically unsound.

After I finish telling you his ideas and add a few of my own *gratis*, you might let PHOTOPLAY know whether we've typed you correctly.

It's quite possible, of course, that you fit our description of the woman who would desert home and fireside and all the nice, safe things of life after just one good, resounding smack from that hardy fellow, Jimmy Cagney. Yet Jimmy might actually leave you as chill as the peak of Mont Blanc. While, in reality, young, sort-of-fragile "appeal-to-your-mother-instinct" Charlie Farrell or Eric Linden could do things to that



Photomontage by Lazarnick

Dominates You?

By Hilary Lynn

capricious feminine nature of yours that were . . . well . . . positively . . . well, just positively . . . !

But speaking psychologically and very generally, there are two broad classifications into which most normal women will fall:

Those who want to be dominated by their men.

Those who want to do the dominating.

Women who *want to be possessed.* Or women *who want to possess.*

MIND you, when we say *dominate,* we don't mean the "step-on-'em, wipe-up-the-floor-with-'em" kind of thing. Oh, we're being much more subtle than that. Often the subconscious impulse to get the upper hand is softened into a mere desire to "protect."

Have you ever noticed, for example, that there are certain women—and certain men, too, for that matter—who, when in love or attracted to someone of the opposite sex, actually seem to enjoy suffering! Sounds odd, doesn't it?

Yet this is a very normal instinct, to be found in women who want to be mastered. Who want to be completely over-powered by a dominant male personality. Who desire to know definitely that they're yielding!

The highbrows call this impulse *masochism.* And its opposite—the impulse to inflict the suffering—is called *sadism.*

I saw "Flesh" a while ago, a picture that seemed made to explain this type of "suffering" female adoration. The girl, Karen Morley, was madly infatuated with a slick guy (Ricardo Cortez). She knew he was using her for his own ulterior purposes. She knew he was "yellow." She allowed him to beat her. And hating herself for it, she continued to love him and follow out his crooked instructions. Why? Obviously, he had that fatal fascination of the masterful male for her. And she was obviously the type of woman who desired to be enslaved!

And do you remember the amazing popularity of Fannie Brice's song: "My Man"? Of course! That's the way any number of women want their men. If it weren't recognized as true, do you suppose for a minute that vaudeville managers would continue to engage those "sensational Apache dancers, straight from the heart of Montmartre"? That "we love to suffer" business has a widespread appeal that any clever showman recognizes!

Well, then, does your heart burn for Clark Gable? Or expand to the bursting point at the approach of Chester Morris? Go all tight and constricted at the thought of Jimmy Cagney? Do a double flip-flop for Johnny Weissmuller? Well, then . . .!

Now comes a much subtler example of the *masterful male.* The man who stings a woman [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

FUNNY FEUDS *of*

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE



Lupe Velez draped her arms to the elbows in napkins, imitating Tashman's long white gloves. Imagine Lil's feelings

THERE'S no use talking, when people get mad in Hollywood it's a panic from beginning to end. A trapeze act, tea for two and a wrestling match all in one. A smack 'em down and kiss 'em quick. In fact, it's a riot. A downright riot with everyone joining hands and coming in on the chorus until no one knows who started it or what it was all about (if anything) in the first place.

Dear me!

When people get mad in Podunk, they get normally, healthily mad with just cause and no kidding and that's that. But in Hollywood—

First of all, there's Lupe Velez. Seems Lupe is constantly getting herself into high class feuds. Her first was with exotic Jetta Goudal on "The Drums of Love" set.

The fiery little Mexican was rating too much attention for Miss Goudal's comfort, so Jetta remarked in passing something in Mexican, and Lupe made an emphatic comeback. And for the next two hours of her life the calm and icy Goudal held off by her strong white hands what looked like a sure and active threat of mayhem.

It looked for a while as if Miss Goudal were about to finish "The Drums of Love" in small, fantastic pieces. Which wasn't what Mr. Griffith, the director, had planned at all.

Of course, you remember the time Lupe wrapped her arms to the elbows in white napkins at the Embassy and pretended she was Lil Tashman in long, white gloves. And did Lil burn? Then there's Lupe's take-off on her calm and dignified country woman, Dolores Del Rio. With Dolores saying nothing in public but doing plenty of hot tamale thinking.

Things have been just a bit strained too, between the frank and open Barbara Stanwyck and the terribly elegant Ruth Chatterton, since the day Ruthie walked onto the set where Barbara was making her first screen test. Music blared, people were flying about, and the place seemed all atwitter.

"Deah, oh deah," Ruthie said, "is it necessary ("nessry," Ruth pronounces it) to have all this music and what-not while that young lady makes a test?" Instantly things stopped dead in their sound track. "Listen," Barbara said, and can't you hear her say it? "I don't like this music any better than you. But they want it, so what?"

So what, indeed, as the Chinese say. At any rate, it's been slightly frigid in the Stanwyck-Chatterton vicinity ever since.

THEN, of course, there's that famous clothes feud between Constance Bennett and Lilyan Tashman. And the famous feud between Lil and Eleanor Boardman, when Lil criticized Eleanor's taste in clothes. And the Bennett-Swanson feud when Connie stepped in and annexed Gloria's Marquis and her favorite movie, "Rockabye."

And the newest, hottest Bennett feud is on right now between Connie and the handsome Joel McCrea. It seems Connie proceeded to criticize Mr. McCrea on the set. Joel calmly and deliberately informed Miss Bennett she could, in fact did, get

HOLLYWOOD



Ooh, la, la! What that Maurice thinks of Stu Erwin—and it's mutual, my dears, quite

Buddy Rogers and Dick Powell drove the neighbors crazy of nights in their saxophone duel over pretty Mary Brian

away with that with plenty of people, but not with him, and to everyone's utter astonishment, walked right out of the picture. And the amazed and stunned Miss Bennett was left without a leading man. At this writing the "mad's" still on.

Jimmy Cagney and Eddie Robinson, since their "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar" hits, eye each other with a slightly glassy and suspicious eye. No gangster should try to outdo another even if it is just a screen scrap.

And let me whisper that Chevalier, *that* Maurice, thinks Stu Erwin is the unfunniest fellow he has ever heard of, while Stu goes around mumbling something about darned Frenchmen think they're cute and they're not. And if "Schnozzle" Durante ever turned up that nose at Buster Keaton the way Jimmy feels like doing, it would call for the lifeboats. Women and children first.

Oh, I tell you, every one feuds in Hollywood. Even the children. For instance, the Coogans just never see Mitzi Green around. And Mitzi simply doesn't know Jackie or Bobby Coogan ever lived.

Some women visitors to the Paramount lot had little Bobby Coogan at their table for lunch while "Skippy" was being made. They were utterly enchanted with the child. So unHollywood like, my dears. So unactorish.

"And don't you just love making movies?" one woman cooed.

"Gee, yes," Bobby piped up.

"And don't you just love little Mitzi Green?" another cooed.

Instantly, there was a change in the child. He laid down his fork and glared. "She's a punk actress," Bobby announced, and strode indignantly away, while six women stared open-mouthed. And flabbergasted.

Oh yes, my hearties. It's Hollywood and you'll feud and like it.

There's one wretched family in Beverly Hills that's been the innocent victim of one of the most hilarious feuds known to mankind. It began between Buddy Rogers and Dick Powell, the lad who scored in "Blessed Event."

BOTH boys are musical. Both boys have been rushing Mary Brian. And what's more, both boys live but one house apart. Dick would take up his saxophone of an evening and toot, "Here Lies Love." Buddy would come right back with his saxophone, "Say It Isn't So," with variations. Then Dick's trombone would blare forth, "I've Still Got a Dollar" and back would come Buddy's trombone with "Brother, Could You Please Spare a Dime." Then Dick's flute would pipe out, "Pul-leeze, Mr. Hemminway," until the poor innocent victims sandwiched between them would run screaming out singing, "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep."

So on and on the feud went. With Dick and Mary dancing somewhere one night. Buddy and Mary dancing somewhere the next night. But Dick had one up on Buddy. He could play the violin. Buddy couldn't. So Buddy hires himself a teacher and proceeds to learn violin playing.

Hollywood had no idea where the thing would end when a radio broadcast finally called Buddy out of town. He stood very forlornly in his backyard the morning he left as he mournfully played toward Dick's window, "I Surrender, Dear."

Remember that amazing "mad on" between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, when Gloria was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Joan the demure, who came, saw, conquered, after all Hollywood thought "no sister need apply," by reversing the expected Bennett tactics

Two's A CROWD!



Brilliant Connie, who literally dazzled her way to the front. But after Joan's quiet, sure rise, all moviedom wonders which system is better

Yes indeed, when they are sisters. But where others failed, Joan had the winning trick

THAT'S usually the case with sisters—two *is* a crowd.

Especially is it the case in Hollywood, where you can count the sisters who have triumphed together on the fingers of one hand. The Gish sisters, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Katharine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason—these are outstanding and, currently, the Bennetts.

Yes, currently, the Bennetts—Constance and Joan. A contrast if there ever was one, and a crowd by themselves.

In fact, Constance alone was quite a crowd when Joan came quietly to Hollywood and put herself in the toughest spot an actress could possibly pick. Constance, already a star, was a scintillating queen of the cinema. She outshone a lot of other stars who, dramatically speaking, are quite as brilliant as she; especially spectacular in everything she was or did, she dazzled the whole movie sphere.

And into the shadow thrown by that glittering dazzle, literally crept little sister Joan.

Joan probably didn't know it at the time—and probably wouldn't have let it stop her if she had—but she was attempting to do the next to impossible, something which had rarely been done before. She intended that her own sun should rise and shine in the face of her sister's resplendent glory.

Perhaps, if she thought about it at all, she thought that Constance's blazing aurora might help her, not realizing that it was bound to be her greatest handicap.

Let's reminisce a little and think how many times that same attempt has been made and what usually happened. Consider Mary Pickford, for instance, and what happened to Lottie. Consider Loretta Young and sister Polly Ann. Consider Lois Wilson and Diana Kane, Marian Marsh and Jeanne Morgan, Laura LaPlante and sister Violet—eh, consider oodles and scads of such examples. Hollywood is full of 'em, for Hollywood, hitherto, has been almost entirely a one-to-a-family town.

Certainly it has been a one-sister town ever since the time of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, and that was a long, long time ago. They were just about the last pair of sisters to come up together; until, that is, Miss Joan Bennett showed up on the scene.

As everybody knows, Constance, Barbara and Joan are the three daughters of Richard Bennett, a sire of most illustrious name both upon stage and screen. Inasmuch as Bennett *pere* is an actor of such excellence, it was perhaps inevitable that his three daughters should seek theatrical careers; in the Bennett family, the stage is at least as much of a tradition as with the Barrymores.

Constance came, saw, conquered—and how! Barbara, after achieving something of success, retired to raise babies as Mrs. Morton Downey. Joan, the infant of the Bennett *menage*, was the last of the trio to "break in," and consequently most under the gun.

NOT only was she the last of the three to come to Hollywood, but before coming at all she waited to get unhappily married and happily divorced, between the two having a baby of her own. Meanwhile, Connie was shooting up and up like an unloosed comet. Thus Joan was at an enormous disadvantage before she ever got to Hollywood. For Hollywood was using about all of its trumpets tooting for Connie, and there wasn't any wind left over for Joan.

However, Joan was smart.

If Joan had attempted to come, as Connie did, heralded and press-agented, midst copious bouquets and countless wardrobe trunks, here might easily have been a sad, sad story, mates, to relate. If she, too, had attempted to put herself over as the best-dressed woman in the world, earning the biggest movie salary,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Reginald Taviner

Gloria's New Troubles

Husband Michael's film producing urge ends her hopes for quiet rest



Once Gloria was too busy with her film work to be able to take many dinners with her husband. She gave him a part in "Perfect Understanding," and so the situation was reversed. Michael couldn't find time away from the studio



It does seem that nothing can daunt our Gloria Swanson! In spite of recent strain and difficulties, she is looking positively years younger. Perhaps it's the English climate

NO one can picture Gloria Swanson living a truly quiet stretch of existence. Each quiet pause has been, seemingly, merely an interlude between the cascade of emotions over which she has just tumbled, and the dangerous whirlpool looming ahead.

Gloria thought her marriage to Michael Farmer and the birth of her beautiful daughter were to bring that "happiness and peace forever after" which all women believe they want. She thought the same, of course, when she married Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis de la Falaise.

She believed it when she left Mack Sennett for Paramount; when she repudiated Paramount and twenty thousand dollars a week to produce her own pictures; when she left Hollywood to make a picture in the traditional "quiet peace" of old England.

By Ruth Biery

Right now—with the experiences of childbirth and producing a picture in London behind her—she believes it will come through a quiet farm on the Riviera where she and Michael and the three children can live close to the peace of nature, and forget the turbulence of life entirely. "Retirement" spells "peace" to her imagination, just as every other change has, heretofore, offered it—in imagination.

NATURALLY, it won't happen. In the first place, she can't retire to a farm because her husband does not want it. He wishes to return to Hollywood and study the making of pictures. He has tasted the excitement which always accompanies picture-making and likes it. He would never consent to farm life, not even the colorful one of the Riviera. So to secure her present desire, Gloria would, I firmly believe, be obliged to go her own way, and Michael his.

But deeper far than that, Gloria Swanson is one of the women of our generation who will live drama until death—as Cleopatra was in her age. Gloria can no more remain in peaceful retirement than a skylark could be content in a closet. She belongs to the world of zestful action, high emotion, romance and tempest.

Nothing could be more typically Gloria, from beginning to end, than "Perfect Understanding."

It was not alone Gloria's decision to make a picture in London. Everyone had advised it. They told her how cheaply, how easily, she could do it. They advised her this way and that.

Gloria listened. Somehow, Gloria always listens. As often as she has been ill-advised, still she listens. It is another peculiarity of her type of woman.

The other afternoon, while she was curled into a tiny [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Is It Goodbye to Each Other as a Studio Team?

UNITED they stand, separated they shall fall! Hollywood is whispering this prediction about Josef Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich.

Can it be true that two vivid personalities set up an entity for each other—that one becomes a necessary complement to the other?

Before Von sailed away for his "holiday" in Europe, he told our reporter that he was through with pictures—"sick and tired of the silly stories which had been thrust upon him."

He went on to explain, however, that this did not mean he was through with studios or his own ideas about pictures. Von Sternberg claims his mind was trained along philosophic lines and that fiction is no material out of which to make movies.

He is going to see the world, absorb the feeling of the Orient, live in far-off places where he can shake the studio cobwebs from his mind and come back—sometime perhaps—with ideas which he shall develop. He makes no plans, living entirely on inspirations.

Marlene is his pet prodigy. Wasn't it Von who found her as a struggling nobody in Germany and with his genius eye perceived her possibilities?

Marlene says she realizes that without Von Sternberg's guidance she would no doubt have remained just where she was, in a drab little theater, trying vainly for a place in the sun.

When she left America some time ago, she, too, said she was through. But she wasn't, actually. She returned and when the legal battle with Paramount over breaking her contract was finally adjusted, Marlene went back to Hollywood, like a dutiful little girl, to complete "Song of Songs" under Rouben Mamoulian's direction.

Will Marlene be content to remain in Hollywood under a strange director's tutelage? And if she does, will *any* director, except Von Sternberg, be able to bring out her ethereal loveliness as this one man has been able to do it?

When Marlene came to Hollywood she had already made "The Blue Angel," in Germany, under Von Sternberg's direction, and it was his camera eye which, little by little, developed the soulful qualities which stamp La Dietrich the orchidaceous lady of filmdom.

And Marlene is grateful. Yet, on the other hand, Von Sternberg's genius may never have impressed us if he had not found such promising material as Dietrich with which to work.



Fandom shed tears over its Gaynor-Farrell dream, when Virginia Valli appeared as Charlie's bride



Charlie and Janet sometimes danced together. Lydell and Janet, Charlie and Virginia were all friends

Now What *Next* Janet?

What will follow her separation from Lydell Peck? Even Hollywood will not prophesy

By James Fidler

HOLLYWOOD was stunned by the news of Janet Gaynor's separation from Lydell Peck.

But this is not the first shock Janet has given Hollywood. She did it three years ago when she married Peck at a time when Hollywood expected she would marry Charles Farrell.

And now that Hollywood is again able to sit up and take nourishment, it wonders what connection — if any — lies between Farrell's recent departure from Fox studios and Janet's decision to leave Peck.

In a manner of speaking Janet Gaynor may be said to be a woman with two men in her life — one her screen "sweetheart," Farrell; the other her real life husband, Peck.

The former, her companion in studio work; the latter her home man.

The Gaynor-Farrell screen romance that the public has delighted in has been Hollywood's most enduring speculation. It began in 1926, when the two worked together in "7th Heaven." Before completion of that picture, Hollywood decided they were in love. They seemed so ideally suited, so Hollywood said, with their clean, untarnished, youthful desires and their ambitions. They were two dreamers, and they seemed as complementary to each other as two love birds; as dew to dawn.



And here's Lydell Peck, who many say resembles Charlie. Do you see it or don't you?

Throughout the years that followed "7th Heaven," Hollywood saw the two constantly together, and Hollywood wondered when they would marry. But Hollywood did not know that which I knew: That both Janet and Charlie feared the effect of marriage on their screen future.

Janet said to me one day: "I am afraid to marry. I have been told it might ruin my career."

Then—if not now—Janet regarded her career before all else.

But as sweethearts they were as constant as heart beats. No première was complete without them. They worshipped each other to the music of Cocoanut Grove orchestras. Summer months found them romping and adoring together at Malibu. The sight of one without the other was rarer than wingless angels.

If Charlie was seen alone, the first question asked of him was: "Where is Janet?"

If she was encountered alone, the question became, "Where is Charlie?"

Enter Lydell Peck, a handsome young San Francisco attorney.

When Peck, with dogged persistence, claimed more and more of Janet's attentions, Hollywood was agog. The townsfolk

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Tarzan and the Lions? Tame

"THROWN to the lions!" A score or more of them ringed around you. Some two dozen tigers added for good measure. And you in the middle, armed with a whip and a chair, your life hanging on your powers of eye and nerve. Not a mean thrill, would you say, to find yourself in such a spot? Well, that's just about where you'll be when you view Universal's new Clyde Beatty film, glimpsed here in production. The camera keeps you at the champion trainer's side every instant as he parries each blow, and finally subdues his snarling felines. The film is titled "The Big Cage"



Stuff! Just Ask Clyde Beatty!



Photo by Stagg

TALK about quickness of the hand deceiving the eye! Here, a death-dealing paw swoops faster than the cameras can catch it! Even with only two-hundredths of a second exposure, our photographer couldn't "stop" the big cats. But Clyde Beatty, world-famous star loaned by Hagenbeck-Wallace for this film, does it quite well, as you see. More than that, circus men say that what he's attempting here—taming both lions and tigers, and both males and females of each species—is a feat no other trainer ever before dared attempt. Nero, the brute in the center, once clawed Beatty into the hospital for ten weary weeks

My Sister, Ann





O. R. Seeley Studio

From the little baby with angel curls to one of the most acclaimed stars in all filmland—what a vista of memories stretches before Ann Harding's sister, as she takes pen in hand to tell the story! To the right we see baby Ann—Dorothy Gatley in those days—as she appeared when strangers stopped her on the street to finger that enchanting hair; while above is the author, smiling serenely as she fondly recollects those far-off times

"ANN HARDING Signs New Contract—Becomes One Of Highest Salaried Stars In Industry." To me, older sister of the girl christened Dorothy Gatley, the words held no great surprise. But the sight of that banner on the newspaper did bring a rush of pictures to my mind, a kaleidoscopic review of our life together—memories of a happy childhood—glimpses—

A young mother is walking along the Alamo Plaza, in San Antonio, Texas, holding the little hand of a pink and white cherub. They stroll past a photographic studio and the mother is somewhat astonished when the photographer himself rushes out, gazing at the cherub.

"Please, madame," he begs, never taking his eyes off the solemn little countenance, "will you not permit me to photograph your child? I will gladly give you any number of poses for the privilege of placing one portrait in my window. Oh—so lovely the baby!"

"Thank you," replies madame, rather frigidly, "but of course, I could never dream of allowing my child's face to be displayed to the public!"

WHITE curls, with a very pink scalp for background; dark blue eyes that looked straight through you at the age of one; a grand disposition even in the infant stage, with occasional outburst of rage at some imagined grievance, resulting invariably in pulling out diminutive handfuls of the white curls . . . Transplanted to Ft. Sheridan, on Lake Michigan; first glimpse of frosty weather, and an excited little three-year-old bundled up in a dark blue chinchilla coat and leggings, struggling heroically with a snow-ball twice as big as herself, destined to become the tummy of a snow man.

When Dorothy made her first excursions into the world beyond the front gate, to her dismay, she found that she could not set foot upon the street without being stopped by someone who simply couldn't pass by without remarking upon the white curls.

Mother would see the admiring gleam in approaching eyes and quicken her steps, but to no avail. Their path would be blocked, hands would reach out to touch the shining hair and there was no stopping the question that became so hateful—

"Where did you get those beautiful curls? May I have one?"

Mother had coached her in polite rejoinder, but tears of exasperation refused to be winked back and the corners of the little rosebud mouth would square off as she replied,

"God gave 'em to me"—sniff—"but I'd love to give 'em to you if I could!"

AND how she meant the last part of that speech!

The fun of occasional shopping trips to Chicago was completely spoiled by still more people who would stop the child and reiterate the question. One such trip just escaped tragedy. Mother and Dody had had a particularly trying session with the admiring multitude in Marshall Field's and mother was waiting for change on the last purchase. She relinquished her grasp of the moist little hand at her side to accept the change—and when she turned and looked down with the cheerful news that they were going home now, there was no baby.

Frantically, mother turned to the salesgirl—"My baby's—gone!" The woman signaled to a detective who sent out a general alarm, while mother made a superhuman effort to get hold of herself and fight off ugly visions of kidnaping. After what amounted actually to only two or three minutes, a small, starched figure appeared at the door, one hand pulling a white

Harding

By Edith Gatley Nash

The life story of a girl who dodged stardom for years only to have fame thrust upon her almost overnight





The latest tribute to Ann Harding's supreme art—for the opening of the dazzling new Roxy Theater in New York's famed "Radio City," the choice was Ann Harding and Leslie Howard (above) in "The Animal Kingdom." To the left is Ann's name blazing forth to New York throngs

piqué hat down to hide the curls, the other swallowed up in the firm clasp of a strange man in a derby hat.

He was a store detective who had been standing at the entrance to the store and before the alarm was sent out had noticed a child following a woman who apparently paid no attention to her. The woman seemed so poorly dressed in comparison with Dorothy that it had aroused the man's suspicion and he trailed them.

THE following year found us back in San Antonio, Texas, again. Dorothy was just old enough now to climb a tree, and whenever I think of her as a child, the first picture that comes to me is that of a little figure swaying in the top of a tree, utterly content with her own quiet company.

Then off to join father in Cuba, where he had been sent as instructor of field artillery to the Cuban army. Through the customs, with military dispatch, we were driven out to the army post, Camp Columbia. Little black-haired, black-eyed, tanned youngsters, lined up at neighboring fences, jabbered away excitedly in rapid-fire Spanish entirely unintelligible to us except for the painfully evident fact that two very blonde *Americanas* were under critical discussion.

ANOTHER picture — a straight-backed, pink and white little "General," white curls tucked up under father's military cap, a wooden sword held firmly in strict accordance with army regulations, a clear little voice ripping out military orders in fluent Spanish to a serious dark little squad of soldiers, each equipped with a wooden sword of the "General's" fashioning . . . Acknowledged leader, having mastered the vocabulary of childhood, she had soon reached the point where she spoke their language better than they, with ten times the force, and full accompaniment of Latin gesture.

Being stationed at the same post for two years was quite a novelty, so we were not surprised to hear of orders to return to the States. Our education had become a serious problem by this time, so it was decided that mother should take us to New York, where her mother lived, and make an attempt at "staying put" until we had finished school. We stayed there just one year, moving to Montclair, New Jersey, shortly before the outbreak of the World War.

Ann's First Triumphs—in School





How would you like to see Ann Harding as she appears at the right? This fearsome shot was taken when, in her 'teens, she played *MacDuff* in her boarding school's presentation of "Macbeth," on two days' notice. And note how, when stepping off to school along a quiet New Jersey street, she was already showing the poise and grace which now add so much to her charm on the screen!

The remaining years of Dorothy's school life were more or less uneventful, with a few highlights—a year's sojourn at the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr, and a flourishing conclusion of her scholastic career when she completed the last two years of high school in one at East Orange High, New Jersey. At the Baldwin School, the Christmas play was quite an event—"Macbeth: A Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Produced by Mrs. Otis Skinner." Dorothy was originally cast for *Ross*, a minor part as she was just a sophomore and newly come to the school. However, *MacDuff* came down with the measles two days before the performance and Dorothy's extraordinary ability to memorize won her the rôle.

MOTHER and I arrived at the school shortly before the curtain was to go up. Our first sight of daughter and sister was rather terrifying: heavy makeup, ferocious eyebrows and mustache, armor breastplate, enormous boots and clanking sword—and in one mailed fist, a tube of white vaseline which she was swallowing as fast as possible.

"Lost my voice," she croaked in a hoarse whisper, "trying to talk like a man. But I think I'll get it back in an hour if I can only swallow this stuff. Mustn't talk any more now—" and down went another gulp of vaseline. Sure enough, the well-oiled vocal chords responded to the heroic treatment and she got through the evening nobly.

Dorothy left Baldwin with regret, but as it was financially impossible to continue there, that was that, and she entered East Orange High. Her memorizing faculty made quick work of studying. She always finished the next day's homework during school hours, not with the idea of impressing her teachers but simply because it gave her free time to go to the movies and practice her piano in the afternoons. Nevertheless, she got the reputation in school of being something of a bookworm—highly proper and admirable, but not so much fun on a party—"highbrow," in other words.

SO it was, that when she announced her intention of going out for the lead in the senior play, its author, Garrett Fort (now a well-known scenario writer and playwright) begged her not to do it. The part was that of a very languorous vamp who turned out to be a secret service agent in the last three minutes.

"You know the faculty will give it to you," exploded Garrett. "You're teacher's pet around here—but, doggone it—you'll ruin my play. This is a *vamp* part—do you realize that? Lord knows *you* haven't any 'jazz' in your elbows—it'll be a complete flop."

To his dismay, she carried out her intention and walked off with the part tucked under the jazzless elbows. She proceeded to rehearse it in a very proper manner, dear to the traditions of the faculty, but nothing less than heartbreaking to Garrett. The night of the show found him slumped into a far corner of the auditorium. His heart sank as the curtains were drawn, disclosing—he sat up with a jerk—what was this?

In a purple chiffon gown and the one and only marcel wave she was ever known to inflict upon her hair, Dody, who had been a devotee of the movies since grammar school days, gave an imitation of the current super-siren of the screen that brought the audience right out of their seats.

To Garrett's bewildered delight and the petrified horror of the faculty, she glided through the part with sinuous undulation of hip, sophisticated shrugging of shoulder, half-closed, heavy-lidded eyes, and parted lips. The audience, unaccustomed as it was to anything like this coming from the senior class, stamped and cheered and howled its enjoyment of the play and the performance. The leading lady and the author were heroes of the hour.

School days were over for both of us. Father had returned from a year spent overseas with the Rainbow Division and the Army of Occupation. A Kentucky village had been commandeered as part of a field artillery training area—a desolate little town thirty miles out of Louisville. He was sent there to turn it into a permanent post and it was time for the family to foregather once more.

AT first it was fun—Dody was made daughter of the regiment, a great ball was given in her honor, various officers' wives entertained for her; but by the time I joined them a seething restlessness had taken hold of her. Riding horseback was our one great solace, paper chases cross-country the one "social event" to which we could look forward with enjoyment.

Day after day for many months we would order our horses for eight-thirty and explore the surrounding country for miles on every side. This daily trek [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



THOUGH bull-fighting ran in the family, Antonio Damaso De Alonso preferred to cede the matador honors to Sidney Franklin and try his luck as a lover—on the screen. He changed his name to Gilbert Roland. Now he's changed his type from the romantic lover in "Call Her Savage" to the sleek villain in "She Done Him Wrong"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WE just can't resist the adorable drawl of our little ladies from the "sunny South." But her Southern accent is only one of the points that bring perky little Una Merkel closer and closer to the winning post with each new film she makes. "Whistling in the Dark," in which she starred opposite Ernest Truex, was a big step to the fore for Una



Clarence Sinclair Bull

WHILE fans grew wide-eyed over Madge's diamond ring, a certain young broker in New York, and other rumored romances—Miss Evans looked out on the world with limpid eyes. And continued to climb the wobbly ladder to movie success. She recently completed "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," and is now hard at work on "Hell Below"



William A. Fraker

"TO the city of a million moods"—says Nancy Carroll, the sparkling "Child of Manhattan," raising her glass in one final toast to the *one and only* skyline. Now, to prove that she's as versatile as her beloved New York, Nancy, of the burnished tresses and the lovely curves, is picked to thrill us with Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused"

Roland *and the* Ladies

Mr. Young talks bashfully on the most interesting subject in the world

By Jack Jamison



"Welcome," Mr. Young greeted me, looking up, with a smile, from the letter he was writing. "But would you mind not tripping so much on the rugs? I just can't bear to hear men's bodies fall"

The Editor of PHOTOPLAY:

DEAR SIR: You told me that Roland Young was one of the best loved men in pictures, and that he must have a lot of sex-appeal, to judge from the flood of letters coming in to him from women all over the country. You said I was to go see him and find out why—find out what's the secret of his peculiar charm.

He's no lily for looks, and he's certainly not romantic if you compare him with Leslie Howard or Clark Gable (or even with a cigar-store Injun) but he does get baskets and baskets of love-letters from women.

But, if you want to know anything about those letters, *you* try interviewing him. Just try! In the first place, Roland is very shy and retiring. In the second, he's a gentleman, and no gentleman, the way he looks at it, talks about his love letters, even when they come by the basket.

If you think it's easy, *you* just try to pry something out of that guy! Opening oysters with your fingers is a juvenile pastime compared with pulling Young out of his shell.

Here's what happened when I tried to interview him. I'm telling it to you word for word, just as it happened.

Hopelessly yours,
Jack Jamison.

THE SCENE *is Roland's den, in his big house on Linden Drive in Beverly Hills. It is a small, snug room, with French windows looking out on the garden. The walls are crowded with etchings, wood-blocks, and book-cases. A shelf bears hundreds of figurines of penguins. It is a cluttered, cosy, masculine room, except for the flowers in a penguin motif holder. A fire crackles cheerfully in the fireplace.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Roland Young, actor.
Mr. Jamison, brilliant and handsome young author.
Robert, the butler.
Mr. X (name unknown), an insurance solicitor.

As the curtain rises, Mr. Young is sitting at a desk writing a letter. He is wearing a dark flannel coat, flannel trousers with a carnation in his lapel. Robert shows in Mr. Jack Jamison.

Jamison (tripping over a rug and falling flat): /#$*&'()/#$.

Roland Young (raising his eyebrows): Dear me, dear me! Such a commotion!

Jamison: I fell down.

Roland Young: So I see. I fall down myself. You ought to have seen the famous Roland Young Fall of the Spring of '83. It was at a benefit tea for the wives of radio tenors who had been killed by angry mobs. I came down some steps to a polished floor, and along the floor, in a row, there were a lot of little rugs, a big bearskin rug, and the hostess sitting at a tea wagon. I tripped over the bearskin rug, skidded on the little ones, and ended up on top of the tea wagon with my head in the hostess' lap. That's a graceful way to enter a drawing-room!

Jamison: Well, I guess you'd like to know why I'm here. Mr. Young, PHOTOPLAY has decided that you have sex-appeal!

Roland Young: Tch, tch! Gracious!

Jamison: What do you mean, tch, tch? I'm supposed to find out whether you have it or not. Have you?

Roland Young (blushing): If PHOTOPLAY says yes, who am I to say no?

Jamison: Now, I've written down some questions to ask you. (Reading): Do you know what sex-appeal is?

Roland Young: Whose?

Jamison: Yours, of course. You've heard of sex-appeal, haven't you? You know what it is, roughly? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Cal York Announcing—



Stax

Guess who poses in this entrancing black Duchess satin gown with tulle ruffs? The Viscountess of Do-Dad? Don't tell me it's *Mrs. Oliver Hardy!* You say she's playing in "Twice Two"? Without hubby? Oh, come! You can't fool us, Stan Laurel!



Here we see Joan improving each shining moment by reading (is it a French book?) between scenes of her new picture, "Today We Live," which title seems to impress *La* Crawford. It's a World War story. Gary Cooper supplies lover interest

WELL, well. Freddie March and *ia* Dietrich. That's what we'll get in "The Song of Songs," Herr Sudermann's shocker of a generation ago.

As we remember it in a sketchy fashion, the lady's name was *Lily*. So now you know. One of those girls named *Lily*.

Chances are, they'll have to pep it up a bit for present day audiences, at that!

GLORIA SWANSON'S picture plans evidently do not extend beyond the completion of the production she has just made in England.

Irving Wycoff, her business manager, has returned to the United States and after a few more weeks, winding up certain matters, he will be looking for another job.

At the same time, the skeleton organization Gloria has maintained in Hollywood during her absence abroad will be disbanded.

It will be the first time in more than ten years that Gloria will be without an organization. At times she has had hundreds of people on her payrolls.

At other times, her crew has shrunk until only the department heads and a few old retainers remained.



They say Bill Powell and Carole Lombard have undergone a "turnabout." Bill who used to be retiring now likes gayety. Carole who was a "party" girl prefers the fireside. Here, they seem to be equally happy viewing the Agua Caliente races

"HEY Clark," hailed one of those officious acquaintances, "what was the matter with the old bus? What'd you want to go buy a new one for?"

"Well, you see," smiled Mr. Gable, with that easy Gable smile, "I went into a salesroom to use the telephone and didn't like to come away without buying something."

KATHRYN CARVER MENJOU is one of the most popular of Hollywood's women who have visited Europe.

The highest compliment one woman can pay to another was paid to her in Paris. "Kathryn Carver is the kind of woman who once a friend is always a friend."

In fact, Europe was all for Mrs. Menjou

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



Keystone

"Oo would 'ave thought we'd be see-in' the 'hit' girl in Waterloo *Stition*," said cockney porters when the one and only Clara stepped off the train with her cowboy husband, Rex Bell. And we're dying to know what you thought of Lunnon town, Miss Bow

when it heard of that promised divorce between her and Adolphe. One would have thought that suave, well-dressed Adolphe would have come off with the honors on that sophisticated continent.

JACK BARRYMORE has one about John and Jenny who went to grandmother's for the holidays.

Evening came, and the dear old grandmother said:

"Now dears, say your prayers at granny's knee, like good little children."

"Ha, ha, the joke's on you, baby," exclaimed the dear little tots, "we don't know any prayers!"

IT was the custom of Aline MacMahon to make one Warner Brothers flicker and then hop right off to New York to visit friend husband, a New York architect.

So, when Warners talked Aline into signing on the dotted line, Aline stipulated in her contract, that she be permitted to make four trips to New York every year. They agreed.



Keystone

Ah there, children, lots of fun traveling abroad with parents, Harold and Mildred Lloyd, isn't it? Gloria — right — and adopted sister, Peggy, said the ice-skating on the Palace rink at St. Moritz, was just grand and a treat for the Californians



Stax

If this lady in a tea gown, diamond tiara and real (?) pearls, is *Stan Laurel's sister*—would she be indulging in these—er—pardon us —disconcerting gestures? They say she's appearing in the comedy, "Twice Two." Now Oliver, behave!

Then, friend husband decided to transfer his business to Hollywood, and here's Aline, with a contract, a husband and four trips to New York besides.

Is she smart?

AND there's that priceless story of the producer who called together all the writers for a ten o'clock meeting on Saturday morning.

At 11:30 he came bursting in. "Sorry," he said, "but I was out late last night. I'll just bet you fellows can't guess where I was *at*?"

"Night School," called out one brave lad from the rear.

SYLVIA SIDNEY did not go to New York between finishing "Madame Butterfly" and beginning "Pick-Up."

"I haven't any boy friend there any more," she said.



Wide World

After we had picked this picture as an example of the ideal married couple, report arrived that Frank Fay had walked out of a play financed by wifie, Barbara Stanwyck. But Barbara denied the rumor she would ever be separated from Frank



Keystone

What? An armful of Garbo? Because Berliners were so enamored of a portrait bust which Sculptor Peter Fechner created of the divine Greta, they ordered a "carving factory" to reproduce hundreds of duplicates in wood. Something which America surely overlooked!

IN Mae West's new riot, a scene showing a pickpocket in action was about to be shot. They decided to secure a real pickpocket as technical advisor. Somewhere they located their man, who was to teach all the little tricks of the trade to the actor. He proved to be an expert at the job. In fact, he was so expert that when Director Lowell Sherman glanced toward his wrist watch that evening, there was no watch to glance at.

The "technical advisor" had calmly lifted it, completed his job and vanished.

And was Sherman upset!

LA DIETRICH is still wearing the pants, but she has gone out and raised herself a brand new temperament.

Whether or not the absence of Von Sternberg has anything to do with it is still an unrevealed mystery.

All we know is that she graciously autographed albums and things for everybody outside the Brown Derby the other day—an unprecedented event from Dietrich.

Everyone on the Paramount lot is proclaiming how good natured she is these days. Is it the calm that precedes a storm—or is she really, at heart, a placid little German frau?

We have always had a sneaking suspicion in favor of the latter.

AND did Hollywood's foolish speculators almost develop apoplexy recently?

And did those who jump to premature conclusions spend a sleepless night not so many moons ago?



International

Does this make sense? The world's most seductive feminine star going in for wool trench coats, light blue flannel trousers for daytime—and gentleman's formal attire for evening parties. Marlene, we're agog. No wonder he wants an autograph! Wouldn't we all like one, too?

For Marlene was seen lunching with the new director assigned to "The Song of Songs"—Rouben Mamoulian.

And at four o'clock they appeared again, to linger over tea—which they seemed to enjoy!

What could it mean? Dear, oh dear—was Hollywood in a dither?

"AND now is the time," says Jimmy Cagney, "for every good man to come to."

LOVE, marriage and the rest.

Although they will deny it, Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey's partner, and his first wife, Betty, may be remarried soon.

Having divorced her third husband, Lionel Kaye, her second, by the way, since she and Bert parted, Betty is back in Hollywood.

In the meantime, Bert and his second wife, Bernice Speer, have separated.

Who says Bert and Betty are to wed again?

One of her former husbands is said to know something of the plan.

THAT romance between Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill has reached the diamond bracelet stage, and looks rather serious.

Lyle Talbot's latest and newest thrill is none other than Loretta Young. Although some whisper it's really Loretta's sister, Sally Blane, that has the gentleman aflutter.

Paulette Goddard has been seen lunching hither and yon with Gary Cooper recently.

The final and last word from the Maureen O'Sullivan—Jimmie Dunn romance, is a nice friendly, dignified statement to the press (from



A wistfully humorous picture to store in your memory! Our Mary being taught by brother Jack to ride a balky mule for a scene in "Through the Back Door"—which he co-directed. That was in 1921. Today Jack Pickford lies forever at peace in Forest Lawn Cemetery in California



Ernest A. Bachrach

Don't spoil my illusions by telling me that this meek, flat-footed schoolmaster is the Apollo, John Barrymore. Yet in "Topaze," he'll reveal that a *Barrymore* doesn't have to show his classic profile to enthrall!

Maureen) that all is over forever. But Hollywood has heard that one before. And Isabel Jewel, by the way, still remains Lee Tracy's very best girl.

Jeanette MacDonald, of the MacDonald-Chevalier screen team, announced her engagement to her business manager, Robert Ritchie, at Cannes, France.

Lila Lee engaged to George Hill, ex-husband of Frances Marion, scenario writer.

John Wayne to Josephine Saenz, daughter of Jose Saenz, Panama consul.

HELENE COSTELLO married Arturo del Barrio, prominent Cuban. Helene's first husband was John Regan; her second, Lowell Sherman.

Lillian Roth, screen actress and "torch singer", married to Justice Benjamin Shalleck, of the New York Municipal Court. Her second venture. Lillian was divorced from William C. Scott.

Elinor Fair, former wife of Bill Boyd, married in Yuma to Thomas W. Daniels, Los Angeles aviator. Next day she said marriage was a mistake and started proceedings to have it annulled.

Teddy Hayes and Lina Basquette married for a second time. First marriage took place in 1931 before Teddy received final divorce from former wife.

Charles Butterworth, screen and stage comedian, married Ethel Kenyon, former wife of Director Eddie Sutherland.

TO Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett (sister of Connie and Joan), born a son.

To James Kirkwood, former husband of Lila Lee, and Beatrice Powers — born a daughter. Baby has been named Joan Mary.



Acme

Here's a new kind of very modern marriage that seems to work! When Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert were seen together recently, every one knew that hubby probably phoned for a date. Because Claudette's marital arrangement calls for separate establishments!

The Joe E. Browns adopted a girl baby to take the place of the little one they so recently lost. The newcomer makes the fourth of a growing family—two boys and two girls now.

Louise Fazenda expects the stork sometime in March. Says, "Since I can't get dramatic mother rôles, I had to achieve real motherhood to prove that I'm not a comic."

Alice Joyce and James Regan who had the knot tied way back in 1920 finally decided to have it severed.

Helen Kane got a Mexican divorce from husband Joe Kane.

Nils Asther asked the judge to have the divorce decree granted to wife Vivian Duncan changed to stipulate that their daughter Evelyn can never be taken out of the country without his written permission.

Norman Kerry, one-time screen actor, and his wife, the former Helen Mary Wells of New York, have separated, after a marriage of a few months.

NOW the report is that Katharine Hepburn and Johnny Farrow are that way about each other.

Of course, Katharine is trying to keep her private life pretty much a secret while Johnny's is known from the Hollywood hilltops—but anyway, they've been dating, dining and dancing together if that means anything.

AND their intimates say Harpo Marx at last has got serious about something.

He and Susan Fleming are going to be married soon.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

"I'll Take An Actress"

"Lilyan and I never bore each other," says Eddie Lowe

As told to Reginald Taviner

"A CHINAMAN and a white woman married to each other won't get along so well," sez *Sergeant Quirt* Eddie Lowe, "and how could they? They have entirely different viewpoints. Mentally they live in completely different worlds—their ideas and ideals are totally different from one another. How can such a disparity result in happiness? It takes an Oriental to understand an Oriental—and an actress to understand an actor."

Wife Lilyan Tashman is essentially an actress, just as Eddie is essentially an actor.

They are happy largely because life for them is really a stage which they share together. If Lilyan were not an actress, Eddie believes, she wouldn't be able to carry her part. She wouldn't be able to "play up" to his lines.

"I think both husband and wife should have careers of their own," he said, "and that in the case of picture people, at least, it should be the same kind of career. In the majority of cases only a medically trained woman makes an ideal wife for a doctor, and the underlying psychology is the same.

"Wives who haven't had medical training are almost invariably jealous of a doctor's women patients—and a wife who hasn't herself been on the screen is nearly always just as jealous of her husband's love scenes.

"That's human nature, and nothing we can do or say is going to change it. And jealousy is an almost insurmountable obstacle to happiness in any marriage."



"Imagine the compliment paid a man," says Eddie, "when his wife lives with him because of love—not because she's got to stay to be sure of a living"

BUT for Eddie the thing goes deeper than that.

Quite aside from the motion picture world and his own actress-wife, Eddie believes that every wife should have something to do. He believes so most emphatically, and to the extent that he explains a lot of things which happen to marriage in America with the statement that most American wives have too little to interest them and therefore too much idle time on their hands.

"Perhaps the one thing which leads to most misunderstandings and marital unhappiness in the modern American home," Eddie asserted, "is simply that the wife has no adequate outlet for her energy. Women of this type live mostly in apartments or hotels and haven't a thing in the world to occupy them—so, when a husband comes home, dog-tired after a hard day's work, she wants to step out. He doesn't feel like it. Naturally there is resentment on both sides, which leads perhaps to a quarrel. And that's what leads to much of the trouble so many couples seem to be having nowadays."

As far as Eddie and Lilyan are concerned, each understands that after a day on the set the other is tired. So they don't try to drag each other out.

They attend to their social life between pictures, when both are free.

"And how is it," Eddie asked, "that so many women who at most have only to run a home—and as often as not they escape even this responsibility by being hotel or apartment dwellers—are so busy with bridge, cocktail parties, pink teas and so forth that when their husbands come home the best they can do by way of dinner is a can of sardines and some cole slaw from the delicatessen? Lilyan works hard making pictures, but still she has time to run our house, pick out and buy her own clothes, attend to the million and one things that every prominent picture player has to attend to—and still not neglect me! If she can do all this, why can't [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

"A Private Wife For Me"

"No house is large enough for two audiences," says Frank Morgan

As told to Ruth Rankin



"To make a successful marriage, a woman must lead her man's life! I want to be *head* man at home," says Frank. Well, Frank, it looks as if you are!

"I'VE been married nineteen years to a non-professional," said Frank Morgan. "We're getting better and better acquainted all the time, and I have an idea it's going to work out all right. But do you think for one minute I could have been happy that long with an *actress?*"

"Why couldn't you be happy with an actress?" I retorted.

"Why not, indeed!" Frank retorted. "Because some man, probably the one playing opposite her, would have been running around waiting on her all day, so she wouldn't trip over her eyelashes. And what would that make me, if I came home tired and wanted a little service? She would be all worn out with looking beautiful and playing hot love scenes, and my pitiful laments, my stories about what the director said to so-and-so and how hoosis went up in his lines, wouldn't mean a darn thing to her. She would have a lot of her own to tell. And you can't have two audiences in the same house! I guess maybe I have head-man trouble. Anyway, I want to be head-man at home."

Frank shifted his left eyebrow into third. (You'll notice the gesture in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," the Jolson picture, in which he plays the Mayor of New York.)

Just then Alma breezed in, fresh and rosy from the sharp, late afternoon air. She greeted her husband as if she hadn't seen him since two weeks ago Friday, and had a crush on him.

"DON'T you think an actress's husband can be head-man?" I made bold to inquire, when we had settled down again after Alma's refreshing entrance.

"Oh, I suppose he can be—there's no law against it. But from where I've been sitting all my stage life, he almost never gets to be, whether he's an actor or not. Look at the husbands of Elsie Ferguson and Jeanne Eagels, for instance. Fine business men, crazy about their wives. But they couldn't make it successful. Men are not as adaptable as women."

"How much adapting should a woman do?" Alma asked him, with a sly twinkle at me.

"To make a successful marriage," Frank informed us, "a woman must lead her man's life. And a man who leads his *woman's* life, as he is forced to do to a large extent if the wife is an actress—well, he sacrifices something very definite that makes him a man. If he holds out and doesn't sacrifice, then the marriage doesn't hold out."

"But listen, Frank. Isn't it rather selfish to expect a woman to lead her man's life altogether?" I asked sweetly, inviting fireworks. And getting them.

"Selfish!" he exploded. "Then she shouldn't get married! Either she loves him enough to know that he is making the direct life for both of them, with her indirect assistance, or she doesn't. She must be satisfied to be the power behind the throne, she must be free to go where he goes. Marriages of actors and actresses have to suffer innumerable separations. Separations are dangerous. Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of somebody else."

"And, of course," Alma remarked, "all actors are just a little bit crazy. It helps if their wives are, too, actresses or not. That is, if they are careful to be crazy at the same time."

Frank tossed his right eyebrow into the ring.

"Being Alma, she works up her enthusiasm right along with mine, and if we have found an old place which I enjoy planning to remodel—my favorite vice, by the way—she says, 'We'll put the fireplace over here, and don't you think this would be a lovely spot for a high window?'

"So we go on blissfully planning [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

How I Gave Constance

YOU are missing something if you haven't been following this new series of articles by Sylvia, the famous masseuse and physical culturist, who has reshaped the lives of half the famous actresses of Hollywood through corrective exercises and diet.

Each month Sylvia covers a different star who has been her client. Watch for your type. You may thus learn to attain the beauty of the star you most resemble in physical characteristics.

Sylvia has agreed to do something she has hitherto always declared impossible. That is, to answer personally your letters. Her expert services are now freely at your disposal. See her statement on the opposite page. Address Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY, *221 W. 57th St., New York City.*



The girl who once was told her shoulders were too large for her ever to become a screen actress. But Sylvia evolved the charming Constance Cummings whom you see here. Whether or not you are Miss Cummings' type, there is much valuable information here for you, too. (Inset Sylvia)

THE story of Connie Cummings that I'm about to tell you should jar a lot of you lazy girls right out of your lethargy. You see Constance Cummings up there on the screen. She is beautiful, she has poise and grace. You envy her, I'll bet.

Well, let me tell you something. You can be like her if you want to be, but you've got to have plenty of grit. I've watched Connie go through more than her share of trouble and I've seen the kind of stuff she is made of. Handicaps—good heavens, how many of those she had. Now don't get impatient. In just a little while I'm going to tell you exactly how I helped her overcome these handicaps—and, if you share them with her, you can do exactly what she did. But first of all I've got to tell you about the girl herself.

The story goes that Sam Goldwyn saw her on the stage in New York and signed her because she looked so much like his pretty wife. But Goldwyn's too smart a man for that. He gave the kid a contract because she had talent. With a lot of fancy hullabaloo they brought her to Hollywood to play opposite Ronald Colman in a picture. They made some screen tests of her and then one night after midnight they called me on the telephone and asked if I would take her as a patient.

Her legs, it seems, were too big and her shoulders too broad. They gave me quite a fine line about how grand it would be for me to treat this new star, but after you've pounded the daylights out of sixteen women a day, one piece of flesh looks about like another, so I wasn't very impressed. But because they were so insistent I said I would take her the next day at my lunch hour.

An assistant director brought her over and left her. Connie was a happy, freckled-faced, muscular, athletic girl. I liked her

Constance Cummings *A New Figure*

By Sylvia

Here You Are, Girls, Sylvia Answers All Your Questions! On Page 92

NOW I have done it! When I announced last month in PHOTOPLAY *that I would break the rule of a lifetime and answer your questions, through the pages of this magazine and by mail, I didn't realize what I was letting myself in for.*

Letters, letters, letters! Questions, questions, questions! Whew! What a pile of mail. Here, let me dig out from under, but I've promised to answer you—so the more the merrier. I don't care how thick and fast they come.

If you want a personal reply enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, otherwise letters will be answered here, in their turn. Now that the lid's off, write me all your troubles about your figure and I'll tell you what to do. Write enough details to enable me to answer you intelligently. Be sure to give your full name and address and don't be afraid of your name appearing in the column. Address me in care of PHOTOPLAY.

SYLVIA

right away, but I knew what the trouble was. Ronald Colman isn't a giant and I felt sure that Connie's broad shoulders wouldn't look well in closeups with Ronnie. I can take off flesh—as any of you who have followed my advice know—but I can't whittle down bone.

Then I took a look at her legs—typical dancer's legs, with big muscles on the calf. "Oh, baby," I said to her, "this is going to hurt." She smiled. "I don't care," she said, "pound away."

And I did, but no matter what I did, Connie grinned. And that—all you girls who want to be as lovely as she—that's the spirit. She had nice ankles so I began to work on the calves. Here's what I did, and you can do the same, like this. Dig under those muscles on your legs with your fingers and dig in until it hurts. Then squeeze the muscles with your hands as hard as you can. Do this for *half an hour a day*. Yes, that's what I said! Then with a Turkish towel spread over the muscles pound with the flat of your hand until you make yourself yell.

IF, as Connie had, you have muscular upper arms and muscles on the shoulders do the same thing, working the left arm with your right hand—and vice versa. I treated her this way for an hour every day and in two weeks I had brought those muscles down. If you will work on yourself for one hour every day for two weeks you can do the same thing. I know it! I proved it with Connie.

But, as I have told you, I couldn't whittle off any bone from the shoulders and I knew what was going to happen to the poor kid.

It was interesting—and a little sad– to watch her expression day by day. Every day I'd ask her, "Well, how are you getting along at the studio?"

And here are the sort of replies I'd get:

"They are awfully nice to me, but they are having difficulty in finding just the right costumes," and "They are really sweet at the studio, but they say I'm quite an athletic type."

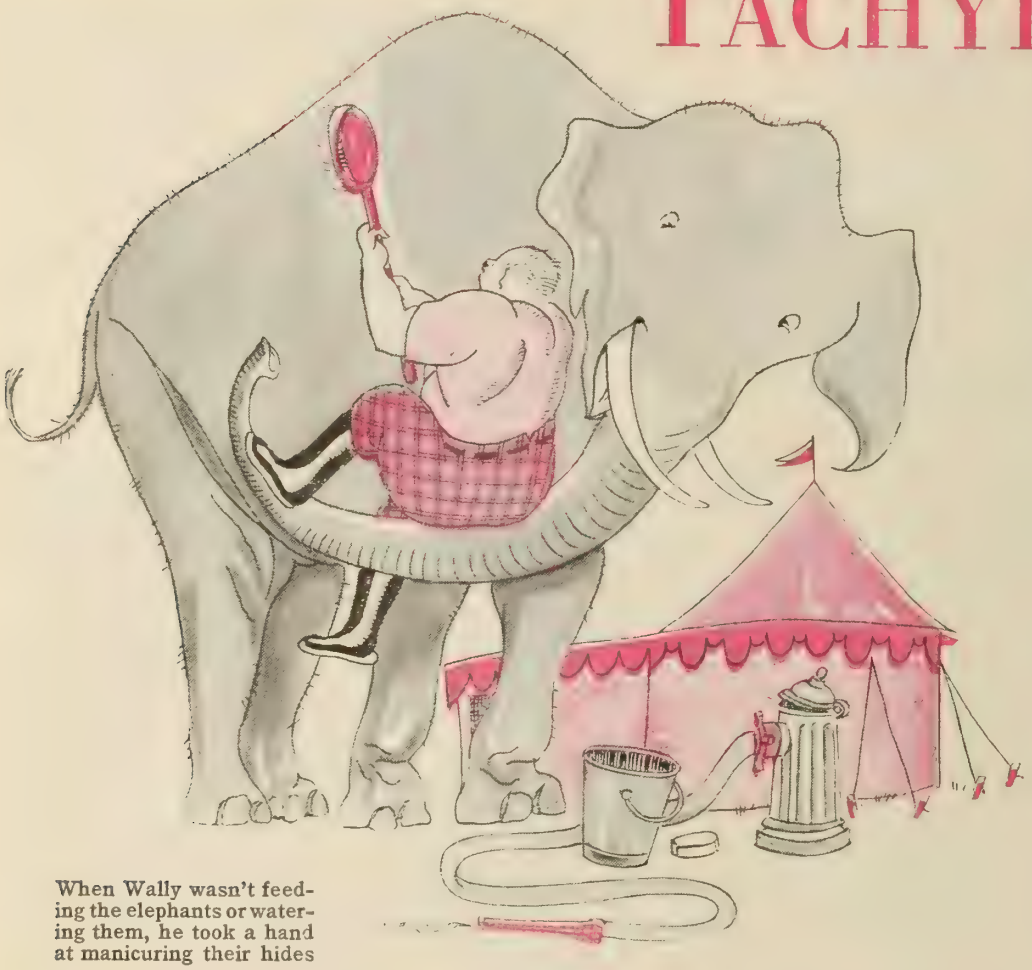
How well I knew what was coming! You can look lovely and healthy in private life and still not photograph well.

Now remember that Connie wasn't fat, it was just the muscles that needed working on, because she had engaged much in athletic sports. The only place that she was slightly fat was in the bust. So here's what I told [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Sylvia was able to reduce the flesh but not the large bone frame of Constance. But then there was the matter of dress. Constance found she could conceal the breadth of shoulders by clever selection of gowns. Above is an example. Remember, without Sylvia's aid Constance might never have been a screen success

WALLY *Knows His* PACHYDERMS



When Wally wasn't feeding the elephants or watering them, he took a hand at manicuring their hides

Women and elephants never forget, they say, but neither does Mahout Beery

By Ruth Biery

WHEN Wally Beery started playing water-boy to a herd of circus elephants at the age of sixteen, he had no way of knowing that about thirty years later he'd be cast as a wrestler—the pachyderm of athletes—in a talking picture. He wouldn't, in fact, have known what a talking picture was. Nor a pachyderm, either, for that matter.

But he soon found out that a thick skin sometimes hides a sensitive soul. The feelings of an elephant, he learned, are easily ruffled. And Wally's interpretation of *Polikai*, the wrestler, in "Flesh" shows, for all his thick hide and hard skull, frequent glimpses of a super-sensitive soul.

Wally knows all about elephants. And while he doesn't claim that his two years as a valet to the big fellows qualified him as a psychologist, he does believe that working and training and living with them taught him much that can be applied advantageously to the immensely interesting business of living contentedly with human beings.

What did he learn from them? Let him tell it:

"You can do more with sugar than with a lemon."

So instead of using the bull-hook—the lemon—Wally established the reward system with sugar and sweet potatoes.

"Elephants, like people, appreciate attention. Attention and intelligent consideration."

So Wally showered care and attention upon his charges and became their pet.

"Punishment, discipline, which is sometimes necessary, should be administered with reason and an objective."

And mahout Beery chained the truculent members of his herd to a wise old bull named "Baldy" who passed on to them sage elephant advice punctuated with significant "whams" from his snout.

In three months Wally was graduated from waterboy to manager of the entire herd.

Actually, there is something, some quality, about Wallace Beery that is not unlike the serene disposition of the lordly elephant. Big, strong, heavy, hardly handsome by any standard, he pursues his calm, unhurried way, a universal favorite. Kind, generous to a fault and peaceful, he is as sensitive as a photographic plate—or an elephant—but the trumpeting of an angry bull does not far surpass his hoarse bellowing when he is aroused.

He's a hard worker, too. That first three-month period of bull-whacking taught him the primer lesson of success: The fellow who works harder than the other fellow gets to the top first. And its corollary: Staying at the top means even harder work, and more of it.

Wally learned that long before he ever heard of Hollywood. Rising to the very prominent position of head valet to an elephant herd was a simple matter compared to staying there. But he stayed. And though he's been through in pictures any number of times, he is more strongly entrenched at the top of his profession today than ever before.

That speaks for his staying power. He knows that one or two good pictures may serve as an elevator to success, but that a couple of poor ones can be a greased slide back to the bottom. So Wally Beery plays in mighty few poor pictures. He has never given a poor performance.

He has to fight for his place. He raised holy hades before he accepted the part of *Preysing* in "Grand Hotel." But his characterization of the overbearing German manufacturer was a distinct contribution to the film's selection as the best produced picture of the year, a potent, three-dimensional performance in a congregation of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By May Allison Quirk



Why did the ultra-polished Ruth of yesteryear go hard-boiled on us in "Frisco Jenny"? She did it because it was thought that good girls don't stir theater patrons like the other kind. Yet you can see the cultured, sweet Ruth we used to know still peeping through this garb

from Lady *to* Judy O'Grady

Ruth Chatterton turns "bad girl" and says she likes it

GOOD girl—bad girl, which shall it be for Ruth Chatterton?

Ruth has been a lady so long that she's kicked over the traces and decided to go "baddie" for a while. She's broken the Ten Commandments on the screen—and what's more, she says she likes doing it.

Ruth Chatterton talking! No, you wouldn't believe it. But it's Ruth, all right. And she has a reason for turning savage woman, gulping liquor and pulling on ciggies through all those reels of Judy O'Grady's stuff.

Nobody is sure that Ruth Chatterton is doing the correct thing in her "right about face" from the rôles of suffering ladyship to the ugly characters she has gone in for recently. Those who have always loved Chatterton in her best drawing room manner have fallen away from the box-office now. They claim there are enough movie actresses of lesser talent to do the waterfront stuff which Chatterton has chosen for herself.

"Why have you become 'Frisco Jenny'?" someone inquired of Ruth as she sat sedately attired in a smart sports costume watching a tennis match. She answered promptly.

"Nothing dramatic ever happens to a good woman. Even if it did, her reactions would not develop dramatic interest. All good women are good in the same way, while bad women characters offer varied dramatic opportunities."

RUTH CHATTERTON is not a great personality. She is a great actress and because of it she can run the gamut of emotions from the very proper English lady at home in a London drawing-room to the boisterous, rollicking rowdy. Right now, it seems as if Chatterton were enjoying the bed rock of emotionalism after the sickening feast of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *TONIGHT IS OURS—Paramount*

HIGH romance, dainty charm and just enough pathos—these are the ingredients, added to outstandingly deft work by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, which make this rendition of Noel Coward's "The Queen Was in the Parlor," a hit with every woman and most of the men.

Claudette, as the delectable Queen of a pocket-handkerchief, Graustarkian kingdom somewhere east of Paris, and Fredric as her commoner-lover, fairly sweep you into the carefree, hectic spirit of Paris, then cap the story with a rendezvous—hence the title—in her apartment the night before her marriage to a prince "for the good of the land." Thereafter, things happen so true love may triumph.

Paul Cavanagh, Arthur Byron and Alison Skipworth give fine support.



☆ *HARD TO HANDLE—Warners*

BUT certainly anything but hard to take! This furiously fast and funny comedy is just swell entertainment for the whole family. Jimmy Cagney—well, you can guess what he'll offer as the sharpshooting young publicity-promoter, who starts with a dance marathon and winds up, via a sojourn in jail, as a Big Business Man. But excellent as he is, he still has to share honors with Ruth Donnelly, his sweetheart's designing mama, whose off-and-on antics tie you into knots.

Claire Dodd, too, as the modern young miss who most emphatically knows what she wants, will bear a lot of watching.

Mary Brian is sweet, and all the cast is splendid. In fact, from the first scene to the tag, this is a riot.



☆ *RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS—M-G-M*

THE much-heralded united front of the Barrymores—all of them—in one picture now is with us, and we take occasion here and now to say you can't miss their offering. We urge this in spite of liberties taken with history, and considerable lack of epic proportions that could easily have been attained; for these defects are submerged in the rich display of Barrymore art.

Ethel's talking-screen début is exceedingly fortunate, for her subdued fire is exactly suited to portraying the regal, but timid and anxious Imperial mother. And contrary to certain anticipatory fears, John's dashing *Prince Chegodieff* and Lionel's sinister, debauched monk, blend with Ethel's performance to provide a presentation as unified as the various facets of one gem.

Add to this Ralph Morgan's superb *Czar*, one of the best characterizations seen on the screen in many a day; Tad Alexander's profoundly moving, pathetic *Czarevitch;* and Diana Wynyard's winsome *Princess Natasha;* and you have a feast of personal art rarely exceeded in the picture realm.

In keeping with the excellent work of the principals, Director Richard Boleslavsky has provided a lavish Russian court background, and in his use of news shots of the 1914 Russian mobilization attains the grand manner.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS
TONIGHT IS OURS
WHISTLING IN THE DARK
NO MAN OF HER OWN
CAVALCADE
HARD TO HANDLE
SHE DONE HIM WRONG
GRAND SLAM

The Best Performances of the Month

Clive Brook in "Cavalcade"
Diana Wynyard in "Cavalcade"
Herbert Mundin in "Cavalcade"
John Barrymore in "Rasputin and the Empress"
Ralph Morgan in "Rasputin and the Empress"
Lionel Barrymore in "Rasputin and the Empress"
Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong"
Noah Beery in "She Done Him Wrong"
Ernest Truex in "Whistling in the Dark"
Claudette Colbert in "Tonight Is Ours"
Fredric March in "Tonight Is Ours"
James Cagney in "Hard to Handle"
Paul Lukas in "Grand Slam"
Ruby Keeler in "42nd Street"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118



☆ *CAVALCADE—Fox*

VERY rarely a film succeeds in presenting not only a poignant human story, but also in conveying the sweep and power of world events against which the humans work out their lives. It is this rare achievement which makes Fox's version of Noel Coward's stage success, "Cavalcade," so outstanding. Starting with a heart-broken upper middle-class mother (Diana Wynyard) sending her officer husband (Clive Brook) to the Boer War, it portrays his safe return and happy years rearing their two boys, until maritime disaster takes one (John Warburton), and the World War snatches the other (Frank Lawton) on Armistice Day. Yet at the end the aged and broken parents still carry on with indomitable British spirit. Woven through this, their butler (Herbert Mundin) and maid (Una O'Connor) live out the rise, decline and death under drink of a Cockney parent, while their daughter (Ursula Jeans) rises to fame via the music hall stage.

A cavalcade, yes—a kaleidoscope, too—yet through it all sounds the mighty tread of history's march, portrayed in epic scenes that still blend beautifully with the detailed human sorrows and joys. Magnificently staged and every rôle, major and minor, is outstandingly done, especially the comedy bits by Beryl Mercer, Tempe Pigott and Merle Tottenham. You *must* see this!



☆ *WHISTLING IN THE DARK—M-G-M*

DON'T hesitate if you fail to recognize the names in this. It's one of those surprise packages Hollywood occasionally passes out, and it's as fresh and lively a comedy-melodrama as you could ask.

Ernest Truex, one of the stage's most nimble-witted comedians, is just as delicious on the screen, while Una Merkel, as his fiancée, steps right up to stellar rank among fun-makers.

The picture shows what happens when a crime story writer and his fiancée are kidnaped and treated to some of the real thing.

All the writer need do to save his own and his girl's life is lay out a perfect crime which the thugs can use on a victim. Then he has to balk his own ingenious plot.



☆ *SHE DONE HIM WRONG—Paramount*

A BRAWLY howl of a picture that for sheer first class spicy rough stuff, takes the cake. So cleverly has Lowell Sherman directed the story, so real is Mae West's characterization, that a great deal of the bad taste is overlooked in the perfection of the telling.

Mae West as *Sady Lou*, a Bowery moll of the gay nineties, grabs up the story in her be-diamonded hands and dominates every scene from the moment she steps her buxom self into the film.

A singer in a beer hall, she does her man wrong while he languishes in prison. He escapes and then the fun begins, with Mae finally landing the man she wants. Cary Grant, Noah Beery, David Landau and Owen Moore are nigh perfect. But remember: not for auntie or the children.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆

NO MAN OF HER OWN —Paramount



CLARK GABLE devotees and fanciers of Carole Lombard should take to this one. Gable in his best heart-fluttering way, and Carole, with lines as scintillant as her person and clothes, turn in delicious love-making episodes that more than redeem the story, a rubber-stamp affair about a card sharper who reforms for love. Fine support, particularly by Grant Mitchell, Elizabeth Patterson and Dorothy Mackaill.



☆

GRAND SLAM— Warners

OH, will Ely Culbertson's face be red when he sees this gorgeously funny satire on bridge and bridge experts! Paul Lukas is a Russian waiter, and Loretta Young, as the check girl, is crazy about him. The fun begins when a society lady (Helen Vinson) has him sent to her home to play bridge according to his remarkable new system. Eminently enjoyable support by Frank McHugh and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

42ND STREET —Warners



RUBY KEELER'S début as a picture personality—and, make no mistake about it, a new star is born. As the country girl who comes to Broadway and steps in at the last minute for a musical queen, she makes good in a big way. Almost an out-and-out musical, with one number at least sufficient to stop any show. Excellent performances by Warner Baxter, Guy Kibbee, George Brent, Bebe Daniels, and Ginger Rogers.



LUCKY DEVILS— RKO-Radio

STUNT men glorified. A new and thrilling story about the lads who risk their lives daily to add realism to movies. Bill Boyd, William Gargan, Creighton Chaney and Billy Bakewell are the fearless stunt boys, with Rosco Ates adding a bit of fun. Dorothy Wilson does some nice work as the girl. It begins with a bang, ends with a thrill and packs plenty of punch throughout the story.

HOT PEPPER —Fox



SERGEANT QUIRT and *Captain Flagg* (otherwise Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) are with us again, hard-boiled as ever. This time they run the gamut from a crooked crap game to the rum-running business, with much pepper on the side from Lupe Velez, doing a South American dancer in a night club. Creaks somewhat in the telling, but loads of fun. We might add, just a bit rough.



THE BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL— Paramount

SHADES of Teapot Dome! Here's the whole oily imbroglio with us again, in an excellent thriller worked out by Robert Armstrong, as an ex-athlete and ex-convict who discovers the deal and braves threats on his life to expose all. Olga Baclanova, as a dizzy manicurist and masseuse, and Constance Cummings, as a daughter of the scheming multimillionaire (Frank Morgan) provide satisfactory romance. Not for the children.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES—RKO-Radio





PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners

TOO bad for Helen MacKellar that Louise Dresser scored so mightily in "The Goose Woman" several years ago, for Helen's repetition of the rôle is inevitably dimmed. Nevertheless, her portrayal of the half-mad, gin-soaked ex-opera star who lives alone with her geese until a murder drags her to notice, is gripping enough. Eric Linden, Skeets Gallagher and J. Carrol Naish help plow through a tangle of sub-plots.

WITH a vagabond air and dash, this snappy story of two discharged aviators of the Marines, hops from one crazy situation to another. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Frank McHugh find themselves in New York, jobless; discover Bette Davis, also jobless, and together they go aero-rum-running, parachute jumping and gangster chasing. Fairbanks, grand; Bette Davis, McHugh and Leo Carrillo add plenty of interest.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER—Paramount





HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount

BY dint of using such actors as Irving Pichel and Warren Hymer to support Kent Taylor and Lona Andre, this one turns the usual Western formula into good enough melodrama for anybody. Director Fred Allen also did a lot to make something highly satisfactory from the Zane Grey plot, which has to do with a night rider foiling the attempts of a crooked lawyer to grab the homesteaders' lands.

STRICTLY for Kate Smith fans—all four million of 'em. It's a simple country yarn, tailored to fit Katie, which takes some tailoring. In it she's the farmers' friend, who uses her head and the voice God gave her to foil the wicked power interests, out to dam the farmers' water. Several good songs in Kate's best manner, and she brings down the house with her dance routine. Excellent cast.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM—Warners





HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM—United Artists

PREPARE to shiver when you see this Technicolor successor to "Doctor X." Lionel Atwill, as a wax museum owner, crazed and horribly mutilated by a fire, invades New York with a gruesome (and lethal) method of obtaining figures for his show. Fay Wray is all but snuffed out before all is set right. Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Holmes Herbert and Allen Vincent excellent in support. Don't take the kiddies.

NO great shakes as a story, but if you go for Al Jolson, you should get a kick from the swell music and lyrics present. Al, as "King of Central Park," or in other words, head of the bums, delivers the ditties as incidents of his effort to straighten out a tangled heart-affair between the mayor of New York (Frank Morgan) and his girl (Madge Evans).

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 123]

Mary *Returns To* Herself



Karl Dial

"My greatest difficulty," says Mary Pickford, "is keeping busy. This is complicated by the fact that I am an artist-producer." Unlike the big film companies, every picture that she produces has to make money

But not the self of curls and "Little Annie Rooney" rôles. Much deeper than that, it is a matter of the *spirit*

By Mark Larkin

WITH the screen as her blackboard and pretty clothes and romance her chalk, Mary Pickford is re-drawing the outline of her career.

She is strengthening that delicate fabric of lines which fits together with jig-saw puzzle precision to form the pattern of her cinematic fate.

To protect that image, Mary is returning to herself.

But she does not view this return with any undue alarm. On the contrary, she regards it definitely as a step forward. And she feels that the very implication of the word *return* rings false. In fact, she will have none of it, claiming it in no sense applies to the current Pickford status.

"To say that I am returning to myself infers," she said, "that I am going back to little girl rôles such as were shown in 'Little Annie Rooney,' or 'Sparrows,' or even 'My Best Girl,' and I assure you I haven't the slightest intention of that. Also, to return, one must have been away, and I have been right here in pictures all the time, looking for new stories, selling old ones, and planning, always planning."

Mary Pickford believes it an ill-found philosophy which dwells upon the discussion of mistakes; also she thinks that absence from the screen and not so much bad pictures is the thing that jeopardizes a film career.

"Irving Thalberg once told me that you can't always be right but you can always be busy, which is indeed a sage remark. No one's judgment is infallible. It isn't the mistakes you make that down you, it's the inactivity. No one can stand still and go ahead. And you can't move forward and look backward. You go in the direction you look.

"Defeat is not important unless it brings discouragement. It is discouragement that keeps you from trying, not defeat. Discouragement brings hopelessness, and hopelessness brings oblivion. The antidote for both is activity."

All this comment came amid a whirl of activity which marked the completion of "Secrets," at least the shooting of "Secrets." Mary sat at a makeshift table sipping tea and eating a wafer while Frank Borzage, filmland's prize-winning director, and Ray June, runner-up cameraman, were changing the set-up.

Old Man Budget, grizzled bugaboo of the business office, peered from recesses and croaked his dismal refrain, "Overhead," driving gaffer, juicers, grips, boom-men and sound crew at a frantic pace.

Mary talked fast, for soon Borzage would want her to take a make-believe ride across the continent on the Lincoln Highway with Leslie Howard for the fadeout of the picture. The car stood ready for this final close-up, an elopement scene between two characters already married in the script.

"The first thing to consider about any story," Mary said, "is its entertainment value. Next, whether the vehicle fits. A good story, no matter how well done, in which the star is miscast is never entertaining. Nor is a bad story, regardless of how excellently produced. And there is no such thing as 'type of entertainment.' A good war picture will succeed today, or a good gangster picture, or a good sex picture. But it must be *good*.

"OF course, people do get tired of seeing the same old story over and over in different theaters, or the same players over and over in practically the same rôles. A 'cycle' of pictures is nothing but a series made from the same plot with slight changes. The same players are featured in the same type rôles until the public gets sick of seeing them!"

The greatest difficulty that confronts Miss Pickford is keeping active, she explained. "This is complicated by the fact that I am an artist-producer. Although I am a company, I also am an individual. All the big companies with their many stars and featured players, make fifty-two pictures a year, while I, the Mary Pickford Company, a lone star, am fortunate to do one."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



"SECRETS," forsooth! Doesn't it just look as though we were having a forbidden peep at this group of Hollywood's great, foregathered in conference on the set of Mary's new picture? There they are—Frank Borzage, Leslie Howard, Mary herself, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who had just dropped in for a visit—and it has all the air of a dire plot. But the photographer says it was just "time out"

Kay Francis Wears Yellow for Spring Evenings

SPRING evenings call for romantic gowns—and this one is the perfect answer! Mousseline de soie, the color of yellow daffodils, fashions this charming gown Kay Francis wears in "The Keyhole." It makes you look divinely tall with its slim, straight lines and deep flounce of many fabric petals. The slip beneath is yellow satin and gives the sheer fabric a fascinating sheen. Orry-Kelly designed it.



HERE'S an intriguing jewelry ensemble. Gold silk cord is sewed together to make a necklace, bracelet and small round clip. Green stones, unusually cut and arranged, form decoration. The necklace and bracelet have loops that button over the stones in fastening. A large chiffon handkerchief — the border is red, the center white and the flowers harmonize perfectly.

Two Smart Hollywood Notes



IT'S a young fashion, this gay evening frock that Myrna Loy wears in "Topaze." Pert frills flare out like sleeves but actually the arms are bare except for small fastenings near the neckline. Demure but fascinating are those white gardenias. Myrna wears this in black but you may choose it in soft tones, as well. The skirt is instep length and the waistline curves up in front, down in back —a new detail. Rose Crowley is the clever designer.

EVEN though Katharine Hepburn has made but one picture, she has already established herself as a young person who knows what's smart. She likes simple, dramatic things like this unusual evening coat which Howard Greer has designed for her to wear in "A Great Desire." It has been copied for you in a shorter length than Katharine's—just so you can wear it for both spring and summer evenings! The collar buttons right up to the chin, flaring out in a flattering manner.

—Seymour



NEW accessories for your first spring costume . . . a vestee of white silk with high neckline . . . a new bag in gray ribbed felt with wooden buttons . . . a clever umbrella, small enough for a bag but yet big enough for protection!



BARBARA BARONDESS is a new star to bring smart fashions to you. She wears this charming frock designed by Robert Kalloch in "Fever." In beige rough crepe, it has a trick striped scarf tying at one side—note the buttons.



LEAVE it to Ginger Rogers to wear a knockout suit in her newest picture "Broadway Bad"! A short bolero tops a jacket dress with collar and tie of white pique. In black rabbits wool as designed by Earl Luick.



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

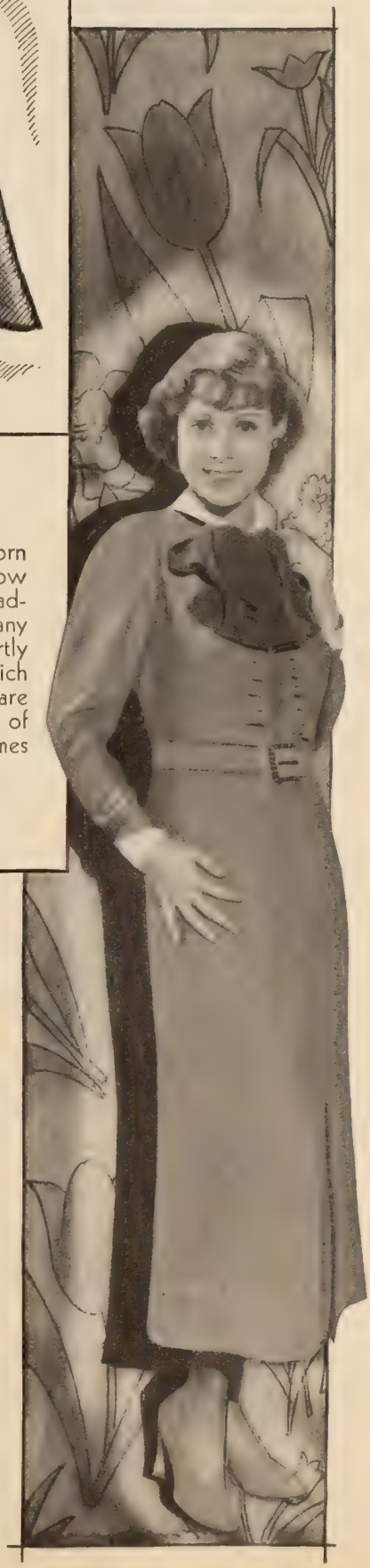
sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 122.



CAPES have the "ayes" for spring. Fur ones, especially, top all costumes smartly. This one has a demure turnover collar—buttons are a new detail. This is soft beige kid.

ANOTHER youthful frock by Travis Banton, this time for Frances Dee to wear in "The Crime of the Century." It's a beige silk with white cotton faille collar and taffeta bow.

WHAT a grand frock Travis Banton has designed for Sari Maritza to wear in "A Lady's Profession!" It's black silk crepe with unusual jabot. The cuffs are of white whipcord pique.







YOU may have music wherever you go! Just carry one of the new pint size radio sets in this trick zipper case of tan fabric.

Seymour Picks These New Spring Styles On Screen



"CENTRAL AIRPORT" is the intriguing name of Sally Eiler's new picture—in it she wears this attractive evening gown designed by Orry-Kelly. Pastel silk crepe is fitted slimly to the figure, while pleated ruffles of mousseline de soie give flaring accent to the neckline and hem. The hem ruffle narrows as it rises to a point above the knee.

AFTER wintry looking clothes, the first ensemble is always a thrill. This one of Miriam Jordan's is especially practical because it combines a coat and dress so neatly. The coat is a light woolen and the dress of silk with silver buttons and a trick belt. The coat is unusually smart because of its swagger style and cleverly cut sleeves. The fur collar adds a flattering note. This is worn in "Dangerously Yours," and you will see it in one of the most exciting scenes. Lambert gets the credit for the design.



JOT these accessory notes down on your list! A wool scarf in a gay plaid and a new knit. A trim perforated oxford called "Cabana." And a pigskin golf glove that also uses the popular perforated detail.

ALWAYS save the exciting for the last—an ensemble worn by Connie Bennett in her new picture "Our Betters." Imagine wearing an ensemble exactly like one the inimitable Constance wears! This is a three-piece affair consisting of soft wool knit coat and skirt and a contrasting knit sweater. The coat is swagger style with distinctive wooden buttons and frog fastening. The sweater has a scarf type neckline. Smart!

—Seymour



THE very latest gasp in chamois sports jackets. The puffed sleeves are a feminine concession but the zipper down the front is a practical one. Sporty, what?





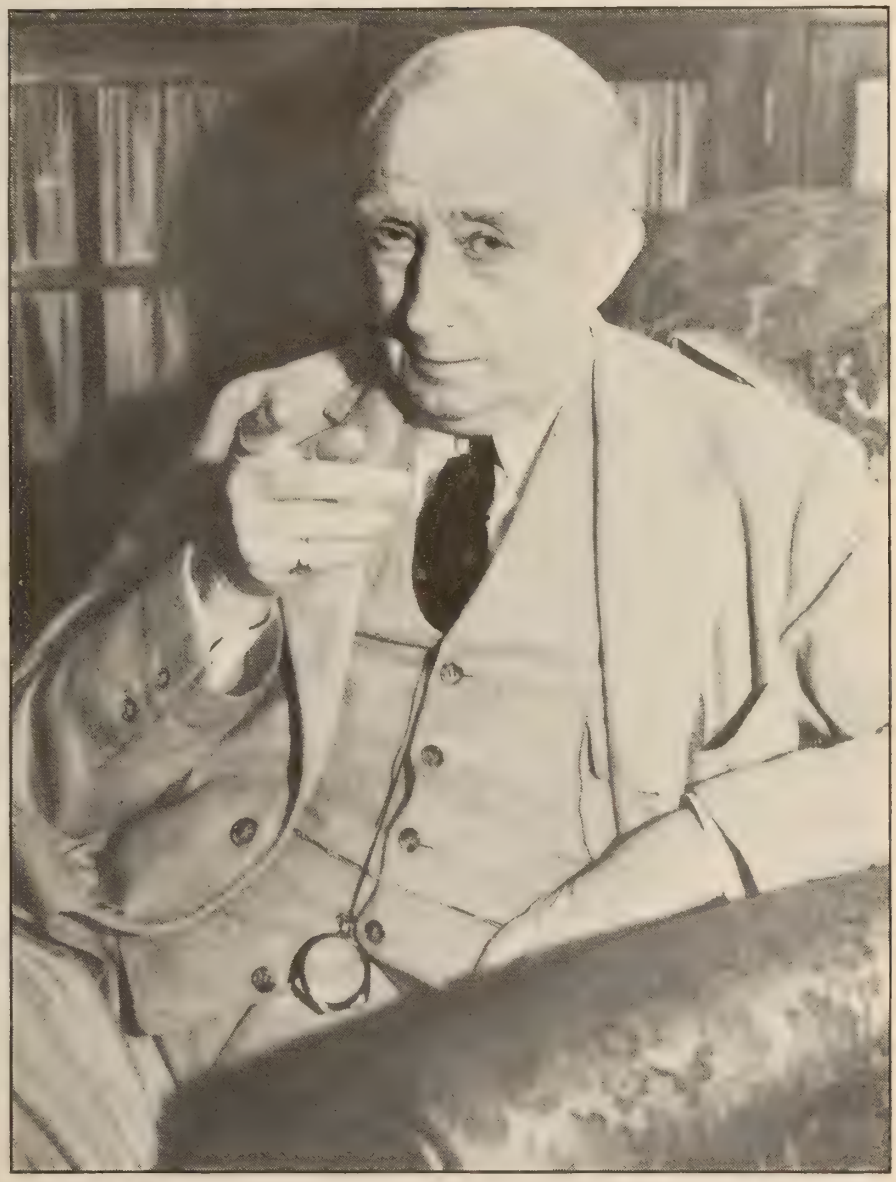
Hal Phyfe

WHEN Queen Ethel Barrymore watched Diana Wynyard in "Rasputin," she commented, "The finest young actress I've seen in Hollywood." Later, the critics sang paeans of praise over her unforgettable performance in "Cavalcade." Oh, lady of the wind-swept blue eyes and the chestnut hair—we wonder what new worlds will you conquer with your next picture "Men Must Fight"?

Bless You, My Children!

Alec B. Francis can say that to almost all the stars you know. He's been screen-father to them all

By Harold Benton



Is Alec proffering some sound, fatherly advice? Well, when he does, all Hollywood loves it. After he's finished "daddying" them on the screen, the stars have come to like him so well they simply love to take their business cares, heartaches, and what have you, to him in real earnest for solution

KING SOLOMON was famous because of his wives.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce is famous because of her husbands.

A lot of youngsters are famous because of their parents—

But the most famous father in film history is Alec B. Francis.

Any father would be swell-chested indeed to claim Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer or Janet Gaynor as his daughter, but Alec does better than that. He claims all of them. They are merely twigs on his screen-family tree, a few of the scores of children whom he has fathered in some picture or other.

He has been at it for twenty-two years now, and that gives him considerable of an edge over any other screen parent.

He began it back in the days when the movies were made in Flatbush-on-the-Hudson.

In those days you saw Edith Storey, Florence Turner, Kitty Gordon and Barbara Tennant. In those days Mary Pickford hadn't even been heard of, and D. W. Griffith was still sweeping stages, instead of staging epic cinema sweeps.

Alec started raising his screen brood then. Among them are numbered the most celebrated youngsters in the world. For Alec has played father not only to almost every star now of importance on the screen, but to almost every star of any importance who has ever been on the screen.

Lillian Walker, Elaine Hammerstein, Mae Marsh, Geraldine Farrar, Naomi Childers, Pauline Frederick, Ruth Roland—these are only a few of the film great whom he raised.

AS for the present day stars whom he has fathered—well, just list about all there are in alphabetical order and look 'em over for yourself. Alec won't have missed many of them.

If you stroll along Hollywood Boulevard almost any bright, sunny morning, the odds are that you'll bump into him. A rather tall, white-haired gentleman, with the milk of human kindness all over his face. A twinkle in his pale blue eyes, a sprightly step, and a bit of a feather stuck jauntily into the band of his hat. He'll be carrying a stick in his hand, there'll be a pipe in his mouth, and he'll bid you a cheery good-day. And as like as not, if you can keep up with him, he'll tell you a reminiscence or two.

Really, he's one of those gentle, lovable creatures that can be created only by God or Sir James Barrie. That's why every star with whom he has ever worked adores him and confides in him not only her screen joys and troubles, but often her real life ones as well.

"I think that perhaps Geraldine Farrar was the most interesting of my screen children," he'll tell you, "while Naomi Childers possessed the most exquisite grace and poise. We used to gather under Geraldine's window when I was working with her, because she always sang in her dressing-room, and we would stay there for hours just to listen to her sing."

Alec's mind is a rich honeycomb of memories. For instance, Kitty Gordon was the first movie star to receive public adulation wherever she went, and that was not because she was in pictures, but because of her compelling personality itself and also her famous back.

Mae Marsh, who returned to the screen as the mother in "Over the Hill," was for many [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

So Hollywood Got Her!

By Richard Talbot



Dorothy Peterson lived where short sleeves, dancing and movies were forbidden by law. She fled to Hollywood, and the home-towners have never quite forgiven her for it

THEY said a lot of things in Dorothy Peterson's old home-town when they heard that she had gone into pictures. It made no difference that she was cast in sweet mother rôles; to them it was the same as going to—well, the permanent abode of condemned souls. You probably saw her mothering Constance Bennett in "Bought," or Dick Barthelmess in "Cabin in the Cotton," but the home-towners never did.

For Dorothy Peterson's home-town is Zion, Illinois, and to all who dwell in Zion, pleasures and pastimes such as dancing or the movies are pitfalls of the devil.

You've probably heard of Zion and of "King" John Alexander Dowie, its founder, high priest, and prophet. You probably know that he was a modern "miracle man" whose followers flocked to his healing cult. They flocked to Zion by the thousands—and among those who flocked were Dorothy's parents. At the time, she was a little girl of six.

Dowie is dead, now. He died while Dorothy was a child. But Zion is still going strong. Even as Elijah's mantle descended to his successor, Elisha, in the Old Testament, so Dowie's prestige descended upon the present General Overseer Voliva. Dorothy remembers Voliva well. Every Sunday, back in Zion, she had to go and hear him preach whether she wanted to or no. His austere tenets were the terror of her childhood. His rigorous discipline dominated her father and her mother and, through them, herself until she was eighteen.

Movie folk have come from everywhere. They've come from before the thrones of emperors and from behind the steering wheels of trucks; they've been grand duchesses and waiters. But of all the film players in Hollywood, Dorothy Peterson undoubtedly has the strangest background of the lot. She came to the home of glamour and tinsel from the home cradle of a religious colony.

ZION is perhaps the one place on earth where there are still no movie theaters. There are movie theaters in Zanzibar and Timbuktu. The Dyaks of Borneo and the aborigines of Australia have seen Garbo and Gable in pictures. But in the United States of America, within forty miles of the city of Chicago, there exists today a community of over 5,000 souls, not one of whom ever sees a motion picture or ever hears of a movie star. Well, hardly ever, anyway.

Dorothy Peterson came to Hollywood as an actress—from there.

In Zion, Dorothy carried a volume of Dowie's teachings under her arm instead of a make-up box. She got up and went to bed at the hours Dowie had prescribed. She dressed her hair as Dowie had directed; no powder ever touched her cheeks or rouge her lips. There were no parties—just prayer-meetings there.

In Zion, Dowie decreed even what and when she should eat. He specified the foods which were best for her soul—and she had to eat them, too, because the Board of Elders and the Council of the Apostles ran the stores.

Contrast that with naughty Hollywood!

Dorothy went to Zion because her mother became a convert to the Zionist faith. And for the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



WHAT'S this—a pinch, and Mae West trying to yarn her way out of it? Well, not quite. They happened to have time out one day while filming "She Done Him Wrong," and Mae just naturally gathered in the coppers who function in the show and started telling them a few good ones. You can judge for yourself whether she got over

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



"BLOW, blow, thou winter wind," gleefully commands Joan Blondell as she airs, refreshes and exercises her blonde hair before an electric dryer. Fresh air is a great hair tonic. An electric fan is a fine substitute for Joan's electric dryer; or expose your hair to fresh air when possible. Tiny hats, short coiffures, have done much for hair health.



SUSAN FLEMING guards her skin beauty with a deep cleansing cream. "Remember," she warns, "to cleanse very thoroughly at the outer nostrils and the chin curve." There the skin seems inactive and if not thoroughly cleansed a clogged condition will result. Remember to follow every cream cleansing with a skin tonic or lotion. Unusual eyebrows, those.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



A GLOW of color, low, along the jawbone adds a subtle radiance to the face. Genevieve Tobin shows you a new way of rouging for evening. Avoid this, however, if your lower face is very thin, hollow or narrow.



JOAN CRAWFORD'S new coiffure gives us a brilliant idea for a very different arrangement to be achieved by yourself in ten minutes with aid of a warm curling iron. A wide left part, a coy shingle curl to contradict the severeness of that broad forehead sweep, up-turned ends, and there you are! Hair does not have to be shingled for this style. Simply roll that curl very tight and high. Good for straight hair.



BEAUTIFUL shoulders have long been eulogized in poem and picture. Gwili André's lovely shoulders should inspire every girl to correct posture, care of neck and shoulder skin. Proper exercise will teach you correct posture, develop or reduce neck or shoulders. Foundation cream by day will avoid that discolored, unbecoming V.

This and That From Hollywood's Beauty Lore



THAT is snow you see drifting over Madge Evans' hair and face. This direct exposure to snow or rain is one of Madge's pet skin beauty secrets. It is magical for refreshing, refining the skin to pearl-like beauty. Protect yourself thoroughly from chill and damp.







ROSALIE ROY finds those lipstick tissues that come in purse-size pads ideal for removing lipstick. Remember always to remove old before applying new.

Jean Arthur's eyebrows are an interesting study. Straight, low brows are often becoming to large, clear eyes. Hollywood brow styles appear to be lower, straighter. Watch them!

"Smile, and your rouge smiles with you," sings Mary Carlisle. That area brought into prominence when you smile is the rouge area for the full, youthful face.

Coiffure Classique Featuring Shadow Curls



GLORIA STUART'S coiffure conceals the temples and reveals the ears. The latter is a matter of choice, though, for the hair may be combed over them if you wish. Notice that those temple curls are almost a bang with the ends curled in shadow effect. This type headdress fits comfortably and becomingly under small hats, for there is no loose hair to break the smooth outline.



CONTINUING in the classic coiffure tempo, comes Gloria Stuart with a shadow curl arrangement designed especially for her by a famous London hairdresser. Shadow curls outline the entire head, except the center forehead, as you can see from other pictures. The hair is finger-waved in broad undulations and the back is massed in corkscrew and shadow curls. Ideal for fine hair.



AREN'T these curls beautiful? The wide finger-waves merge into the tight vertical curls which in turn are fringed by shadow curls. That shadow fringe is made by combing out the lower curl ends. Comb them out for evening; curl in tight for day.

The Basic A, B, C's of Skin Beauty





GWILI ANDRÉ knows that a rub-down with eau de Cologne following the bath is as refreshing and revivifying as it is refining and beautifying to the skin. Its slight fragrance will not conflict with your perfume.



IN time, those laughter lines at the mouth may become deep and harsh unless a tissue building cream is used to keep the skin soft and well lubricated. Raquel Torres takes no chances. Nightly she uses a rich tissue cream.

THE eyes need a light application of tissue building cream every night, even with the very young, thinks Raquel Torres. Pat in gently with finger tips.

RAQUEL always follows the day use of cream by a skin lotion to remove all cream, to refresh, to tone. Pat on briskly with absorbent cotton pads.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 94)



Born *to be a* Villain

But Lyle Talbot wishes they would let him go straight

USUALLY the villain in his screen rôles, Lyle Talbot is probably the most unvillain-like person in Hollywood. He's a quiet, unassuming young man with a bright Irish wit, who lives alone in a modest flat with his dog, likes golf and tennis and goes bicycle riding every chance he gets. He cares little for publicity ballyhoo and wants to spread his career out over a period of years, rather than have it burst into a sudden skyrocket of flame and then die out.

The amazing thing is, his real name is Hollywood and his mother's name was Warner, and today he's a Warner star in Hollywood. Seems like a nice bit of foresight, doesn't it, on the part of the fates? But not so, not so. Not at all. It made no end of trouble when his time came to flash upon the screen, and had to be ripped all to bits.

Of that, more anon. Meanwhile, to save bother, we'll call him Lyle Talbot throughout.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, he moved to a small town in Nebraska when he was still a baby, and later moved to the city of Omaha. His parents were on the stage and Lyle lived with his grandmother.

Never dreamed, of course, that he'd be anything but Lyle Hollywood to the end of his days. But "Man Proposes—" you know how it runs. Meanwhile, some early ups and downs of his career.

Graduating from high school in Omaha, he set out in his parents' footsteps and joined a small stock company. Later, at his grandmother's urging, he attended the University of Nebraska, but his brief taste of the stage was too strong to resist, so he left college to travel as a hypnotist's assistant. Knowing no more about hypnotism, of course, than your dear old grandmother.

He graduated to tent shows that played through the Middle West and for three years Lyle was that handsome young juvenile who knocked them right out of their seats. Soon after, he owned his own stock company in Memphis, Tennessee.

Things looked bright until the stage hands upped and went on strike and Lyle was left to shift his own scenery and arrange his own props. So he finally gave up in despair. Knocked out, so to speak, just when that siren Prosperity was promising to come tiptoeing around the corner. His name still stands on the front of that Memphis theater, where a burlesque company now holds forth. That is, at last reports. We can't guarantee how things might change in times like these. But back to our subject, and his next steps up the ladder to fame.



His real name is Hollywood and his mother's name was Warner and today he is a Warner star in Hollywood. Lyle Talbot started his acting career as a hypnotist's assistant

In all his acting career Lyle had never seen New York, when suddenly he was asked to join a stock company in Manchester, England. He played there a short time and then returned to make Broadway at last, playing in "The Criminal Code." While playing in New York, he made a Warner Bros. short that brought no results, so he put the thought of movies out of his head. From New York he journeyed to Dallas, Texas, to join the famous stock company playing that city.

News of the young actor who was wowing them in Dallas soon reached Hollywood, and the Warner star-hounds sent for him to come on and make a test. So Lyle arrived, thrilled but speechless. He had lost his voice en route and could only gasp things at an astounded studio.

Recovering his voice, he made the necessary tests, giving scenes from the play, "Louder Please." That was where fate had another little joke all ready for him. He went through it blissfully unaware that the play burlesqued certain people in certain departments of the very studio that was testing him.

DISCOVERING, to his horror, two days later what had happened, he quickly packed, ready to sneak out of town, when Warners, amused at the whole episode, promptly signed him to a contract. His first rôle was in "Love Is A Racket." You've seen him in "No More Orchids" with Carole Lombard; "Ladies They Talk About" and "42nd Street."

And that, mates, is where the cinematic name met its fate. "Hollywood of Hollywood"—"Hollywood was born in Pittsburgh"— no, it just wouldn't do. So Lyle Hollywood became Lyle Talbot. Everyone happy—just like that. Now a few details, since our hero has landed.

He's five feet, eleven and a half inches tall; weighs 172 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes that a girl would give anything to possess. He has grand taste in clothes, his ties, socks and shirts always blending.

He is never seen where actors are usually seen. He drives a Ford, loves filet of sole, and his pet economy is cheap socks.

He loathes people who talk too much. Lyle himself talks well and at length. He's made fourteen pictures in eight months and frets considerably about the villain thing. He never wants to be just a nice young hero but he would like to be a little nice on the screen for a change.

He's not married and he's twenty-nine years old.

By Sara Hamilton

Joan Wears Her Newest



And designed by Adrian for her picture "Today We Live," they give you advanced ideas for a new season. A fashion scoop!

Photos By
Clarence Sinclair Bull





A new Crawford dress of the "Letty Lynton" type—but Adrian has made it distinctively different by using fluted ruffles. They curve up across the shoulders in the back and ruffle down the skirt. Black velvet bows on white

It's crisp and tailored, this brown tweed dress, just the type of thing Joan likes so much. Starched linen gives a side lapel accent, under cuffs are starched, too. The round neckline is youthful, as is the fabric belt

Who but Adrian would think of putting myriad little white cotton pique bows on a crinkle crepe silk gown? And what you can't see is the slit skirt—a daring touch for a demure gown! Isn't Joan's hairdress charming?

"In California...in Chicago...on the Continent, these creams have guarded my skin constantly since I was a girl"— says beautiful Mrs. McCormick



In 1929 *Mrs. McCormick was Miss Joan Tyndale Stevens of England, which accounts for her delicate English beauty. "Years ago I started to use Pond's," she says.*

"I SPENT my girlhood on the Continent . . . In Chicago I learned about extremes of climate . . . And here in Santa Barbara I am out in the open most of the time.

"Isn't that a test of one's beauty methods?"

Mrs. McCormick has the most heavenly skin you ever saw—she is a typical British blonde.

"Even on the other side, when I was a girl," she says, "I always used Pond's. I was so absolutely sure of their purity."

Skin Soft in Harshest Weather

"But it was in Chicago, where the winters are stinging and the summers burning, that I realized how *absolutely necessary* Pond's Two Creams are if one's skin is to keep its young-girl freshness.

"The Cold Cream is indispensable for cleansing, and I use the Vanishing Cream constantly for protection. It heals chapping and it is the most effective powder base.

"Here in California I spend most of my time in my garden. Again, Pond's Two Creams have proved themselves invaluable."

See Your Own Skin Improve

Try these Creams on your own skin, and see what wonders they accomplish for you. Pond's Creams bring back the suppleness of young skin.



Today *Mrs. Alister McCormick's fresh beauty is even more apparent. She spends most of her day working among rare tropical plants which she has collected. "I rely entirely on Pond's Two Creams to keep my skin nice," she says.*

HEALS CHAPPING. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for its healing and soothing qualities.

To *prevent* your skin from drying and cracking smooth on Vanishing Cream before going out. It keeps your skin beautifully soft and white.

CLEANSES—PREVENTS LINES. Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough daily cleansing. It floats out every speck of grime without clogging the pores or drying the skin! A bit left on overnight after cleansing will keep away age-telling lines!

WHITENS ROUGH RED HANDS. Pond's Vanishing Cream quickly smooths roughened skin and relieves irritation. Watch it whiten and soften reddened hands.

Thousands of women use and praise Pond's Two Creams. Among them:

Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. E. Wrenn duPont Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Miss Anne Morgan Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Send 10¢ **(to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples**



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114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Please send me (check choice): *Pond's New Face Powder* in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

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City _____ *State* _____

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Leo Reisman on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E. S. T. . . . Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President-Elect, Speaker . . . WEAF and NBC Network

3 famous Stars of the Screen · LORETTA YOUNG ·



Complexions that fascinate—*even in a snapshot*

Why don't YOU try Hollywood's Beauty Care

THE Hollywood screen stars are lovely *always*. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind* — every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane — snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Cocoanut Grove!

How alluring they are—these beautiful stars! What is the secret of their matchless charm?

"Above everything else," says lovely Sally Blane, "we take exquisite care of our complexions. I started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio, and find it helps keep my skin smooth and glowing."

Loretta Young, and Polly Ann, too, like scores of other fascinating stars, use this gentle care to keep their skin always youthfully alluring.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly!

Not only at home in their own

LUX Toilet



Snapped by
JOHN BOLES
at the
Cocoanut Grove
in Hollywood

enlargement

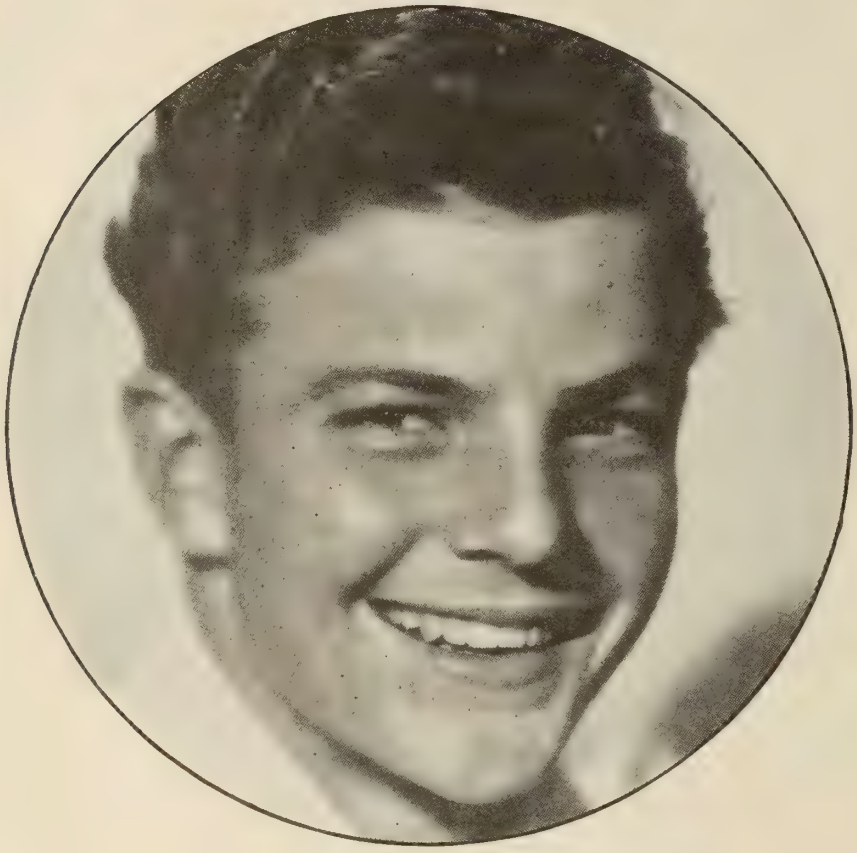
luxurious dressing rooms, but in their studio dressing rooms as well. Because the stars' preference is so well known, this fragrant white soap has been made official by all the big film studios.

Why don't *you* try the Beauty Soap of the Stars — guard *your* complexion as the world's most beautiful women do? Buy several cakes of this gentle soap. Begin at once to give your skin the care that will keep it always temptingly smooth and fresh.



Soap — *The Beauty Soap of the Stars*

Ask The Answer Man



Tommy Conlon, whom the readers are most interested in this month. Bet he will give us a bigger smile when he hears about this

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

TOMMY CONLON is the readers' favorite this month. Although he is just a lad of fifteen, everyone, young and old, is asking for information about him. And here it is!

Tommy was born in Philadelphia, Penna., on June 21, 1917. He is of Irish-American descent. Has auburn-brown hair and blue eyes. It is hard to tell just what his height and weight are because he is growing so fast.

Back in 1924, Tommy began his picture career in "Our Gang" comedies. Later he appeared in a number of serials for Universal. Then he left pictures for three years and lived in the East with his father. He returned to the screen in 1931 when Fox gave him the rôle of *Johnny* in "Over the Hill." Other pictures that followed were "Flying High," "Young America," "Caught Short," "Song o' My Heart," "Charlie Chan's Chance," "She Wanted a Millionaire," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Those We Love," "The Sign of the Cross" and "No Man of Her Own." Quite a record for such a youngster.

His father, William E. Conlon, appeared in a number of Henry Miller productions, but now devotes his time to managing his son's affairs. Tommy lives with his dad on a ranch in Tarzana, Calif. The town is called Tarzana because Edgar Rice Burroughs, author of the "Tarzan" stories, has a 12,000 acre ranch there.

J. O. GISH, U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.—The name of the little lady who made such a hit with the midshipmen was Elizabeth Allan. She played the rôle of *Sylvia* with Leslie Howard and Benita Hume in "Reserved for Ladies." Benita was the *Countess Ricardi.* In 1927, Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver made the silent version of this picture which was released under the title "Service for Ladies." Remember?

DOROTHY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—What a popular fellow Cary Grant is becoming! He is a native of Bristol, England, born there on January 18 (doesn't tell the year). He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 174 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He appeared on the English as well as the American stage before he went into pictures in December, 1931. His real name is Archie Leach. Like Cary Grant better? He is still single. Jack Gilbert first saw light on July 10, 1897.

C. B. FORBES, GREENVILLE, N. C.—Josephine Dunn was the cute little blonde who played the rôle of Al Jolson's wife in "The Singing Fool."

ELDA, GRAND ISLAND, NEBR.—Clara Bow's correct birth date is July 29, 1905. That will make her 28 years old this July.

M. JOLLOW, BRANDON, MAN.—Will you please stop calling him William Gargle? His name is William Gargan. He is married to Patricia Kenny and they have one little Gargle—I mean Gargan—a lad of about 4 years. Bill was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 17, 1905. Is 6 feet tall; weighs 170 pounds and has reddish hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage for eight years before he entered pictures. His latest is "Lucky Devils."

AGNES NECHAS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Are you listening, Agnes? That big handsome hero, Joel McCrea, hails from Los Angeles, Calif. He was born there on November 5, 1905. Is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Not even *one* beautiful lady has been able to lead Joel to the altar, yet. Norman Foster is still very much married to Claudette Colbert. Norman was born in Richmond, Ind., on December 13, 1903. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The beautiful Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, on September 13, 1907. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 112 pounds and has very dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. Is married to Norman Foster. Claudette made a name for herself on the stage before she entered pictures in 1928. Deserted them for the stage for a while, but came back to the screen with the talkies. Don't miss seeing her with Freddie March in "Tonight is Ours." But remember that doesn't mean you should play hookey from school.

JACK DIETHER, VANCOUVER, B. C.—The author of "The Mysterious Island" is Jules Verne, and the director of the picture, Lucien Hubbard. In the picture the rôle of *Dakkar* was played by Lionel Barrymore; *Sonia* by Jane Daly; *Nikolai* by Lloyd Hughes; *Falcon* by Montagu Love; *Mikhail* by Harry Gribbon; *Anton* by Snitz Edwards; *Dmitry* by Gibson Gowland and *Teresa* by Dolores Brinkman. For the other casts you mentioned you will have to send me a stamped return envelope. I haven't space here to list the characters.

G. M. EDWARDS, LENNOXVILLE.—In "The Big Broadcast" Connie Boswell was seated on the right of Martha, and Vet stood just behind them. The three girls at the switchboard are known to radio listeners as "Major, Sharp and Minor."

R. M. C., JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND.—I agree with you that Lewis Stone was rather foolish to throw the golden sword into the sea in the picture "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Anyway, it will probably give some ambitious writer a plot for another story. You know the kind—"Fu Manchu" as a deep-sea diver.

RUTH LAUREN, DAYTON, O.—Ann Dvorak was born on August 7, 1912. She is 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Karen Morley weighs 106 pounds. Ann is married to Leslie Fenton and Karen is Mrs. Charles Vidor.

Both tinted nails and natural on the Ile de France









Miss Nancy Morgan in white skirt and brown striped sweater and Coral nails. For this blue and white check Miss Faith Hollins chose Rose nails. Miss Virginia Kernochan wears Ruby with red and white.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but is best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Rose is a shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Garnet is smart with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues"—either daytime or evening frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense, black and brown.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red, you can wear it with anything when you want to be particularly gay and dashing.

The Smart World which travels on the Ile de France knows all the tricks which make for greater Allure.

One of its favorites is Variety in nail tips. In deck chairs . . . curved over the ship's rail . . . in the Salon . . . you'll see Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet and red, red Ruby finger nails. Each tint just the right accent to the frock.

So, if you're planning on slipping off on a cruise, get prepared! Competition is Keen on shipboard. If you want to be in on all the exciting things that happen . . . or the Romantic things that Might . . . see that your nails are as beckoning as butterflies.

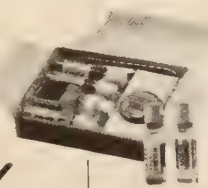
Those Who Know never travel without their Cutex. For Cutex is made by the World's Manicure Authority. It not only has the most ravishing lot of colors to be found on either side of the Atlantic. But it is one polish which flows on smoothly. And Stays On.

If this isn't your year for traveling on boats, you'll still want Cutex for success in your Home Campaigns. See how the right color nails will make even year-before-last dresses take on Parisian chic.

EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream). Finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with new Cutex Hand Cream.

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2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 4 other manicure essentials for 12¢



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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked.

☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

_____

_____

Cutex Liquid Polish

Smart . . . Inexpensive

Which Movie Star Dominates You?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

into piqued interest by his veiled or apparent indifference. By his display of "I've experienced everything and I'm bored." By his insolence. Or by his superior, critical attitude.

Characterize these men in a general way, and you'll find that they're suave and very sophisticated. Even slick. That they pretend not to give a faded gardenia if women go for them in a big way or not.

If they're the glib penthouse variety, they dress like an advertisement of what the well-groomed man will wear this spring, and talk like an edition of Walter Winchell or Noel Coward. In bright, glittering epigrams. With pat remarks which have a more insidious influence over their desired victims than any Olympic champion, physique-of-Hercules chap could ever hope to gain.

'Way back in the good old days, there was Adolphe Menjou, raising his inimitable eyebrows and twirling his rapier-like mustache in "The Woman of Paris," "The Ace of Cads," in "Men Call It Love." He had what is known as "*savoir faire.*" He made love conversationally in the beginning. Oh, so provocatively! All the while looking at the lady in question with half-closed eyes. Like a cat. And just as smart, too.

TODAY, there's George Raft in "Night After Night" and "Under-cover Man."

In the former picture, Georgie as the eminently successful but discontented speakeasy proprietor sees the goal of his social ambitions and the living vision of his romantic dreams in an orchidaceous Park Avenue damsel (Constance Cummings). But when he discovers that her impetuous kiss, which so ballooned his hopes, means no more to her than it would to any lady with evenings for sale, he does a disgust act in the grand manner. He snaps his fingers at her and all her silken sisters with magnificent insolence, telling her off in a lashing speech which brings the lady to his abode in double quick time and in, oh, what a state of piqued rage!

In other words, ladies, the foxy George knew what he was doing! He realized that this sort of treatment usually brings about a kind of agitation in a woman which is often nothing more nor less than love or passion turned inside out!

THINK of the host of pictures in which this type of despot just described flaunts his way gayly or arrogantly through reels of silver screen. While languishing ladies, or those pretending an irritation which they really don't feel, "give their all" and beg for more of the same domineering shameless treatment! The William Powell and Warren William type.

And how their women suffer! If ZaSu Pitts were writing this article, she'd just wilt and groan: "O . . uh—uh, mi . . iy de . . ah . . r," and you'd know exactly what she meant!

Sometimes, though, this type is harder to define. Because he conquers his willing prey by a more indirect method. He has a sad air of mystery. An unvoiced suggestion of a glamorous past. He's quiet and restrained. His tantalizing reserve provokes women to grades of folly which are nothing short of epic.

That's your Ronald Colman in many rôles. In "Arrowsmith," in "Cynara."

Ronnie is always a bit out of reach! Either, as in "Arrowsmith," his love of his profession comes first in his life (it happened to be medical research in this case) and thus shuts out the woman who adores him and would sacrifice anything for his sake . . . even her life, which she actually does. Or, as in "Cynara," the *someone else* (Kay Francis, wife of *the barrister*, Ronald Colman) who permanently occupies his heart despite his passionate excursion . . . always keeps him spiritually remote from the little shop girl (Phyllis Barry) to whom he makes love.

In other words, if a man closes the doors of part of his life to the woman who loves him, that man becomes ever more desirable to her . . . *because unattainable.* It seems to me that this would logically explain the domination that the *reticent*, the *mysterious*, the *glamorous male* has for numberless women. What one doesn't know or understand completely is always much more exciting than what is obvious!

Well, 'fess up! Do you enjoy suffering at the hands of these experienced devastators? If so, after what we've said, you should have your own number, so to speak.

AS far as we're concerned, the type, just mentioned, is far more provocative and galvanizing than the big, burly, thews-and-sinew animal-magnetism chap. But tastes differ. And how!

Completely the opposite of these intriguing tyrants are the lads who appeal to the woman who, herself, strongly desires to be conqueror.

This woman wants to dominate! She may merely show signs of an active, maternal instinct. Or she may actually possess certain definite masculine characteristics. No matter what the subconscious motive—this type of woman finds her heart shattered by such delicate, rather helpless Princes Charming as Charles Farrell, Richard Cromwell and Eric Linden.

Let these lads open wide their dewy, boyish eyes; let them merely fumble at their hats and choke a bit when about to skate around the burning question, and emotional havoc takes place in their female devotees!

Suddenly, across my mind flashes the story of Charles Farrell. The wistful, boyish screen lover who didn't marry his girl sweetheart, Janet Gaynor; but instead married Virginia Valli. A mother type? Possibly.

Some clever men deliberately play the rôle of the naïve, bashful boy, because they know so well what ravages they can work with a woman's heart when they appeal to her on the basis of her pity and sympathy. Fie upon you, you delightful, sinister racketeers!

Then there's another kind of "little boy" man whose every glance makes the mother instinct rear its rampant head.

He may be a wise-cracking, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Type I

The Masterful, Dominating Male: Assured, self-assertive, highly-satisfactory lover.

(a) The rough, tough, two-fisted, *direct* he-man lover. He knows what he wants and goes after it in somewhat primitive fashion. Examples: Clark Gable; Jimmy Cagney; Johnny Weissmuller; Chester Morris.

(b) The suave, highly sophisticated man of the world. He's often indifferent; sometimes slightly insolent; usually keeps his women guessing. Examples: Adolphe Menjou; George Raft; William Powell.

(c) The lover of many moods, chief among which is glamour and mystery. Examples: Ronald Colman; John Gilbert.

Type II

The Gentler, to be-mastered Male: Shyer, less assertive and more "virginal" type of lover. Usually dominated by a woman.

(a) The immature, inexperienced boyish lover. Often awkward and bashful; he arouses a woman's maternal instinct, her sense of pity and desire to protect. Examples: Charles Farrell; Richard Cromwell; Eric Linden.

(b) The wise-cracking, gay, nonsensical lover, with inhibitions and a large slice of sentimentality. Examples: Robert Montgomery, Jack Oakie; Lee Tracy.

(c) The sensitive, romantic, idealistic lover; cultured and often poetic. A more spiritual, self-sacrificing type. His love is of a higher order, often relinquishing its own self-interests for the sake of another. Examples: Leslie Howard; Ramon Novarro; Phillips Holmes; Richard Barthelmess.



For a rainy day save the Colgate way...

"The quarters I save on Colgate's help me weather the storm"

Buy Colgate's the first time *just for economy's sake*—that quarter saved. Then, discover that it cleans teeth better than any preparation you've ever used, at any price. Discover that—though its makers offer no extravagant promises, make no wild claims—it does for you all any toothpaste can do. And—having enjoyed its flavor, its cleansing powers, its low price—just ask your dentist about it. Here's what he'll probably say: "Colgate's? I should say so. Does all any toothpaste can do . . . cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. I've been advising it for years and years." You try Colgate's—once. Feel the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of your teeth and those extra quarters in your pocket, too. You're a Colgate user for life!



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



When famous cinemactress confers with famous and only successful woman motion picture director, you can expect big things. Dorothy Arzner is discussing Billie Burke's part in RKO-Radio's picture, "A Great Desire." Mark it on your cuff, for Katharine Hepburn's in it, too

MILDRED and Harold Lloyd had never been to Europe before. Harold wanted to see some of the night life. But he didn't feel he should take Mildred. Not quite the thing, you know. So he went out with a bunch of men.

So Mildred got hold of a friend who secured her a couple of passes, too. Harold came home and saw them. He started. "Do you know what these are for?" he asked. Mildred didn't. "A nudist colony," said Harold.

Of course Mildred didn't use the passes. But from then on Mildred and Harold did all the sight-seeing together.

"I'm working my way through college," said the man at the door.

"What—again?" said Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

DIANA WYNYARD arrived in Hollywood about six months ago, and during that time she has played important parts in two of the biggest pictures ever made, "Rasputin and the Empress" and "Cavalcade." Also a fine rôle in "Men Must Fight."

She was doing "The Devil Passes" on the stage in New York when M-G-M signed her to a term contract. They figured that after all her good work since she came to Hollywood, she rated a nice vacation, so Miss Wynyard departed for her native England a short time ago, where she will remain until June.

SO Eddie Sutherland is married again—for the fourth time. Dear, dear, we can remember Eddie when he didn't have a wife to his name. Not so long ago, either. Only about ten years. In those days he was courting May McAvoy, in spirited competition with Bobby Agnew. May married neither of them, and Bobby never married at all. Probably figures Eddie is doing enough in the matrimonial line for both of them.

AFTER a certain hilarious party, a famous star began telephoning all his friends the next day. "Did you come home with me last night?"

It seems, none of them had.

"Well, gee, that's funny," the actor said. "Someone came home with me and finished my jig-saw puzzle before he left. If I ever find that guy, I'll kill him."

THE rumor persists that the real reason for the reconciliation of the Adolphe Menjous, practically halting her attorney on the courthouse steps, divorce complaint in hand, is that she is going to present Adolphe with an heir sometime in the summer. "Where did you hear such an amazing story as that?" Mrs. Menjou counters in reply to inquiries.

WHETHER Ann Harding will have decided "to be or not to be" the second-time wife of Harry Bannister by the time you read this—is another of those bewildering questions which rests in the laps of the capricious gods. At the moment though, not even the most confident of predictors knows whether to believe or not to believe this rumor.

In the meantime, Harry Edington, Ann's manager, who has lately returned from his own private honeymoon with Barbara Kent, emphatically says: "There is nothing further from the truth than those reports of Miss Harding's intended marriage."

And Harry Bannister maintains that oppressing silence which drives reporters mad.

HEADLINE from the Chicago Daily News: "WILL ROGERS RAGGED PANTS CONCEAL A HEART OF GOLD."

And what did he have up his sleeve?

THIS bouquet didn't come over any footlights. Norman Taurog, who recently directed George M. Cohan and Jimmy Durante in "The Phantom President," and who is now directing Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," received a letter on the set. It read:

"Dear Norman: Sorry to hear about your present job. It's an awful drop, Norman, from Durante to Chevalier. Well, you can't stay on top all the time—you've got to take the breaks as they come. Yours in regret,

Jimmy Durante."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



This *is* news! Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee, who usually "go places and do things" *separately*—despite the fact that they've been teamed so often in pictures—actually dancing together at the Cocoanut Grove. And very obviously enjoying it. Were they avoiding publicity before—or afraid they'd have to talk shop?



AS YOU DESIRE ME

To make your skin and you lovely—try this 30-day treatment experts prescribe

OLIVE OIL helps to avoid aging skin. Olive oil has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

That is exactly why over 20,000 beauty specialists advise Palmolive Soap—because Palmolive is the soap made with olive oil. They say the lather of this beauty soap puts youth's elasticity and firmness back into the skin.

Do this for 30 days: night and morning, work up a fine, rich lather and give the pores of your whole body (not merely your face and throat) a deep, refreshing cleansing.

There's a challenge to age, all right! Tingling vitality underneath and smooth, delicate, surface softness—a combination that makes your skin, and you, lovely, desirable!



THIS EXACT AMOUNT

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

JEAN HARLOW has not been sitting around idly while M-G-M decided what her next picture was to be. She kept as busy as any little housewife, selecting furniture and making drapes to go in her new home out in Holmby Hills, where she will live with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello.

Jean is living very quietly these days. She went down to Caliente over New Year's, but most of her recreation consists of going to the neighborhood movie—even as you and I.

BILL POWELL ran into two friends who were having a grand time swapping symptoms.

Bill listened in sympathetic silence—until he could bear it no longer. "This conversation reminds me of Mandy and Liza.

"Mandy said, 'Liza, has you-all evah been X-rayed?'

"Liza thought a moment, and replied, 'No, but I been ultra-violated twice!' "

"I HAVE lived more than most men, and I am tired—so tired!" These words Jack Pickford whispered in the American Hospital in Paris, where he died January 3rd. As he himself said, he lived so intensely—crowding into his thirty-six years of life, hundreds of joys and sorrows that less volatile souls never realize in a lifetime of four score and ten.

Born John C. Smith, in Toronto, Canada, he appeared in his first stage production while still wearing long baby clothes.

At the age of 23, long after Mary had become "America's Sweetheart," and after a brief stage career of his own, Jack entered the films.

As Jack Smith, he worked alongside Mack Sennett, his sister Mary Pickford, and Lillian and Dorothy Gish in the old Biograph Company. For $5 a day!

IT was not until he created the rôle of *Tom Sawyer* that he really attracted attention.

But from that moment on, followed a succession of triumphs in which this debonair youth enthralled so many, many cinema audiences with his lovable charm.

In 1920—the same year he legally adopted the name Pickford, which had already been trumpeted through the world—he began his mercurial and ill-fated career as a husband.

First to Olive Thomas, whose young life was cut short by an overdose of a sedative. Then, two years later, to Marilyn Miller, of "Sally" fame. They were divorced in 1927.

His divorce in 1932 from Mary Mulhern, young Follies beauty, terminated his third marriage and his spectacular marital career.

So lived Jack Pickford—swiftly, recklessly, impetuously. Eternally boyish to the end—when, for a moment there flashed across his thin, lined face a phantom of the old grin, and he murmured, so faintly that his nurse could scarcely hear: "The world owes me nothing, now does it?"

Now, in a crypt at Forest Lawn Cemetery, in Southern California Jack Pickford lies forever at peace beside his mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.



Those faithful fans who have waited patiently for the return of their favorite, Mrs. Wally Reid, are finally to be rewarded. After a five years' absence, she re-appears on the screen to play a tender "mother" rôle in "Diamond Cut Diamond"



Claudette Colbert's motto must be "If at once you don't succeed, try, try again!" As *Empress Poppaea* in "The Sign of the Cross," she vamped Freddie March in vain. But he's finally succumbed to her wiles, from the looks of this rehearsal. He plays the royally romantic lover to her charming queen in "Tonight Is Ours," from a play by Noel Coward

AN amazing study in contrast—the vivacious Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin. Paulette is young and lively. Charlie sober, and even melancholy at times. Paulette's once platinum locks now border on the raven hue. Charlie's once raven locks are now as platinum as Paulette's were.

Yes, the brunette Paulette and platinum Charles, certainly come in for their share of attention from passers-by.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

SHE HAS BROUGHT BEAUTY

into the lives of millions - with her famous Pasteurized Cream!

And in order that every woman in America may know the wonders of this cream, and also become acquainted with her marvelous Youthifying Tissue Cream, Helena Rubinstein is making a SPECIAL BEAUTY OFFER.

Business women whose careers are made or marred by personal appearance! Mothers, anxious to keep the admiration of their children! Wives who are intelligent enough to know what an important part attractiveness plays in the successful marriage! These and millions of others, young, middle-aged, and older women of all types, all temperaments have found new interest in living because they follow—step by step—the beauty wisdom of Helena Rubinstein, famous authority on loveliness.

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM, THE FIRST STEP TO BEAUTY

Outstanding among her triumphs—one of the highlights of her career—is Helena Rubinstein's unique creation, Pasteurized Face Cream. Unique because it has so many marvelous qualities no other cream possesses!

You smooth this lovely rich-textured cream on your face. And then Pasteurized begins its work of cleansing—penetrating deeply into the pores, far beneath the surface, where lines and wrinkles have their origin.

But Pasteurized Face Cream does more than cleanse! It puts vibrant new life into the tissues, banishes that tired, drawn look, molds the contours of the face and throat upward and youthward!

No woman of any age who has once used Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream will want to be without it. For Pasteurized Face Cream preserves and increases the freshness and beauty of young skins, revives and re-creates the beauty of older skins.

In addition to its other marvelous qualities, Pasteurized Face Cream serves as a powder foundation and protects the skin from wind and weather.

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM IS THE IDEAL ONE-CREAM BEAUTY TREATMENT—the greatest one-cream beauty value that a dollar can buy. But Helena Rubinstein knows, from her vast experience, that most skins require a second cream—most skins require a cream for stimulating, enlivening. And that is the function of her Youthifying Tissue Cream.



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
Internationally Acclaimed Beauty Specialist

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S BEAUTY GIFT, A DOLLAR JAR OF YOUTHIFYING TISSUE CREAM, BRINGS YOU THE SECOND STEP TO BEAUTY!

This lovely mellow cream, a blend of rejuvenating herbs and oils, nourishes the tissues, irons out lines and wrinkles, keeps the skin alive with the glow of youth.

Together Pasteurized Face Cream and Youthifying Tissue Cream form a perfectly balanced two-cream beauty treatment that will last from six to eight weeks. And because Helena Rubinstein is so eager for the women of America to know the wonders of this two-cream beauty treatment, she is offering, with her compliments, her dollar gift jar of Youthifying Tissue Cream with every dollar purchase of Pasteurized Face Cream.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE THIRD STEP TO BEAUTY

Once you've used Pasteurized Face Cream in conjunction with Youthifying Tissue Cream, you'll realize that here is a complete two-cream beauty treatment you will never want to be without. But if your muscles are relaxed and flabby, or if the first glow of youth has gone from your skin, you will want to finish your beauty treatment with the third step to beauty, toning-bracing.

If your skin is normal or oily, you will want to tone-brace with Skin Toning Lotion. This mild astringent is wonderfully refreshing. Closes the pores, braces the tissues, tones and firms the texture. Serves as an excellent powder base.

If your skin is dry you will want to take as the third step to beauty the Anti-Wrinkle Lotion (Extrait). For lines, wrinkles, and dry skin, it is marvelously effective. It erases crowsfeet and expression lines, cools and refreshes and acts as a general tonic for the skin.

PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL FOR DRY SKIN OR PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM FOR NORMAL AND OILY SKIN. EXCELLENT FOR DISTURBED ADOLESCENT SKINS THAT ARE BLEMISHED . . 1.00 INCLUDING GIFT JAR OF YOUTHIFYING TISSUE CREAM.

YOUTHIFYING TISSUE CREAM Tube, 1.00 Jar, 2.00
SKIN TONING LOTION . . 1.25, 2.50
ANTI-WRINKLE LOTION (Extrait) 1.25, 2.50

ANNOUNCEMENT OF HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S GIFT OFFER WILL NEVER AGAIN APPEAR IN THIS PUBLICATION! ACT NOW!

helena rubinstein

LONDON • 8 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK • PARIS
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Your Beauty Gift is now available through all authorized Helena Rubinstein distributors. If there is no such distributor in your community, order direct. Fill in and mail coupon.

Madame Helena Rubinstein
8 East 57th Street, Dept. PH3, New York, N. Y.

Dear Mme. Rubinstein:

I am enclosing ($1.00) for which please send me a jar of your Pasteurized Face Cream and a dollar gift jar of Youthifying Tissue Cream. In order that I may have the third step to beauty, I am enclosing an additional ($1.25) for your Skin Toning Lotion_____ Anti-Wrinkle Lotion_____. Total amount enclosed ($). My skin is dry_____normal_____oily_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Helena Rubinstein's powders, lipsticks, rouges, and eye-make-up are as famous as her beauty preparations. If you would like to have the genius of the cosmetic world suggest a Personality Make-Up for you, fill out cosmetic coupon below and mail to Helena Rubinstein, 8 East 57th St., New York City.

Color Skin____light____medium____olive____

Color Eyes_____

Color Hair_____

Oval Face_____

Round Face_____

Long Face_____

How I Gave Constance Cummings a New Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

her to do, and I'm passing it on to you folks who need only the bust reduced.

For three days do this: First thing in the morning drink six ounces of buttermilk. Drink six ounces of buttermilk every two hours all day long. Then at night have a dinner about like this—small juicy steak, potato, two vegetables, half stalk of celery, green salad, fresh fruit and demi tasse. When the three days are up do this: First thing in the morning take six ounces of orange juice, then take six ounces of liquid every two hours for the rest of the day. This liquid may be a choice of four, taken as you like—tomato juice, orange juice, grapefruit juice or water, but be sure to get in at least two glasses of tomato juice and take the orange juice around 3 P.M. for it's a great stimulant. At night have a nice dinner about like the one I've described. This covers a period of six days and you'll be amazed at how quickly the flesh in your bust will disappear if you'll just do it.

I put Connie on that six day diet and it was marvelous the way she responded. Her complexion improved a hundred per cent, too. That diet is wonderful for the complexion. And as I watched her getting slimmer and losing those stubborn muscles, I knew she couldn't fail, but Hollywood is a strange town. One Saturday night as I was treating her she jumped up off the table and walked across the floor with her shoulders all hunched together and with quite a stoop.

"Sylvia," she said, "do you think I could learn to walk like that?"

"Why, of course," I said, "anybody can learn to walk in that frightful way, but why in the world do you want to?"

"Well," she said, "they say it might help to make my shoulders look less broad if I walked that way in front of the camera."

"Don't you do it," I screamed, "don't you dare do it. The minute you start being conscious of yourself in front of the camera, the minute you aren't natural and easy—you're licked." And that's true in real life, too. Don't any of you girls ever stoop or draw your shoulders together just because you want to look shorter—or for any other reason.

But I knew that their asking her to walk that way was the beginning of the end. Two days later she came to me crying pitifully. "I'm not going to play opposite Ronald Colman," she said, "I'm heartbroken. They say I'm not suited."

"AND didn't they know that before they brought you here?" I asked. "Not suited, eh? You're suited as far as talent and intelligence go—you're just too large-boned for Colman—that's all. But there are plenty of stars in Hollywood whose leading lady you could be and for whom you would be suited. Now what are you going to do?"

She told me that they had given her and her mother tickets back to New York and she supposed that's all she could do—go back. And then suddenly she looked up and said, through her tears. "But I'm not going back. I'm going to stay and show them."

Well, I gave her a slap on the back you could have heard a couple of blocks (And very good for the muscles in her back it was, too). "Atta girl," I said, "stay and fight them and you'll make a hit."

I knew what Connie had—spirit and talent and intelligence. I knew she would be a success.

And hasn't she shown them? "Movie Crazy" and "Night After Night" put her on top, where she belongs.

She gets a small salary, but that won't be for long!

And take that as a lesson, you girls. There's something more to making yourselves beautiful than just half-way following my instructions. Meeting your daily problems with courage and spunk will give your face character and make you a real personality. Look at Connie Cummings and take courage.

She wears her clothes well but, because of her athletic build, wears mostly tailored clothes, as she should.

Even her evening clothes are tailored, and for you girls with broad shoulders her manner of dressing is good to pattern.

But what I want you girls to remember is that you've got to take disappointments in life with a fighting spirit. It makes you better looking. And I wish you could compare the Connie Cummings who first came to me with the Connie Cummings of today. She has one grand figure now (and you can have the same) as anybody who sees her on the screen can testify.

Answers by Sylvia

REDUCE

Dear Sylvia:

I've always been inclined to be fat but I didn't care much. Now I'm engaged to be married and am going to have a big wedding and want to look pretty in my wedding dress. Do you think I can lose twenty pounds in a month?

M. T. R., Los Angeles, Calif.

I know you can. I don't advise people taking off more than fifteen pounds in one month—but this is a special case and deserves drastic measures. This month I told you how I helped Connie Cummings to reduce her bust by going on a three day buttermilk diet, but you can reduce your entire figure by another buttermilk diet. Here it is: For three days drink nothing but buttermilk, six ounces every two hours. Then for three days eat three meals a day, but light ones, avoiding creamy soups, creamed vegetables, rich foods, pies, pastries, etc. Don't drink water with your meals and don't eat between meals. Then, after three days, go back to buttermilk. Do this until you have lost the twenty pounds. I hope it's a beautiful wedding and that you look grand in your white satin dress.

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I've been on the diet which you recommended in PHOTOPLAY, for several months with great success. Now my sixteen-year-old daughter wants to lose a little weight. Do you think it would be harmful for her?

Mrs. J. J. C., Baton Rouge, La.

If she is a healthy girl, not at all. On my diet you get plenty of good nourishing food. You haven't felt weak on it, have you?

INSOMNIA

Dear Sylvia:

I'm coming to you as a last resort. I used to be nice and plump, but lately I've lost a lot of weight and I know it's because I've gotten so I can't sleep at night. Please help me.

L. W., Birmingham, Ala.

I don't like being a last resort, but I can tell you how to sleep. In bed at night, lie on your stomach and with your fingers work up and down your spine. Then turn over on your back, lie straight in bed and relax and with your fingers gently massage the outer corners of your eyes with a rotary movement. Press slightly as you do this. Then with your hands work the back of your neck and the back of your shoulders to get those muscles loosened up.

Before going to bed drink a glass of grapefruit juice. Relax during the day whenever you can, and whenever you feel yourself tightening up, massage the muscles at the back of your shoulders and neck with your hands. If you wake up in the wee small hours of the morning and have trouble going back to sleep, don't just lie in bed and toss—get right up, dress and read or walk around the house or take a shower. Do anything, but don't lie in bed awake. The next night you'll fall right off to sleep. Don't *try* too hard to go to sleep. Let it come naturally.

PRETTY FINGERS

Dear Sylvia:

My fingers have been made blunt by constant use of the typewriter. I play bridge a good deal and would like to have pretty hands.

D. D., Billings, Mont.

You can mold the flesh on your fingers exactly as you can any other part of your body. With the thumb and forefinger of one hand press the stubby fingertip tight, and pull until the hand with which you are massaging slips off the end of your finger. Press hard—simply squeeze the flesh off to make your finger ends pointed. This can be done.

Give each finger about ten minutes of this treatment a day. And it won't hurt to massage the whole hand with lots of hand lotion on it. Work at your fingers as if you were pulling on a tight glove. It's grand for molding the hands.

RICH FOODS

Dear Sylvia:

My husband likes fried meat and rich pastries. So do I, but I've been trying to go on your diet and it is certainly hard to do it when I have to cook the things I like for my husband but can't eat any myself.

Please tell me how to reduce the upper part of my arms, particularly.

Mrs. J. T., Los Angeles, Calif.

Certainly, it's hard to see foods you like and not be able to eat them but that's what I've been trying to tell you. You've got to have courage and grit to be beautiful. And you've got to stop whining. I suppose you think it wasn't difficult for Connie Bennett to leave a party at which she was having a good time to get home at nine o'clock! But she did it—and even a professional pastry cook can keep on a diet if she really wants to. Snap out of it and stop complaining.

To reduce the upper part of your arms stand with your face to the wall and reach up along the wall with your hands. Stand on tip-toe. Do this in your stocking feet. Then, slowly, trying to keep your finger tips in their original place on the wall, sort of wiggle and jerk down to your heels, concentrating on keeping your fingers high. Of course, your hands will move slightly, but try keeping them up. You can feel the muscles in your upper arm pulling and you will know you are doing the exercise correctly.

CRESTA
CONQUERORS
APPLAUD
"la cigarette
Spud"



Daring, gay, connoisseurs in pleasure, the crowd who frolic in the snows of St. Moritz. "La cigarette Spud" won instant approval from them when Americans brought it to the Engadine. Spud is now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe...a delightful, moist-cool round of tobacco enjoyment appreciated by those chic internationals who spend infinite care on the smallest details of the art of living. **SPUD *MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES***

20 FOR 20c (U.S.) • 20 FOR 25c (CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Turning Their Backs to Beauty!

By Carolyn Van Wyck



IF YOU will press on your powder, instead of patting or rubbing, it will stay longer, look lovelier. Phoebe Foster shows you how.

HAVE you ever tried a talcum or dusting powder spray? It sends a cloud of powder over the skin. Eleanor Holm likes hers.





OR YOU may prefer a long-handled powder puff, such as Dorothy Jordan is using. You can reach every inch of your back with this. A cunning gift idea, too. And any girl would love one.

WHO wouldn't like to have Joan Blondell's personality? Who wouldn't like to be brimful of energy, gay, vivacious, captivating, pretty? There are so many beautiful girls, charming girls, winsome girls, alluring girls on the screen, but I can't think of anyone who has just that joyous gaiety, that *joie de vivre* of Joan.

And so I sought her out in the Hotel St. Moritz, breaking in on her honeymoon (as were all the other editors) to ask Joan just what she could tell the rest of us about that Joan Blondell personality.

Joan, attired in dark blue slacks, light blue shirt, was ready to tell all. She sleeps, does Joan, hours and hours. Sleep is the secret of her aliveness, she says. Always to bed early when she is working. And she has been working straight for two years. Twenty-seven pictures in that time. Divide, and you will see that she has done more than a complete picture every month for two years.

IT is trite, perhaps, but true that all the big things of life are very simple things, after all. And so we find that the enviable, desirable attributes of this little actress have their roots in the simple business of getting plenty of sleep. Unquestionably, there is no greater beautifier except happiness.

Joan's hair is golden blonde, her round eyes are grey-green, violet or blue on occasions, I suspect, and her skin is an even, golden tone. She gave me a skin beauty secret that almost stunned me. After removing make-up, she covers her face with olive oil, leaves it on a few minutes, then takes a handful of table salt, rubs it thoroughly over the skin. The salt she removes with cold water, the oil with tissues. For you who do not care for the French dressing aspect of this treatment, I can tell you of two splendid toilet preparations designed for exactly the purposes of the oil and salt, that is cleansing, softening, lubricating, then gently scouring off that dead outer cuticle, which has a very drab, deadening effect if left on the face.

When Joan becomes very tired—she tries to see that this does not happen often—she stands very erect, folds her arms at the back, elbows as high as possible, takes deep breaths, about ten of them, breathing in and out very slowly. It gives her new energy to begin all over again This is also a good exercise for developing the chest, overcoming round shoulders. Do it before an open window or outdoors, if possible.

FOR a month I have been running about, collecting little gadgets and information of a make-up nature. A folder full of these things, as well as our skin leaflet specializing in acne and blackhead conditions and our folder on preparations for the normal skin are yours on request. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

WHEN you see "A Farewell to Arms"—or if you have already seen it you may recall—that strange, luminous beauty of Helen Hayes' face is something to remember. A shine produced by too much oil or that dry, soap-and-water look, is certainly not to be desired. But there is another way that Lupe Velez told me about in Hollywood last year. It is achieved by following your usual make-up procedure, then gently rubbing the full part of the cheeks so that the natural sheen of the skin seems to come through the make-up. The effect on a young face is beautiful, subtle, mystifying.

LORETTA YOUNG says that if you are inclined to be pale, a little rouge on the cheeks will lift your spirits no end. Some pale skins are beautiful, but the girl who is naturally pale and *feels* pale, will do herself a big kindness by using a little rouge. It changes your whole viewpoint, thinks Loretta. Even movie make-up now permits rouge and this delights Loretta. It makes her give a much better performance. She is naturally pale, but her skin is so satin-smooth, her eyes so colorful, her mouth so full, that she hardly needs cheek color. However, it makes her feel better—so there.

FAY WRAY has a pet cure-all for tired eyes. She fills small bags with dried rose leaves and camomile flowers, dips them in hot water, applies to closed eyes. This rests nerves also.

★ CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *in Paramount's* "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"
and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Using Max Factor's Face Powder



MAKE-UP *in Color Harmony*

is Hollywood's Secret of Attraction

Any girl can now double her beauty with make-up in color harmony... face powder, rouge and lipstick, created by Max Factor to beautify each type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead.

In Hollywood, we've found that the magic secret of attractive beauty lies in make-up . . . a new kind of make-up created for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Face powder, rouge and lipstick are now harmonized in color to accent the personality and the charm of various types of blondes, brunettes, brownettes and redheads.

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone blended of chromatic colors in scientific balance. You will note how this perfect face powder, even and soft in color tone, actually enlivens the beauty of the skin, indetectably creating new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen . . . and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Remember, screen stars prove it perfect daily under motion picture lights and reveal its magic in every picture released from Hollywood . . . so that you know your make-up will appear beautiful under any close-up test.

Now the luxury of Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for the screen stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony, Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover now what Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Like a screen star, have your complexion analyzed and your make-up color harmony chart suggested for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. ***Mail Coupon.***

★ ***How to Make Up Your Lips to Last all Day***







WYNNE GIBSON *in Paramount's* "Crime of the Century."

1. *Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger.*
2. *Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together.*
3. *Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips . . . and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value, smooth in texture.*

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MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder . . . Rouge . . . Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

★*Purse-Size Box of Powder... FREE*

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.
Without obligation send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."* I enclose 10c to cover the cost of postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade. *Fill in the chart below with* ✓

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE 1-3-60

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
FAIR	BLUE	BLONDE	DRY
CREAMY	GREY	LIGHT ... DARK	OILY
MEDIUM	HAZEL	BROWNETTE	NORMAL
RUDDY	BROWN	LIGHT ... DARK	LIPS
OLIVE	BLACK	BRUNETTE	MOIST
SUN TAN	LASHES	LIGHT ... DARK	DRY
	LIGHT	REDHEAD	AGE
	DARK	LIGHT ... DARK	



Found!
...the perfect way to
UNDER-ARM FRESHNESS



PERSTIK— the Dainty New
Deodorant applied like a Lipstick

Perstik is the year's cosmetic sensation because it is easy to use and carry in your purse.

A touch or two of Perstik each morning gives *instant* and *lasting* protection against under-arm odor. The mild astringent action of Perstik *healthfully* reduces excess perspiration without clogging or closing the pores.

Perstik may be used after shaving. *It never irritates!* It never injures or stains clothing. Apply Perstik and slip right into your dress.

Perstik is so pure, so effective, and so safe, it has won the approval of prominent doctors, and the high endorsement of Good Housekeeping Institute.

A 50¢ Perstik lasts months. Get Perstik where you buy your cosmetics. Or write—
Perstik, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City

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THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT
Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute
Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patents Pending

Short Subjects of the Month



Looks rather squally, we would say, for Arthur Tracy and his lady friend! The scene's from "The Street Singer," in which Arthur gets quite involved in a shipboard swindle

THE STREET SINGER
Universal

Arthur Tracy in a fast-moving swindle and kidnaping tangle, much of it filmed aboard the transatlantic liner *Paris*. Nick Kenny as a newspaper radio editor tries to help, but needs aid instead. Good stuff, with excellent comedy, suspense, and shipboard scenes.

AS THE CROWS FLY
Educational

A correspondence course in flying, a brief adventure in a radio-controlled plane, and the Two Black Crows (Moran and Mack) are off for an air record from Nashville to Berlin. That they don't get very far is decidedly in your favor. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh!

THE HITCH HIKER
Educational

Harry Langdon is guaranteed to send you into guffaws and give you a cold, by power of suggestion. This sniffling, snorting, coughing nitwit hilariously hitches himself in and out of an airplane trip across country. See if you aren't sneezing after this picture.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS
Columbia

Interesting shots of various Hollywood children, babies and others. The Barrymore family was included by filming a photograph, but the others have good action.

DESERT DEMONS
Educational

When the sun sets, the grotesque creeping, crawling inhabitants of our desert jungles come to life. A graphic insight into the strange ways of these creatures. A miniature "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

MUSIC TO MY EAR
Vitaphone

A good little musical feature, with Jack Denny and his orchestra. Two specialty dancers and a saxophone player having a lot on the sax, add to your enjoyment.

THE DENTIST
Paramount

A somewhat long but nevertheless interesting show, with W. C. Fields manipulating the big golf bag and trick clubs that furnished so many popular stage gags some time ago. You'll get some laughs from the tooth-pulling scene with a tall woman patient.

HOLLYWOOD ON PARADE
Paramount

Skeets Gallagher introduces some dance orchestras and three of the Four Marx Brothers take a tumble into a pool. Reasonably entertaining; some of the orchestral bits thoroughly pleasing.

HORSE SENSE
Columbia

Some good inside views on the breeding of race horses, reported popular wherever shown, especially with turf fans.

THE ROOKIE
Paramount

Has to do with the troubles of Tom Howard, starting his career as a detective. When he rounds up three hold-up men, and makes them disgorge their loot, they show him he has a thing or two to learn about the detecting business.

ROBIN HOOD
Educational

Another "Paul Terry-Toon" animated cartoon in which the Robin Hood story is burlesqued and made funny in parts. Does not show a lot of imagination, but the children will like it.

A BRAHMIN'S DAUGHTER
Educational

An Eastern love story based on the opera "Lakme." The sacrifice of a lovely daughter by a Brahmin priest because a white man has seen her, with tragic ending. Good singing, music and dancing, if not acting.

"We stay slim... or we lose our contracts"

...say Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray



How to keep weight down and energy *up* . . that's the problem movie stars face.

IF THERE'S one place in the world where excess weight isn't wanted —*it's in the movies!*

A few extra pounds can cost a star a contract. Keeping slender in Hollywood isn't a hobby—it's a requirement for success.

That's why every movie star is an amateur dietician. Knows exactly what foods will yield the nourishment and energy every star *must* have —yet not add a jot to the waistline.

Heavy lunches—taboo!

At lunch time, for example, you'll find few stars eating heavy, fattening lunches. They need energy—plenty of it—to carry them through the grind of the afternoon. But they get it in a nourishing, non-fattening lunch. A lunch that's become famous on the lots as the "Hollywood lunch."

If you had dropped in at the R-K-O-Radio Studios around noontime, when Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot were making "King Kong" — the chances are you would have seen them enjoying it—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk!*

Get the "Hollywood lunch" habit

If you want to stay slim, take a tip from the movies and pass up the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever drank—Borden's Malted Milk.

Why Borden's is better

Borden's is a richer malted milk. Richer in energy-building nourishment. Richer in Vitamins A, B and G. And every attendant at a Borden fountain is an expert—knows how to mix the *best* malted milk, and is so instructed by Borden's.

Start your "Hollywood lunch" habit tomorrow! And remember—you can also buy Borden's Malted Milk in handy bottles for home use.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT Borden's Richer Malted Milk DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND



Then HER OWN LIPS told her... what was Wrong!

AFTER men knew her, they liked her. But even then, they complained. "Too much make-up... she ought to know better!" So she experimented. She tried different lipsticks on her own lips. She learned she was using not only "too much"... but *the wrong kind.* And more than that—she discovered the one lipstick that gives natural color... without the usual painted look!

Blame ordinary lipsticks!

Look at your own lips. Are they caked? Conspicuous with paint? Then switch to Tangee! For Tangee isn't paint. It actually brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips!

In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, *your* shade of blush rose! The minute you put it on, Tangee changes to the perfect color for your complexion!

Use Tangee for lovable lips... glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Clip Coupon for Tangee Make-up Set

Easy to try Tangee! Mail coupon with 10c (stamps or coin) for Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact. Tangee Rouge sold at stores in economical refillable compact.

Keller, Sargent & Ross!
A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hats of Europe! Tues. and Thurs. 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) Columbia Network

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size { Tangee Lipstick / Tangee Rouge Compact

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Marguerite Churchill
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Bing Crosby
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Susan Fleming
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Florine McKinney
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Helen Twelvetrees
Mae West
Gordon Westcott

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Frank Craven
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Joan Gale
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Elissa Landi
Alan Livingston
Edmund Lowe
Patricia "Boots" Mallory
Philip Merivale
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Nell O'Day
William Pawley
Arthur Pierson
Gene Raymond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Spencer Tracy
Irene Ware

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre
Rosco Ates
Leslie Banks
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Wera Engels
Betty Furness
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Julie Haydon
Katharine Hepburn
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Vivienne Osborne
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
John Warburton
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Robert Woolsey
Fay Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lili Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford
Eddie Buzzell
Walter Connolly
Richard Cromwell
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Evalyn Knapp
Tim McCoy
Adolphe Menjou
Mayo Methot
Lillian Miles
Pat O'Brien
Ruthelma Stevens
Barbara Weeks

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue
Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Hedda Hopper
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Charlotte Susa
Verree Teasdale
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Frank Albertson
Lew Ayres
Noah Beery, Jr.
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
June Clyde
Andy Devine
Arletta Duncan
Boris Karloff
Paul Lukas
Tom Mix
ZaSu Pitts
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Harold Huber
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Edward McNamara
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
John Wayne
Alice White
Warren William
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

This Lovely Film Frock . . . A Hollywood Fashion for March

FROM THE ORIGINAL WORN BY
KAY FRANCIS IN "THE KEYHOLE"



Out of the thrilling new Warner Brothers-First National picture, not yet on the screen, steps this charming costume . . . one of ten clever "Hollywood Fashions" for March, each an exact copy of a film favorite's frock!



In none but genuine "Hollywood Fashions" will you find the distinctive label with its tiny lady-of-fashion, reproduced above . . . It proves their authentic origin, sponsored by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *in the style show of the films!*

Styled for famous stars are "Hollywood Fashions" by the skilled designers for the motion picture studios . . . smart, dramatic, individual!

And from these exclusive originals come true reproductions, now offered at moderate prices by leading stores in many principal cities (see Page 122) . . . colorful clothes worn by featured players in latest motion picture plays!

Regularly Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY, picks ten outstanding film costumes for the Fashion pages of this magazine (See Pages 64-69).

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions," but know no store in my city where they can be bought. Please bring them to the attention of (name store you prefer).

_____

My name and address: _____

_____

3-33

"Speaking of MAGIC



...have you tried Seventeen?"

"I DON'T believe in witchcraft—magic spells and such—I'm quite 1933—but I honestly *do* think there's something mighty strange about this perfume, Seventeen! The mood it brings! . . . exciting and gay . . . and young . . . why, the very name says it! Seventeen!" Seventeen's fragrance is available in Powder, Sachet, Toilet Water—as well as Seventeen Perfume.

MAISON JEURELLE
247 Park Avenue, New York

Makers of Seventeen

Funny Feuds of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

queen bee of the Paramount lot until Pola came swooping on with raven hair and Ernst Lubitsch? And Gloria had more or less to climb out of the driver's seat and hand the buggy whip to Pola? "Never," announced Gloria, "will I step foot on this lot as long as that woman remains." And in order to make good her threat she got herself a wheel chair and went Palm Beach chair-riding from dressing-room to set. Can or can't you see the elegant Miss Swanson chair-riding past the Negri dressing-room with nose elevated forty-five degrees in the ozone?

Home, James!

AND then, heaven help everybody, Gloria discovered Pola loathed cats. That was enough. From that moment on, Gloria became a first class cat fancier with kittens begetting kittens until—well, really you actually had to wade knee deep in kittens on the Paramount lot. They even gave directions by the cats. Three gray cats and one Tom to the left. They actually—now mind, this in the twentieth century—*hired a man and paid him a good salary to keep the cats off Pola's doorstep.*

Doorstep-chaser-off-of-cats, they listed him on the payroll, I believe.

Then there's the case of Charles Laughton, English actor, and Richard Arlen. There was something about the big Englishman that rubbed Dick the wrong way somehow. There was no doubt, Arlen didn't jibe with Laughton.

LAUGHTON would rehearse his lines, pacing up and down, up and down, with Dick right behind him giving the best imitation of a huge and serious Englishman ever given.

It irked Laughton no end. He kept flinging Dick the dirtiest of glances. Then Dick, in order to taunt Laughton further, decided to call him "Buster." "Buster," mind you, for a large and dignified Englishman.

But imagine Arlen's surprise when Laughton thought the "Buster" idea the funniest thing he'd ever heard. "Buster," he kept saying. "Funny, eh what?" And then Dick shortened it to "Buzzy" and that did the trick. The two became inseparable companions. Wherever Dick went—Palm Springs, Arrowhead or Agua Caliente—there also went "Buzzy."

Why you can believe it or not, but they took Nero, the star lion of "The Sign of the Cross" over to see Leo, mascot of M-G-M, and Leo walked over, took one sniff at the Paramount star, ups with his tail and smacked Nero a clout over the jaw that left him prostrate for an hour.

And that, boys and girls, is what a feud means in Hollywood.

Mary Returns to Herself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

This is brought about, Mary made plain, largely because of the lack of good film stories. For the independent star who seeks quality, as Mary Pickford must, the matter of securing the right sort of screen material is most vital.

"BECAUSE it is so difficult to find a good story," she said, "I have been accused of being unable to make up my mind. This was especially so before I began 'Secrets.' The truth is, however, that the opposite is the case. Long ago I *made up my mind* that I would not go into production until I was sure I had a suitable vehicle. And standing pat on that determination took fortitude, for you have no idea how often I had to say to tempting authors, 'Get thy typewriters behind me.'

"And as they withdrew into the folds of their manuscripts, I continued the search, high and low, until right underfoot, I discovered the very thing I sought—'Secrets'! It had so much more body, so much more rhythm, so much more romance and beauty and quality that we realized fully we would be wasting time to look further."

As Mary talked on, Borzage paced back and forth. From the gloom beyond the lights he could hear Old Man Budget croaking his sad refrain, "Overhead, overhead!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mary, "I'm holding up the company!"

She sprang into the waiting car with Leslie Howard and immediately they became *Mr. and Mrs. John Carlton* of "Secrets," setting out valiantly across the continent for the final fade-out of the film. My thought flashed back to what Mary had said earlier in the interview:

"The career of a film star can be likened to a pathway made of uneven stepping-stones. Some are round, others square, one will be high, another low, yet they all lead in the general direction of an ultimate goal. So it is with the pictures upon which a screen celebrity builds her career. The bad pictures (and all stars make them occasionally, she maintains) are the stones with round faces that make you slip when you step on them. But you don't stop there, you keep going, and your next stepping-stone is broad and flat and smooth, perhaps the finest in all the walk."

The star who steps on a slippery stone and stops, hesitates on the abyss of oblivion, Mary thinks. There have been fewer slippery stones in her pathway than in the pathway of many other stars for the reason that as an independent producer she has been able to select her plays. Other stars, with contractual obligations to fulfill, could not do this.

"In other words," she stated, "I'm my own boss. If I don't like a story, I don't make it."

And this privilege wisely applied has undoubtedly added to the long continuation of her career.

"Mary's most successful film, both financially and artistically," an official of the Producers' Association said, "was 'Coquette.' It won the Academy's award of merit, and made for Mary $300,000 more than any other picture she ever produced.

"At the time of its release, three thousand theaters could not show it because they were not equipped for sound."

"SO with three thousand less theaters showing it than had ever before played a Pickford production, 'Coquette' made $300,000 more—a record which may never be equaled. In one theater alone," Old Man Budget bragged, (the United Artists in Los Angeles), "a total of 297,000 patrons saw 'Coquette,' 38,500 of them seeing it in a single week—a record which still stands."

When asked about "Secrets" Mary said, "When I finish a picture, I am always reluctant to talk about it. I can say this, however, about 'Secrets': There is not one place in it where I feel embarrassed. It is the first picture I ever made to which I have had that reaction. Not once do I want to hang my head. I have great faith in 'Secrets.' "

Two's a Crowd

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

she might have become just another sister of the famous who simply disappeared. If she had made a triumphal entry behind a police escort in her Igotta-Cheesini, and had taken up her residence *a la figidaire* in a marble-trimmed mansion—but she didn't. Twenty-year-old Joan was already far too wise to make such mistakes or allow them to be made for her.

Instead, Joan came to Hollywood as a little brown mouse, trying at first to gnaw only a little hole.

At first, scarcely anybody knew she was in town at all. She took a modest little apartment, with only a nurse for the now five-year-old Diana, *née* Adrienne (and a cute little trick she is, too). She drove around town in a little Ford car—to the eminent peril of the populace, because Joan is very near-sighted. Figuratively speaking, Connie glided over the boulevards in her chauffeur-driven limousine while Joan rattled and squeaked down the side streets; and that isn't nearly as figurative as it sounds, either.

ANYWAY, Joan's *modus operandi* was as different from Connie's as chalk from cheese. Their personalities are as far apart as the poles, anyway. Connie's difference from Joan is theatrical, strident; Joan's difference from Connie is quiet, subtle. Connie is a beautiful princess of the stage, while Joan is a princess of the blood.

You know how it is on the screen—Connie may start out humbly, but she always winds up as the beautiful, sophisticated lady, her lovely blonde head emerging from a *soirée* of gorgeous clothes, just like Gloria Swanson did years ago. In Joan's latest picture, "Me and My Gal," she is a waitress whose ultimate achievement is to marry a cop.

The same contrast holds pretty true off screen, too. Of course, Gene Markey, Joan's present husband—and a charming fellow indeed—is a long way removed from being a cop. But he is merely an American, while Connie could get along with nothing less than a marquis.

She still drives the little car herself, though not quite so perilously to the population as before, because she wears glasses now and drives more slowly. But can you imagine a movie celebrity having a three-year-old Ford repainted instead of buying a new one? Joan just did. The paint job cost her exactly twenty-five dollars.

"It's good for three more years now," she says.

After her first picture she moved into a little house, but it is characteristic of Joan that the house cost even less than the apartment. Now she lives in a big house in Beverly Hills, quite in keeping with her position. But the catch is that she rents the house instead of owning it, and the rent she pays is actually less than the taxes and interest would be if she had to pay them. You can get a lot for a little just now, if you happen to know how—and Joan does know how.

CONNIE has just had the resplendent edifice which she owns and inhabits completely redecorated and refurnished. You can imagine what that cost Connie—in addition to the original item of buying and constant item of upkeeping the house.

Joan is still using the same furniture she had when she was married to her first husband. She has had it ever since she was sixteen. When she came to Hollywood, she had the furniture shipped from New York, and she had it shipped via the canal to save the difference in freight.

Of course, when Joan married Gene Markey she did marry also quite a stable of cars. Cars are Gene's hobby. But they are gas-eaters,

it's smart to be a BABY about your BATH



You're too big now to cry when your skin feels rough and irritated, but you do suffer terribly over a make-up that *won't* look glamorous on a skin that isn't baby-smooth and clear.

So keep your baby skin! Treat it as tenderly as "they" treated it in the days when you took your airing in a go-cart.

"No colored, or perfumed or medicated soaps for the baby's tender skin," doctors and nurses say. They approve Ivory Soap because Ivory is simple, mild, *pure*. It contains no dyes . . . nothing strong to dry up delicate skin lubricants . . . nothing harsh to injure the rosy softness of the baby's skin!

What could protect your grown-up complexion better than this soap that is safe for babies? Hop into your Ivory bath. Hop out feeling smooth all over. Add make-up if you like . . . it blends on a smooth skin as softly as color on a flower petal. Spray a breath of your favorite perfume behind your ears . . . no soap odor clings to you after an Ivory bath to spoil the effect of real perfume. Then step out, little sister, and break a few hearts. And smile when you remember that pure Ivory Soap in its plain wrapper, costs you only a few cents at the nearest grocery store!

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If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment . . . Ivory Soap · 99 44/100 % pure · It floats

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Their use requires no mixing of strong chemicals—no awkward or embarrassing apparatus for application—no unpleasant after-odors.

Norforms are slim, convenient suppositories, ready for use. They contain *Parahydrecin,* a positive antiseptic with the unique feature of being soothing to delicate inner membranes. Norforms are the simple, safe, easy way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms come 12 in a package. Ask your druggist. Or, if you wish to know more about Norforms, fill in and mail coupon below at once.



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Dr. M. W. STOFER,
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Please send me booklet, "The New Way." I want to know more about the safe, easy Norform way to personal hygiene.

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Address.....

and so far as Joan is concerned they stay mostly in the garage.

She almost weeps, though, when Gene has to pay the taxes on them.

CONSTANCE entertains lavishly, and her entertainments are always among the most gorgeously appointed and smartly expensive in Hollywood.

Joan entertains her friends only, and gives no big parties at all.

What do you think Joan did while she was living at the beach last summer?

The store at Malibu struck Joan as pretty expensive and so, three times a week all the time she was there, in the Ford and with her market-basket on her arm, she came in to the Hollywood markets and went shopping. She isn't a tightwad in any sense, but she does take pride in buying what she wants with as big a saving as she can.

"It's only sensible," she says. "I like to give money away where it will help someone who really needs it, but I hate to throw it away where it doesn't do any good."

What intelligent person will gainsay her? Hasn't even Mr. Rockefeller cut down on his dimes?

Joan's steady climb, her intelligence in not trying to outshine, not trying to capitalize on or compete with sister Connie, has broken down an almost insurmountable barrier, has swept aside an almost unscalable obstacle and has accomplished almost equally—some will say at least equally—resplendent results. She has won through, unaided, to the top. Her place even now is scarcely less elevated in cinema strata than Connie's, and she is still climbing in exactly the same way.

MANY in Hollywood and elsewhere feel that Connie has reached her peak. Joan's work has noticeably improved with her every performance. And, of course, everybody remembers the old bedtime story about the tortoise and the hare.

Which Movie Star Dominates You?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

nonsensical young fellow who is almost afraid to be serious . . . like Robert Montgomery in "The Man in Possession."

Again, he may be the impish prankster, the practical jokester; the quick-thinking, smooth-talking young fellow like Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event" or "The Half-Naked Truth." And like Lee Tracy, he puts his "smart-alec" tricks to good, money-making, high-pressure use. Sometimes pulling his sweetheart's hair or breaking her doll or her heart (temporarily) by so doing.

But acting very rough and "the devil-take-it" about his own emotions. Yet, with all his misdemeanors he just takes hold of his lady's heart-strings and hangs on—forever!

Another variation of this type of "little boy" is the one who's always getting into trouble. Not being strong enough to stop drinking or gambling.

Allowing himself to become enmeshed, or even burned, by Theda-Barish, Myrna Loy-ish sirens.

But after a series of escapades, he always comes home and hides his head in some madonna's lap (of course, she's been waiting for him these many months), knowing full well



"Gee, it's good to be home again!" were probably Doug's first words after the excitement of seeing Mary and Doug, Jr., had subsided. Doug arrived at Pasadena in the nick of time for Christmas dinner—after another period of wandering around the world. Going to be a home bird now, Mr. Fairbanks? Or are your bags packed for the next flight?

that "all will be forgiven"! Witness Fredric March's utterly irresponsible, yet utterly lovable attitude toward his wife (Sylvia Sidney) in "Merrily We Go to Hell." It's usually like that!

They just cry out for protection from this icy, malicious world, don't they?

NOW for the sensitive, highly romantic, idealistic lover (see Type II-c).

Isn't he often the idol of that woman who, in real life, has known the more direct, brusque, primitively virile man?

For it's true that what we miss in actuality, we long for in our own private little dream world.

Which, in the language of Dr. Watson and the psychologists, is known as the Compensation Motive—or Solace for Frustration.

Doesn't it seem plausible, then, that even a very strong, physical type of woman, full of healthy energy and vitality, who, in her everyday life, attracts the Clark Gable pattern of man—has, perhaps, even married one—might secretly long to be wooed by a more intuitive, poetic, less vigorous lover?

The original, authentic design for whom is, to our minds, the charming Leslie Howard! So cultivated, so polished, so gay, and yet so wistfully tender!

What an appeal Leslie must make to the woman who longs for romance on a higher, more spiritual plane!

To her who shuns a too-harsh contact with life—who shrinks from a torrid passion—who dreams of a poetic love and a "moonlight and roses" lover!

Did you see him in that British film, "Reserved for Ladies"? Or in "Smilin' Through," with its delicately drawn sentiment, as fragile as some old tapestry? Or, again in "The Animal Kingdom," where—although his ideals are shaken by a mercenary wife who turns out to have Delilah instincts and the tactics of a gold digging mistress—he retains ever that gracious, dignified and wistful lover quality.

I'm positively raving. Well, if this is a roof-top confession, I don't care who hears it!

It's likely too, that you could conceive of a ripely mature woman to whom life is fairly much a round of keeping the coffee piping hot for husband Willie and forcing the springtime sulphur and molasses on little Willie—secretly nursing a yen for Ramon Novarro.

OH, she'd be quite indignant if you accused her of it.

But we'd wager that when she saw him in, say, "Son of India," there might have been just a tiny choking sensation in her throat when he had to relinquish the girl he loved. Yes, it's been known to happen, even to the substantial lady who "doesn't believe in that sort of nonsense!"

Because our subconscious plays all sorts of funny tricks on us. Yea, verily!

And, finally, if there's any truth in these theories, we wonder if, in discovering your dominant screen lover type, you've also arrived at some interesting or startling conclusions about yourself.

Don't be scared off.

Think it over! You might even let us know, if you feel like it.

Heart Throb

I am a patient in a veterans' hospital, and I don't know how I could endure it if we didn't have movies.

"Chic" Sale in "Stranger in Town" certainly was a side-splitter. He and Will Rogers are my favorites.

I can miss a meal but never a movie. They are a tonic for a sick veteran.

Homer Jones, Whipple, Ariz.

no revealing outlines . . . but the same thickness, the same protective area

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
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This new Phantom Kotex is in every way as effective as the Kotex you know. Soft, even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; disposable.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. NEM3, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"A Private Wife for Me"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

to settle down in the heart of Africa or wherever, like a couple of nuts, and having ourselves an elegant time. . . . Then we always catch the boat home, just as scheduled."

"HAVEN'T you ever gone too far with one of these spells?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I broke down and bought a house out in New Canaan, Connecticut. Perfectly Early American, with three Dutch ovens. I wanted it, gosh, how I wanted that house.

"And was *that* the test of the true woman and wife!

"Alma didn't once remind me of how impractical it was, how far away, or anything. If she had been an actress, her first thought would have been, 'How will I get to the theater?' You see, I explained airily that *I* would commute. It's only a few hours from New York."

"Is he really as nutty as he sounds?" I appealed to Alma.

"Oh, much more so," she assured me, proudly. "He's a life work for any one woman—and I thrive on being the one woman."

Frank told me how their Eastern friends gave them three months—possibly six—to stay together after they came to Hollywood.

Dire predictions were murmured about Hollywood blondes, about Hollywood divorces.

"If Alma were a picture actress, maybe I'd be alarmed," Frank said. "There are lots of handsome actors out here. Taking my life in my hands, I make the bold assertion that there are more good-looking men than women!

"You see, I've been in two Ziegfeld shows, and done a bit of traveling hither and yon, so perhaps I'm immune to Hollywood blondes. We've managed to weather nineteen years, so I guess things will go on the same as usual in Hollywood."

Alma added that being slightly nutty helped. They found their own company awfully good entertainment.

"And what are you two being crazy about at the present time?" I wanted to know.

"George!" They agreed simultaneously. "And dachshunds!"

George, it turns out, is a seventeen-year-old son. And George is no ordinary run of child. George is about the most completely extraordinary and satisfactory son two people ever had. (George occupied the next two hours, with never a dull moment.) He is studying in an Eastern school to be a diplomat or an archaeologist, they don't know which it is this week.

AS a parting shot, I asked Frank, "Don't you *think* this marriage might have been a success, even if Alma were an actress?"

"I'm not so sure she isn't, sometimes—just as all good wives are." Frank grinned and shifted into high with the other eyebrow. "But so long as her performances are staged for me alone, it's okay!"

"I'll Take an Actress"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

women who have nothing else in the world to do look after their homes and their husbands properly?"

Eddie still wants to know. And he believes that the answer would eliminate a lot of grief in American homes.

When Eddie and Lilyan were first married they made an agreement. It was Lilyan's house which they intended to—and do—live in; Eddie pays all the household expenses and domestic bills. Lilyan pays for her own clothes.

She is known as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, and she has often said that she would never expect any man to pay for the enormous wardrobe she keeps constantly up-to-the-minute.

She spends several thousands of dollars a year for her hats alone. (Incidentally, the only thing which she and Eddie ever row about is a little black beret which she bought in Germany and which they both like to wear.) It is a part of her profession to be strikingly dressed, and the expenditure comes under necessary professional expenses.

But imagine a non-professional husband being able to understand that!

THEY both make large salaries, and it would be a very optimistic wolf indeed who hung around the Lowe-Tashman door. Both are financially independent of each other. Neither has to remain with the other for economic reasons; the only reason they stay married is because they want to.

"Imagine the compliment that is paid a man," Eddie remarks, "when he feels that his wife is there only because she prefers to be. He knows that she lives with him because she loves him—not because she's got to stay to be sure of a living."

And so far as that is concerned, too, Eddie has a thing or two *apropos*.

"Every woman would feel better, I think, and her life would be happier," he went on, "if she were able to make her own living—if her own efforts made her independent. I know that this, in a large number of cases, is impractical, especially in these days. But the idea is that some women seem to like to be clinging vines, virtually asking their husbands for handouts. Such a woman could never make an ideal wife for an actor.

"It isn't the money so much, but an actor feels that just as he must have a competent person playing opposite him in his pictures, so he must have a wife who is competent to play opposite him in real life."

NEITHER Eddie nor Lilyan stop acting when they leave the set. No genuine trouper ever does. They act in private just as they act in public—if they didn't they wouldn't be themselves. But no non-professional, Eddie thinks, would ever understand that this acting at home is really the genuine thing.

True happiness in marriage, declares Eddie, lies not in a diversity of interests in the home, but in a consolidation of them.

And in Eddie's opinion, a non-professional has about as much chance of sharing a professional career as the haystack has of finding the proverbial needle.

"Then there are the little things," he finished, "all the little things that are really the big things of a motion picture player's life. How could a non-professional wife ever hope to understand an actor's peculiar twists and turns, so to speak, the peculiarities that go to make up his personality? His pet little superstitions, for instance, and his generally screwy way of doing things? No, I tell you that I don't believe it would work—I'm sure it wouldn't with me. The only possible way an actor can get full understanding in a wife is to marry an actress."

And thus, dear people, *Sergeant Quirt* Lowe sez his say.

So Hollywood Got Her!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

next twelve years Dorothy attended the Zionist schools, lived the Zionist routine and knew only the Zionist creed. But inwardly her soul rebelled. One night, while she and three other girls were playing hookey from a prayer-meeting in favor of a sinful sleigh-ride, they stopped at a movie show. That was at Waukegan, six miles from Zion.

"Let's go in," one of them suggested with bated breath, and then almost froze with the audacity of her own suggestion.

But they did go in. They sat as still as they did in church, and stared at the screen with open mouths. Before their eyes a handsome man and a beautiful woman made love! Love! This was the first movie they had ever seen—this was life!

So fascinated was Dorothy by what she saw, so completely hypnotized by the beauty and glamour of it, that she determined, right then and there, to be an actress.

But it wasn't so easy as all that. The four returned to Zion in an ecstasy of delight—only to find that somebody had seen them enter the show and "peached" to the overseer. Dorothy and the others were called before Voliva and stood shaking in their shoes while he told them that Satan was laying siege to their souls.

THAT wasn't all, either. They couldn't go to school or to church for a certain specified time because their worldliness might contaminate the others. They managed to bear up under that part of the punishment, all right—but what Voliva instructed their parents to add to it in the woodshed was a bit more difficult.

At the first opportunity Dorothy left Zion flat and went to Chicago. She got a job with a Chautauqua company playing the tank towns, and when that stranded, she somehow made her way to New York. There, she eventually became a leading woman on the legitimate stage.

A film test brought her to Hollywood, and she's been there ever since.

But there will never be any pieces in the Zionist paper about the home-town girl who made good, nor will those who knew her as a youngster ever go to see her on the screen.

Not in Zion, they won't!

As far as Zion is concerned Dorothy has gone to H———!

Now What Next Janet?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

reasoned that Peck's likeness to Farrell—the two *are* similar in appearance, except that Lydell is perhaps more rugged—accounted for her interest in the young attorney.

Hollywood became practically apoplectic when Farrell turned to Miss Valli. Hollywood looked on, glassy-eyed, when Janet lunched at the Brown Derby with Lydell, and Charlie dined Virginia at the Montmarte.

If Miss Gaynor and Peck were seen dancing together at the Cocoanut Grove, so were Miss Valli and Farrell spied at the Biltmore Gardens.

The four-sided wooing became a game of chess, with Hollywood watching every move breathlessly. Janet and Charlie. Janet and Lydell. Charlie and Virginia.

Then, overnight, Peck left Hollywood!

Nor could Hollywood understand his sudden departure. So Hollywood decided that Janet had sent Peck away.



Most tooth troubles start in film

WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material; not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember, the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent—twice every day and to see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste



What is the second envelope for?

If you have a house wedding, will the invitations be worded just as they would for a church ceremony? Do you need invitations and announcements both?

It isn't merely a matter of choice. There's a definite and established procedure for almost every single detail of a wedding . . . even the simplest wedding. And while it seems a bit silly, it's nevertheless true that, in etiquette, there's usually one right way . . . and all the others are wrong!

Linweave . . . maker of fine wedding papers . . . has compiled a complete little booklet that is beautifully illustrated called "The Etiquette of Wedding Invitations and Announcements." If you'd like a copy (it also shows you Linweave Invitations in actual size) send 10¢—the cost of mailing—to Linweave, 270 Broadway, New York.

Linweave



Personal: to Blondes

TESTS made at a great college prove it's more thrilling to men to kiss a blonde than a brunette or red-head. Science says this is because blondes' light hair makes them seem more feminine, flowerlike. But dull blondes might as well be brunettes. Don't let *your* hair get drab, dark. Blondex Shampoo actually makes blonde hair two shades lighter. Brings out all the shimmering, golden lights. Gives to dull, stringy light hair a satiny, rippling halo of blonde loveliness. Formerly sold only in the $1.00 size, you can now get Blondex in the new 25¢ size. Try this inexpensive size today. At all drug and dept. stores.

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But Peck is no quitter. From his home in San Francisco he bombarded Janet with telegrams, letters and telephone calls.

BUT Hollywood felt that eventually Charlie would break with Virginia, and so Hollywood waited with bated breath. Until it heard that he had invited Miss Valli and other guests for a sail on his boat.

And then by coincidence, the following day Peck arrived from San Francisco.

For the next week, Hollywood passed into a stage of near-lunacy when so many exciting events happened. Janet and Lydell applied for a marriage license and set the wedding date for five days later.

Then Lydell returned to San Francisco to arrange for the ceremony and a honeymoon in Honolulu.

The marriage took place in San Francisco, after which the newlyweds sailed for Honolulu.

Not so many months after Janet's return to Hollywood with her new husband, Charlie decided to go to Europe. He bought two tickets; one was for Carlton Hoechstra, his financial secretary.

The two men sped for the East Coast, intending to board a ship out of New York harbor without delay.

But when they arrived in New York, Miss Valli was there, visiting her friend Colleen Moore.

Charlie and Virginia saw each other many times; in fact, he missed three boats. Then he and Virginia eloped and were married and sailed for Europe on their honeymoon.

Hoechstra, Charlie's secretary, returned to Hollywood, somewhat chagrined. The new Mrs. Farrell had traveled on the ticket originally purchased for his use.

When Virginia and Charlie returned to Hollywood, they and Janet and Lydell became the most noted foursome in the city. Yachting parties, dances, public appearances of every description.

Hollywood settled down into comfortable breathing.

Everyone was going to live happily ever after in true fairy story fashion.

Then Janet's and Lydell's separation. What next, Janet?

From Lady to Judy O'Grady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

cream puff stories which gave her little opportunity to show the depth of her histrionic ability.

It reminds one of the very proper little girl who strolled into the parlor while her mother was entertaining a very proper neighbor and when mother asked her small daughter what she'd like to play, the child replied: "I wanna jump in the mud puddles and get all dirty."

BEING garbed in white constantly becomes irksome. A touch of scarlet lends interest. Dramatically speaking, it is the piquant sauce which Ruth Chatterton has added to a career of sober pictures. And Ruth, said to have last word of authority on stories, photography and publicity, may be secretly enjoying the shock she handed her public in those sensational posters on "Frisco Jenny."

Yet her Hollywood friends, those who have the interest of her career sincerely at heart, are frankly worried about this change.

Fundamentally, Ruth is a lady. Her features have a delicate loveliness. There is about her an air of gentle distinction, of cool lucidity, the result of good breeding. Her personal taste in clothes is faultless. To her is left very often the selecting of her screen wardrobe, for she has a discerning eye born to innate good taste.

She was reared in an atmosphere of discipline, supported by respectability, which accounts for a certain preciosity of manner. If she sat cross-legged on the floor, smoking a cigarette and chewing gum, as she has done sometimes, she is still Chatterton—the gentlewoman.

And that is why some of her friends believe Ruth's flair for the new type of rôle will not last. The public will see through the make-believe and they will be looking right straight at the lady who is known as Ruth Chatterton, now poorly disguised.

Yet wasn't it "Madame X" that put Ruth across in pictures? And surely *Madame X* was no Park Avenue matron. Chatterton enjoyed doing that picture.

Incidentally, it was a great surprise to the studio when it went over with such tremendous success.

Then followed some of her ladylike rôles. Remember how aristocratically she took those blows from life in "The Doctor's Secret"?

And she knew her society set when she played in "A Lady of Scandal."

Ruth became raucous once again in "Anybody's Woman," and it was conceded to be one of the best pictures she ever did. Remember how she sat in her undies, strumming a uke in a cheap hotel room—a show girl, broke and out of a job? It was the first time Chatterton had ever changed her appearance, too. Gone were her soft brown locks, and instead she was a hard-hearted platinum blondie not at all remiss to a flirtation across the areaway with the handsome scion, Clive Brook.

STRANGE how one remembers this and yet the picture in which she played a farmer's wife and wore a black wig is dimmed. Maybe it is as Chatterton claims, "Nothing dramatic ever happens to a good woman."

The future of Chatterton's career is hanging in the balance. Is she to be a rowdy or a lady? Maybe the fates will be kind and dish up a little of each, in proper proportion, so that Chatterton's divided public may all be pleased.

Wally Knows His Pachyderms

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

the screen's mightiest—the great Garbo, two of the Barrymores, glamorous Joan Crawford, and those eminently able actors, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt.

Wally learned other things from the elephants, too. It was always easier for him to handle them as a group. To train one elephant was almost impossible.

To train several at a time was comparatively easy. If one of his charges saw another succeeding at a trick, he seemed especially anxious to succeed also.

If he saw another plodding ahead with his duties, he seemed actually ashamed to fall down on his part of the job.

Thus, elephants are seldom trained singly.

There is too much opportunity for individual display of laziness, temper, or indifference.

That goes for humans, too.

Today, Wally believes in the public school system.

He does not plan to have a private tutor for his adopted daughter, Carol Ann, or her brothers, George and William, whom he and Mrs. Beery will rear.

"It's easier to learn when you are one of a number," he says.

"There's a competitive spirit. It's easier, too, to teach when there is an audience of many rather than one.

"Children, like elephants, are quick to imitate.

"They are naturally gregarious, and a successful example is one of the surest ways to teach them."

RAISING the young is an acute problem in elephant land. Usually, when an elephant has reached the age of forty-five or fifty—perhaps half its normal captivity lifetime—it has developed the great patience for which elephants are noted. Experience seems to have taught them that antagonism and bullishness do no good.

The capricious, experimental desires of youth give way to solid, common sense and patience.

Sometimes, of course, a cocky young elephant of twenty-five or thirty years refused to respond to Wally's bribes or coaxing. They had to be prodded a little bit with the bull hook.

But Wally soon learned a trick that tamed them. He'd chain them to a middle-aged elephant.

Then, when the young scamps commenced their capers, up would go Mr. Elephant's trunk and "whango!" another sadder but wiser young pachyderm had learned a lesson in deportment.

"Baldy," a nine and a half ton bull, was Wally's favorite disciplinarian. Baldy had been a man-about-elephant-town in his younger days and it is reasonable to assume that he knew most of the facts of life.

His great size, the true standard of elephant elegance, seemed to impress the young fellows.

Baldy had wisdom, too. He didn't raise his trunk except as a last resort. He chinned with his charges.

Perhaps he whispered lessons learned in his own wicked youth.

Anyway, Baldy had a sense of sympathetic understanding which sent a young bull from his chains wiser, steadier, almost inspired sometimes.

"You know," said Wally, thinking back to the days of Baldy, "I think the secret of success with children, or grown-ups either, lies in really understanding them.

"Old Baldy knew every youngster in that herd. He understood their good points and their bad points, and I'm convinced that he knew exactly the kind of treatment each of them most needed."

He smiled.

"I could trust old Baldy."

You can trust Wally Beery, too. Looking at him, I could easily imagine what a splendid tutor little Carol Ann and her brothers are going to have, could understand how thoroughly they will learn to love this rugged, kindly man whose twinkling eyes look out upon a world he has found completely satisfactory.

"WHAT else did you learn from the elephants?" I asked. "What about the female of the species?"

Wally roared with laughter. "Oh, that," he said. "Well, you're going to be disappointed, I'm afraid. 'Popsy,' our biggest female, was a killer. And the only thing I learned about women from her was that when a female goes wild there is no male who can compete with her."

That is another theory of ex-elephant tamer Beery.

And it's not so dumb, at that!

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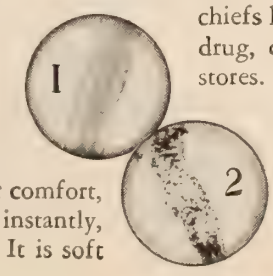
Kleenex fibers, on the other hand, clutch germs tightly. It is almost impossible to dislodge germs from Kleenex in any sort of scientific test. Dangerous germs are therefore held safely embedded until the Kleenex can be destroyed.

Thus does the super-absorbency of Kleenex protect your health, protect others. This same absorbency protects your comfort, too. Kleenex absorbs moisture instantly, without rubbing or irritation. It is soft and gentle as down—always soothing, no matter how tender and inflamed your skin.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Carry Kleenex always! For general use, buy Kleenex tissues in convenient rolls and packages—a generous quantity newly priced at 25 cents. A larger size Kleenex—three times usual size with tissues as large as a man's handkerchief, is also available; and smart, bordered tissues in the form of finished handkerchiefs known as 'Kerfs. Sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

* *



(1) Linen fiber, highly magnified, from germ-infected handkerchief. Most germs have been dislodged—showing how handkerchiefs spread germs during colds. (2) This Kleenex fiber defied all attempts to dislodge germs. Thus Kleenex cannot reinfect the user or spread infection to others.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Roland and the Ladies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Roland Young (with a sinister wink): Roughly! Very roughly!

Jamison: Do you think it has any connection with the Five Year Plan?

Roland Young (with a startled grunt): I beg your pardon?

Jamison: What do you think of our American skyscrapers?

Roland Young: You mean, what do I think of their sex-appeal?

Jamison: Do you think skirts will come down any longer?

Roland Young: Longer than the skyscrapers?

Jamison (laughing merrily): Oh, I'm sorry; I got my notes mixed. Those last three questions are the ones I asked Lady Wimberley when she got off the ship.

Roland Young: I knew it all the time. Look carefully now. (He sits up and slowly turns his head to reveal his profile.) Don't you notice anything?

Jamison (laughing): It's pretty funny, all right.

Roland Young (with dignity): That's not what I mean at all, young man. Don't you recognize me without my feather boa? *I am Lady Wimberley!*

The doorbell rings. Robert goes to the front door and then appears in the den.

Robert: Mr. Young, a man wants to know if you are aware that most actors die in the poor-house and can he have fifteen minutes of your time?

Roland Young: Good heavens! Tell him to go out and call on me at the poor-house. I moved there last week.

Robert disappears noiselessly.

Jamison: Now, about your love letters, Mr. Young. For some reason or other, women find you fascinating. When you play in a picture with a handsome young hero, and you are a villain, you get more fan letters and mash notes than the hero does.

Roland Young: I paper the walls of my bedroom with them. Wait a minute, please. Yes, Robert?

Robert has come back.

Robert: The man at the door wants to know, sir, if you are aware that forty thousand babies are crying because their fathers were thoughtless?

Roland Young (firmly): They're not mine! I had nothing to do with it!

Robert: No sir. I'll tell him, sir.

Robert goes out again.

Jamison: Let's see, what were we talking about?

Roland Young: Skirts on skyscrapers. You may quote me as saying, young man, that I'm all for it. The Youngs are nothing if not moral. We put skirts on our piano, even, so its legs won't show. You know, that's a funny thing. The shorter the skirt, the more the leg is like a piano leg!

Jamison: Sex-appeal! Now, Mr. Young, why have you got it? Garbo has it because she has eyelashes. Dietrich has it because she has legs. Have you eyelashes or legs?

Roland Young (dropping his eyes modestly): Well, I have some eyelashes and I have legs.

Jamison: About these letters you get. What is the most passionate letter you've ever received?

Roland Young: One from the Gas Company saying, "Please remit, or you'll be cooking over a bonfire by tomorrow night."

Jamison: But thousands of letters are sent to you. Maybe the mailman doesn't give them to you. Have you ever done anything that might make him sore at you?

Roland Young: No, except that I bit him on the leg once. We were playing dog. He was the little dog and I was the big dog.

Jamison: I think I'm going crazy. I suppose you play mailman, too, when you're not playing dog?

Roland Young: You mean, would I like to be a mailman?

Jamison: What the—? Well, all right. Would you like to be a mailman?

Roland Young: How are you spelling it, m-a-i-l or m-a-l-e?

Jamison: How am I—? Never mind, never mind. Maybe we'd better forget all about it. Now, to get back to the interview, Mr. Young, just give me an idea of how the letters you get from women usually read, will you? What do they usually say?

Roland Young: I can remember exactly what they say. They say, "Dear Roland: I have seen you on the screen and fallen wildly in love with you. I am a married girl with nine children. Our ice-box leaks. We have no radio. I need new linoleum in the kitchen. There is a hole in the roof. Also, there is a hole in Willie's pants. My husband's car, a broken-down old 1933 Cadillac, needs new tires, a new motor, new fenders and a new top. I have added all these up carefully and they come to exactly $458.62. Please sit down right away, before you forget it, and send me a check for $917.24, because my sister-in-law's family is in a pretty bad way, too." What are you making faces for?

Jamison: Do they say "What are you making faces for?" in the letters?

Roland Young: No, I'm asking you that.

Jamison: I'm not making a face, I'm just trying to think how to spell linoleum. Do you really get letters like that? Are you serious?

Roland Young: You don't know how serious!

Jamison: Don't you ever get any other kind of letters?

Roland Young: Not from women. I get them from men offering to punch me in the eye, sometimes.

Robert reappears in the den.

Robert: Mr. Young, that man won't go away. (Brightly) But I know who he is, now. He's an insurance agent!

Roland Young: Robert, you always were one to catch on to things in a hurry. Go up on the roof and pour a bucket of boiling tar on him.

Robert: Yes sir.

Robert goes out again, hunting for a bucket.

Roland Young (holding out his hand): Well, Mr. Jamison, that was a very nice interview. You must come around sometime and we'll have another interview. I'm sorry you must be going.

Jamison (who had no intention of going): But why—?

Roland Young: Shh! I'm going to hide under the bed for awhile. Insurance agents! Brr-r-r!

My Sister, Ann Harding

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

put us in great form for the Kentucky-Army horse show, which was given on the historic Churchill Downs track, and in spite of the fact that we rode army nags, we both managed to capture ribbons.

FATHER'S job of organizing Camp Knox was finished; he was ordered to Washington. The city was still overrun with post-war activity and he found it impossible to stretch the always insufficient income to pay the prices asked for accommodation.

Once more the family split.

Mother, Dorothy and I went to New York, paid an enormous price for a dismal flat in the Nineties, and set out to tackle the biggest city of them all.

I got a job as secretary in a brokerage office; Dody presented herself at the home offices of a life insurance company and was placed in their welfare division at $12.50 a week. She made a little extra money reading books for Famous-Players, typing her synopses at night and delivering them before reporting at the life insurance office in the morning.

About three months of this was all she could stand. For several days mother and I noticed that she was coming and going with a most detached air—she scarcely touched her food—lapsed into great silences—something was certainly brewing.

At the end of a week it broke—she had braved Greenwich Village and tried out for a part in "Inheritors," the forthcoming Provincetown Players' production.

When asked for her name at the door, she had gulped and blurted out the first syllables that came to mind. "Ann Harding" was written on the application.

She walked into the theater and approached the lean-visaged, hawk-eyed director, Jasper Deeter. He took a quick glance at her, turned to Susan Glaspell, the author, and said, "She might do for one of the giggling girls, Susan." Smarting under that crack, Dody was told to come back the next day, and arrived before the other members of the cast.

She felt a bit lost in the gloomy theater. Deeter loomed up in the darkness, peered at her under enormous eyebrows and, recognizing one of the giggling girls, sat down and lit a cigarette. He talked to her for about half an hour, then stopped short; his face suddenly lighted up with surprise as he said, "You seem able to listen—and understand. Read the last act of this play and in an hour or so we'll see what you can do with *Madeline*" (the leading rôle).

DEETER had been able to discern in this rather gauche "country" girl, raw material, sprung from nowhere, that to him showed promise—great promise.

She got the part, and commenced her career with a stellar rôle.

Not a word of the whole business had been mentioned at home until the thing was decided. Then, in more or less of a whisper, she announced:

"I am going on the stage—I have a part and start rehearsal tomorrow."

It was nothing less than a bombshell. Mother and I were tremendously proud and excited, but one word came simultaneously from three mouths: "Father!"

Of all the routes to eternal destruction, the unhallowed stage was easily the most direct, according to his traditionally New England conscience.

A certain amount of that same conscience made it quite impossible for Dody to continue accepting father's support when she was embarking on a career so opposed to his conceptions.

BY the time she told us the news she had already found a thoroughly chaperoned "club," maintained near the theater for girls who earned twenty-five dollars a week or less, and there she decided to live.

The child had gone—she had suddenly become "Ann Harding"—but the characteristics of the child remained, and brought her through the difficult years to come, triumphant.

Dorothy Gatley has now renamed herself Ann Harding and faces the first crisis of her life. Next month Edith Gatley Nash tells of Ann's first stage appearance, her break with her father, her grinding years in stock and the second grim crisis in her career

Bless You, My Children!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

years one of the most popular stars who has ever appeared on the screen. Alec says that in the old silent days she always spoke her lines under her breath.

"The rest of us would find it pretty difficult to follow her," he remembers, "and so we wouldn't know just when to take our cues. On the other hand, some of the old-time actors, who had played in stock for years, would act at the top of their voices and even when the director called 'Cut!' they wouldn't stop. They would just keep on going until they had finished the speech."

ALEC thinks that Constance Cummings is the most promising young woman screen personality whom he has appeared with recently, though Garbo stands out among his recollections as the greatest personality of all. Though she was not actually his screen daughter, he was her fatherly counselor in "Mata Hari," the man who defended her when she was accused as a spy and sentenced to die.

"Garbo has the most expressive personality of anybody at present on the screen," he will tell you. "She is truly a great artist who can convey more with one look, one word, or one touch of the hand than most actresses can get across in a whole reel of film.

"She is neither reticent nor solitary when one gets to know her, but utterly charming. However, she is very particular about who gets to know her."

WHEN Alec was ill Garbo sent a bouquet of roses which he says was the biggest he has ever seen.

"I hadn't known her long then, either," he said appreciatively, "but it just goes to show how essentially human Garbo is. On the set she puts up with a lot from other people—things that I wouldn't put up with for five minutes myself.

"Although she has been studying English for a comparatively short time, she can detect any imperfection of feeling, any false note, quicker even than the person who wrote the lines.

"That's how strong the dramatic instinct is within her. And she is never at rest while working, but paces back and forth, forth and back on the set muttering her lines to herself all day."

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Julie Haydon, RKO Star

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Alec has led a sort of dual screen life with Louise Fazenda. He has been her father and has had to make love to her.

"She was perfectly at ease when I was her father," he smiled reminiscently, "but on the other occasion she was rather terrified at first for fear that she might shock me. She told me afterwards that she thought me such a dignified sort of chap. However," and the kindly eyes twinkle amusedly as he adds this—"she found me quite receptive, I think."

Gloria Swanson was the star whom Alec found easiest to work with, and he found, too, that she had the coolest nerve. It was during the making of "The Great Moment" that this incident occurred:

"We were out on location in the Chatsworth Hills," he says, "and in one scene, after riding some distance, Gloria had to get off her horse. She got off—and almost stepped upon a huge rattlesnake, lying there coiled. But Gloria, instead of fainting, pinned the snake's head on the ground with the handle of her riding-crop while one of the men killed it. Then she did the scene over again without turning a hair."

In a picture with Clara Kimball Young, Alec actually played her screen father while her real father, Ed Kimball, played one of the other parts.

"They chose me," said Alec, "because they said that I looked more like the type of father she should have than her real father."

RECENTLY Alec has been on tour on the vaudeville stage, telling audiences his experiences on the screen. As he speaks and the names of his film children fall from his lips, face after face is conjured up for ears that still remember them—

Doris Kenyon, Eleanor Boardman, Mabel Normand, Betty Compson, May McAvoy, Jacqueline Logan, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Billie Dove, Lila Lee, Lois Moran, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Joan Bennett, Anna Q. Nilsson, these and dozens of others. Like a parade from out of the past right down to the present.

He has had more children than any father living—but not one of them has ever cost him so much as a solitary dime to bring up!

Gloria's New Troubles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

heap beside me in her gorgeous apartment at a hotel in London, I accidentally called her "child." The word slipped from my subconscious because it was so fitting. Women who live on emotional gusts as does Gloria always remain, somehow, like children. The world calls them sophisticated. But the world does not know.

Truly sophisticated women are those who never feel deeply. Those who cry from suffering one moment and from joy the next remain peculiarly untouched by their hardships—like infants. It is only when tears do not come that woman is truly sophisticated.

SO Gloria listened to advice in this case, whereas a truly sophisticated or "hard-boiled" person with her background would have learned long before then *not* to listen.

She had listened too, to advice on *how* to make this "cheap" picture in London. When she was told that a certain American director had written the original story and dialogue, and had directed a successful picture in Hollywood, she did not question the statement. Where a true sophisticate-in-pictures would have cabled or telephoned Hollywood to have verified whether he was, indeed, the master of all the studio arts, Gloria believed. Later, she learned there had been many minds on that Hollywood picture.

Lack of ordinary sense on her part? Of course. I do not claim Gloria has ordinary sense. Those who always remain young usually haven't. Those who achieve greatness do not follow the charted minds.

She also listened when it was suggested that her new husband, Michael Farmer, play the leading man.

Farmer is no fool. He knew he lacked acting experience and that talking pictures require trained people. He protested.

But Gloria believed. She was told of a young actor in America who had been directed without experience and had proved a sensation. Again, Gloria didn't check the story. She urged Michael to play the rôle.

And again this was typical of Gloria. She was still in bed from giving birth to this husband's child. She wanted him with her. When a woman like Gloria loves, she gives of her all to the one loved. If Michael Farmer could be directed so he would be a sensation—

So the dissenting husband was persuaded.

They shot the first scenes at Cannes. There was no script. Remember one man was doing script and direction. Gloria thought everything had been taken care of.

Again foolish but typical of the woman.

The first shots were in a casino where playboy Farmer had lost and won fifty thousand dollars in one evening not long before. It was his habitat as a sportsman, but not his habitat as an actor. There were no screens to protect him from the crowd which had gathered to watch the making of Gloria Swanson's new picture. Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur were among those on the sidelines. There were dukes and lords and ladies and marquesses. Friends of the Farmers. And hosts of strangers.

New-actor Farmer felt he should have had privacy for his first shot. Training. What did he know of timing and expressions and the best-side-to-the-camera? With all this mob looking—

He walked off. You can picture the scene. Any of us who have read about the making of pictures need no detailed description.

The outdoor scenes were finished somehow. In some inexplainable way picture scenes always get finished no matter how many actors walk off or how much it rains or fogs.

The troupe started back for London where the interiors were to be made. There was still no script.

Then, one of those chance occurrences, which look so unimportant beforehand and assume such gigantic proportions afterwards. The troupe was traveling on a slow train. A member had been in one of those horrible continental train wrecks on the way down. She had spent two hours describing it to Gloria just before they started back!

WHEN Gloria and Michael were in their compartment, Gloria was seized with fear. She just knew that poky train, which was jerking and rattling its way over a shaky road bed was going to be wrecked. She couldn't sleep. Her nerves were edging to one of those cascades in her hectic stream of life.

Then she had an idea! She and Michael had spent such a marvelous time at Marseilles when love was first blooming. It had been like a beautiful dream—

"Let's slip off at Marseilles, Michael. Remember the glorious days and nights we spent there. Let's not tell anyone. Oh, it will be wonderful. We will forget all our worries—."

Just another woman trying to recapture glories once lived.

They slipped off—leaving only a cute little note of explanation. And the newspapers carried the story they were quarreling so about Michael's not wanting to finish the picture that they had to get off the train!

When she reached London for the interior shots the script was not yet finished.

When Gloria saw the director-author at the tennis matches, she remonstrated on the time he spent for sports and not for work—but she was chided for rushing genius. Oh, it was such a typically Gloria Swanson hectic situation!

And then—great gusts of awakening! Another director. Another cameraman. High-speed American efficiency! Gloria sat for twelve hours every day for more than a week working with a new writer to finish that script before Genevieve Tobin and other members of the cast should arrive from America. It *was* a race! Could they finish a new script before the boat docked? All that fire of her nature went into work. No one will ever know how much of that dialogue is hers and how much belongs to the one who is given credit.

THE race was a tie. But Gloria was exhausted. She knew she was going to break. She went to a secluded spot on the edge of one of England's quiet rivers to rest. All the shots not needing her could be taken first. She left Michael Farmer to run the picture.

And it was there that he acquired the taste for the champagne-allure of pictures! He was no longer the leading man. He had a small part. But he was the producer—doing the work of his producer-wife.

In Hollywood, he had not been able to understand *why* Gloria could not keep her dinner appointments. When she telephoned she could not get away for dinner but must remain at the studio, he had writhed. Now one day from London, he had said that he would surely be down to her retreat for dinner. He didn't even telephone. At nine, Gloria called the studio. He was so busy with retakes, rushes, etc., he had forgotten his promise. The next day, Gloria reminded him it had been their wedding anniversary!

There is no doubt, he has caught the picture-fever. Gloria was still afraid of a breakdown. After all, she left her baby when it was less than three weeks old to start the picture. She must have something to do.

She took up knitting. And between every scene she made on that picture, she knit with the haste of a woman who feared she couldn't get a sweater to the frontline trenches before winter set in.

Some way, the picture was finished. It is not the best picture made, but Gloria, herself, looks more beautiful than for years. And it is her best dramatic work since "The Trespasser."

Incidentally, she looks more beautiful in life. About eighteen years old that afternoon, as she sat beside me telling me bits about the film.

Naturally, there have been other complications. I can only give you a bird's eye view. After all, you can't describe whirlpools, cascades and miniature Niagara Falls of emotion all in one article. There was the furniture in Hollywood. She had ordered some on consignment and when she left she said she didn't want it. The furniture man thought she'd kept it too long on consignment and sued.

THEN, there was the artist who painted her picture some years ago. She thought she didn't need to buy it unless she wanted it. Now, he's suing because she didn't pay for it. He has the picture.

There are rumors of her unhappiness with her husband.

I will never prophesy about the future of Gloria. She and Michael appear happy. They are both mad about one of the most beautiful babies I have ever seen and they seem to feel that all this hectic straining has drawn them to a more complete understanding of each other. But I will never bet on Gloria. I have known her too long. Whirlpools and cascades and Niagara Falls *forever*. That is the one certainty about her.



OF COURSE you're lovely when you leave your dressing table! But how long do you stay that way? How many times in an evening do you have to look in a mirror to be sure that you're even presentable?

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Winners of $1,000 "Gag" Contest

AT last! The prize winners for the Harold Lloyd-PHOTOPLAY "gag" contest have been selected! And, oh boy—Hollywood's professional gag men had better shine up their wares. For we received some *humdingers* in this lot! In fact, the judges were snowed under for weeks by such a flood of uproarious ideas from all points of the globe, that they've decided to knock off for a couple of days to recover from the strain of laughing.

So watch out for the next Harold Lloyd pictures—some of them will surely carry a few of the prize-winning "funny" situations!

Right here and now, we'd like to say that Harold is mighty grateful to all those contestants who took part in this hilarious campaign. And if you're one of those who failed to make a ringer, just remember the old adage, "Great minds run in the same channel." Some particularly good ideas were rejected because they had been used before, although the contestants were quite unaware of this fact when they submitted them.

To those lucky ones who won the unanimous vote of the judges for first, second, third and fourth prizes—we'd like to say, "Good work, keep it up!" Here are the winners:

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

ISLE OF PARADISE—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (*Oct.*)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (*Dec.*)

KLONDIKE—Monogram.—Old melodrama of silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. (*Nov.*)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (*Dec.*)

LADY AND GENT—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (*Sept.*)

LAST MAN, THE—Columbia.—Lurid tale of mutiny at sea, with good work by Charles Bickford and Constance Cummings. (*Nov.*)

LAST MILE, THE—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (*Oct.*)

LAWYER MAN—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (*Feb.*)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (*Oct.*)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (*Dec.*)

LOVE IN HIGH GEAR—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (*Sept.*)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (*Oct.*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (*Feb.*)

MADAME RACKETEER—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (*Sept.*)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (*Dec.*)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM—Carl Froelich Prod.—German language film with English subtitles, about a Prussian school for girls and the effect of its rigid discipline and repression on their emotional lives. Expertly directed and acted. (*Nov.*)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (*Jan.*)

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (*Feb.*)

MAN CALLED BACK, THE — Tiffany. — That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (*Sept.*)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (*Jan.*)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (*Jan.*)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (*Jan.*)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (*Jan.*)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (*Jan.*)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS — RKO-Radio. — Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (*Dec.*)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (*Jan.*)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (*Sept.*)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE — RKO-Radio. — Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (*Dec.*)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (*Oct.*)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount. —Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (*Sept.*)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists. —Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (*Sept.*)

MUMMY, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revivified mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (*Feb.*)

MY PAL, THE KING—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (*Sept.*)

MYSTERY RANCH—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (*Sept.*)

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (*Dec.*)

NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (*Oct.*)

NIGHT MAYOR, THE—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (*Oct.*)

NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE—Paramount.—New situations and a brand new plot idea covering the events in an average neighborhood on one certain night. Fine cast includes Clive Brook, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Lila Lee. (*Nov.*)

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (*Feb.*)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (*Jan.*)

NO OTHER WOMAN — RKO-Radio. — Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (*Oct.*)

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (*Sept.*)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (*Oct.*)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (*Oct.*)

OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures.—A Jack Hoxie Western that's just a little different. Gorgeous scenery, lots of excitement. (*Nov.*)

OUT OF SINGAPORE—Goldsmith Prod.—About a villain (Noah Beery) who shanghais sailors, sinks ships and kidnaps innocent daughters of kind sea captains. (*Nov.*)

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES — M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (*Sept.*)

PAINTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (*Oct.*)

PARISIAN ROMANCE, A—Allied Pictures.—Lew Cody as a roué, Gilbert Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl, in a rather dull story. (*Nov.*)

PASSPORT TO HELL, A—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (*Oct.*)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (*Dec.*)

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (*Jan.*)

PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic.—A mystery thriller that rides the rails. Old time melodrama. (*Nov.*)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **PHANTOM PRESIDENT, THE** — Paramount.—Don't pass up this political farce, which introduces George M. Cohan to the talkies. George and Jimmy Durante are a great team and Claudette Colbert adds her beauty. (*Nov.*)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (*Dec.*)

PROSPERITY — M-G-M. — Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (*Jan.*)

PURCHASE PRICE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (*Sept.*)

RACING STRAIN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen début in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (*Feb.*)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (*Dec.*)

★ **RAIN**—United Artists.—Joan Crawford as *Sadie Thompson*, and Walter Huston as the stern reformer do interesting work in an adult story that never seems to grow out of date. (*Nov.*)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (*Dec.*)

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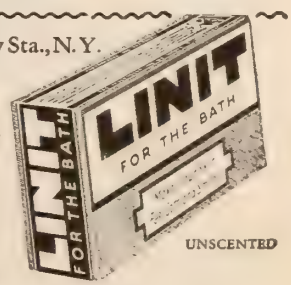
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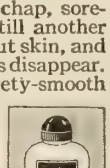


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RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (*Jan.*)

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Rosco Ates does the clowning. (*Dec.*)

RIDE HIM, COWBOY—Warners.—A good, riproaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (*Sept.*)

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (*Feb.*)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathe.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (*Jan.*)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (*Dec.*)

SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (*Sept.*)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (*Jan.*)

SELF-DEFENSE — Monogram. — Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (*Feb.*)

70,000 WITNESSES — Paramount-Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (*Oct.*)

SHERLOCK HOLMES — Fox. — The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock*. (*Dec.*)

SIGN OF FOUR, THE—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (*Oct.*)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE**—Paramount. —Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero*, admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Millean spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (*Feb.*)

★ **SILVER DOLLAR**—First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (*Jan.*)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (*Dec.*)

SKYSCRAPER SOULS—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (*Sept.*)

SLIGHTLY MARRIED — Invincible. — Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (*Feb.*)

★ **SMILIN' THROUGH**—M-G-M.—A poignant love story. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, O. P. Heggie—all at their best! Don't miss this treat. (*Nov.*)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (*Feb.*)

SPEAK EASILY — M-G-M. — Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (*Sept.*)

SPEED DEMON—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (*Feb.*)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (*Dec.*)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (*Sept.*)

STRANGE JUSTICE — RKO-Radio. — Story doesn't ring true, but excellently directed and well acted. About a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur. (*Nov.*)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (*Dec.*)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (*Jan.*)

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (*Feb.*)

THE STOKER—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (*Sept.*)

THEY CALL IT SIN—First National.—Loretta Young lovely as the church organist who falls in love with the city boy (David Manners). George Brent and Una Merkel help make this entertaining. (*Nov.*)

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (*Feb.*)

THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE—First Division-Monogram.—A thrilling murder mystery, with bright dialogue and comedy to offset the horror. (*Nov.*)

THIRTEEN WOMEN — RKO-Radio. — Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (*Oct.*)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (*Dec.*)

THOSE WE LOVE—World Wide.—Slow moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife and the other woman. Lilyan Tashman, Mary Astor and Kenneth MacKenna. (*Nov.*)

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (*Dec.*)

THRILL OF YOUTH, THE—First Division-Invincible.—About a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. (*Nov.*)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (*Oct.*)

★ **TOM BROWN OF CULVER** — Universal. — All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (*Sept.*)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (*Dec.*)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (*Dec.*)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (*Dec.*)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING—First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (*Jan.*)

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Warners. —Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (*Oct.*)

UNASHAMED—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (*Sept.*)

UNDER-COVER MAN — Paramount. — You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

UNHOLY LOVE—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (*Oct.*)

UNWRITTEN LAW, THE—Majestic Pictures. —The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (*Feb.*)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (*Jan.*)

VANISHING FRONTIER, THE—Paramount. —You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (*Sept.*)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (*Dec.*)

VIRGINS OF BALI, THE—Principal.—Another "Goona Goona" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (*Feb.*)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (*Jan.*)

WAR CORRESPONDENT — Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (*Oct.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE** — M-G-M.—Washington—politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (*Sept.*)

★ **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND** — Columbia.—Lee Tracy plays a young congressman who goes to Washington on purchased votes, and then tries to double-cross the gang in the interests of his country. A fine cast in an exciting film. (*Nov.*)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (*Dec.*)

WHITE ZOMBIE—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (*Sept.*)

WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (*Dec.*)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (*Jan.*)

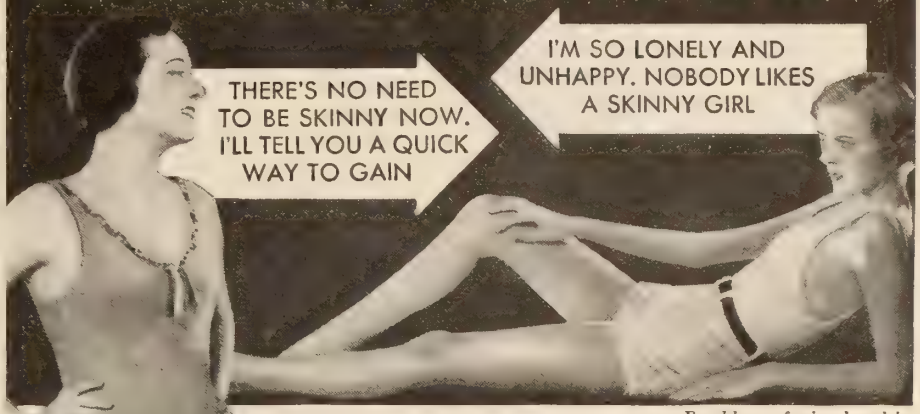
WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (*Feb.*)

YORCK — UFA. — Werner Krauss as *General Yorck* fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (*Feb.*)

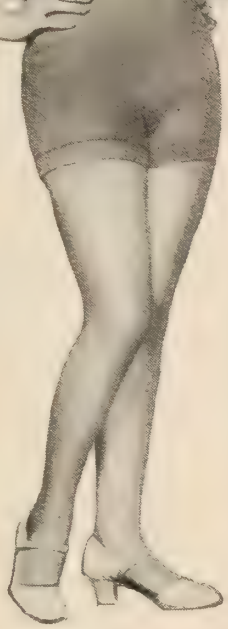
YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (*Feb.*)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—First National. —Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (*Jan.*)

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But now, thanks to a new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—*and in half the time.* Thousands are gaining pounds of solid flesh in a few weeks, clear skin, new energy.

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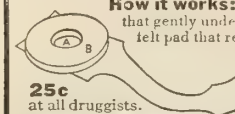
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BACHELOR MOTHER"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Al Boasberg. Screen play by Paul Gangelin and Luther Reed. Directed by Charles Hutchison. The cast: *Mary Somerset*, Evalyn Knapp; *Joe Bidgelow*, James Murray; *Cynthia Wilson*, Margaret Seddon; *Arthur Hall*, Paul Page; *Lola Butler*, Astrid Allwyn; *Judge Yates*, Harry Holman; *Mrs. Stone*, Virginia Sale; *District Attorney*, Eddie Kane; *Lamkin*, James Aubrey; *Mr. Cameron*, John Paul Jones; *Judge Boland*, Henry Hall; *Mrs. Price*, Margaret Mann; *Mrs. Waters*, Bess Stafford; *Mrs. Smith*, Stella Adams.

"BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Fingers Partos*, Robert Armstrong; *Doris Masterson*, Constance Cummings; *Anna*, Olga Baclanova; *Masterson*, Frank Morgan; *Ralsy*, James Gleason; *Griswold*, Irving Pichel; *Kid McGurn*, Warren Hymer; *Babe*, Frank Albertson; *The Warden*, Berton Churchill; *Carter B. Moore*, Sidney Toler; *Parker*, Walter Walker; *Mr. Jackson*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Jackson*, Dorothy Peterson; *Haddock*, Edmund Breese; *Anderson*, Ralf Harolde; *Lawrence*, William Davidson; *Carp*, Edward Van Sloan; *Senator*, Purnell Pratt.

"CAVALCADE"—Fox.—From the play by Noel Coward. Screen play by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Jane Marryot*, Diana Wynyard; *Robert Marryot*, Clive Brook; *Fanny Bridges*, Ursula Jeans; *Alfred Bridges*, Herbert Mundin; *Ellen Bridges*, Una O'Connor; *Annie*, Merle Tottenham; *Margaret Harris*, Irene Browne; *Cook*, Beryl Mercer; *Edward Marryot*, John Warburton; *Joe Marryot*, Frank Lawton; *Edith Harris*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mrs. Snapper*, Tempe Pigott; *George Granger*, Billy Bevan; *Ronnie James*, Desmond Roberts; *Uncle Dick*, Frank Atkinson; *Mirabelle*, Ann Shaw; *Ada*, Adele Crane; *Tommy Jolly*, Will Stanton; *Lieut. Edgar*, Stuart Hall; *Duchess of Churt*, Mary Forbes; *Major Domo*, Montague Shaw; *Uncle George*, Lionel Belmore; *Edward (age 12)*, Dick Henderson, Jr.; *Joey (age 8)*, Douglas Scott; *Edith (age 10)*, Sheila McGill; *Fanny (age 7-12)*, Bonita Granville; *Agitator*, Howard Davies; *Man at disarmament conference*, David Torrence; *Man at microphone*, Lawrence Grant; *Minister*, Winter Hall; *Poison Gas business*, Claude King.

"CHILD OF MANHATTAN"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Preston Sturges. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Madeleine McGonegal*, Nancy Carroll; *Paul Vanderkill*, John Boles; *Eggleston*, Warburton Gamble; *Aunt Minnie*, Jessie Ralph; *Aunt Sophie*, Clara Blandick; *Panama Kelly*, Buck Jones; *Bustamonte*, Luis Alberni; *Mrs. McGonegal*, Jane Darwell; *Charley*, John Sheehan; *Buddy*, Gary Owen; *Lucy*, Betty Grable; *Dulcy*, Tyler Brooke; *Louise*, Betty Kendall.

"CRASHIN' BROADWAY" — MONOGRAM. — From the story by Wellwyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Tad Wallace*, Rex Bell; *Sally Sunshine*, Doris Hill; *Fred Storm*, Harry Bowen; *Jeffries*, Charles King; *Griswold*, George Hayes; *Stub*, George Chesebro; *Griswold's son*, Louis Sargent; *Eddie Tupper*, Perry Murdock; *Sheriff*, G. D. Wood; *Blackie*, Blackie Whiteford; *Ma*, Vane Calbert; *Mrs. Riley*, Anne Howard; *Levi*, Henry Roquemore; *Bozo*, Max Asher; *Ernie Tupper*, George Morrell.

"DECEPTION"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Nat Pendleton. Adapted by Harold Tarshis. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Jim Hurley*, Leo Carrillo; *Dickie Allen*, Dickie Moore; *Bucky O'Neill*, Nat Pendleton; *Lola Del Mont*, Thelma Todd; *Joan Allen*, Barbara Weeks; *Leo*, Frank Sheridan; *Nick*, Henry Armetta; *Ivan Stanislaus*, Hans Steinke.

"FACE IN THE SKY, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Myles Connolly. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Joe Buck*, Spencer Tracy; *Madge*, Marian Nixon; *Lucky*, Stuart Erwin; *Triplett the Great*, Sam Hardy; *Ma Brown*, Sarah Padden, *Pa Brown*, Russell Simpson; *Jim Brown*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Midget*, Billy Platt; *Sharon Hadley*, Lila Lee; *Albert Preston*, Guy Usher.

"42ND STREET"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Bradford Ropes. Screen play by Rian James and James Seymour. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dorothy Brock*, Bebe Daniels; *Julian Marsh*, Warner Baxter; *Pat Denning*, George Brent; *Lorraine Fleming*, Una Merkel; *Peggy*, Ruby Keeler; *Abner Dillon*, Guy Kibbee; *Barry*, Ned Sparks; *Billy Lawler*, Dick Powell; *Waring*, Lyle Talbot; *Ann*, Ginger Rogers; *Mac Elroy*, Allen Jenkins; *The Actor*, Henry B. Walthall; *Terry*, Edward J. Nugent; *Jerry*, Harry Akst; *Leading Man*, Clarence Nordstrom; *Jones*, Robert McWade; *Andy Lee*, George E. Stone; *Al Dubin*, Al Dubin; *Harry Warren*, Harry Warren.

"GAMBLING SEX"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Sheila Tracy*, Ruth Hall; *Bill Foster*, Grant Withers; *Ralph Jordan*, Maston Williams; *John Tracy*, John Sainpolis; *Classmate*, Jean Porter; *Sandy*, Jimmy Eagle; *Thompson*, Murdock MacQuarrie.

"GRAND SLAM"—WARNERS.—From the novel by B. Russell Herts. Screen play by David Boehm and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Peter*, Paul Lukas; *Marcia*, Loretta Young; *Phillip*, Frank McHugh; *Blondie*, Glenda Farrell; *Lola*, Helen Vinson; *Barney*, Walter Byron; *Radio Announcer*, Roscoe Karns; *Van Dorn*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Detective Flynn*, DeWitt Jennings; *Alex*, Joe Cawthorn; *Dot*, Mary Doran; *Nick*, Paul Porcasi; *Gregory*, Lucien Prival; *Artie*, Tom Dugan; *Player*, George Cooper, *Player*, John Sheehan; *Paul*, Maurice Black; *Harry*, Lee Moran; *Muriel*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Sob Sister*, Emma Dunn; *Theodore*, Reginald Barlow; *Referee*, Harry C. Bradley; *Ivan*, Charles Levinson; *Mary*, Esther Howard.

"HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the original story by Ben Hecht. Screen play by S. N. Behrman. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Bumper*, Al Jolson; *June Marcher*, Madge Evans; *Mayor Hastings*, Frank Morgan; *Egghead*, Harry Langdon; *Sunday*, Chester Conklin; *Acorn*, Edgar Connor; *Mayor's Secretary*, Tyler Brooke; *Ma Sunday*, Louise Carver; *Apple Mary*, Dorothea Wolbert; *Frank, the Jockey*, Tammany Young.

"HANDLE WITH CARE" — Fox. — From the story by David Butler. Screen play by Frank Craven and Sam Mintz. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Bill Gordon*, James Dunn; *Helen Barlow*, Boots Mallory; *Ansel*, El Brendel; *Tommy*, Buster Phelps; *Charlie*, George Ernest; *First Mug*, Victor Jory; *Callahan*, Pat Hartigan; *Second Mug*, Arthur Vinton; *Police Sergeant*, Frank O'Connor.

"HARD TO HANDLE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Houston Branch. Screen play by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Lefty Merrill*, James Cagney; *Ruth Waters*, Mary Brian; *Marlene Reeves*, Claire Dodd; *Radio announcer*, Allen Jenkins; *Lil Waters*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Hawks*, Emma Dunn; *John Hayden*, Gavin Gordon; *Ed McGrath*, John Sheehan; *Charles Reeves*, Robert McWade; *Joe Goetz*, Matt McHugh.

"HELLO, EVERYBODY!"—PARAMOUNT.—From the original story by Fannie Hurst. Screen play by Dorothy Yost and Lawrence Hazard. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Kate Smith*, Kate Smith; *Hunt Blake*, Randolph Scott; *Lily Smith*, Sally Blane; *Mrs. Smith*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Bobby*, Jerry Tucker; *Bellina*, Marguerite Campbell; *Mr. Parker*, Wade Boteler; *Mr. Blair*, George Barbier; *Mr. Lindle*, Paul Kruger; *Jed*, Charles Grapewin; *Ellie*, Fern Emmett; *Joe*, Irving Bacon; *Kate's Radio Manager*, Ted Collins; *Mr. Thompson*, Frank Darien; *Mr. Sinclair Eldridge*, Edwards Davis; *Horton*, Erville Alderson.

"HOT PEPPER"—Fox.—From the story by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Quirt*, Edmund Lowe; *Flagg*, Victor McLaglen; *Pepper*, Lupe Velez; *Olsen*, El Brendel; *Trigger Thorne*, Booth Howard; *Hortense*, Lilian Bond; *Lily*, Gloria Roy.

"LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Dorothy Mackaye and Carlton Miles. Screen play by Brown Holmes, William McGrath and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Howard Bretherton and William Keighley. The cast: *Nan*, Barbara Stanwyck; *David Slade*, Preston S. Foster; *Don*, Lyle Talbot; *Susie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Linda*, Lillian Roth; *Aunt Maggie*, Maude Eburne; *Lefty*, Harold Huber; *Noonan*, Ruth Donnelly; *The Warden*, Robert Warwick; *Miss Johnson*, Helen Ware; *Tracy*, DeWitt Jennings; *District Attorney*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Arlington*, Cecil Cunningham; *Blondie*, Helen Mann; *Marie*, Grace Cunard; *Mustard*, Louise Beavers; *Dutch*, Harold Healy; *Bank Guard*, Harry Gribbon.

"LAUGHTER IN HELL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Jim Tully. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Edward L. Cahn. The cast: *Barney Slaney*, Pat O'Brien; *Barney Slaney (as a boy)*, Tom Conlon; *Marybelle Evans*, Merna Kennedy; *Mike Slaney*, Berton Churchill; *Lorraine*, Gloria Stuart; *Barton*, Tom Brown; *Mileaway*, Lew Kelly; *Grover Perkins*, Arthur Vinton; *Grover Perkins (as a boy)*, Mickey Bennett; *Jackson*, Clarence Muse; *Ed Perkins*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Ed Perkins (as a boy)*, Dick Winslow; *Brownfield*, Noel Madison.

"LUCKY DEVILS" — RKO-RADIO. — From the story by Casey Robinson and Bob Rose. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston and Ben Markson. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Skipper*, Bill Boyd; *Fran*, Dorothy Wilson; *Bob*, William Gargan, *Gabby*, Rosco Ates; *Slugger*, William Bakewell; *Happy*, Bruce Cabot; *Frankie*, Creighton Chaney; *Rusty*, Bob Rose; *Doris*, Julie Haydon; *Ginger*, Betty Furness; *Midget*, Phyllis Fraser; *Toots*, Sylvia Picker; *Spence*, Edwin Stanley; *Cameraman*, Charles Gillette, *Neville*, Gladden James, *Director*, Alan Roscoe.

"LUXURY LINER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Gina Kaus. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *Dr. Thomas Bernhard*, George Brent; *Miss Morgan*, Zita Johann; *Sybil Bernhard*, Vivienne Osborne; *Milli Stern*, Alice White; *Louise Marheim*, Verree Teasdale; *Edward Thorndyke*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Alex Stevenson*, Frank Morgan; *Dr. Veith*, Wallis Clark; *Milli's mother*, Gladys Gale; *Schultz*, Billy Bevan; *Exl*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mrs. Webber*, Edith

Yorke; *Baron von Luden*, Henry Victor; *Slattern*, Leni Stengel; *Milli's brother*, Jerry Tucker; *Walrus*, Knute Erickson; *Go-Getter*, Michael Mark; *Fritz*, Henry Wadsworth; *Capt. Frederickson*, E. H. Calvert; *Milli's sister*, Rosita Butler; *Milli's older brother*, Ray Borzage; *Peasant father*, Christian Rub; *Prince Vladimir*, Barry Norton; *Purser*, Ralph Remley; *Freda*, Dolores Tuma; *Stewardess*, Lenore Nova; *Freda's mother*, Barbara Barondess; *First girl*, Joyce Compton; *Second girl*, Jane Keith; *Boy*, Robert Alden; *Older man*, Selmer Jackson; *Secretary*, Perry Ivans.

"MALAY NIGHTS" — MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Glenn Ellis. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Jim Wilson*, John Mack Brown; *Eve Blake*, Dorothy Burgess; *Jack Sheldon*, Ralph Ince; *Rance Danvers*, Raymond Hatton; *Daisy*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Sonny*, George Smith; *Bartender*, Lionel Belmore; *Salvation Lass*, Mary Jane.

"MIDNIGHT WARNING" — MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Norman Battle. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennet. The cast: *William Cornish*, William Boyd; *Enid Van Buren*, Claudia Dell; *Mr. Gordon*, Huntly Gordon; *Erich*, Johnny Harron; *Dr. Stephen Walcott*, Hooper Atchley; *Rankin*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Dr. Bronson*, Phillips Smalley; *Dr. Barris*, Henry Hall; *Adolph Klein*, Lloyd Ingraham.

"MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Harvey Gates and Robert N. Lee. Directed by Fred Allen. The cast: *Wade Benton*, Kent Taylor; *Dorothy*, Lona Andre; *Mark King*, Berton Churchill; *Cliff Harkness*, Irving Pichel; *Jitney Smith*, Warren Hymer; *John Foster*, Niles Welch; *Mary Foster*, Gail Patrick; *Je-Jo Foster*, Cora Sue Collins; *Matt Arnold*, E. H. Calvert; *"Sheriff" Arnold*, Sherwood Bailey; *Douglas Gentry*, Clarence Wilson.

"MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Charles S. Belden. Screen play by Don Mullally and Carl Erickson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Ivan Igor*, Lionel Atwill; *Charlotte*, Fay Wray; *Florence*, Glenda Farrell; *Editor*, Frank McHugh; *Ralph Burton*, Allen Vincent; *Dr. Rasmussen*, Holmes Herbert; *Joan Gale*, Monica Bannister; *Joe Worth*, Edwin Maxwell; *Harold Winton*, Gavin Gordon; *Sparrow*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Detective*, DeWitt Jennings; *Plain clothes man*, Pat O'Malley; *Detective*, Thomas Jackson.

"NAGANA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lester Cohen. Screen play by Dale Van Every and Don Ryan. Directed by Ernst L. Frank. The cast: *Countess Sandra Lubeska*, Tala Birell; *Dr. Walter Radnor*, Melvyn Douglas; *Dr. Kabayochi*, Mike Marita; *Dr. Roy Stark*, Onslow Stevens; *Nogu*, Everett Brown; *The King*, Billy McLean; *Mukovo*, William H. Dunn; *Ivory Trader*, Frank Lackteen; *Head Boatman*, Noble Johnson.

"NO MAN OF HER OWN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Edmund Goulding and Benjamin Glazer. Screen play by Maurine Watkins and Milton H. Gropper. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Babe Stewart*, Clark Gable; *Connie Randall*, Carole Lombard; *Kay Everly*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Vane*, Grant Mitchell; *Mr. Randall*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Randall*, Elizabeth Patterson; *"Dickie" Collins*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Willie Randall*, Tommy Conlon; *Mr. Morton*, Walter Walker; *Vargas*, Paul Ellis; *Mattie*, Lillian Harmer; *Minister*, Frank McGlynn, Sr.

"OFFICER 13"—ALLIED.—From the story by Paul Edwards. Screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Tom Burke*, Monte Blue; *Doris Dane*, Lila Lee; *Sandy Malone*, Charles Delaney; *Jack Blake*, Robert Ellis; *Joan Thorpe*, Frances Rich; *Trixie Dubrey*, Seena Owen; *Chief of Police*, Joseph Girard; *Buddy Malone*, Mickey McGuire; *Sammy*, Jackie Searl; *Judge Dane*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Grannie*, Florence Roberts; *Fruit Vender*, George Humbert; *Dolores*, Dot Meyberg; *Pete*, Charles O'Malley; *Police Capt.*, Alan Cavan; *Butler*, Edward Cooper.

"PARACHUTE JUMPER" — WARNERS. —From the story by Rian James. Screen play by John Francis Larkin. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Bill Keller*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Weber*, Leo Carrillo; *Alabama*, Bette Davis; *Toodles*, Frank McHugh; *Mrs. Newberry*, Claire Dodd; *The Secretary*, Sheila Terry; *Steve*, Harold Huber; *Coffey*, Thomas Jackson; *Crowley*, George Pat Collins; *The Colonel*, Reginald Barlow; *Pilot*, Pat O'Malley; *Wilson*, Harold Healy; *Hocheimer*, Ferdinand Munier; *Pilot*, Walter Miller.

"PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Rex Beach. Screen play by Marion Dix and Edward J. Doherty. Directed by Harlan Thompson and Slavko Vorkapich. The cast: *Mary Holmes (Maria di Nardi)*, Helen MacKellar; *Geoffrey Holmes (Geoffrey di Nardi)*, Eric Linden; *Joan Hoyt*, Jean Arthur; *Pratt*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Jacob Riggs*, Ivan Simpson; *Ethridge*, Clay Clement; *Brooks*, Franklin Parker; *Flannigan*, Eddie Nugent; *Klondike*, Rosco Ates; *Kent*, J. Carrol Naish; *Kinkaid*, John Sheehan.

"RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Charles MacArthur. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Prince Chegodieff*, John Barrymore; *The Czarina*, Ethel Barrymore; *Rasputin*, Lionel Barrymore; *The Czar*, Ralph Morgan; *Princess Natasha*, Diana Wynyard; *The Czarevitch*, Tad Alexander; *Grand Duke Igor*, C. Henry Gordon; *Doctor Remezov*, Edward Arnold; *Doctor Wolff*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

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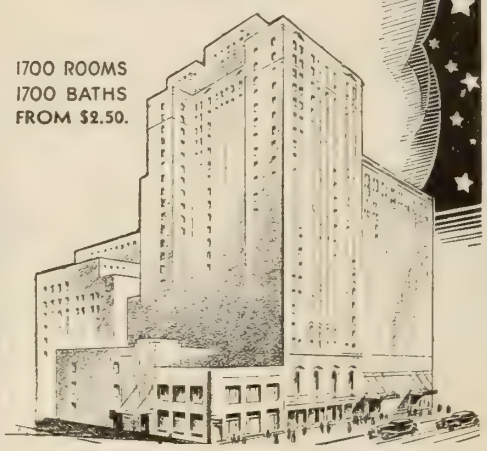
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"SAILOR BE GOOD" — RKO-RADIO — Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and Ethel Doherty. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Jonesey*, Jack Oakie; *Red*, Vivienne Osborne; *Murphy*, George E. Stone; *Kay Whitney*, Gertrude Michael; *Slim*, Lincoln Stedman; *Hartigan*, Max Hoffman, Jr.; *Mrs. Perry*, Louise MacIntosh; *Mr. Whitney*, Huntly Gordon; *Butler*, Charles Coleman; *Mr. Graham*, Crauford Kent; *Lester Rose*, Leo White; *Gigolo*, Carlos Alvarado; *Mr. Perry*, Richard Kipling; *Lieut. Brown*, Arnold Gray.

"SCARLET RIVER"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Tom Baxter*, Tom Keene; *Judy*, Dorothy Wilson; *Ulysses Mope*, Rosco Ates; *Jeff Todd*, Creighton Chaney; *Sam Gilroy*, Ed Kennedy; *Buck*, Billy Butts; *Clink*, Hooper Atchley; *Dummy*, Jimmy Mason; *Babe*, Betty Furness; *Benny*, Jack Raymond.

"SECOND HAND WIFE" — FOX. — From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Screen play by Hamilton MacFadden. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden The cast: *Sandra Trumbull*, Sally Eilers; *Carter Cavendish*, Ralph Bellamy; *Betty Cavendish*, Helen Vinson; *Lotzi Vadja*, Victor Jory; *Patsy*, Karol Kay; *Rose Bray*, Dorothy Christy; *Mrs. Trumbull*, Esther Howard; *Miss Curtis*, Ara Haswell; *Peter Cavendish*, Clay Clement; *Mrs. Hough*, Effie Ellsler; *Mrs. Cavendish*, Nella Walker.

"SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Lady" by Martin Brown. Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Sally*, Irene Dunne; *Aubrey St. John*, Lionel Atwill; *Leonard St. John*, Phillips Holmes; *Leonard Junior*, Douglas Walton; *States Attorney*, C. Henry Gordon; *Eloise*, Jean Parker; *Duval*, Mitchell Lewis.

"SHE DONE HIM WRONG"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mae West. Screen play by Harvey Thew and John Bright. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Lady Lou*, Mae West; *Capt. Cummings*, Cary Grant; *Serge Stanieff*, Gilbert Roland; *Gus Jordan*, Noah Beery; *Rita Christina*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Dan Flynn*, David Landau; *Sally*, Rochelle Hudson; *Chick Clark*, Owen Moore; *Ragtime Kelly*, Fuzzy Knight; *Chick Connors*, Tammany Young; *Spider Kane*, Dewey Robinson; *Frances*, Grace LaRue; *McGarry*, Harry Wallace; *Pete*, James Eagle; *Doheny*, Robert Homans; *Big Bill*, Tom Kennedy; *Tout*, Mike Donlin; *Bar Fly*, Arthur Housman; *Pal*, Wade Boteler; *Mrs. Flaherty*, Aggie Herring; *Pearl*, Louise Beavers; *Jacobson*, Lee Kohlmar; *Mike*, Tom McGuire.

"SO THIS IS AFRICA"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Alexander*, Robert Woolsey; *Wilbur*, Bert Wheeler; *Leader of Amazon Women*, Raquel Torres; *Mrs. Johnson Martini*, Esther Muir; *Ferdinand*, Berton Churchill; *Street cleaner*, Henry Armetta; *Doctor*, Spencer Charters.

"TERROR TRAIL" — UNIVERSAL. — From the story by Grant Taylor. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: *Tom Munroe*, Tom Mix; *Norma*, Naomi Judge; *Little Casino*, Arthur Rankin; *Dawson*, Raymond Hatton; *Tad McPherson*, Francis McDonald; *Tim McPherson*, Robert Kortman; *Ormsby*, John Sainpolis; *Judell*, Frank Brownlee; *Deputy Sheriff*, Harry Tenbrook; *Shay*, Lafe McKee; *Dr. Wilson*, W. J. "Pee Wee" Holmes; *Smith*, Hank Bell; *Jones*, Leonard Trainer; *Henry*, Jim Corey; *A prisoner*, Jay Wilsey; *Tony Junior*, Tony Junior.

"TONIGHT IS OURS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Noel Coward. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Nadya*, Claudette Colbert; *Sabien Pastal*, Fredric March; *Grand Duchess Emilie*, Alison Skipworth; *Prince Keri*, Paul Cavanagh; *General Krish*, Arthur Byron; *Zana*, Ethel Griffies; *Seminoff*, Clay Clement; *Alex*, Warburton Gamble; *Leader of Mob*, Edwin Maxwell.

"VAMPIRE BAT, THE"—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Dr. Otto Von Niemann*, Lionel Atwill; *Karl Breitschneider*, Melvyn Douglas; *Ruth Berlin*, Fay Wray; *Emil Borst*, Robert Frazer; *Herman Gleib*, Dwight Frye; *Gustave Schoen*, Lionel Belmore; *Kringen*, George E. Stone; *Aunt Gussie*, Maude Eburne; *Georgiana*, Stella Adams; *Sauer*, William V. Mong.

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"—M-G-M.—From the play by Laurence Gross and Edward Childs Carpenter. Screen play by Elliott Nugent. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Wallace Porter*, Ernest Truex; *Toby Van Buren*, Una Merkel; *Dillon*, Edward Arnold; *Charlie*, John Miljan; *Lombardo*, C. Henry Gordon; *Slim*, Johnny Hines; *Barfuss*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Joe*, Nat Pendleton; *Herman*, Tenen Holtz; *Hilda*, Marcelle Corday; *Benny*, Jack Perry.

"WOMEN WON'T TELL" — CHESTERFIELD. — From the story by Lela E. Rogers. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Aggie Specks*, Sarah Padden; *Henry Jones*, Otis Harlan; *April*, Gloria Shea; *George Robinson*, Larry Kent; *Attorney for the Defense*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Howard*, Mae Busch; *Joe Kummer*, Walter Long; *Elias Morehouse*, William V. Mong; *District Attorney*, Robert Ellis; *Williams*, Tom Ricketts; *Wanda Wolf*, Isabel Withers; *Mr. Robinson*, John Hyams; *Mrs. Robinson*, Jane Darwell; *Mr. Howard*, Dewey Robinson; *Alvin Thompson*, Donald Kirke; *April, as a child*, June Bennett; *The Judge*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Liz*, Betty Mack.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Jack Pickford

NO question about it—we were getting decidedly war-conscious in our issue of March, 1918. On almost the first page rifles peeped at you, Hollywood lights, called to guard duty with a local reserve unit, held them. D. W. Griffith, fresh back from filming "Hearts of the World" behind the battlelines with the Gishes and Bobby Harron, told us the real war was too big for any film. Then a touch of professional pride, from the man who started the "million dollar" showmanship. "Producers often boast of settings and actors costing a million dollars. The settings for the picture I took cost several billion dollars."

Among present-day luminaries doing their bit was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a chubby little fellow in knee pants. We said he made his screen début with a bit in dad's "A Modern Musketeer"—proceeds to go to the Fairbanks chapter of the Red Cross.

A sadder note, apropos the recent death of Jack Pickford: It was fifteen years ago this month that we reviewed his corking "Tom Sawyer." And in our gallery of feminine beauties we presented Olive Thomas, the first Mrs. Jack, whose death occurred some years ago in the same Paris hospital, only fifteen years back to Jack's triumph—those days seem centuries away now.

We looked back five years to patronize the well-meaning films of 1913 in two pages of pictures, and told how much better 1918 was doing it. Item: "Shooting the Music" told how Joseph O'Sullivan of Mutual saw each film and drew up "cue sheets" for lady pianists in the theater. Second item: The New California theater in San Francisco was free from pillars, and boasted two luxurious lounges. Charlie Chaplin, Mae Murray, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford completed the mentions of luminaries known today. Virginia Pearson graced the cover.

10 Years Ago



Gloria Swanson

STORMS behind and storms brewing, but meanwhile a breathing spell—that seemed the spirit of filmland mirrored in our issue of March, 1923. Last rumbles of the parting storm about "movie morals" . . . an editorial speaking our mind about the handling of the Arbuckle case. And a melancholy afternote to the period of trouble . . . a two-page notice and farewell tribute occasioned by the tragic death of Wally Reid.

New thunderclouds peeping over the horizon. . . . One article told of Pola Negri's settling to work on "Bella Donna," after a sweep from Europe that had us agog as though waiting for Lindbergh, and of her sweet, simple ways, once she found a Polish cook. To work, did we say? Ah, *mon Dieu*, yes—when she felt like it. But when she didn't, it would not be *ze* true art, no? Meanwhile—grim portent—Gloria Swanson had just acquired a grand, new twenty-two room house and we showed pictures. That was all in March on that situation . . . but who, even then, had to be hit by lightning before knowing that storm winds were beginning to blow?

The reigning king, Rudolph Valentino, still was in temporary exile, thanks to his "strike" over the quality of pictures given him . . . but his story of his life was striding bravely into its second installment, telling of his first American jobs as a gardener and a New York cafe hoofer.

"A Bill of Divorcement" (silent version, starring Constance Binney) received mild commendation, and we thought that Harold Lloyd in "Dr. Jack" was not quite up to form. "The Hero" with John Sainpolis and Barbara La Marr, and "The Dangerous Age" with Lewis Stone and Cleo Madison, were our pick as the two best of the month. Death-house and gangster pictures were having a run. The month's cover honors went to Claire Windsor.

5 Years Ago



Gary Cooper

THE studio talk in March, 1928, was all of salary cuts and "the new business efficiency." Previously the producers had announced a straight ten per cent salary cut. Embattled actors, Conrad Nagel as spokesman, had protested . . . later dropped hints that they could suggest many a saving through cutting out executive nonsense. This issue chronicled the compromise: Stars were to be paid according to what they accomplished at the box-office. And through it all, there was not one whisper of the earthquake scheduled to sweep through filmland, commencing that summer. Nowhere in the issue did the ominous word "talkie" appear.

Still, the chronicles of the month's doings showed that many who were to attain first magnitude in the firmament of speaking stars, were already starlets in the silents. Our lead article told of a distinctly promising fellow named Clive Brook, and we gave Charlie Farrell a full-page picture for his gorgeous *Chico* in "7th Heaven." Gary Cooper had registered one of the six best films on the month with his "Beau Sabreur," the others winning this accolade being Emil Jannings, Greta Garbo, Richard Barthelmess, Dolores Del Rio and Lars Hanson. Dolores, praised for her *Ramona*, also drew a rap for what we called that "badly-directed, sappy melodrama, 'Gateway of the Moon,'" a South Seas undress affair. Joan Crawford was very much present, for her good work in "Rose Marie," as a demonstrator of make-up, and in a full page picture with limbs even more in evidence than the well-known Crawford eyes of today.

Clara Bow was telling her life story in our pages; among the Wampas girls of the year were Sally Eilers, Sue Carol and Lupe Velez. In "The Latest from Paris" Norma Shearer turned in her first startling clothes display. Mary Philbin had the cover.



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by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 64-69) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

THE FACE IN THE SKY—Fox

SPENCER TRACY is a breezy, itinerant sign-painter who rescues Marian Nixon, a poor orphan, from the hill-billies. They give chase and she, to save Tracy, consents to marry a man she doesn't love. But one of the hill-billy women helps Marian to escape and follow Spencer. A very good cast indeed, but they couldn't make this a good picture.

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia

CINDERELLA in a dance-hall, named Nancy Carroll, is plenty cute and hands in a nice performance. The prince is John Boles, the assistant-prince, Buck Jones. The prince marries the girl, making a grand gesture, she thinks. But it turns out that he loved her all the time! Unbelievable situations made plausible by good performances. Entertaining.

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners

SHOWS mostly what the talked-of ladies think about while behind prison bars, with Barbara Stanwyck heading the demonstration. (Yes, the thoughts are a bit sexy.) Barbara blames Preston Foster, a childhood sweetie turned reformer, for her stretch, and the death, in an attempted escape, of two of her convict pals. Released, she shoots Preston; whereupon the two find they love each other. Well done but too grim for children.

TERROR TRAIL—Universal

TOM MIX in a typically Mixonian story about a hypocritical leading citizen who is also a gang boss, a band of horse thieves, and a lovely girl—all of whom he rounds up as befits their individual cases and puts exactly where they belong. Naomi Judge is a new screen face as the girl, and does very nicely. Fast moving; beautiful photography.

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE —M-G-M

THIS adds one more to the variations of the "Madame X" theme—with Irene Dunne doing the honors. Douglas Walton is the son who actually does the killing for which his mother stands trial, but Jean Parker, as the girl he's supposed to have wronged, rather grabs the honors. Lionel Atwill and C. Henry Gordon, among others, lend pleasing support.

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio

DONE to give some young "up and comers" a workout, this piece also tries to give the lowdown on filming a Western, via the adventures of a movie company on a ranch location. Tom Keene is the hero who, while working as the leading film cowboy, rescues Dorothy Wilson, owner of the ranch, from her villainous foreman, Creighton Chaney. Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy offer grand comedy support.

CRASHIN' BROADWAY—Monogram

THIS starts out on Broadway with Rex Bell as a vaudeville cowboy. Then he goes West and does the real stuff. Cut from then on to the accepted he-man pattern, with a feud, a fight, and all the rest of it, the picture stands up nicely. Doris Hill is virtuous and appealing as the heroine, and Charles King is a villainous villain.

NAGANA—Universal

LAID in Africa, this is the story of a young scientist (Melvyn Douglas), who seeks to conquer sleeping sickness and is captured by a native king. Tala Birell, following him into

Waistline frocks cannot be worn over bulging hips!



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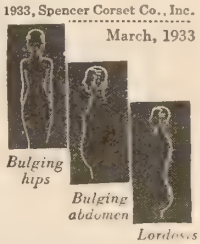
The same young woman photographed above is shown at the left wearing a smart gown from Corbeau & Cie over the Spencer designed especially for her. Note how slim the hip lines have become.

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March, 1933



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the wilderness, also is captured and narrowly escapes being fed to the crocodiles. Mike Marita as the Japanese assistant doctor gives the outstanding performance.

OFFICER 13—Allied

THIS is all about a motorcycle cop's vengeance upon the road-hog slayer of a brother officer, and his fight against "higher ups" trying to shield the culprit. Monte Blue and Lila Lee return to the screen as the avenger and the judge's daughter, but the return is unauspicious. Fine kid bits by Mickey McGuire and Jackie Searl.

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox

PUT out to please readers of Kathleen Norris, originator of the tale. Helen Vinson, as a gold-digging wife, maneuvers hubby Ralph Bellamy into the arms of his understanding and high-minded stenographer, Sally Eilers—and so on. Karol Kay plays a lovely daughter to Helen, but Director Hamilton MacFadden forgot that Kathleen's stuff, which always reads well, needs speeding up when put on the screen.

THE VAMPIRE BAT—Majestic Pictures

IF you don't know "Dracula," "Frankenstein," or others of the horror *genre*, you can see "The Vampire Bat" and get all your shuddering over with at one sitting. That is, if you can shudder over a story which creaks badly, as Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas unfold the horrific doings of a supposed vampire at work in a German village. Well-directed and photographed.

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal

FOR "another chain gang picture," this Jim Tully tale works out somewhat acceptably, thanks chiefly to Pat O'Brien's excellent portrayal of Irish temperament shining through the drawling ways of rural Georgia. Marred by villains and situations altogether too villainous to be convincing. Good detailed work by Merna Kennedy, Berton Churchill and Douglas Dumbrille; Gloria Stuart provides Pat's happy ending. Will do, if you don't mind horror laid on with a trowel.

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia

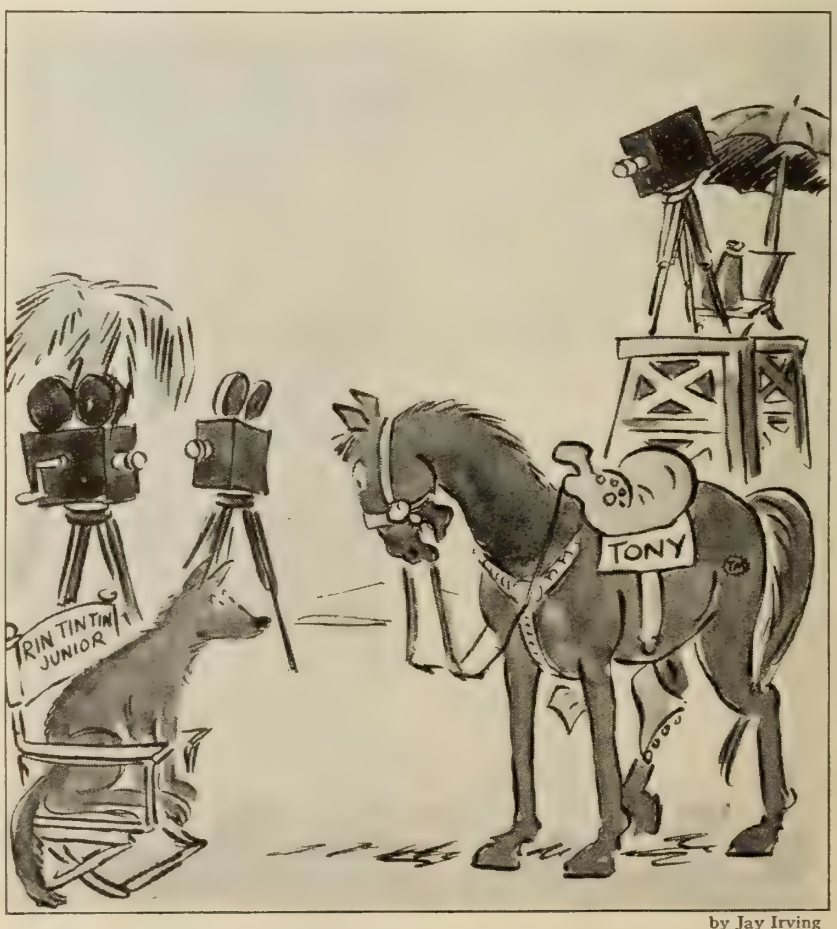
ALTHOUGH this is undoubtedly the funniest effort of Wheeler and Woolsey's screen career, it is so crammed with risque material it will hardly pass censors without considerable cutting. As animal hunters in Africa, the two comics burlesque every animal picture produced, particularly "Tarzan." With Raquel Torres, Esther Muir and Henry Armetta as foils, they contribute an evening of rowdy entertainment. Strictly stag picture as it stands.

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures

A HORROR picture at its worst. Based on the old story, now practically a legend—where the girl returns to her hotel, and no one knows her or has ever heard of her mother, with whom she has just registered (only in this case, it's her brother). And aren't you confused? And is she baffled? And aren't we all! Good cast, including Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron, does what it can to be convincing.

LUXURY LINER—Paramount

A STRONG cast struggles hard with the inane plot and silly dialogue of this one. A doctor, following his eloping wife aboard a huge liner, finds himself and the story lost in a mass of unrelated events. Even the bit of comedy that is literally dragged in fails to



by Jay Irving

"I knew your dad well."

help. Cast includes George Brent, Zita Johann, Vivienne Osborne, Alice White, Verree Teasdale, Frank Morgan and C. Aubrey Smith.

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield

AN abandoned child is found in the city dump by a woman junk scavenger. The little girl grows up to become a tennis star, and falls in love. The mystery surrounding her origin almost breaks up the romance—and you know the rest. There are courtroom-prison scenes thrown in for good measure, and Sarah Padden, Gloria Shea, Otis Harlan, Mae Busch and others enact the drama.

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox

ALTHOUGH James Dunn and screen-débutante Boots Mallory are billed as stars, they really support two prankish young boys, Buster Phelps and George Ernest. After some "Peck's Bad Boy" stuff, the story goes mildly dramatic with a gangster plot against Jimmie. Thereupon, the boys rally all the youngsters in town and stage a Keystone comedy mob rescue. A few thin glimpses of the real James Dunn; Boots, given nothing worth doing by the script, contributes just that.

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio

JACK OAKIE'S back in the navy again, this time as a gob prize-fighter with a yen to count John Barleycorn out. Vivienne Osborne very appealing as his taxi-dancer true love, and Gertrude Michael excellent as the swell society dame who marries him for a thrill. George E. Stone wasted in a silly trainer rôle. Not especially recommended; the humor is strictly of the barrel-house type.

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film

AN unpretentious little picture about a young heiress who shoots the wad, to find the riches of true love after she goes broke. Ruth Hall is teamed with Grant Withers as the once-rich race-horse trainer, and both do nicely; John Sainpolis, as the sporty father who gets killed by the outlaw horse his daughter afterwards rides, helps with some decent acting.

DECEPTION—Columbia

A NOBLE young innocent (Nat Pendleton) steps into the crooked-wrestling racket and wipes out the slick promoter (Leo Carrillo) and his mob. The action's as heavy-footed as the dull-witted behemoths who do the grappling; Nat's smile is as fixed as the matches. Some human bits contributed by Frank Sheridan as a trainer, Hans Steinke as the set-up champ, Dickie Moore and Thelma Todd. Good shots of various grips and falls.

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.

DON'T feel badly if you miss this one. A rich young roisterer (James Murray), needing an aged mother to placate a speed court, adopts one (Margaret Seddon) from an old ladies' home run by Evalyn Knapp. Mama shoots the designing vamp (Astrid Allwyn) when she threatens James; chastened, he marries Evalyn. A few good bits immersed in a welter of wooden performances and mawkish heart-throbs.

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures

JOHNNY MACK BROWN, Raymond Hatton, Ralph Ince and Dorothy Burgess do what they can to make this story of the Malay pearl beds palatable. Also, there are Carmelita Geraghty and Lionel Belmore in the cast. But none of them can do much to help. The trouble is that there just isn't any story to do anything with. And what story there is gets pretty mellow without getting anywhere else.



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

ONE of the quaintest sights the old village of Hollywood has ever seen is Mr. George Arliss out for that much publicized five mile morning walk.

Up Cahuenga Pass the sprightly Mr. Arliss walks. While right behind him and following slowly, comes the Arliss car and the Arliss chauffeur.

When Mr. Arliss feels slightly tired of the pavement pounding, he motions for the car, hops in and the remaining four miles of the morning walk is made in the Arliss limousine.

AND I like the one Irving Berlin tells of his experience with the secretary of a Los Angeles lawyer.

"Hello!" said Berlin over the telephone. "This is Irving Berlin."

There was a pause and then came a drawling, sarcastic reply:

"Say It Isn't So!"

ONE of the ex-designers for M-G-M, now in Paris, was walking down a Paris boulevard when he noted a familiar looking figure ahead of him—walking with long, determined strides. Mackintosh, mannish hat, hands in pockets.

He looked at her feet. Yes—it was!

He placed his hand on the back of her arm. She started and commenced to shake like a woman unexpectedly attacked by bandits.

"But please. I have had to change hotels eight times now. This is terrible—"

AND then this man who had known Greta Garbo so well on the Metro lot in Hollywood realized that this "wanting to be alone" and "unrecognized" had become a real complex with the great star. The way she shook was actual. He promised not to reveal the fact that she was in Paris. And he didn't. She had left before he even whispered the story. Garbo annoyed the English immensely. *If* she was in London and didn't let anyone know! Why, she had friends in London. The English don't understand this kind of complex in world celebrities.

ALL Hollywood is now having to admit Joan Blondell was right.

Her answer in reply to all queries relative to the report she had married George Barnes last summer was something of a classic.

"I didn't say we were married," she asserted, "and I'm not saying now whether we are or we aren't."

And then she and George confounded all the guessers by getting married in Phoenix, Ariz.

IT actually happened. At a recent Hollywood party, a certain leading man took a little beauty out on the veranda. But the young lady refused to be kissed and walked into the house.

The actor hurried after her. "Listen," he said, "don't you know who I am?"

"IT'S so stupid," says Billie Burke of her rumored engagement to David Burton.

"Mr. Burton is an old friend. He put on 'The Marquise,' in New York and again for me here and in San Francisco. These rumors so soon after Mr. Ziegfeld's death are in such bad taste."



WHEN friends heard about the collection of old Western mementoes that Mary Pickford gave Douglas Fairbanks for Christmas, they got together and arranged a surprise house-warming.

Mary is wearing one of the costumes from "Secrets," and Doug dug up his treasured "Mark of Zorro" outfit. Between them is Mary's niece, Gwynne Pickford, and behind her, dressed as a sheriff, the dowager Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Millicent Hawes. Beside her in white is Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, while that cheerful cowboy behind the girls is Joel McCrea. Behind Doug is his brother Robert's daughter, Lucile, and next to her John Monk Saunders, with "Big Boy" Williams peeping over his head. The old-timer with plug hat and beard is Doug Jr., as a Western gambler. Two "hill billy" artists provide the music. The relic room at Pickfair is planned as the nucleus of a Western museum.

WATCH FOR THIS GREAT ARRAY OF RKO RADIO PICTURES!



ANN HARDING-LESLIE HOWARD
in THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
with Myrna Loy and William Gargan

Philip Barry's brilliant stage success that ran for two solid years on Broadway... The picture selected as the opening attraction at the New RKO Roxy Theatre in Radio City, New York, the new amusement center of the world...Now being shown throughout the country.



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In the noted stage play that was a triumph in London, Paris and New York..."Topaze"...The story of an honest man who found it wiser to be a thief.



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More alluring than ever before—wearing her most gorgeous gowns—in "Our Betters"... From the celebrated stage play by W. Somerset Maugham.



The Eighth Wonder of the World!
With Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot... From the prehistoric past, a monster ape—towering like a skyscraper—invades our civilization!



RICHARD DIX
In "The Great Jasper"...From the novel by Fulton Oursler... Dix in the fascinating role of a modern Don Juan who worked at love and loved his work!

RKO RADIO PICTURES - RKO BUILDING - RADIO CITY - NEW YORK

Even the Best of Chefs
. . . can be an Enemy of your Gums



THE art of the chef is to please your palate with his sauces and his viands. There is no reason why he should even *consider* your gums!

Yet his sauces, his entrees, his desserts, give your gums none of the stimulation they need for healthy hardness. Your gums lead a lazy life indeed. They become weak, tender, flabby. One day you discover "pink tooth brush."

Any good dentist will explain: "Go on eating the delicious foods of today. But —you must care for your gums!

"Modern gums," he will tell you, "are flabby, touchy gums because modern foods give them too little stimulation. Most people tend to have bleeding gums —a condition we call 'pink tooth brush.' Ignore it, and you may find yourself with gum troubles as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea, though the last is rare. You will probably find, too, that your teeth look dull and dingy. And sometimes sound teeth are threatened."

"Pink Tooth Brush" can be checked with Ipana and Massage

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put a little more Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *lightly massage it into your flabby gums.*

Your teeth will feel very clean—and within a few days they will begin to brighten up. Within the month your gums will have become firmer. The ziratol in Ipana, together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Get Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage and not only will your teeth be whiter, but you'll see no more of "pink tooth brush."



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NORMA SHEARER

IS THE GARBO RAGE OVER?



ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet . . . pronounces a few magic words . . . Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy.* When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness."

EXPLANATION: Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly ... smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot.*

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack . . . and because they contain *better tobaccos.*

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Your CAMELS *are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.*



No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

He—OWNS A YACHT

Money will buy a lot! But it won't buy healthy gums. Because modern foods are soft and creamy, only care will prevent "pink tooth brush"!



She—PUSHES A BABY CARRIAGE

Exercise—whether you get it at sea or in the park—is splendid! But gums need exercise, too. They need daily care with Ipana and massage.



Neither Wealth nor Health keeps "Pink Tooth Brush" *away!*

MILLIONAIRES have "pink tooth brush" and stevedores have it. The debutante is no more immune to its threat than the shop girl—the wealthy dowager no more than the scrubwoman. For "pink tooth brush" is a condition of the gums brought about by the soft foods of our 20th century menus.

Like every other living tissue, your gums need exercise. The vigorous chewing of hard foods once supplied the stimulation they need so vitally. But the soft foods of our modern menus—entrées, puddings, creamy sauces, give them no stimulation—leave them dormant, soft and flabby.

Naturally, they become sensitive and tender—develop a tendency to bleed. Naturally, some morning that "tinge of pink" shows up on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" is serious. Ignored, it may lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, or to the much more dreaded but fortunately rarer pyorrhea. It's serious because it may even endanger sound teeth.

Do something about "pink tooth brush." Today—get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. (Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste that really *cleans* the teeth, yet can't possibly harm the delicate enamel.)

Now—each time you clean your teeth—rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

Ipana contains an effective toning agent known as ziratol. This, with the daily massage, will bring your gums back to a healthy condition. Slack circulation is speeded up—the gum walls recover the firmness they had when you were a child—and you forget about "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

A Good Tooth Paste, like a Good Dentist, is never a luxury



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ZOO IN BUDAPEST

Where youth finds love amid the strangest of settings . . .

Where, before the eyes of the curious, is enacted a primitive romance so thrilling, so tender so strange...that by the very power and uniqueness of its story and the production genius of Jesse L. Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST definitely becomes one of the leaders in the Fox Cavalcade of Hits.



JESSE L. LASKY
The genius who made movies the great American entertainment, crowns his career with the year's most thrilling picture.



with

LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND
O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 5 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | April, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
2923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"

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On the cover—Norma Shearer—Painted by Earl Christy

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

★ **AIRMAIL**—Universal.—Thriller of Uncle Sam's extra-fare mail with a virile, romantic background. Ralph Bellamy as the airport superintendent and Pat O'Brien as the daredevil stunter shine. Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are the girls. (*Dec.*)

★ **ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Universal.—A picture for the whole family, gridiron-wise or not. Dick Arlen and June Clyde sparkle romantically. Jimmy Gleason and Andy Devine pass loads of laughs. And thirty-five pigskin stars play a thriller. (*Dec.*)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio. —Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (*Feb.*)

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (*March*)

BALL, THE (Le Bal)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Amusing, though weak French film of middle-class family who goes "society" with sudden wealth. Knowledge of French not necessary. (*Dec.*)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (*Jan.*)

★ **BIG BROADCAST, THE**—Paramount.—Here's novelty—romance and swell fun in a radio locale. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams—and Bing Crosby with a galaxy of radio stars doing their best stuff. Weak story, grand music. (*Dec.*)

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (*March*)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (*Feb.*)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (*Jan.*)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (*Jan.*)

★ **CAVALCADE** — Fox. — "Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (*March*)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (*Jan.*)

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (*March*)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (*Jan.*)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (*Jan.*)

COWBOY COUNSELLOR, THE—First Division-Allied.—The days of sheriffs with huge "soup strainers." Hoot Gibson becomes a bogus lawyer to defend "the girl." Sheila Mannors' work deserves promotion. (*Dec.*)

CRASHIN' BROADWAY — Monogram. — Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (*March*)

CRUSADER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—Law and press war on crime and enmesh the reformer's family in scandal. H. B. Warner, Evelyn Brent, Ned Sparks and Lew Cody head the cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (*Jan.*)

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPADE) — UFA. — A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who flees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (*Feb.*)

Your chance to express your choice of the **Best Picture of 1932.**

Turn to page 68 for the **Gold Medal Ballot**

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (*Jan.*)

DEATH KISS, THE—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (*Feb.*)

DECEPTION—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outslicks the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (*March*)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE — Paramount. — Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (*Feb.*)

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—First National.—Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees, Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (*Feb.*)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a *very* sober Charlie Ruggles. (*Jan.*)

EXPOSED—Eagle Prod.—The honest hero turns "stool" to trap a gang. Follow the moss-grown lovers' misunderstandings. Too much for Barbara Kent and William Collier, Jr. (*Dec.*)

FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (*March*)

FAITHLESS—M-G-M.—Tallulah Bankhead rates cheers as an heiress in love with struggling Robert Montgomery. Crash! "Primroses" for Tallulah, skids for Bob. The depths reunite them. Sincere acting overcomes triteness. (*Dec.*)

FALSE FACES—World Wide.—Startling, with a brand-new idea—an exposé of malpractice in "face lifting." Lowell Sherman is the suave, unethical doctor, and directed excellently. Peggy Shannon and Lila Lee please. (*Dec.*)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (*Feb.*)

FAST LIFE—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (*Feb.*)

FIGHTING GENTLEMAN, THE—Freuler Film. —Fast moving but trite. Good prize ring scenes with ex-champ Jim Jeffries as referee. William Collier, Jr., and Josephine Dunn enliven an antique plot. (*Dec.*)

FLAMING GUNS—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (*Feb.*)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (*Feb.*)

FORTY-NINERS, THE—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (*Feb.*)

42ND STREET—Warners.—Almost an out-and-out musical, in which Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. (*March*)

FOURTH HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Take the children to Tom Mix's best in an age. Little dialogue but packed with thrilling action. (*Dec.*)

FRISCO JENNY—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (*Feb.*)

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (*March*)

GOLDEN WEST, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey Western with a Kentucky feud and a wholesale Indian massacre. George O'Brien is dressed almost as Adam. (*Dec.*)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (*March*)

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (*Jan.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Inaugurating a NEW DEAL in ENTERTAINMENT!.....

WARNER BROS. set the pace with the ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE of 1933—"42nd Street"... Super-drama—super-spectacle! Two mighty shows in one!...Gripping story of playgirls and payboys... Packed with love-thrills and wonderful music... Gorgeous pageant of beauty pulsating with passionate rhythm... Filled with surprises!... The Greatest Show of 1933!



14 STARS

WARNER BAXTER
BEBE DANIELS
GEORGE BRENT
RUBY KEELER
UNA MERKEL
DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
GUY KIBBEE
NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL
and
200 GIRLS
Directed by LLOYD BACON

WARNER BROS.' Sensational Musical Hit!

Coming to your theatre soon... Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year

The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



It does seem only fair, seeing how Nils Asther has set folks raving by his performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," that we remind you what this son of the Vikings looks like when he comes out of disguise. So here he is, *as* he is when enjoying himself in true Norseman style

$25 LETTER

I cannot understand the aversion displayed by so many stars for being "typed." Aren't we all—types? Butcher, baker, banker, broker; milliner, manicurist, modiste, mother—don't we, each of us, play the same old rôle over and over, day after day?

We don't expect our banker to turn suddenly into the iceman or our postman into the minister. Is it any wonder we experience a feeling of disappointment, amounting almost to outrage, when, after looking forward for days to the appearance of a favorite in a new picture, we arrive at the theater all set to share for an hour or two the joys and sorrows of a "screen pal," and discover that the object of our devotion has undergone a complete change—sometimes even to an acquired accent?

MABEL ARGO, New Albany, Ind.

$10 LETTER

Living in faraway China, the only glimpse I get of my homeland is through the movies. I know I will never see America with my own eyes again. I have an invalid husband who cannot move from his bed, and I look after him and earn money to send my little girl to school.

People up here argue and try to put me off the idea of sending my little girl to America. Depression, they say. No jobs, no food, no clothes, no money. America is doomed.

But I know America will win through. Whenever I go to the movies, I marvel at the courage that enables the American people to go on fighting, producing good entertainment, changing tears to smiles. Helping people like myself to retain hope for better things.

That is why I am going to send my daughter to America. I have faith in America. The movies have helped me see it!

ALINE S. ALLEN, Shanghai, China

$5 LETTER

I suppose I have only myself to blame because my eighteen year old daughter is so shy and ill at ease in the presence of boys. In my anxiety to prevent her from becoming too bold, I took the utmost caution in raising her. Among other things I saw to it that she attended the movies very seldom (supposing that they might have a bad influence on her).

In several recent pictures I had occasion to admire the beautiful naturalness with which the young girls talked and laughed with the men . . . and I had an inspiration. I encouraged my daughter to attend the movies and with great care and subtlety, called her attention to the natural actions of the boys and girls together. I am delighted these days when I hear my daughter say words like "thank you, flatterer," instead of blushing miserably.

MRS. E. MILLER, St. Louis, Mo.

THERE can be no question—Nils Asther did himself and his future plenty of good with his performance in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." After weighing him against Gable, Cooper, Raft, March and others, many a reader casts his (or her) vote for Nils.

Fredric March attracted a lot of attention during the past month, while Muni's "Fugitive" is still drawing widespread praise, and Lee Tracy is coming stronger and stronger.

Norma Shearer continues to receive compliments for her work in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through"—but Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper's "A Farewell to Arms" have now pulled neck to neck for first honors. Clara Bow and Katharine Hepburn perhaps come next in volume of comment while Helen Vinson's "Lawyer Man" drew increasing notice.

Signs point likewise to paeans of praise for Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard as "Cavalcade" gets more about the country, and the Barrymore opus about *Rasputin* is seen.

WELL! NILS SEEMS HOT!

I admire the smooth, subtle acting of Leslie Howard, the animal appeal of Clark Gable and the sophistication of Herbert Marshall. But there is some indefinable quality lacking in each one of these romantic men. I had despaired of ever finding my perfect specimen of screen man-hood—until I saw "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and Nils Asther!

LUCILLE S. ADAMS, Birmingham, Ala.

How can women rave about Clark Gable and George Raft when Nils Asther has returned to the screen?

Asther was superb as *General Yen*, dominating even as competent an actress as Barbara Stanwyck. He is easily, in my opinion, the handsomest man who has ever appeared in pictures. His physique compares favorably even with Weissmuller's. He dwarfs Raft to such insignificance that I shan't stop to contrast them.

As for the Gable "menace"—Asther has it in a more subtle way. He is cruel where Gable is merely brutal, with crude masculine virility.

ALICE SIMPSON, Seattle, Wash.

MARLENE! WHAT YOU STARTED!

I wish to laud Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo for their courage in not carrying their screen appearances into private life.

The trousers worn outside of work by Dietrich and Hepburn are as comfortable, not to say as charming and logical, as the drapes with which they are gowned for the public eye. If young girls and women who follow the styles (figuratively, but sadly) of the best dressed actresses, will observe the simple, sensible togs these three personalities wear, they will be saved many a pang of hopeless envy.

EVE FINE, Los Angeles, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]


Lee Tracy
in "Private Jones"
...WITH GLORIA STUART★
DONALD COOK · EMMA DUNN
FRANK McHUGH · RUSSELL GLEASON
PRIVATE Jones was a lovable fool and he couldn't escape the draft. He snarled at patriotism, hated his officers and the men around him. He despised the army and refused to bow to discipline. He was cocky and quick-tempered. He wanted to fight everybody but the enemy. But there came a day when he was forced to the firing-line and in that swirling sea of fire, "PRIVATE JONES" —but see the picture in which LEE TRACY makes the hit of his career.
•
Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE
Story by Richard Schayer.
Directed by
RUSSELL MACK
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



Ah, how they're blushing—and chuckling—as this gay siren does her stuff! From all signs, Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong" is going to launch many an argument—virtue vs. fun—during the season. For example, what's your idea of the work she's putting on Cary Grant?

It seems that the public is falling for this Dietrich male attire fad. Most of the smart women's shops here are featuring suits with trousers as well as skirts. But need it be that men's garters and suspenders sing the accompaniment?

It must be remembered that Marlene Dietrich is an actress—always dramatizing herself, striving for something new and outstanding. The average woman has no excuse for this.

JACK HENRY, Hollywood, Calif.

Marlene should be sued for disrupting home life, parading in masculine attire! Will Pop foam at the mouth when he tries to get into a strange pair of pants in his closet?

I won't be able to tell the boy friend from my old maid aunt, who insists upon "Marlegging" in her latest "Dashabout Dandy," which comes, mind you, with an extra pair of trousers!

BERNICE C. BOWNE, San Francisco, Calif.

You may think I'm mad—but I'd love to see Marlene Dietrich with Chevalier! And would that be a big box-office draw!

JERRY STEELE, London, England



No wonder our readers are still voicing appreciation of Wallace Beery's work in "Flesh"—when you sense the gripping spirit of the piece, as shown here. Isn't Wallace just the trusting palooka *Polikai* was—and Karen Morley haunted, exactly as she should be?

ENTER "ANIMAL KINGDOM"!

Will you please page the High Potentate of RKO-Radio and extend to him my vote of thanks for at last giving one of the screen's most talented actresses, a long deserved break?

I refer to Ann Harding and her superb performance in that splendid picture, "The Animal Kingdom."

A finer team of artists isn't to be found in all Hollywood than Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. Artists of the same calibre, their combined efforts produce pictures that will long be remembered.

HAZEL D. BEHR, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Leslie Howard amazes us more in every movie he is in! No two movies could be more unlike than "Smilin' Through" and "The Animal Kingdom," yet Mr. Howard turns in A-1 performances in both. Who says he isn't the most versatile on the screen?

Myrna Loy should certainly come in for a large part of the honors, for in spite of the fact that it is Leslie Howard's and Ann Harding's picture, she made her part stand out.

BOEMONT MOSS, Newport, R. I.

I have just seen Ann Harding in "The Animal Kingdom" and feel she is the real aristocrat of stage and screen.

DOROTHY ALBER, Indianapolis, Ind.

WHY, GRANDPA!

Am I laughing and am I cheering! I've just seen Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong." She's something rare, so heaven preserve her—rarities are so few nowadays in the movies.

While I was gazing upon Mae's buxom curves, some woman sitting in back of me said to her neighbor, "Why that's positively indecent!" I turned around and gave her the meanest look I could muster. My granddaddy said that scenes like those in Mae's picture were absolutely true to life, and I guess he should know.

After watching our Garbo-Dietrich-Bankhead menaces slither through this and that, Mae is positively, naughtily refreshing.

ANITA CAHOON, Huntington Park, Calif.

"FAREWELL TO ARMS"

When I went to see Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms," I was prepared to behold something fine.

But I didn't see a motion picture, for I really met two people—a young army officer and a war nurse, who loved each other madly.

And my cheeks were wet with tears when I beheld the soldier, pitifully, numbly, in his tragic sorrow, hold the nurse closely in his arms, while she slipped away to "peace."

Yes, I must have really met these people, and I saw the woman die, after I, too, had learned to love her.

Such realism is art! Can't we meet more real people in the movies?

MOTES DILLE, Kansas City, Mo.

I would like to tell you what that beautiful picture, "A Farewell to Arms" did for me. My husband and I have been married for nearly two years, but lately we have come to quarrel. Finally last Sunday we went to see "Farewell to Arms."

Before the picture was half over it had brought back to me the vivid memory of our own whirlwind courtship and the great love we had known. Towards the end of the picture, when my undemonstrative husband's hand crept over to hold mine, I knew that he was as ashamed as I of what we had been doing to our love. That heartrending death scene made us both realize what a dreadful thing the other's death would be.

I wish I could personally thank all those who made "A Farewell to Arms" for their

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

RED, ROUGH HANDS . . .

made smooth, white, lovely—

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!



HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock ...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outshone them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough . . . They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are *you* killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks, the allure of *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore . . .

How this famous cream works

Hot water . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework . . . all take away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night.*

This famous lotion leaves an invisible "*second skin*", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*



TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it *floats* the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

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FREE ***A 7-Day Trial Bottle*** **(Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)**

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.



(This offer not good in Canada)

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. HM4, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE** — RKO-Radio. —Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (*Feb.*)

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM — United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (*March*)

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (*March*)

★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (*March*)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (*Jan.*)

HEART PUNCH — Mayfair Pictures. — Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (*Feb.*)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount. —Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmailer (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (*Jan.*)

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (*March*)

HER MAD NIGHT—Mayfair Pictures.—A mother (Irene Rich) shielding her daughter from a murder charge. Conway Tearle splendid as family friend and "foe." (*Dec.*)

HIDDEN GOLD—Universal.—Western with forest fire high spot. Tom Mix, little Judith Barrie and Tony, of course. (*Dec.*)

HOT PEPPER—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (*March*)

HOT SATURDAY—Paramount.—Merely amusing, gets nowhere. Cary Grant's part (city slicker) is lifeless. Nancy Carroll is the village belle, Randolph Scott her childhood sweetheart. (*Dec.*)

HYPNOTIZED — World Wide. — Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (*Feb.*)

★ **I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG**—Warners.—Powerful, timely, brutally real, it castigates the chain gang system. Paul Muni is compelling as the soldier, irked with routine, who goes criminal. He and Director Mervyn LeRoy have made a fine but depressing picture. (*Dec.*)

★ **IF I HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (*Jan.*)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (*Jan.*)

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS — Paramount. — Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (*Feb.*)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

KING MURDER, THE—Chesterfield.—A "Broadway butterfly" murder mystery that really mystifies. Natalie Moorhead, Conway Tearle and Don Alvarado are excellent as suspects. (*Dec.*)

KONGO—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney did it better silently. The jungle in all its horror. Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce are wasted. Spare the children. (*Dec.*)

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (*March*)

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (*March*)

LAWYER MAN—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (*Feb.*)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—RKO-Radio.—Mitzi Green is reason enough for seeing this picture. Little Buster Phelps runs a close second and May Robson is a magnificent grandma. (*Dec.*)

LUCKY DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (*March*)

LUXURY LINER—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (*March*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (*Feb.*)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Paramount.—The lowdown on the American sports industry showing all the products. Film notables and ex-champs. Jack Oakie is an aspiring palooka, Marian Nixon the slight romantic interest. (*Dec.*)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (*Jan.*)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (*March*)

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (*Feb.*)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (*Jan.*)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (*Jan.*)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (*Jan.*)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (*Jan.*)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (*Jan.*)

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS — RKO-Radio. — Badly handled story but fine acting by Leo Carrillo, Vivienne Osborne and Una Merkel. Suffering lifts a musician to genius. (*Dec.*)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (*Jan.*)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (*March*)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE — RKO-Radio. — Capable British actors and good direction don't liven this dull yarn of a tragedy-bringing monkey's paw. (*Dec.*)

MUMMY, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revivified mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (*Feb.*)

MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (*March*)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (*March*)

NAGANA—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (*March*)

★ **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—Paramount.—Fast story—it never slackens—artfully blending Broadway and Park Avenue. AND a new hero, George Raft, as a culture-crazy "speak" owner. Constance Cummings is elegant, Alison Skipworth perfect and Mae West a riot. (*Dec.*)

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (*Feb.*)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, thin but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (*March*)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (*Jan.*)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

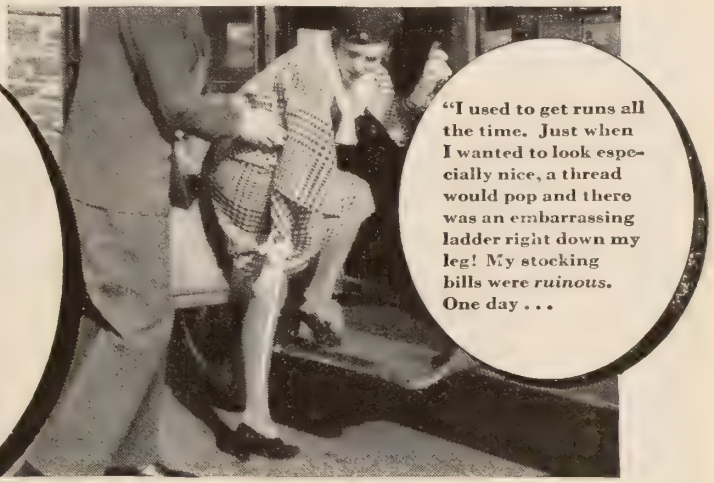
Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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"34 Days without a Run*"



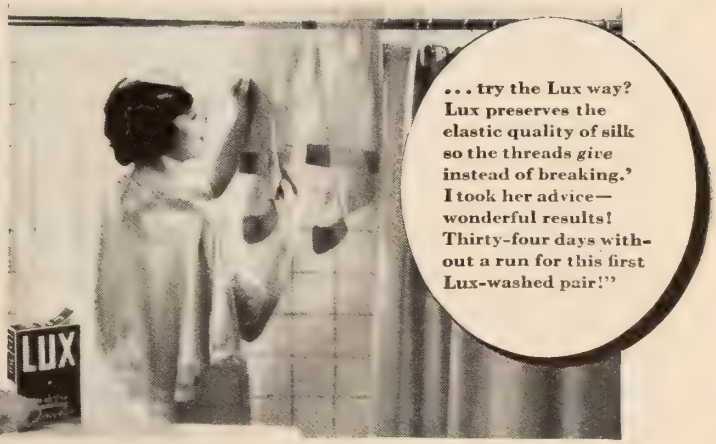
"This pair of stockings was worn 34 days without a run! They still look like new! That's a record—especially for me, because I'm terribly hard on stockings. This is how I learned the secret of preventing constant runs . . ."



"I used to get runs all the time. Just when I wanted to look especially nice, a thread would pop and there was an embarrassing ladder right down my leg! My stocking bills were *ruinous*. One day . . .



. . . a friend said: 'Madeleine, most of those runs are your own fault! I've noticed you rub your stockings with cake soap. You destroy the *elasticity* of the silk, so the threads break easily. Why don't you . . .



. . . try the Lux way? Lux preserves the elastic quality of silk so the threads *give* instead of breaking.' I took her advice—wonderful results! Thirty-four days without a run for this first Lux-washed pair!"

* *Madeleine Ingalls, above, tells the story of her discovery about stocking wear.*

IT TAKES ONLY 2 MINUTES to Lux your stockings each night! You'll find that it more than *doubles* their wear. Keeps them so elastic they *fit* better, too. And Lux protects the color as well. Many girls say it's the best stocking economy known!



"All these 445 items washed with one box of Lux," says Mrs. Robert Hughes:

36 pairs silk stockings
38 pairs children's socks
38 pieces silk lingerie
40 children's dresses
173 children's undies
60 towels and washcloths
20 children's sheets
40 diapers

LUX *saves stocking elasticity*



...enjoy the finer flavor and crispness of Kellogg's PEP

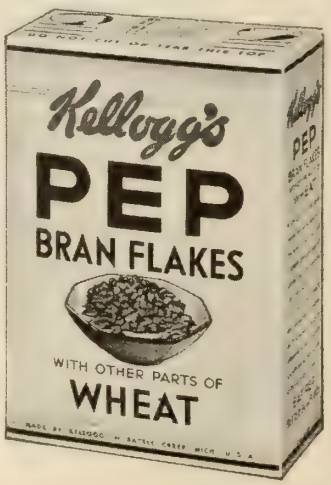
YOUNG PEOPLE KNOW. They dash from one busy hour to the next. They play hard. And work hard. They need spirit and energy. You find they agree on Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

Taste PEP. Then you'll know why it is so popular! The famous Kellogg flavor is there. Full. Rich. Tempting. *Plus* enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Every flake is crisp and crackly. Delicious with whole milk or cream. Add tasty variety with sliced fruit or honey.

PEP gives all the goodness of health-giving grain. Wheat is nature's storehouse of energy and nourishment. Vitamin B. Proteins. Healthful minerals.

Buy these *better bran flakes* from your grocer. Enjoy a bowlful of PEP every day—at breakfast. And at lunch or supper. Always fresh in the patented WAXTITE bag. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

NO OTHER WOMAN — RKO-Radio. — Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

OFFICER 13—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (*March*)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at aero-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (*March*)

PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE—RKO-Radio. —Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked ex-opera star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (*March*)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—M-G-M.—A grim problem of Nemesis, murder and suicide. Charles Laughton repeats his stage triumph. (*Dec.*)

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (*Jan.*)

PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Diverting but not as "creepy" as the action intended. Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez head excellent cast. (*Dec.*)

PRIDE OF THE LEGION, THE—Mascot Pictures.—Too much dialogue and too little action. Victor Jory scores and there's Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. (*Dec.*)

PROSPERITY — M-G-M. — Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (*Jan.*)

RACING STRAIN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen début in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (*Feb.*)

RACKETY RAX—Fox.—Victor McLaglen scoring in a howling burlesque on the college football racket. (*Dec.*)

★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (*March*)

★ **RED DUST**—M-G-M.—Squaring a triangle in the jungle, Clark Gable is grand as a he-man, but Jean Harlow almost outshines him. The climax is gripping and true, the dialogue perfect. (*Dec.*)

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (*Jan.*)

RENEGADES OF THE WEST—RKO-Radio.—A Tom Keene Western with a twist. Rosco Ates does the clowning. (*Dec.*)

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (*Feb.*)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathe.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (*Jan.*)

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (*March*)

SCARLET DAWN—Warners.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as refugee Russian noble, Nancy Carroll playing his forgiving peasant wife and Lilyan Tashman portraying the other woman can't make this move. (*Dec.*)

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (*March*)

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox.—A slow tempoed Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (*March*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Salads for Spring Days



Left to right—Mrs. C. Bohny, Patsy Ruth Miller, Billie Dove, Gwili Andre

Luncheon at the Assistance League, Hollywood charitable organization

AT this famous rendezvous of all the stars—where the girls take turns at being waitress, hostess, and guest of honor, is served the most delicious food in town. All the profits of the Assistance League restaurant are donated to charity.

Above we see Patsy Ruth Miller serving Gwili Andre, Billie Dove and her sister-in-law Mrs. Charles Bohny. A happy luncheon party, indeed. And they might well be pleased, for the salad before them certainly looks inviting. It is one of the specialties here.

Tomato Aspic with Deviled Eggs and Anchovy

Method: Boil together one can of tomato juice, two stalks of celery, one small onion and a bay leaf. Strain, and add one package of lemon Jello. Fill ring molds and place in refrigerator to chill. Hard boil six eggs. Remove yolks and mash with silver fork. Season with chopped ripe olives, pimentoes, mayonnaise, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, and a pinch of mustard. Place aspic rings on lettuce leaves. Chop egg whites and add to the yolks. Fill the aspic rings with the mixture. Garnish with anchovies. This is a delightful addition to any luncheon menu—decorative as well as delicious.

Another salad concoction, ideal for early spring days is:

Chicken Salad Cabaret

1 pint chopped chicken
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon onion juice
½ lemon
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
2 heads of lettuce
12 almonds
1 saltspoon paprika
6 tablespoons mayonnaise
½ pint thick cream
1 stalk celery

Chop the chicken very fine. Put in bowl, rub with back of spoon, and add the blanched almonds which have been chopped fine. Then add salt, pepper, onion juice, lemon juice and mayonnaise. Place two tablespoons granulated gelatin in measuring cup and add two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Stir it and allow to stand for five minutes.

Now add half a cup of hot water and a quarter teaspoonful of beef extract. Stir and strain into chicken mixture. When this is cool, stir in the cream that has been whipped to a froth. Put this in a large border mold and stand in refrigerator for about two hours. When ready to serve, cover a flat dish with crisp lettuce leaves. Dip mold quickly into pan of hot water; loosen salad from edge and turn out on lettuce leaves. Have the celery cut and fringed. Mix it with a half pint of mayonnaise dressing and heap in center of the mold.

To make your luncheon complete in every detail, serve one of these hotbreads with the salad:

Canadian Oatmeal Sticks

3 cups flour
1 tablespoon sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup butter
1½ cups scalded milk
½ cup oatmeal

Sift together sugar, flour, baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt. Work in butter. Scald milk and pour over oatmeal. Allow to cool. Add to other mixture, work with hands until smooth, roll into sticks size of a lead pencil. Bake ten minutes in fairly hot oven.

One Egg Muffins

1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg
½ cup milk
1½ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder

Cream together butter and flour, add egg, well beaten. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and alternately add milk and flour, pour into greased muffin tins and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

_____

_____

_____

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

We print this ad for MEN at the request of 1,100 WOMEN



● The burden of their complaint is: "We're sick and tired of seeing nothing but women in your ads about bad breath. It isn't fair, because men are really the worst offenders. Why don't you quit picking on the women and write a few ads that will urge men to be more fastidious about their breath?"

When these requests, coming from dancing teachers, cashiers, club women and housewives, began to get over the thousand mark, we thought it about time to do something about it. This advertisement is the result.

How's your breath today?

Whether it is because men are too busy to take proper care of their mouth and teeth, or because they smoke more than women, or eat and drink unwisely, the fact remains that men are the worst offenders when it comes to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Your common sense tells you that halitosis is the unforgivable fault in the business or social world. It is unforgivable because it is *inexcusable.*

The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to gargle with Listerine every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time and effort on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant effect. Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers mouth odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours. It attacks the source of odors (fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth) and destroys the odors themselves. *Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

LISTERINE ENDS HALITOSIS—INSTANTLY ATTACKS ODORS ORDINARY MOUTH WASHES CANNOT HIDE IN 12 HOURS



Ray Jones

WHAT a "Pleasure Cruise" it will be with this saucy young Tobin person leading the merry romp! If you were fortunate enough to have seen Genevieve in that grand stage play, "Fifty Million Frenchmen"—or as the baby-faced siren who upset Maurice Chevalier's morals and equilibrium in "One Hour With You," you'll understand us



FROM the almond-blossomed, Japanesey, sweetly sentimental atmosphere of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" to Vina Delmar's "Pick Up" is a jump that requires seven league racing boots. But alluring, ivory-skinned Sylvia Sidney, with a talent rare even among rare talents, makes the change quite as easily as another actress changes her costume



Irving Lippman

"INSPIRATION" or "Aspiration" is what we'd title this contemplative mood of Fredric March. The former describes his prize-winning performance in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The latter symbolizes his work, his character, and his latest scheduled picture with Gary Cooper, "The Eagle and the Hawk," two birds that flew high

never appeared in a talking picture, but that he once was a talking picture himself.

"About 1907," Kruger says, "I organized nine companies of actors. We used to stand behind the screen in the crude motion picture theaters of those days and speak lines while the film was being shown. It was a sensation for a short time—the first talking pictures in history."

IN a white frame house in Hollywood the Assistance League has its headquarters. This is the pet charity organization of the town, where Los Angeles society and the moving picture colony work together for the assistance of women who have to support themselves.

From four to five hundred families a month are provided with rent, gas, food, and medical care by the organization, which derives its income from various activities.

There is a tea room where the services of the waitresses are donated. There you may be handed your sandwich and soup by a famous picture star or a Los Angeles débutante.

NOTED names from the picture colony bring crowds to the tea room on special days. To date Walt Disney, Ina Claire, Mary Pickford and Norma Shearer have drawn the biggest houses.

Walt Disney, autographing pictures of Mickey Mouse, brought in not only the public but film executives themselves who wanted these souvenirs of Hollywood's most famous picture actor. Ina Claire had people lined up on the sidewalk for places in the tea room the day she appeared.

THE League's home is situated near the studio of one of the picture companies and it is no uncommon thing to see actors and actresses in make-up and costume in the shop or tea room.

Ralph Morgan of "Strange Interlude" fame wrote in the League's guest book the day he was invited to lunch, "This is the greatest honor I have had since coming to Hollywood."

Lucile Gleason, the pleasantly plump wife of Jimmy and mother of Russell, testified to the cook's genius when she wrote in the same book on a like occasion, "To H— with the diet."

A YOUNG man stood in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, during the intermission, whom even Jack Warner would have sworn was his own reformed bad boy, Jimmy Cagney—in the flesh.

To make it better, Mrs. Jimmy Cagney was with him. He stood in a conspicuous spot—which was unlike Jimmy—wearing an impish grin, and cheerfully signing all the autograph books presented.

Jimmy, out at Warners, was asked how he liked the picture.

"My brother saw it last night—he says it's swell. I was home tearing off yards and yards of first-class shut-eye."

It certainly is a good trick, if you can do it. All that's necessary is a brother who is a ringer for you.

THE other day, a cameraman at Universal studios stood behind Slim Summerville at the cashier's desk in the dining room.

"Want to pay my bill," Slim said. "How much is it?"

"One hundred dollars, Mr. Summerville," she replied.

Slim paid without a word.

"Say," the cameraman said in surprise, "How long do you let your bills run?"

"Oh, about a week," Slim replied.

"And you eat a hundred dollars worth of lunches in a week?" the astounded cameraman exclaimed.

"Well, I'm a big fellow, you know," Slim grinned and went out.

BUT the cameraman wasn't going to be put off that easily. He set out to watch. And what he discovered was that every shabby extra, who looked as though he were half-starved, was met with a "Hello, buddy, come over and join us. I need company," from Slim, until ten or fifteen would be gathered about his table. And made to feel at ease, too, as though they were doing Slim a big favor.

And that is why those weekly lunch bills of Slim Summerville's run up to one hundred dollars.

COMMENT on the feminine vogue of "masculine attire" is stepping off on the wrong foot, it seems to me. Really, pantaloons and tailored coats don't necessarily detract from femininity. It's the way they're worn that matters.

The Orient, famous through the ages for masculine "superiority" and feminine "inferiority," garbed men in gowns and women in pajamas. The conventional conception of an Oriental harem is an assemblage of ladies wearing trousers; with blouse and pajamas for the Chinese beauties.

Vice versa, the he-men of Scotland's mountains wore kilts (skirts), and some still do, for that matter.

THE girl or woman with a discriminating eye to her own figure can make of the latest mode a thing to increase or at least to give an unexpected piquancy to her accustomed charm.

But masculine attire, *per se*, is not intriguing in a woman. The masculine touch should enhance, not diminish, the feminine line.

At any rate, that seems to be the consensus of opinion of male experts in such matters.

Dressing is really a fine art that women have learned to perfect over many centuries. Nuances in taste should not be recklessly abandoned for what may prove to be only a passing fad. Adapt what is best of the new mode for one's best appearance is, apparently, the safest rule.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY.

You against the Rest of Womankind

your Beauty · · your Charm · · your Skin!



Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.



• *To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.*



• *Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!*

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

And Now, You Are Asking, What *is this*



TOURISTS stand transfixed before the baffling portrait of da Vinci's Mona Lisa in the Paris Louvre. "What is it," they ask themselves, "that this woman has?"

The Mona Lisa smiles back, pulling them toward her with those enigmatic eyes, exerting that compelling fascination. And the question remains unanswered. A mystery woman, enthralling the world by the curious bow of her lips, the cryptic knowledge in her eyes!

There have always been mystery women in the world—from the Queen of Sheba to the present day. Women who have fascinated by some elusive, irresistible charm.

Six years ago Elinor Glyn started IT, and passed that tag on to Clara Bow. Clara was the envy of every girl who secretly longed for that same magic gift. IT, as everyone recalls, was feminine allure combined with radiating energy—"pep."

You couldn't open your morning newspaper without having IT pop out at you in a flurry of plump limbs and disappearing skirts; crowns of frizzy hair, and a galaxy of baby faces and "come-hither" eyes.

Then of a sudden, people began saying "scram" to pep-out-of-season; to jazz babies and boop-a-doop girls. IT had had its day. Instinctively the world sought a new type of feminine sorcery. Something less primitive. Something less obvious, less hilarious. Something to steady the emotions, not to jangle them. Yet, withal, something to fire the imagination.

LONG before the petering out of IT girls, and all they stood for, Hollywood producers saw the handwriting on the wall. There began that eternal hunt for a woman who would be "different" from all other women.

American bathing beauties and exotic European "finds" filtered into Hollywood. Bandwagons gay with colors and high with extravagant hopes bearing Cinderellas who were soon to find that Hollywood can be "The City of Shattered Dreams" as well as "The Land of Heart's Desire."

Then, in 1926, from a heap of trials and errors, rose Garbo

Women of the ages—whose charms knew neither time nor race—Cleopatra, Lady Hamilton, Lillian Russell, Bernhardt, Pavlowa

Thing Called "X"

By Hilary Lynn



Photomontage by Cushing-Klepser

Here we present the four irresistible women of today—Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford. Each has that elusive, mysterious power, "X"

These have charm and glamour, but not "X"



Clara Bow



Jean Harlow



Ann Harding



Barbara Stanwyck



Mary Pickford



Helen Hayes



Diana Wynyard



Norma Shearer



Lupe Velez



Constance Bennett



Janet Gaynor



Ruth Chatterton

the Magnificent. In a rather flamboyantly unreal picture, "Flesh and the Devil," she gave back to the world its lost dreams. Poetry, music, chivalry and high-flung romance, were all called to life by her astonishing personality.

In other words—another type of seductive womanhood was granted to us poor humdrum sinners.

Today, the world asks the same question about Greta Garbo that it does about the Mona Lisa.

"What has this Garbo got?" inquires a breathless, adoring multitude. But Garbo has always answered them merely by raising her hand with an infinitely slow movement, like the unfolding of a flower.

An unforgettable gesture!

Garbo was never seriously mentioned as having IT. The word did not seem to become the mysterious goddess. Her power was too subtle, too elusive to connote the mere obviousness of physical charm.

No, Garbo was something different—as different from other women as da Vinci's painting of the Mona Lisa is different from other portraits.

Today, however, we may give the inimitable Swede a classification. Let us say that she represents "X."

Garbo is the living symbol of the X-woman. What every other woman longs to be. What every man longs to possess. The X-woman who imprisons a man by the movement of her hands instead of by the dimples in her knees.

X—the quality which illumines a woman until she appears to both sexes a goddess to be worshipped. Heart's desire. Woman of the heights.

X—the new personality factor. The fourth dimension of feminine allure.

X—the stuff of which dreams and dream-women are made.

X—which men through the ages have been willing to die for.

X—a million charm-and-glamour miles removed from IT.

THOSE flip little "pep" girls, always rarin' to go—that jazzy, shrieky, let's-climb-a-flagpole-at-midnight variety of feminine attraction—is as passé today as whoopee for breakfast or cold potatoes for tea.

But don't for a moment delude yourself into believing that the X-woman is a new discovery, or merely the invention of a PHOTOPLAY writer. She's as old as Eve who had her X-way with poor, defenseless Adam in the Garden of Eden. And she's been glimpsed at every turn down the long corridor of the ages. Inspiring men to starry deeds of glory for the favor of her potent smile.

Cleopatra, Madame du Barry, Lady Hamilton, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Isadora Duncan, Lillian Russell—these women all bore the fourth dimensional mark of this great enchantment.

X is a quality that irresistibly draws nearly all other human beings towards its possessor. In essence it is sex. Yet it is above sex. Or perhaps it is sex sublimated. Men will do and die for an X-woman without expectation or hope of reward. The X-quality stirs uneasily, yet calms and soothes, like the sea in the moonlight, or mountains in the twilight. X seems to be the indefinable thing we seek and long for in other mortals. It is the unnamed desire of the human soul.

FEW film stars today are stamped with this nearly divine quality.

If we were choosing current film stars who, in our opinion, possess X, we could think of only four. In varying degrees, it is true but, unmistakably, all, we think, possess "X."

These four are Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford.

Now X, strangely enough, is not necessarily something with which a woman must be born. Possibly it is only a matter of slow growth.

Yet it seems to be acquirable.

Take X's greatest exponent—Garbo.

Certainly no young actress seemed to have less X than Greta when she first made pictures in Sweden. She seemed just a nice wholesome, buxom country lass. Yes, we said *buxom.* Milkmaid variety. Charming, but without that potent lure.

Joan Crawford a few years ago, before she tried her wings with dramatic rôles, was nothing more than a glorified IT girl, who took prizes at dance halls! She had what it takes—and how. But where was that fatal fascination which inflames the imagination as well as the senses?

Some say Joan's X-quality is synthetic. Not the genuine article. But we're for her whole-heartedly. For X—though a rare quality, and difficult to acquire, as are all rare things—can, nevertheless, be developed by women of understanding who have the natural endowments which must enter the blending.

For instance, to our way of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]

A Farewell to Charms

How Jimmy left the film city amidst (his own) tears and was greeted in New York

As Told By Schnozzle Durante to Sara Hamilton



"They sent a great basket of flowers to my dressing-room— I nearly shed tears when I saw the bill.—Yes, it said C. O. D."

AM I boined? Am I boined up? Has the final straw been added to my humidity? An artist like me, Jimmy Durante, with my artistic temperament and everyting, have I suffered the futility of the whole thing? Am I boined or am I steamin'? Haaaaaaah.

Here I am, all ready for New York. After nineteen months in Hollywood, I'm going back to New York, see, for ten long weeks to play in a New York show, and who knows it? Who cares if I, with my poisonality, goes or stays. It's the jealousy of the thing, that's what. Jealousy of a man with my ability and facial atonements. Haaah, the tought of it is gall bladder and wormwood to my soul. That's what it is.

You see, the time gets nearer and closer to me goin', and everybody didn't say nothin' and I hung around and waited and, finally, I says to myself, "Jimmy, maybe with you being a great star and everyting, they're kinda waitin' for you to take the initiation. Maybe they feel it's up to you to kinda say somepin, see."

So I meets Gary Cooper on the lot and walkin' up to him kinda ingraciously, so as to make him feel the magnitude of it, I says, "Gary, what do you say you give a little farewell party for me, seein' I'm off to New York soon?" And he looks positively deaf and dumb struck. Overcome by the magnanimity, see. He starts sayin' somepin' about bein' busy and I hush him right up. Won't let him talk.

"Of course I'm busy," I tells him, "but what is life without makin' a few sacrifices for friends? Don't let the tought of me stop you. I'll leave the details to you, Gary, and any vintages you prefer." Was that tellin' him? And, "Oh yes, Gary," I tells him, "it's okay to have a couple of countesses and tings. There's noting big feelin' about me, when it comes to my choice of guests."

The next day I meets Marie Dressler in the dinin' room and I suggests justa small party in my honor, seein' I'm goin' away and everting. "Listen, Jimmy," she says, "I can't give you a party, but, if you'll promise me that you'll really go, and go soon and quietly, I'll poisonally give you a large check. What do you say?"

What do I say? Me, Jimmy Durante, a star of the greatest magnitude. Oh, the bitter irony of it. The mortifyin' seclusion of the whole episode. The heart rendin' futility of it all. What did I say? What did I say? I said "Yes" and grabbed the check before she could change her mind. After all, Marie's a good frien' and I ain't out to hurt anyone's feelins.

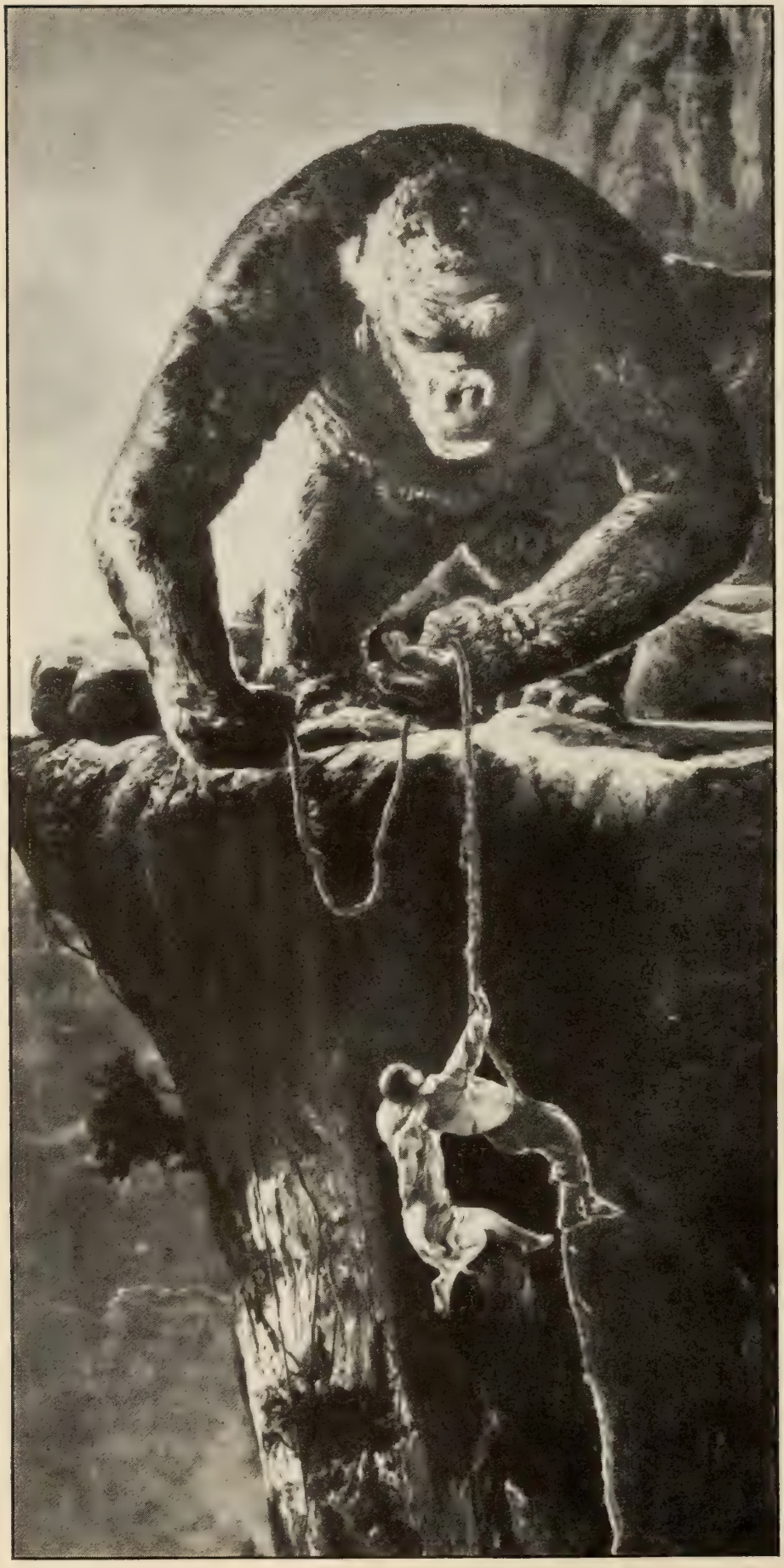
"Lissen," I said to Norma Shearer, "a few of the big shots around here is plannin' farewell parties for me, seein' I'm going to New York for ten weeks, and I always liked you, Miss Shearer, always said you were a nice girl. And, just because you married a motion picture executive, don't tink I hold it against you. We all do funny tings and don't tink it makes any difference to me."

"Well, Jimmy," she said, "that's nice of you and we might have a few in at my bungalow one day."

"Oh," I argued, "the bungalow's too palateral. With them beautiful rugs and things, we're liable to ruin it. Just have it at the house and it will be okay with me, see."

And even my pal, Jackie Cooper. Like brothers, we'd been. And here I found him on the back lot cryin' fit to break your heart. Gee, it nearly busted me wide open. "What you cryin' for, Jackie?" I asks. "Cause you're going away," he says. I feel prostitoot. Someone was overcome with emulsion at my goin'. I was completely prostitooted. "I'll come back, Jackie," I said, me Adam's apple [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

What Power Can Save Them?



Introducing you to just one of Fay Wray's bad moments in that new hair-raiser, "King Kong"

Yes, this is just one sample of what happens to Fay and Bruce Cabot, in RKO-Radio's new nightmare about dinosaurs and the monster ape that suddenly start ripping New York City apart. And what will happen a moment from now, when *King Kong* has drawn them relentlessly back from their desperate attempt to escape? Well, we can't say—but we do think this shows you some of the weird thrills you can expect from this new super-shocker

By Reginald Taviner





Now Joan! Now Doug!

SO Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks Jr. are going to get that divorce any time now. You don't say—well! It seems that we've heard that one before.

We've been hearing it, in fact, ever since they were married—long before they were married, even. You remember that Hollywood had them secretly married in Mexico months before they actually did slip away and get spliced in New York; but that was on the level then, too.

Hollywood knew it—and shouted it abroad in whispers. So Hollywood would naturally know all about the impending divorce. That is, it is impending if it hasn't happened already. Anyway, the whispers are unrestrained.

That recurrent divorce rumor about Joan and young Doug crops up just about as often as the gas bill. It gathers momentum every time somebody's washlady meets somebody else's parlormaid over the back fence. Recently it got so authentic that a famous columnist sprang it over the air, even though he hadn't been listening at the keyhole with his own ear. It was a world "scoop" and he not only modestly admitted it but bragged about it. Seems the gateman at the studio had it from the newsboy on the corner, and he got it straight from the lady who dresses Mickey Mouse's hair. Mickey got it in confidence from a waitress at the Pink Elephant, and she in her turn got it direct from the iceman when he was delivering the coal. And that, my boy, was *news!*

But—

It wasn't long before the aforesaid again appeared on the air and this time it was handsprings he sprang, not Crawford-Fairbanks rumors. He swallowed once, gulped twice, and finally said that his previous announcement wasn't so. Perhaps Joan and Doug had decided not to get the divorce just then on purpose to spite him, he excused. Anyway, he had been misinformed; the milkman had left cottage cheese instead of ground glass that day, and that was where the mistake had come in.

Somebody had crossed up the signals, it seemed, and the ball carrier scored a touchdown over his own goal. Anyhow, the columnist got a nice wire of thanks from Doug Jr.

However, where there's so much smoke there must be fire. That's an old proverb, in case you don't happen to know, and even Joan and Doug haven't any right to make a fool out of a proverb. So they may get that divorce after all, even though at present the fire is probably all in the prop department. But it *is* a fire, just the same, like Russian rubles are money. No question about it—this time it's straight. Infallible Hollywood says so.

All these years you've been disappointing the gossips. Shame on you!

Unless they live together for the rest of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Hollywood *goes* British

And tries to look and act like another outpost of John Bull's vast Empire



The "Christopher Strong" company knocks off work for afternoon tea—English, you know. Katharine Hepburn sits smiling up at directress Dorothy Arzner. Extreme left is Sir Gerald Grove, technical advisor. On the steps are Helen Chandler, Jack La Rue, Laura Harding and Colin Clive



"How high is up?" cries June Clyde, who takes to badminton like a bird to air. This ancient English game is Hollywood's latest fancy, and a rival of tennis

By Hilary Lynn

CAN you picture Hollywood—grand, mad, garish, bright and shiny Hollywood—going British? Junking its lavender-and-silver, tea-roomy limousines? Tossing aside its over-elaborate costumes? Scrapping its stagey interiors? With a slight sniff of polite disdain? Nonchalantly adopting a "publicity-bores-us" attitude, and going strong for cricket and the country squire manner?

Well, make up your mind to accept the facts. Because that's exactly what's happening today. *Anglomania* in a big way! The Hollywood way!

In other words, came the English to Hollywood! Doesn't everybody?

IT all began with business. Sound business.

There was a day, not so far back, that American motion picture producers and American movie house audiences were well enough satisfied with a luscious face, an expressive pair of legs and, oh well . . . why mention that?

Progress was made, of course, but even up to the advent of the talkies, actions spoke louder than subtitles.

But when, for the first time, that blessed stillness was broken by the human voice—it was suddenly realized that the day of pantomime was over; and that all was not well with the voices or the pronunciation of some of the stars.

"Oh, woe, woe," lamented [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

Janet Chooses Her Man

When *La* Gaynor first saw Henry Garat in a film she knew what she wanted



Janet also felt Garat's personality radiate from the screen. She believes he can best complement her new film rôles



Janet Gaynor is a star that Henry Garat intensely admires, though, except in pictures, he had never seen her. Then came his amazing summons to Hollywood. What a break!

IT will be interesting to see what happens to our wistful little Janet Gaynor in the coming year.

For Janet is now to have a new leading man; *a man of her own choosing*, a man so different from Charlie Farrell and so directly opposite in temperament to Janet's husband, Lydell Peck, from whom she recently separated, that one can scarcely accept the credibility of the new Gaynor-Garat romantic screen team.

The strange part of it all is that Janet has never met her new choice of screen lover. Nor has the dapper Frenchman, Henry Garat, newly imported by Fox, ever laid eyes on Janet. Yet they both wanted each other as co-workers after each had seen the other's photograph. He is scheduled to play opposite Janet in "Adorable."

It was really almost a mail-order "romance" from the start. Janet looked—and looked again at Garat's stills when he played in an English film. And then one day she walked into the front office of the Fox Studio and told them *that* was the man she wanted for "Adorable."

In the meantime, Henry Garat, suave, handsome and the tenderest type of lover, saw only one picture of Janet. He, too, was entranced by her wistfulness. It was the only film Garat had ever seen in which Janet Gaynor played, and it was, according to critics, not one of her best. The picture was "Tess of the Storm Country." He saw it in Paris—an American talkie with French titles—and succumbed to the charm of her voice.

So Garat was amazed and not a little thrilled when Fox contacted him to offer him a rôle opposite little Gaynor. He accepted immediately and set sail for these shores without delay.

When Henry Garat arrived in New York on the first lap of his journey to Hollywood, someone began warning Madame Garat of the dangers of Hollywood.

Madame Garat, a cultured English woman and really quite as pretty as many a movie star, smiled indulgently and said:

"I'm not afraid of losing Henry in Hollywood. You see, I've been trained to be a star's wife in Paris. There, the girls simply ignore the wife and follow the husband from the theater to the home. They camp on his doorstep. Once, I remember, I couldn't get one of them to move from the stairs so I could go up to my own apartment. No, they were waiting for Henry and they were not at all embarrassed by my presence. I didn't matter at all. I was only his wife."

What is this Henry Garat like? What has he got that makes him so attractive? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

By Virginia Maxwell

Is The

Can the popularity that the world is eagerly curious about be on the wane?

By Amelia Cummings



The tender submissive, entirely feminine, entirely yielding Garbo of her first great hit in the United States—"Flesh and the Devil," with John Gilbert

PART of the answer to that question is expressed in the title of a picture Garbo made before "Grand Hotel," her latest. The name of that picture is "As You Desire Me."

And one answer to the "Garbo myth," and one reason for that weird and powerful hold on the public imagination which Garbo has maintained for these many years, is also to be found in that title.

For the great Garbo has been, and, we believe, always will be *as you desire her!* Therein lies her greatness and her power. Therein lies a definite intimation of her immortality as a screen personality.

In a curious and inexplicable way, Greta Garbo has given her audiences what they demanded. Whatever she acts in a picture she becomes, so to speak, "all things to all men"—and to all women also.

She transports them to heights of imaginative thinking in a way that no other screen actress has ever been able to approximate—no, not even Dietrich.

If Garbo had substantiated the rumors that spread through the country at the time of her departure for Sweden—if Garbo had retired from the screen then—Garbo would easily have become one of the immortals. Her name would have been mentioned in the same breath as that of Bernhardt and Duse. And the Garbo myth would have been perpetuated forever and aye.

For that incomparable shadow woman of the shadow stage is far more a real personality to her adoring public than the strangely silent "woman whom nobody knows." It is that phantom Garbo of a million and one moods who has held a vast multitude in the palm of her hand. It is the memory of that shadow which will survive.

But Garbo has signed a new contract. There are rumors that the United States is putting difficulties in the way of her return



The Garbo whose attitude toward her men is one of amused tolerance. This scene in "Mata Hari" with Ramon Novarro admirably illustrates this phase

GARBO Rage Over?

to America. For Greta Garbo is an alien. The word comes to us now, that should she not be permitted to return, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are planning to send equipment and personnel to Sweden to make her already announced pictures there. Apparently, there's no doubt in the mind of Metro executives that the "one and only Garbo" can still eclipse all rivals.

Of late, though, annoying little rumors have reached our ears as to Garbo's ability to maintain her supremacy. Say some doubters, "Is the Garbo rage on the wane?" "Can either Metro or Garbo herself hold a public which is slipping away from her?" Others look solemn and mumble something about the fickleness of the public and "out of sight, out of mind."

At this writing, it's true that Garbo has been away from this country for eight months. It is also true that among the high school and freshmen college sets, Garbo is perhaps not as great a favorite today as, say, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Fredric March. That in the rural districts, they would rather see a picture any day which featured Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele or Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.

Of course they would! But what of it?

Are the preferences of certain small isolated groups—groups which have been *so* conditioned because of their age or environment—are these to be regarded as indicative of the end of Garbo's reign?

It would be as illogical to say that Hoover lost in the last presidential campaign because three college faculties and four farming districts solidly voted against him. But we know that these minor returns had no effect in swinging the vote. America is a vast country. And don't forget, the rest of the world is vaster still.

Doesn't it seem reasonable to believe, then, that the Garbo rage, although at the moment slumbering, because of the absence of the one human being who can fan it into flame again —will be rekindled *when, as, and if Garbo so desires?*

We might even be tempted to assail those critics who use as their main defense that old saying "Out of sight, out of mind," with a completely contradictory but just as logical proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Just to prove that Garbo is still *as you desire her*, let us glance back at some of her earlier pictures.

In her first really important film, "Flesh and the Devil," in which she conquered the heart of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

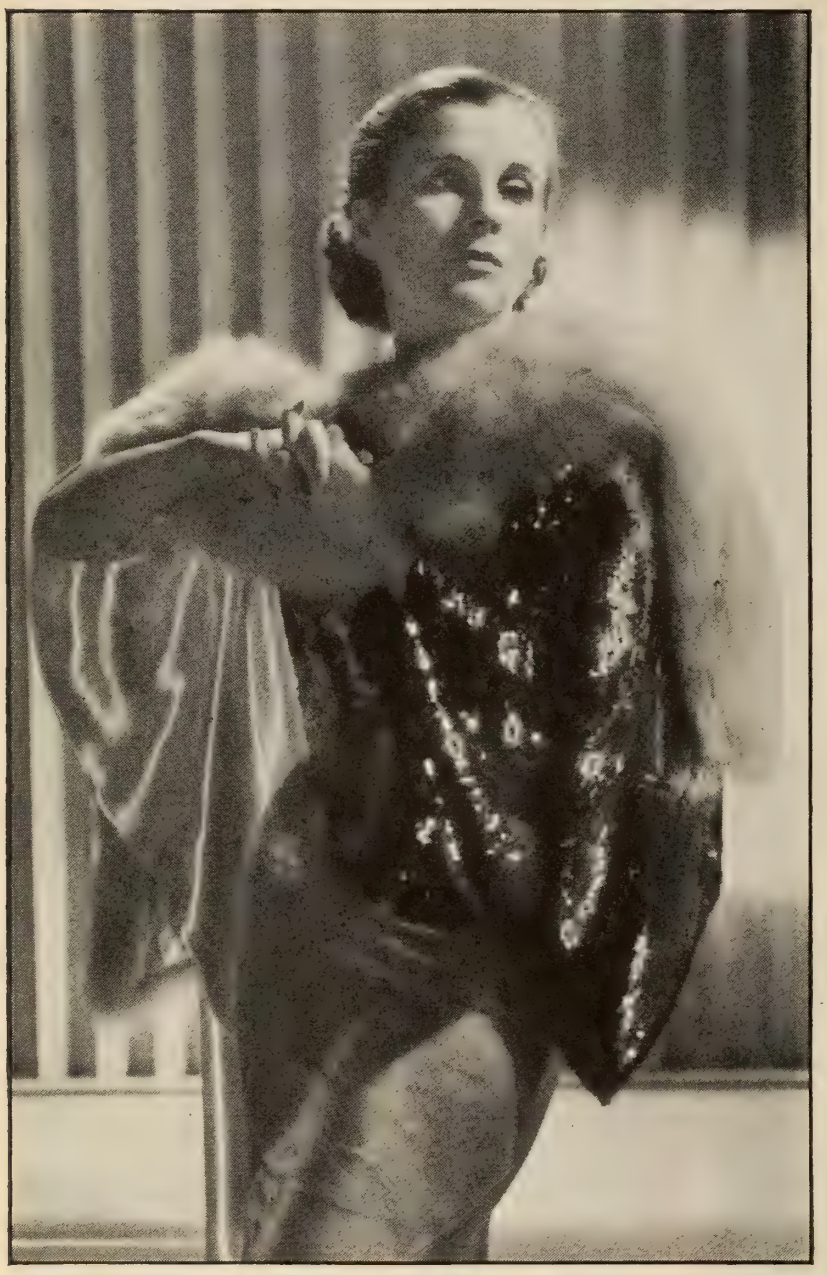


But note how she here returns to much of the sweet wistfulness shown in her earlier rôles, in such scenes as this with Melvyn Douglas in "As You Desire Me"



The slightly weary, completely superior Garbo, who understands the worship that men give her, as in this scene with Von Stroheim in "As You Desire Me"

IF *you've wondered about* DIANA—



The first thing most people wonder on meeting Diana Wynyard is, how old is she? Vividly attractive, she has both youth and maturity with a warmth of manner utterly unimpaired by British reserve

She's twenty-six, not married, and is as intriguing off the screen as on

By Doris Craig

YES, merely by pushing open the rough, heavy door of a huge sound stage on the M-G-M lot, I found her. She was the only player present. The others, it seemed, had finished with the picture, "Men Must Fight," and only her scenes remained. I remembered that the picture was laid in the year 1940.

She stood alone, a tall, slender young woman in a gray wig and strange dress, in the center of the stage with the bright Klieg lights blazing down upon her. Awaiting the signal from the director. Behind the cameras were the shadowy figures of a dozen or so workmen. She was the only woman on the set, except Daisy, her maid. Quietly I crept off to the side, and waited. Then came a faint whirr from the sound box.

"They're turning over," a voice called from somewhere. We all waited in utter silence. She, standing there, calm and serene, under the lights. Now, the signal! And then began a moment that, in all our lives, I'm sure, none of us shall ever forget. She was speaking. Quietly at first, but every word coming straight from the anguished heart of a mother. Pleading against the war that again seemed inevitable.

"You tear our sons from our arms," she said, "and when they are gone, you pin a medal on our breasts. To take the place of the boy we have lost. Gold star mothers. After the last war that was to end all wars, you herded them all together, these gold star mothers, on a ship. You dumped them down on a cold, barren field of France, covered with crosses, and said, 'Woman, behold thy son.'"

I WAS vaguely conscious as she spoke, that the workmen near me, had crept out from behind their lights. That they, as I, were no longer on a sound stage on a motion picture lot in Hollywood. We were standing on a barren field in Flanders, strewn with tiny white crosses.

In our hearts tore the pain of those anguished mothers. In our breasts beat their aching hearts. She went on to the end. And finished in silence. It seemed that we could never speak again. Or find anything to say. She seemed to sense it as she stood there in the silence and smiled brightly at us. Uttering some bit of nonsense that brought us all back again to Hollywood and the making of movies.

"How do you fancy the styles of 1940?" she asked, after we shook hands in greeting.

"I can't bear them," I said, "don't tell me split skirts and those awful hats are ahead of us."

"Adrian, our designer, seems to think so," turning about for us to examine the atrocious looking outfit. "He figures that this will be the only style which hasn't come in for a revival by that time, so we'll just naturally be in for it."

All the time she was speaking, the question, "How old is this woman?" kept turning about in my mind. Knowing her to be a young woman, in her twenties, still we ask it.

Daisy, the maid, was flying about, fussing with this and that. "Daisy is so happy I'm having a bit of attention from the press," she twinkled. "Naturally, not being very well known yet, I haven't had many interviews and very little publicity from the studio, and it makes Daisy furious.

"Strange, isn't it," she said, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MEET the new runner-up for film honors—Mr. Franchot Tone, recently of Broadway and "Success Story." Franchot was elected to be Joan Crawford's brother in her latest starring vehicle, "Today We Live." Are we wrong in predicting that this impish smile gives promise of working untold havoc and rousing storms in the hearts of the ladies



Filming Helen Hayes' most solemn scene

HERE we glimpse some of the tender care and unflagging attention to detail which went into portraying Helen Hayes ready to take her vow as a nun, for the talking picture version of the well-known novel, "The White Sister," written by F. Marion Crawford. It was the silent version with Lillian Gish, you may remember, that many think really made Ronald Colman on the screen, away back in 1923, and also wrote a chapter in the history of outstanding screen successes by playing to crowds when reshown several years after its première.

Judging from this picture, we may expect an equally notable rendition in this version, now being done by M-G-M. Note that instead of merely filling the area visible to the camera, the producers have provided a full company, with complete detail and action to the most remote corner on either side of the camera. Note too the perfection of feeling shown by May Robson



Photo by Stagg

in a new version of "The White Sister"

and Sarah Padden, playing the two nuns accompanying Helen. And while Director Victor Fleming—visible just over the watching officer's head—scans each principal, his assistant, Cullen "Hezzy" Tate, is keeping a vigilant eye upon every member of the supporting company, from a post just beneath the camera, while the producing staff is grouped about, alert to catch every command and the full values of the portrayal.

Now just a word about that officer, visible in the foreground. He is watching from off set, and is not playing in this scene. He is *Giovanni*, Helen's youthful sweetheart. But beneath that make-up you may or may not recognize him as—Clark Gable.

Throughout this and other scenes embodying church ritual and ceremony, everything was done under the guidance of two priests, who traveled extensively in Italy before undertaking the task.



William A. Fraker

SHE'S what photographers call a "perfect" subject. And lovely titian-haired Wampas Lilian Bond admirably sets off her exotic costume. But how can Jack Holt play opposite her in the Javanese jungle drama called "Fever" without feeling a little bit that way, too? Anyhow, Lilian makes this the last word in lounging pajamas, as you'll admit

200 lbs. *of* Irishman

Andy Devine plays everything from serio-comic lover to football hero rôles

By Ruth Rankin

HE'S two hundred pounds of Irishman, bulging with sentiment—but if you call Andy Devine "sentimental" to his face, you'd better smile when you say it.

Andy was just a big kid around town for six years before he got his break. He started doing extra work in the "Collegian" series, and pretty soon everybody knew Andy. Everybody, that is, except the people who hand out the jobs.

In those days he had time to be palsy-walsy with all the boys—in fact, there were intervals when all Andy had was time.

Then came "The Spirit of Notre Dame"—and they've kept him busy ever since.

He gets terribly blue now because lots of the old pals don't understand. They resent it. But—

"When I'm busy on a picture, I have to concentrate," says Andy. "When I see some of the old guard now, I can't stop and kid around for an hour or two, like we used to.

"I hope they don't think old Andy's gone high-hat on 'em—but I hear things. Gosh, if I'm high-hat, so's a cow!"

Andy looked wistful, and when he looks that way, try and keep your heart from aching for him. It was a genuine problem, and Andy was genuinely troubled.

He tried out a lot of things in his extreme youth, just like any other lad endeavoring to find himself. At fifteen and sixteen he was in a monastery, wondering whether he would be a priest. Then he floundered through attacks of being a lifeguard, a surveyor's assistant, a professional football player, an electrical signal operator for the Santa Fe—and once he was in the U. S. Lighthouse Service, on a boat that carried supplies to remote lighthouses up in Bering Sea.

When he came back to the States, he played professional football for a time—he had been one of the best all-around athletes at the University of Santa Clara.

ABOUT that time, Andy's dad took him off in a corner and gave him some advice. "I don't care what you do, when you finally light—but whatever it is, be good at it. If you're going to be a burglar, be the best burglar in town. But make up your mind, son, and *stick to it.*"

So Andy came to Hollywood and made up his mind to be a movie actor.

"I was nuts about pictures from the first day's work," he says, his nice honest eyes full of enthusiasm, and that perpetual lock of curly hair in his right eye. "It's good I was. You'd have to be nuts to stick around six years with no more encouragement than I got. I did extra work so long, I had my own personal tights and spear!

"But the industry struggled along without me, except as a chunk of background—until 'The Spirit of Notre Dame.'"



Yes, sir, it's easy to believe that this happy-go-lucky Andy Devine is going to go places and do things, now that he's struck his stride. Remember this heart-touching scene with dainty June Clyde in "Radio Patrol"?

When Andy heard they were preparing that picture, he didn't wait around for fate or chance any longer. He shook the hair out of his eyes, delivered his big loose-jointed hulk into Carl Laemmle Jr.'s office, and reminded Mr. Laemmle that football was one of Devine's major talents.

"It was something I really knew a lot about, so that gave me confidence. But gosh, was I scared when I actually realized I had been in to see the boss! Too scared to put on an act."

Apparently though, the boss, too, realized things. Andy is a "natural" and it got across. He was given a real part. Before the picture was half finished, he had distinguished himself to the point of being presented with a dotted line to sign on. And it's happened since, as regularly as "new Greta Garbos" are announced.

ANDY has two nephews and four nieces, several of them children of a sister who died. He is putting one niece through college and getting a tremendous kick out of it.

"I was the blunderbuss of the family for so many years—always getting my arms and legs busted and having to be bailed out of hospitals. So it gives me a big thrill to be able to do anything at all for the family, now I'm grown up."

Another glimpse of Andy's two-hundred-pound ways: When he has a load on his chest and needs a friendly ear, he and Truck get in the car and drive down along the ocean front. Truck is Andy's dog, named for *Truck McCall*, the character Andy played in "The Spirit of Notre Dame" . . . and Truck is the rest of Andy's family.

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Cal York Announcing—



The great comedian who was wont to move us to tears as well as laughter, brings a touch of his pathos to the grave of Jack Pickford in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif. Charlie Chaplin suggests the sadder moments of the inimitable screen character he has so often portrayed



No, she's no woodland nymph, nor is he a satyr. Fay Wray, heroine, and Merian Cooper, producer of that most exciting picture, "King Kong," are measuring the hand print this monster ape leaves about to frighten us poor mortals. "Five feet!" cries Fay. Feature his size! It gives us the shivers!

WHAT a contract that was Buddy Rogers signed at Fox! He is to make four pictures a year for two years—and between times he is permitted to make other films, off the Fox lot, and collect for them in addition to his very nice Fox salary.

Besides that, Buddy is permitted to make radio dates and keep his band. Oh, it's quite the nicest contract which has been given any player in Hollywood for a long time.

THEY were having a miserable time of it on the Joan Crawford set. It seems, every time Gary Cooper, Joan's six foot leading man, entered a scene, he bumped into the microphone, nearly splitting his head and sending strange and peculiar sounds through the instrument. If they raised the mike, it was too far away to catch the voices of other actors. But at last, the bright young cameraman solved it. He merely placed a rubber cap on the end of the mike and when Gary knocked against it, it bounced gently off his head with no damage done. Clever people, these cameramen.



"Oo what lip, Monsieur!" Baby LeRoy, eight-months-old Paramount, was selected from hundreds of babies to play in Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story," and to earn a $2,000 educational endowment

MARLENE DIETRICH'S measurements, according to the dressmaker, were: waist, thirty inches, and hips, forty-one inches. But the tailor says now they are: waist, twenty-six inches; hips, thirty-eight inches. So what?

What do you say, Sylvia?

WELL, girls, here's one way to get in the movies. The tailored girl on the back of many magazines, sponsoring a cigarette advertisement, attracted many eyes in Hollywood with her beauty and smartness. At last, one movie producer was so intrigued with the miss, he set about to find out who she was.

He discovered she was Margaret McConnell

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



Berlin received Clara Bow warmly. Here you see her as the guest of honor at a dinner given in her honor. Seated at extreme right is Willy Fritsch, German movie star; behind him Rex Bell, Clara's husband. Clara, reluctant to leave America, enjoyed her European tour. Rex looks happy, too



Is this the expression for a just-divorced husband to wear? At any rate, here's Lew Ayres as he looks a-mornings on his way to a hard day's grind at the studio. Wifie Lola Lane got a $35,000 settlement, you'll recall, when they came to the parting of the ways. And Lew seems to just grin and bear it

of Chicago, and that she was just as beautiful as her picture! In no time at all, Miss McConnell was on her way to Hollywood with an M-G-M contract in her pocket.

MERVYN LEROY tells a good story about Roxy and his new Radio City theater. During the first show, it seems, Roxy climbed to the topmost seat in the balcony and looked down over the vast auditorium. Just then, several elephants paraded across the stage.

Roxy looked and stared. "What?" he shrieked. "Mice in my theater already?"

"THE American Theater" published at Yale University, lists Aline MacMahon, George Arliss and the Barrymores, as the only stage stars who have made good, according to Yale's standards, on the screen. What—no Helen Hayes?



Jobyna Howland, who used to cavort with Robert Woolsey in more or less tender love scenes, has her dander up here. She's seeking the scalp of schoolmaster John Barrymore in "Topaze."

A CERTAIN movie actor who had paid his account at a Hollywood "gym" with a check, was sent for by the manager a few days later.

"What's the matter?" the actor said, "did my check bounce?"

"Did it bounce?" the manager said in disgust. "Why, the boys are playing handball with it downstairs."

WHAT certain would-be suitors of Gwili Andre don't seem to know is that the lovely Gwili is already married to a very dignified New England gentleman who is older than his young wife and who looks on any attempt at undue attention to her as something to do things about. Wowie, wait till the boys find that out!



"What's an autograph more or less?" says Jackie Cooper, as he gallantly puts his mind to the task of thinking up the right sentiment for the particular occasion. Jackie hasn't kept track of the number of times he has put his name on the dotted line. "Must be thousands," he admits most modestly



Wide World

A German making an English-speaking talkie in Paris. There's internationalism for you! And here are *Herr* and *Frau* Jannings, and *Fraulein* Jannings, taking their morning stroll toward the Bois de Boulogne. Emil hopes to return to America soon. He's signed by agent Mrs. B. P. Schulberg



If Alexander Kirkland and Boots Mallory weren't merely guilty of learning their lines, we might suspect them of living up to their new picture, "I Am Guilty of Love." But suspicion is the prerogative of Hollywood writers and looking romantic is certainly the prerogative of film stars

Marriages—

Josephine Dunn, blonde movie actress now playing on Broadway in "Take a Chance" revealed that she has been married to Eugene J. Lewis, Philadelphia attorney since January 6th. This is her third venture.

Helen Kane and Max Hoffman were married by Judge Robert Mattingly in Washington, D. C. Max admitted it was his third marriage and Helen her second.

Lillian Roth says that her marriage to Municipal Court Justice Benjamin Shalleck, will not interfere with her career. She intends to return to the stage.

Bela Lugosi, star of "Dracula," "The White Zombie" and other horror pictures eloped with Lillian Arch to Nevada.

Rumors still persist that Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie were married in December. But denials come from both parties.

Divorces—

Patricia "Boots" Mallory, Baby Wampas Star of 1933 has sued husband Charles Bennett, New York agent and actor for divorce. The old story of incompatibility of temperaments and professions.

Marian Nixon's three and a half year marriage to Edward Hillman, Jr., wealthy Chicagoan, has terminated in the divorce courts.

Lola Lane and Lew Ayres have been granted a divorce, and with it Lola received a settlement of $35,000. She charged Lew with being quarrelsome and calling her a "dumb cluck." Although Lola had been more or less in retirement since her marriage, she now hopes to climb back to stardom via the musical comedy stage.

Births—

A son was born to Arline Judge, wife of Wesley Ruggles, on February 4th. He weighed six pounds, seven ounces.

THERE'S really to be a new John Gilbert heir sometime about July. Virginia Bruce says she's terribly happy about it and has gone so domestic she spends a lot of time in the kitchen learning baby diets.



Gadzooks! If it isn't pool and Peggy Hopkins Joyce! Lew Cody and Chico Marx are keenly interested in Peggy's facility in catching on to the fine points of the game—she's just learning, you know. The beauteous Peggy came out to Hollywood to look into picture possibilities for herself



Now, now, Mr. Robinson, tossing silver dollars into your best felt hat! Is this another of those strange sports which have captured the fancy of so many Hollywoodites? Or is it merely a hangover from your picture, "Silver Dollar"? Mary Astor seems to be having a whale of a time making the mark



Grace Allen, right, and George Burns are in Hollywood not only to make a film. Gracie's searching the film colony for her brother who disappeared. And like Little Bo Peep, she doesn't know where to find him. Claudette Colbert's looking radiant after that New York operation

THE current rage of the M-G-M lot is not Jean Harlow or Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer, as you might expect, but none other than Benita Hume, the English actress who came over for "Clear All Wires." All the men think highly of her, including Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and all the matinee idols who bring admiring tears to the lady moviegoers' eyes.

P. S. It's quite all right, though, for Miss Hume is very seriously engaged to a nice English lad over in dear ole Lunnon.

TEMPERATURE reports . . . Dick Powell, the Pittsburgh cyclone, is taking Jayne Shadduck, Warners stock player, around places. . . .

Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins are these, those and them. . . .

JEAN HARLOW is getting back into the swing of things nicely. Recently, at Agua Caliente, she was selected to put the wreath around the winner of the sweepstakes. She looked very racey herself in a tight fitting sweater, beret and slick brown slacks.

THAT was a neat description that Una Merkel got off.

She was on "The Secret of Madame Blanche" set and she saw Martha Sleeper dressed in a chorus girl's costume from the dim and distant past. You know, billows of skirts and things. "Why, Martha," ejaculated Una on the spur of the moment, "you look like a head of lettuce without any dressing."

"TENNIS!" is Eleanor Holm's terse explanation of how she is reducing her weight.

The Olympic swimming champion has taken up the racquet since winter put an end to water sports and she plays the game as strenuously as she swims. She finds exercise a much better way of losing a few pounds than dieting.

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By Arthur Page

He Wields *the* Scissors

You'll never find Charlie Ruggles' face lying on the cutting-room floor



OLIVER MOROSCO had him under contract. Selwyn wanted to buy him.

"What do you want to use him for?" Morosco asked.

"I want him for a comedy part," Selwyn answered.

"Why, he's a bum comedian," Morosco said, "but he's a swell dramatic actor."

"Well, I think he's a bum dramatic actor but a swell comedian." Selwyn replied, and got him.

They were talking about Charlie Ruggles.

"I thought the same as Selwyn," Charlie said. "If this guy's willing to risk money on my being a comedian, why he must know what he's talking about, so I'll be funny." And that's how matter of fact Charlie's career has been from the beginning.

But that doesn't account for the intense interest he takes in it, does it? Or, maybe it does at that.

In twelve months he's made fourteen movies. And has one great problem. Keeping in the picture. It's a battle he fights every time he makes a picture. You see, it's easier to cut a bit of Charlie out of the story than it is the hero. Or heroine. "They have an idea," Charlie explains, "that unless the villain or hero is in the scene, the picture lags. So, snip with the scissors, and out comes me."

SO what does Charlie do? Let them snip and get away with it? No, listen. He is given, by Charlie's request, every script of his picture to read. Okay. Then he's allowed, also by his own request, to monkey around a bit with his scenes. Okay some more. Then, what does he do?

Well, he fixes those scenes of his so that if they cut out Charlie, it leaves the hero hanging from an upstairs window with scarcely anybody around to catch him. In other words, Charlie, the rascal, fixes it so that if they decide that here goes good old Charlie out—why the hero or heroine will have to go too, or it makes no sense.

Oh, you'd like Charlie Ruggles. He's a smart little whippersnapper all right, all right.

If he isn't playing a straight comedy part on the screen, why then, Charlie is stewed (on the screen, of course) to the ears. And what a stew Charlie can be! You remember him, of course, as the constantly inebriated reporter of "70,000 Witnesses." But the funny thing is, in every day life Charlie is never stewed, and can have more fun with one glass of beer (near or real) and a silly pretzel, than any ten guys can have with six quarts of what-have-you, apiece.

Over the New Year at Caliente, here was so-and-so completely pie-eyed, and here was Charlie, having a far better time on one stein of beer and a table for two.

Over at the Caliente race track, a fellow popped over to Charlie and said, "Say, Ruggles, how does that horse look

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Charlie—*so* nonchalant, you know. But what a neat one he put over, to make sure his pictures treat him right!

The Gamest Girl In Hollywood

Yes, Mae Clarke earns the title by her great comeback after taking a staggering knockout



Mae looks the grand trouper she is. Do you see what sorrow has done to the Mae of "Waterloo Bridge"?

SHE had won—or rather thought she had—everything in life that an ambitious girl could desire. A prominent position in the films, the love of a man high up in studio circles. And she was young. Life spread not merely pleasantly, but thoroughly exciting before her.

Thus did fortune smile upon Mae Clarke. Then suddenly she lost everything—her picture contract, her means of livelihood, her health—and love.

But defeated? No, never!

After months in a hospital with a nervous breakdown, Mae went right at it again.

"During those months I made myself over," she said, "mentally and spiritually. I lay there and thought, and the thoughts gave me the strength to come back and to start all over again."

Now it looks as though Mae has won for the second time. Things again are breaking her way. She isn't the same girl she used to be, of course; no longer the same Mae who wrapped herself around your heart in "Waterloo Bridge."

But the very scars which she got in the battle have made her more beautiful, her hurts have made her soul that much bigger. She can feel, now, as she never felt before. It takes suffering to do that, and Mae has suffered. Also, she has a new courage, and it's that new courage, the courage born of her very heartaches, which makes Mae Clarke the gamest girl in Hollywood.

By Reginald Taviner

Mae's early training particularly fitted her for the bruising Fate had in store. The Clarkes were not rich folks. The father was a violinist in a movie theater, and besides Mae, there were her brother and sister to clothe and feed.

Mae learned very early to fight her battles for herself. Among other things, as a kid of fifteen, she sold hot dogs and salt water taffy on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City. Doing that, a girl learns how to fight her battles for herself.

BETWEEN times she went to dancing school, and this led to a chorus job in a musical show. Then she went to New York, where she became a nightclub dancer. That's another grand way to learn to fight your own battles, being a nightclub dancer.

While in the Everglades Club in New York, Mae met Barbara Stanwyck, who also was a chorine there. The two girls became inseparable, and that friendship still endures. Barbara got a break in a play called "The Noose," and then came "Burlesque," which led directly to her present Hollywood fame. Mae had a small part in "The Noose."

"It was years later when I hit Hollywood," Mae reminisced, "after I had trouped for two seasons in vaudeville. But while we were in New York, Barbara and I would sit at the breakfast table and, even then, we both dreamed of Hollywood."

But while Barbara actually did go to Holly- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

How SYLVIA *Changed*



YOU know that for years Sylvia, America's most famous physical culturist and masseuse, has been Hollywood's court of last resort for problems of beauty and figure. This month she gives another revelation in her fascinating series about how she helped noted stars through crises that threatened their careers.

Also, Sylvia has agreed to do something she has hitherto declared impossible. That is, to answer personally your letters. On page 80 she answers many questions, and tells how easily you too may obtain her help. Look now to learn how America's most expert help on beauty and health problems is yours for the asking!

"She's size sixteen now, but I'll make her a twelve in four weeks!" That was Sylvia's promise to the studio—and on her making good, depended Carole's screen future! No wonder Carole grinned and bore it, regardless of how much Sylvia might whack, twist and knead her





Meet "Carol of the Curves," as they called her before Sylvia stepped in! As a plump, jolly girl, she had done well in Mack Sennett comedies and other light pieces. Note her appearance in "Show People," at the left. But as an actress in dramatic rôles — well, that would turn upon what Sylvia could do to help her

THE first time I saw her, I was standing behind her and she was walking across the studio lot. She was a big, husky girl in a short white silk sports dress, flat white tennis shoes, rolled down socks and a beret in her hand. And she was calling to the boys she knew as they passed. "Hello, Bob! Hello, Bill!" Hearty and hale like, just as her figure looked. The studio executive who was showing me around—it was my first day at that studio—looked at the girl, then turned to me. "There," he said, "that girl is under contract. We're supposed to give her parts. But look at that figure! Think you can do anything?"

"She'll be my first patient," I said.

I set up shop in Gloria Swanson's old dressing-room bungalow and about five minutes later in came the exec with the same buxom girl I had seen from the rear. I'll admit I was startled. Honestly, she had one of the most attractive and beautiful faces I've ever seen. And a nice expression, too.

"Carol of the Curves" to Svelte Carole Lombard!

Ready, girls! See page 80 for Sylvia's answers to your beauty questions!



"Think you can do anything with this one?" the boss asked.

"You bet I can," I said. "Give me four weeks with her—and you'll be amazed."

"I'll bet I will," said the boss and left Carole Lombard with her fate—and me! (I know there was a time they called her "Carol," "Carol of the Curves," in fact, which was the reason I was starting in on her; but I'll stick to Carole.)

I liked Carole right away. You couldn't be around her and not like her. She was breezy and clever and so regular and oh, how badly she wanted to get thin! She knew how fat she was.

I'd told the exec I'd have her in shape—and with a shape—in four weeks. It took me just three weeks to make her so that she could take a size twelve dress. And that first little white silk number I'd seen her in, which fit her plenty snug, was a sixteen! Cross my heart and hope to die!

Now that I'm no longer at the studio I can confess that I cheated a little bit. You see the studio was paying me a salary then, and a big one. The stars were paying the studio for my treatments; the money was taken out of their salaries each week. Carole was paying for a treatment a day—but I put one over on the studio and gave her an extra treatment every day on studio time.



A GREAT deal of my success in Hollywood lay in making the stars obey me. And they obeyed me because they knew they had to. Unless their figures were nice their contracts weren't renewed. Carole was perfect about it. She did everything I said. We used to have luncheon together almost every day in the little restaurant across from the studio. She used to watch great big juicy steaks and mashed potatoes and creamed peas going by to other tables and then she'd say to the waiter, "And as for me—a green salad with French dressing—mostly lemon juice—and gelatin for dessert."

Because she was such a good sport and never whined I used to let her have a little piece of

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

A month of pummeling, twisting, dieting, and then behold what emerged—the exquisite Carole Lombard of today! It was another of those near miracles for which Sylvia became renowned from coast to coast. And the best part was, Carole never regained a bit of the weight Sylvia had managed to banish in one short month

Ex-Wives *for* Dinner

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS



"You see, Virginia, dear," said Ina, "about letting John walk through his cactus garden in his bare feet. It aggravates John terribly to be crossed"

THE scene takes place in the beautiful Beverly Hills mansion of John Gilbert, handsome star of the screen. John and his lovely bride, Virginia Bruce, are about to sit down to dinner in their spacious dining-room. In fact, Perkins, the butler, has just placed his left thumb in the clear soup, when the door bell rings. He hurriedly places the soup and answers the door.

"Good evening, Perkins," a sweet, low voice reaches the Gilbert dining-room, "John, dear, at home?"

"Er—why—Miss—I—"

"It's all right, Perkins. You remember me, don't you? I'm just a member of the Gilbert sorority. I mean I'm an ex-Mrs. Gilbert, Perkins. Second, I believe. Where's everybody?"

"In the dining-room, Miss, but I think you'd better—"

Into the dining-room, to the utter amazement of John and Virginia, bursts the lovely and beautiful ex-Mrs. Gilbert, Leatrice Joy, calmly removing her gloves and silver foxes.

"Why, hello John, dear. Hello Virginia, sweet. You look adorable in that blue frock. What lovely soup. Mind if I sip at yours, Jack dear? Mmmmmm—Virginia, it's too peppery. Pepper, I always found, made John sneeze for hours. Days even."

She went on with the soup, sitting on the arm of Virginia's chair, while John and Virginia sat wide-eyed and open-mouthed. John unable to rise. Paralyzed from the Adam's apple down, in fact.

"Look here, Leatrice," John manages to say thickly, when the door bell rings.

"Well, if it isn't Perkins, as I have my gorgeous being," a charming, husky toned voice reached the strange trio in the dining-room. "Where's everybody?"

"I—I—I—I—," Perkins sputtered.

"Tut, tut, mustn't play Rosco Ates now, Perkins, Ina hasn't time. We'll play later. You can be Rosco and I'll be Ben Turpin. Why, *hello*—," and into the dining-room dashes—literally dashes—the luscious and blonde Ina Claire, ex-Mrs. Gilbert, number three.

"Soup, as I live," she gurgles and promptly sitting on the arm of Jack's chair, finishes his soup, while Jack reaches over with a numb and trembling hand and calmly pours the remainder of Virginia's now cold broth over his dark and throbbing head. Ina continues sipping appraisingly.

"Lovely. But too salty, Virginia," she says. "I found too much salt was bad for Jack. Made him hiccough."

"IT was pepper," Leatrice admonishes sharply, "and it made him sneeze."

"Salt," Ina firmly contends, glaring at Leatrice over Jack's and Virginia's heads. "And it made him—What was it salt always made you do, dear?" she asked Jack sweetly. "One forgets minor noises so easily, these fast moving days."

"My Gawd," John breathes feverishly.

"Bring on the next course, Perkins," Ina called gaily.

"Ooooo-eeee." Squeals of delight from Ina and Leatrice, still perched on the arm of the Gilberts' chairs, as Perkins, trembling violently and knocking quaintly at both knees, brings on the roast.

"We used to have our salad before the entrée, Perkins," says Leatrice.

"I know, Miss," Perkins says, bursting into tears and laying his head on her shoulder. "So very much has happened since—" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Tch, tch, tch! What a pleasant surprise party this would be for John Gilbert—wouldn't it, now?

No More *Chinese*, Myrna?

Well, since it ends your secret sorrow, here's luck! We're for you, after "The Animal Kingdom"

By Jeanne North



Yes, when we see you *à l'Americaine*, Myrna, we see a great future. Still, we see too why they kept you "East of Suez" so long. Just a touch on those eyes, and oh! what a daughter to *Fu Manchu* you made! Who can do that now, we ask you?

OPENINGS never see her. Swanky parties never see her. Brown Derbies never see her. Not because she is retiring or just too exclusive for words, my deah. Heavens no. She's just not interested.

But—and is she smart?—movie devotees see her. By scores of thousands. And that's why, after seven years of movie making, she's still going strong. Stronger than that, in fact.

Some twenty years ago little Myrna Williams—the Loy is merely a movie name—lived on Fifth Avenue in Helena, Montana, and right on the next street lived a tall, sober-faced little boy whose name was Cooper. Frank, his folks called him. And Mrs. Williams used to call on Mrs. Cooper and discuss the weather, the Ladies' Aid meeting, Frank's tonsils and Myrna's dancing lessons. Little dreaming that one day Frank would be the heart-breaker of Hollywood, and Myrna the best Chinese menace that ever came out of Montana.

When Myrna was seven her father died and the family moved to Santa Monica, California. And was she a comical-looking kid those days, with her bright carrot hair and masses and masses of freckles? Big? And gawky? Well, the kids in the neighborhood nearly passed out when Myrna insisted she'd be a movie actress.

But mother had looked beneath the freckles and gawkiness and wasn't so sure. Not so sure that perhaps that little oval face, those full-lidded green eyes, that gaily tilted nose might not mean a thing or two some day.



And mother was right.

Myrna went in for dancing and finally, in her 'teens, landed in a Sid Grauman prologue at the Egyptian Theater. Her photograph, with a dozen others, stood in the lobby. One day a dark-eyed, dark-haired young man glimpsed that face. And stopped. Valentino, if you please, was interested.

HE looked her up and had her tested for a part in one of his pictures. Too young. But Mrs. Valentino (Natacha Rambova) was so enchanted she offered a small part in her own picture, "What Price Beauty?"

The picture was a classic flop. But it started Myrna Loy in the movies, and she's been going right along since then—nursing a growing passionate purpose.

This one great, flaming desire is to get away from Oriental rôles. For years she fought against it, and it did no good.

Perhaps it's because she achieves that Oriental look so readily that they constantly kept thrusting her into those parts. Her eyes, remember, do

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *MEN MUST FIGHT—M-G-M*

AMONG those things Hollywood usually fights shy of are so-called "problem plays"—ones where the play asks a question and you give the answer. As a rule, they're too slippery to handle, both as to production and as to public reaction.

But if anything can turn the trick, it should be the cast of this one, headed by Diana Wynyard. The problem lies between her, made a pacifist of the most intense stripe by bitter experience, her husband (Lewis Stone), whose love for her cannot over-ride his patriotism, and the son (Phillips Holmes) is tossed between the two views when war suddenly breaks out.

You may find irritations, but you'll see some excellent acting, especially by Diana and Lewis Stone.



☆ *THE GREAT JASPER—RKO-Radio*

CHIEFLY noteworthy for a grand performance by Richard Dix, as the convivial Irishman of the good old days who graduates from a horsecar "motorman" to a fortune-teller, and the presence of the new importation, Wera Engels, who is due to click. The motorman, who takes his women and his whisky where he finds 'em, has two sons, one by his wife and one by the wife of his boss; the two boys are as far apart as his wife—an unsympathetic part beautifully done by Florence Eldridge—and himself. It's the story of two families, thus closely entwined, down through the years; Betty Furness is charming, and there's far too little of Edna May Oliver.

Inevitably reminiscent of "Cimarron"—but it isn't a "Cimarron," though.



☆ *TOPAZE—RKO-Radio*

WITHOUT the slightest facetious intent, we may characterize this gem of a picture by saying it answers that years-old query: What would happen to John Barrymore without aid from his classic profile? For trivial as that sounds, the profile's gradual emergence is so superbly in keeping with the story, that many will vote this John's greatest to date.

It happens, you see, that John starts as *M. Topaze*, a drab French schoolmaster, so naïve he believes people actually obey the moral maxims he teaches. That is where, hidden behind pedagogic whiskers, you'll never know John. But thanks to his refusing distinction to the son (Jackie Searl) of a rich man, *M. Topaze* moves on to the world as it is—and begins to learn. One lesson: While his job as chemist for a highly respectable racket does *not* ask pursuit of scientific truth, his boss (Reginald Mason) *can* get him the coveted Academy decoration. Lesson two: His boss's mistress (Myrna Loy) is quite willing to be amused.

So our lowly grub begins to change (and the profile to emerge), and the two changes match so perfectly you never even think what superb "theater" it is. Meanwhile, the supporting cast is not only maintaining, but enhancing the illusion, even though Myrna's rôle is not as rich as it might be. You can't afford to miss this one.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

TOPAZE
MEN MUST FIGHT
CLEAR ALL WIRES
PRIVATE JONES
STATE FAIR
THE GREAT JASPER
SECRETS
FROM HELL TO HEAVEN
THE KING'S VACATION

The Best Performances of the Month

John Barrymore in "Topaze"
Diana Wynyard in "Men Must Fight"
Lewis Stone in "Men Must Fight"
Will Rogers in "State Fair"
Janet Gaynor in "State Fair"
Lee Tracy in "Clear All Wires"
Una Merkel in "Clear All Wires"
Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper"
Jean Hersholt in "The Crime of the Century"
Mary Pickford in "Secrets"
George Arliss in "The King's Vacation"
Jan Kiepura in "Be Mine Tonight"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 112



☆ ***STATE FAIR—Fox***

JANET GAYNOR and Norman Foster as children of Will Rogers and Louise Dresser—that ought to be intriguing enough in itself to make a good picture.

But when you add to this fine cast a whimsical tale that fairly breathes the charm side of life on the farm; introduces chuckles and laughs, especially when that city fellow, Lew Ayres, intrigues Janet and Norman tumbles for the trapeze artiste, Sally Eilers; and steps right along from start to finish; you'll know why we say this scores a bull's-eye.

Will Rogers, of course, is himself—interested this time in showing his pet hog, "Blue Boy," at the fair, while Ma brings her pickles and mince meat. Perhaps this time there are not so many droll whimsies—but you'll feel his power to tug at the heart when "Blue Boy" takes sick just before prize time. Janet, too, has just the sort of rôle needed to bring out what people seem most to love—especially when she and brother fall into their complications among the visitors to the fair.

Then when Ma, in her prize quest, gives her mince meat the aid of high-voltage brandy and the committee of experts falls to appraising its merits, you'll probably feel that there's no fun to improve upon that at state fairs. All in all, beyond question here's superb entertainment for the whole family.



☆ ***CLEAR ALL WIRES—M-G-M***

LEE TRACY steps forth as *Buckley Joyce Thomas*, a high-powered newspaper correspondent—the kind who in the absence of news makes it out of whole cloth or even from his own broken arm. And as he bamboozles his employer and public, you'll agree that also he achieves something rare in screen fun.

Even before Lee starts for Russia on his news-making quest, he makes news of a sort by taking the boss's girl (Una Merkel) along just for company . . . minus the boss's knowledge or consent. With him also goes his faithful *Lefty* (Jimmy Gleason)—a lad who, like Lee, doesn't mind starting revolutions or taking pot-shots at a price for a headline. You can imagine what happens when this crew, plus Benita Hume, strikes Russia and starts stirring things up.



☆ ***SECRETS—United Artists***

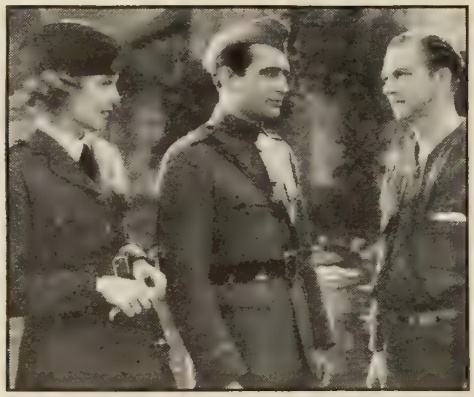
NOW, after a weary, long wait on our part, a new, beautiful and stirring Mary Pickford comes back in a picture that just misses by inches being a classic—perhaps because somehow we can't feel that Leslie Howard is quite in his *metier* as a sturdy Western rancher.

Mary, though, is believable at all times—and that is the main thing in a tale concerned with a luxury-reared Yankee girl who seeks the frontier with her sweetheart, as the alternative to marrying a title. C. Aubrey Smith and Blanche Friderici as Mary's purse-proud, socially ambitious parents, and Ned Sparks as Leslie's staunch helper in his battles with nature and cattle thieves, likewise are splendid.

You can be sure you won't make any mistake by taking the family to see it.

☆

PRIVATE JONES—Universal



YOU'LL sense a fine double-barreled kick in this Lee Tracy portrayal of a cocky and belligerent buck private, who is on the horns of a dilemma throughout. On the one hand is his mother's training against war, and his own lack of enmity to Germans. On the other, he falls for a sweet little Y. M. C. A. worker (Gloria Stuart), married to a lieutenant he hates. The result is red-blooded entertainment, with food for thought.



☆

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN—Paramount

A DIFFERENT sort of story with spice, comedy, tragedy, and Jack Oakie thrown in to provide ample good measure. One by one, the characters filter in to take rooms at a hotel near a race track. From there on the story steps out, with many a thrill and chuckle, until death, comedy, happiness bring it to the fadeout. There's good entertainment here for nearly everybody.

☆

THE KING'S VACATION—Warners



AGAIN George Arliss takes a somewhat light story and, with Arlissean suavity, turns it into delightful entertainment. This time he's a King, happily freed by a revolution from his oppressive job. He is freed also by the Queen (Mrs. Arliss) to seek the love he renounced (Marjorie Gateson) when he married. But freedom's rosy promises turn out to have thorns—from which Mr. Arliss draws a filmful of fun.



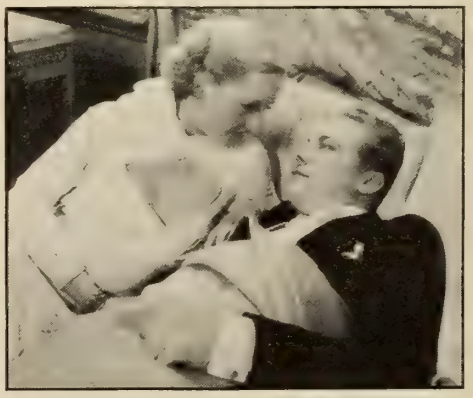
BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National

PLENTY of action, some good laughs and fine acting turn a none-too-thrilling plot into quite good entertainment. Joan Blondell, as *Blondie*, and Chester Morris build up a considerable business as private racketeers. Then Chester gets ritzy as the well-dressed business "front" of the gang, and the resulting complications lead to capture of the gang and what else there is of the story.

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY—Paramount



WELL, not quite the crime of the century, but a reasonably acceptable mystery picture. Jean Hersholt is grand as *Dr. Emil Brandt*, who plans a "perfect murder," then appeals to the law to prevent him from committing it. This gives someone else the idea—guess who. We'll never tell. Wynne Gibson does another swell naughty lady. Cast good; but it's too bad they didn't talk less and do more.



EX-LADY—Warners

THIS picture makes you wonder if maybe moving picture kissing isn't rather a tough way to earn a living after all. Bette Davis is very pretty as the young artist who doesn't want to marry her boy friend (Gene Raymond), because she believes that marriage spoils love. She changes her mind, though, when siren Kay Strozzi and villain Monroe Owsley start things. Much giddy modern scenery and pretty clothes.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio



ON the whole, a humanly done and entertaining piece, even though nothing to get excited about. Junior Durkin is "practically a failure at seventeen," due to detecting instead of tending to his job. He accidentally stumbles on a real plot, and solves the mystery. Mrs. Wallace Reid (formerly known as Dorothy Davenport) makes a pleasing talking picture début as Junior's mother. Hope we'll see more of her.

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia



PRETTY fair when it gets going, with a somewhat involved plot offering a distinctly new twist on the "mercy murder" theme. The family lawyer, suavely done by Alan Dinehart, kills an incurable invalid, then fastens it on the young family doctor (Neil Hamilton), because of greed and his desire for the doctor's fiancee (Mae Clarke). As acting honors go, John Sheehan, who does the tramp Santa Claus, lifts the show.

THE SECRETS OF WU SIN—Invincible



REAL Orientals playing their rôles with feeling and talent give a new and interesting angle to this story. Lois Wilson, saved from death by a young newspaper editor, Grant Withers, becomes a reporter, unearths a plot for smuggling Chinamen into the country, falls in love with her editor, exposes his father-in-law-to-be as a villain and gets her man. Toshia Mori and Eddie Boland both splendid.

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal



IF you want the experience of riding a *de luxe* train from Paris to Rome, this gives it superbly, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Everyone involved in a murder mystery over a stolen painting restolen on the train; Conrad Veidt as heavy villain, with Donald Calthrop as victim. Esther Ralston and Hugh Williams offer mild love interest; comic relief by Gordon Harker, Finlay Currie and Muriel Aked.

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia



A THRILLING, gripping story of Rex, the wild horse. Leader of a band of wild horses, Rex is captured by a Navajo brave, foils the villain and destroys him in a hair-raising scene. A spectacular fight between a wild horse and mountain lion also is breath-taking. William Janney, Wallace MacDonald and Dorothy Appleby are simply overshadowed by the dynamic Rex. Exciting both for youngsters and adults.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox



A CROOK tale that, curiously, draws its chief merit from a comedy bit about an anchor, applied to a fair captive as a slave bracelet. Warner Baxter is the nimble Raffles who, to cover his theft of a diamond bracelet, shanghaies Miriam Jordan aboard his yacht—whereupon her struggles bring in the anchor and the fun. Herbert Mundin good as Warner's butler accomplice.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]



Can you see Ramon's roguish *Rupert of Hentzau*, of many years back, twinkling again here? Well, that's the sign!

Fulfillment *of* A Wink

As the wink goes, so goes Ramon Novarro. Now that it's back, his sense of fun is ready again to work

By May Allison Quirk

A TELEPHONE conversation has just taken place between New York and Yuma, Arizona. I was at the New York end and Ramon Novarro held the Yuma receiver. Ramon's birthday; his thirty-fourth, I believe. The date was February 6th.

"Hello, Ramon. This is May Allison Quirk."

"Oh, hello May. What a pleasant surprise this is!"

"Good to hear your voice too, Ramon. I'm going to talk fast just in order to keep down the overhead. I never ask anyone how old they are, but congratulations on your birthday, Ramon. Feel any older?"

"Not yet, but I may take a turn for the worse any moment now."

"Reports are flying about that you will soon retire from the screen. What shall I tell our million anxious and palpitating readers?"

"Do you really want to know or is this a social call?"

"I couldn't afford to be social at two dollars a minute, Ramon. This is business. I'll take it off my income tax."

"The answer is yes and no. My contract calls for acting, directing or both. As the years go on, I am hoping to direct more and act less often. But if a great part came along that was suitable for me, I'd probably want to play it."

"ANY idea of marrying soon, Ramon?"

"I've always had ideas. Still have the old ones. You remember what I told you once before about that."

"Are you in love with any one?"

"Oh, I love a great many people."

"Now, Ramon, I spank. I said, are you *in* love, not do you *love* anyone?"

"Well, I'll tell you"——brrh——rrr——rrr—r

"Operator, you've cut us off at the most interesting part of our conversation."

"Excuse it, please. You were not cut off, madame. Something happened to the connection."

Brrr——rr——rr———r——

"Can you hear Mr. Novarro now, Mrs. Quirk?"

"No, I cannot hear Mr. Novarro now."

"One moment please. There is difficulty at the Yuma end."

Pop-pop—click—brrh—rr—rrr——

Then faintly from Ramon.

"Hello, May, I was just going to say"—blurb—brrh–r——

"Hello, hello, Mrs. Quirk. This is operator speaking. I'm sorry you cannot hear. Mr. Novarro says to tell you he was just going to say that the weather is simply heavenly out here now. When are you coming out?"

"Tell Mr. Novarro we were talking about love, operator, not the weather, and I'll call him again sometime. Say adios."

"Thank you, Mrs. Quirk."

"No, no, no, thank *you*, operator."

Boiling the facts down, and after that telephone experience I've got to boil something, Ramon [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]



Otto Dyar

IT may be the Magyar blood in her veins which enables Zita Johann to create those startling moods on the screen. Or it may be her amazing intelligence. But you'll agree, if you saw this young Hungarian from the New York stage in "Tiger Shark," "The Mummy" or "Luxury Liner," that she's a thoroughly competent actress and a real *personality*



HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 111.

Bette Wears An Amusing Collar

COULD you imagine a more romantic gown than this one for a honeymoon in Havana? That is where Bette Davis wears it in her new picture "Ex-Lady." Orry-Kelly has put his inimitable touch to the design by using a small Peter Pan collar with bow to top the gown—it is one of those gay details that make a gown different. Pale green mousseline de soie is the fabric and the foundation is taffeta. Note the tucked detail in the skirt and the upper part of the bodice. Although Bette is not wearing it in this picture, there is a tiny sleeveless jacket with a three-tiered cape collar to go with this—and it has been made up for you who will want to have a complete evening ensemble for early summer evenings. Bette wears matching satin slippers with this and sheer hose with a coppery cast.



Stripes Are New In Many Guises

BLUE and white striped felt fashions a gay quartette of new accessories. A hat in the smart pillbox shape, a belt with metal buckle, a commodious bag with leather and metal trim and a cigarette case. Stunning for either spring frock or suit.

COTTON tweed is one of the smartest fabrics for sportswear or daytime this season. Bette Davis wears the one above in "Ex-Lady." Designed by Orry-Kelly, it has a detachable cape, buttoning on the shoulder. A frayed edge of the fabric is used for trimming on cuffs and collar.

THE redingote type of costume is always smart for spring and summer. Bette Davis wears this one on her Havana trip in "Ex-Lady." Orry-Kelly has used a brown, orange, tan, beige, yellow and henna stripe on white for the silk dress and for the cuffs on her coat. The coat is yellow wool crepe with an amusing double cape and unusual collar detail. Note the stripe again repeated on the buttons, belt buckle and hat band. Just what you have been wanting, isn't it?

— Seymour

WHEN Kay Francis appears in a new picture, every feminine heart has an excited flutter because it means a glittering parade of stunning clothes. Her new picture "The Keyhole" will prove no exception for Orry-Kelly has done a knockout job of designing a whole wardrobe of grand costumes. One is this evening gown, below. Kay wears it dining and dancing in the south. White crepe is made on slim lines with ruffles used for a deep flounce and a crisp edging for the neckline in front and back. Note how the pleated ruffles are run up the skirt to a point. Brass rings decorate the neckline in front and form shoulder straps with the fabric laced through. Kay wears two brass bracelets.



—Seymour

KATHARINE HEPBURN may wear patched trousers on the lot but she wears glamorous clothes for her screen rôles. This new star of such unique personality, wears her clothes with striking effect. In "Christopher Strong," she wears this gown designed by Howard Greer. Isn't it one of the loveliest you've seen with fabric daisies forming a cape and flounce on white mousseline de soie? Each daisy has a rhinestone center. The cape may be removed when and if you wish. Katharine wears this in a highly romantic scene in the picture, at a party on the Riviera. There is one scene where she dances with the hem of her frock held up in one hand—and the daisies seem to fall from her arms down to the hem—it is a graceful gown.

A Nautical Air For Evening





HERE are two views of a different gown! It has a seafaring air with its sailor collar edged with braid and dotted with stars. The skirt, too, is cleverly suggestive of sailor trousers with crystal buttons in front and laced detail in back. Miriam Jordan wears it in "Dangerously Yours." It was designed by Lambert under the direction of Rita Kaufman. Heavy white crepe is the fabric with stars in blue and braid in silver and white. A tab in front has Miriam's name embroidered on it. A unique idea.

"THE Keyhole" brings you another wearable and smart costume. It is a coat, part of an ensemble which Orry-Kelly has designed for Kay Francis. Since Kay wears it on a boat bound for Cuba, her model is white flannel but it has been made up in a new woolen for your spring wardrobe. The coat is slightly fitted, fastening with one large button at the front. The double collar so unusual in design, is an outstanding detail. Wide flaring cuffs fasten with a single button. Kay wears a white flannel skirt with this and a blue and white striped vest of mannish type—the striped fabric also lines her coat. All white accessories.





PLAIDS are very much in the spotlight both in woolens and silks. Mae Clarke wears an attractive plaid dress in "Parole Girl." A large bow of lacquered silk snaps across the neckline in front. Her brown leather belt is trimmed with brass knobs. Don't overlook Mae's trim brown straw sailor with band of the same ribbon that forms the bow on her dress—these shallow sailors are popular.

A NUMBER of interesting accessories have been sketched on this page. Reading from top to bottom, you will see one of the new open sandals with a wide "T" strap—perforated trim is used to smart advantage. A plaid umbrella offers a service for rainy days—its leather handle opens up to reveal a pair of rubber sandals tucked away neatly within! A black leather belt affects a feminine air in a metal bow. And the newest cigarette holder is a collapsible affair that fits into a small case. The end is specially constructed to eject the cigarette stub.

— Seymour



FOR country or city wear, corduroy is still a very smart choice. In "From Hell to Heaven" Adrienne Ames wears the attractive ensemble you see below. She wears it as spectator at the races—a good tip for you who will be going to such events this spring. Her ensemble is gray corduroy for the skirt and swagger coat, plaid flannel in yellow and black for the tricky little blouse. Large nickel buttons and a nickel buckle on the suede belt are excellent touches for this type of costume. This is a Travis Banton design. Note that Adrienne wears a beret to match and that her shoes again stress the perforated detail that is so new.



SLASHING at the top of the skirt and large white buttons give a slightly mannish look to the dress above which Miriam Jordan wears in "Dangerously Yours." This costume is really a compromise between the masculine and too feminine—the blouse being fashioned of a red, white and blue star print with soft detailing at the neckline.

A CHECKED cotton shirt like a man's and a pique vest are the newest accessory contributions to the man-tailored vogue. Note the fabric shirt tie.





Bert Longworth

SHADES of *Chandu!* But no—this concentrating gentleman from the much misused Far East—he who wears the monstrous turban and gazes so fixedly into the crystal globe—is no other than Warren William. His rapt companion, who co-stars in "The Mind Reader," is Constance Cummings. Is the future black, gray or rosy, Constance?

Let's Give 'Dolphe *A Hand*



It's just as we always suspected. Beneath that silk hat there was hidden a great actor. Now his *Doctor Rinaldi* in "A Farewell to Arms" proves it—and we're for seeing a lot more of what 'Dolphe can do, now that he's in the open, *sans* cane, spats and tailcoat

Ever since Adolphe Menjou left evening clothes for real acting others get the medals

By Leonard Hall

I SUPPOSE if you asked every last ham in Hollywood who the most unappreciated actor in pictures was, he would point to his fifth weskit button and roar, ungrammatically but loudly, "ME!"

Actors, to hear them tell it, are never properly appreciated at their full value, but that is because it is the nature of the histrionic beast (no offense, pals!) never to be satisfied with anything but the best end seat on the bus.

But the simple, unadorned truth is that the least hymned and hallooed-for trouper in all Filmania is a slender, middle-aged gent who goes quietly about Hollywood tending strictly to his tatting and who answers promptly to the name of Adolphe Menjou.

Dapper 'Dolphe is one of the most astonishing phenomena on the Once-Golden Coast. Deprived of his tail-coated stardom at Paramount when the talkies came howling in, he took a year's exile in England in his stride, and came back to modest feature billing—and one grand acting job after another. "The Front Page," for example. And take the case of "A Farewell to Arms," with Helen Hayes superb as the war-battered nurse, and Gary Cooper struggling along as best he could in the wake of that appalling little genius.

But when the polls had closed, when the ballots were counted —when that magnificent picture was soberly studied and its performances appraised—it was found that the most human, the most sparkling and the most heart-warming show of all was the *Rinaldi* of Mr. Adolphe Menjou, ex-tailors' dummy and now fine actor-in-ordinary to the magnates of Celluloidia.

In short, Mr. Menjou dangerously approaches greatness as an actor. Beneath that usually debonair exterior beats an actor's heart—glows an actor's spirit. He can, and cheerfully will, give half a dozen such spanking performances a year. Yet when the statuettes are passed around by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, nobody ever hands old Adolphe one. All he does, you see, is to steal—and save—the other folks' talkies.

MONSIEUR MENJOU'S emergence as an actor of truly astounding candle-power is one of those Hollywood happenings that keep our interest in pictures at white heat—sometimes as we are sinking for the third time in a sea of exquisite boredom.

For years nobody ever suspected him of being anything much but a very handsome *figger* in tails and topper. Three inches added to his waistline, at that time, would have knocked his picture career clear to Catalina Island.

Chaplin gave him his first big shot as the blasé man-about-town in "A Woman of Paris," and for five years Monsieur ambled through countless Bored Beauty rôles without his mustache once becoming unwaxed. His movie life was one long drawl.

Perfect in its way—yes, but Lord! Certainly there was something more to life than a melodious lifting of the left eyebrow, even in the movies. But the movies still only moved, and when 'Dolphe was in 'em, hardly that. It remained for the scientists with their talkie gadgets to reveal The Duke of Hollywood Boulevard to a gasping world as something besides The Tailors' Joy.

FINALLY Adolphe and his magnificent haberdashery got to be a sort of wistful national joke. Columnists hinted that he was sewed into his tail-coat in 1923 and had never emerged since—that he slept in his top hat and wore his patent-leather pumps to breakfast. And all the time, under that spotless iron shirt, beat the heart of a first-rate trouper! How little we know of what really goes on beneath the dinner-jackets of the world!

For M. Menjou, having lived down his iron-chest era, when he subdued whole battalions of crooning women by a flirt of the snowy 'kerchief, has become one of Hollywood's chiefest ornaments and soundest citizens.

True, he bellowed a bit when the talkies smote him from stardom, but that was natural enough—quite "the human thing to do," as the old catch hath it. Once back in harness, however, he set out to prove to the bosses and the pie-eyed world at large that he was not only the best dress-tie knotter on earth, but an excellent actor as well.

He took the better parts that were tossed his way, and made every last one of them stand out and shine.

His career has reached its highest point today with his glorious *Rinaldi* in "A Farewell to Arms," and 'Dolphe, over the Great Divide of forty, is now one of the acknowledged aces of motion pictures.

Barring an occasional mild disagreement with his beauteous wife, Kathryn Carver, which unhappily finds its way into the daily press, Monsieur Menjou's Hollywood existence is untroubled, dignified and serene. He goes on from triumph to triumph in his gentlemanly and well-dressed way, and he will have

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

What *was the*

BEST PICTURE OF 1932?

Your Votes Decide
Which One Shall Be Added To This Famous PHOTOPLAY Honor Roll!



ONCE more voting time has come—the time to select whatever picture of the 1932 list deserves the highest honor accorded in photoplay land.

Other fields have their Nobel prizes, their Pulitzer awards. Motion pictures too have honors, awarded by critics, artists and professionals. But the supreme honor, the final verdict, is the one that you, the millions of the picture audience, award. Each year you decide by your votes, which picture is to be declared the best of the year just passed, and given the Gold Medal donated by PHOTOPLAY. This medal is made of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

At the right are the choices so made in previous years. Now it is time to add 1932's contribution to this honor roll; and time for you to prepare for doing your part in this great annual election.

No rules, no limitations, restrict you. All we ask is that you think carefully, consider well, then send us your decision. And the picture receiving the greatest number of votes between now and when the poll closes, will be adjudged best and awarded the Medal.

In making your choice, outstanding work by one or more stars, of course will count, and count heavily. But you will remember the supporting players—did they fit in naturally, effectively? The direction—did it get the most possible from players and plot? Settings and stagings, photography—and of course the story itself. And the best test—the one on which we feel sure you'll rely in the end—is the test of how well the picture *wears* with you, as you think back to it, and compare it with others you see.

To aid you in recollecting which *were* the pictures of 1932, we print a list below; but your choice is not limited to those in this list. If you consider some other picture superior, and it was released in 1932, you are perfectly free to vote for it.

One other point: While the picture must be one released in 1932, you need not have seen it in that year. If you saw it this year, that is quite all right. The Brief Reviews commencing on page 6 of this issue, will help for the last few months of the year.

If the picture was reviewed in January, 1933, or earlier, it was certainly a 1932 release.

For your convenience, a voting coupon is printed in the lower right-hand corner of this page, but a letter or post card will do as well. Your vote is what counts, however you send it.

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"

List of 50 outstanding pictures released in 1932

American Madness
Arsene Lupin
As You Desire Me
Back Street
Bill of Divorcement, A
Blessed Event
Bring 'Em Back Alive
Call Her Savage
Conquerors, The
Cynara
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Doomed Battalion, The
Emma
First Year, The
Grand Hotel
I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang
Kid From Spain, The
Ladies of the Jury
Lady with a Past
Letty Lynton
Life Begins
Love Me Tonight
Lovers Courageous
Man I Killed, The
Mata Hari
Merrily We Go to Hell
Miracle Man, The
Movie Crazy
Night After Night
Night Court
Once in a Lifetime
One Hour With You
One Way Passage
Rain
Raspuin and the Empress
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Red Dust
Red Headed Woman
Scarface
Shanghai Express
Silver Dollar
Six Hours To Live
Smilin' Through
Strange Interlude
Symphony of Six Million
Tess of the Storm Country
Trial of Vivienne Ware, The
Trouble in Paradise
Washington Merry-Go-Round
What Price Hollywood

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1932.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

Name_____

Address_____

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck



BLONDE, very curled and very dimpled, Thelma Todd is a decidedly feminine type. If this sudden vogue for mannishness takes, it is hoped that girls will first consider their type seriously. For it can be either very chic or ridiculous. More of Thelma on next page!

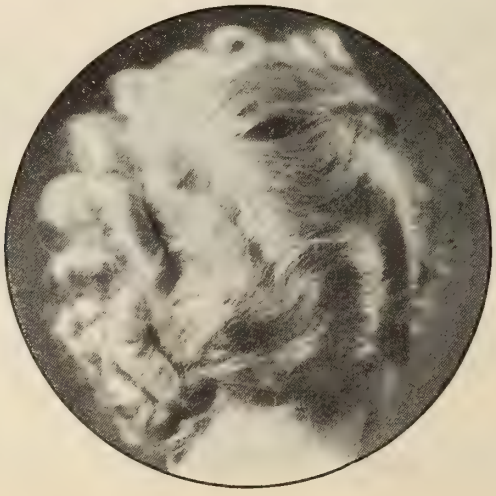
All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Casin Roll Coiffure Created For Thelma Todd



IN the face of the wave of masculinity that threatens us, Thelma Todd's imaginative and romantic coiffure offers welcome contrast. Those longitudinal curls give much latitude for their arrangement if you can possibly produce enough hair to create them. Coronet effect is becoming to a full face. Nice dimples!

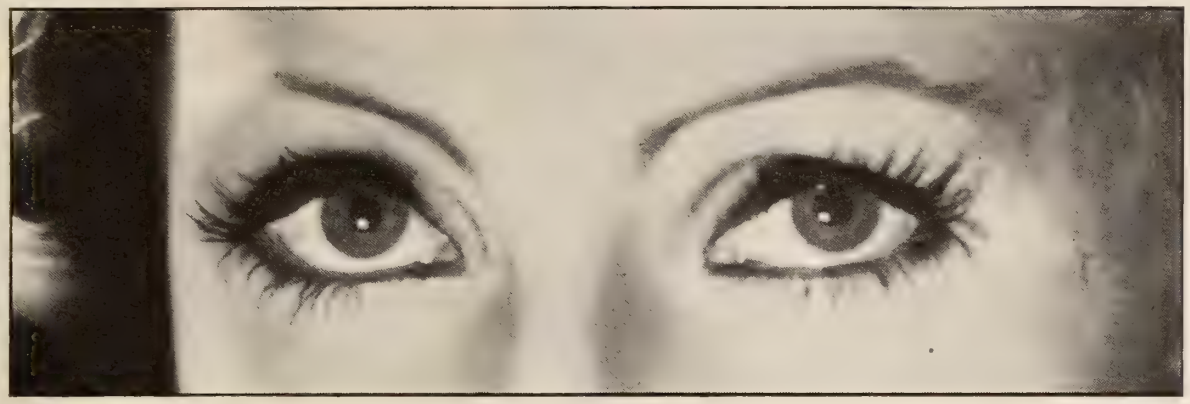




THELMA can well afford to turn her back on us with a ravishing coiffure like this. From a low right part the slightly waved hair is swept to the left, where it is massed in full curls of geometric design.

THE left side has full benefit of curl. For more conservative arrangement replace these roll curls by flat ringlets. That shadowy forehead fringe is much in vogue and gracious to the high forehead. Invisible bob pins will help keep the curls in place.

Eye Make-Up Styles For Types



UNFORGETTABLE, these Garbo eyes. Beautiful, glamorous, disillusioned, they set new precedents in beauty. Notice how clever make-up accentuates the outer lashes, leaving the inner lashes almost untouched. This adds subtle charms.





KATHLEEN BURKE has decidedly almond shaped eyes. This type should brush on darkener lightly, accenting the outer lashes heavily to emphasize the slant and exotic effect. For heavy lashes, brush on a second coat after the first has dried.

MAE CLARKE, whose eyes are dark, oval and of normal size, finds that an even fringe of dark lashes above and below is becoming to her type. Wet your brush, brush on the darkener, separating the lashes with the brush, to make a natural-looking frame for eyes.



WITH auburn hair and hazel eyes, Lilian Bond finds a heavy fringe on the upper lid, a slight accent to the lower, a proper finishing touch to her eyes. This procedure applies to most light eyes. Always shadow lower lashes very discreetly.

"Don't let ____ warns



"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, and yet something that was precious has been lost. She is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown humdrum, stale.

"DON'T let love grow humdrum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

Then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning — and *holding* — adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness. You can do it the way the screen stars do. Men

love grow hum-drum"

HELEN TWELVETREES



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth, tender skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.



She begins to live over again the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now love is glamorous again, life is colorful, gay!

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the large film studios.

Don't be satisfied with a skin that just "gets by." Have a skin flawlessly lovely—irresistible. Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



Let the Beauty Soap of the Stars make your skin Glamorous



Well, now that you're all agog about the *new* "Panther Woman," we know you'll be glad to see her off-stage, just looking Hollywood over. Nor have those eyes lost any of their power!

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Ask The Answer Man

"THE PANTHER WOMAN" brought in the most letters this month. Everyone wants to know if she is really as ferocious as her name implies. Let me tell you about her.

Her real name is Kathleen Burke and she is nineteen years old. Was born in Hammond, Indiana, although Chicago has been getting the credit for her discovery. She is 5 feet, 6 inches tall; weighs 118 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes.

Before she won the title of "Panther Woman" in a nation-wide contest in which 60,000 other ambitious aspirants took part, she was an advertising copy-writer and photographer's model. She never had any stage or screen experience. She claims it was her "Irish Luck" that helped her win, but it was really her eyes—long, narrow, blazing eyes that slant strangely at the corners.

When Kathleen went to Hollywood, her fiance, Glen R. Rardin, a Chicago photographer, closed up his shop and followed her. The studio objected to Glen playing bodyguard and hanging around while Kathleen emoted, but a little of the "Panther" spirit flared up and Glen was allowed to remain.

In her latest picture "Murders in the Zoo" Kathleen plays an entirely different rôle from *Lota* in "The Isle of Lost Souls."

SHIRLEY CRAMER, HINSDALE, ILL.—Tell me more about that club of yours, Shirley. And so that all will be peaceful at your next meeting, here's the information. Bette Davis' first name is pronounced as though it were spelled "Betty." The story goes, that when she was a little tyke just starting at school, teacher asked her to write her name. She obliged with "Bette," and her folks thought it so cute they left it that way.

P. D. Q., EUREKA, CALIF.—Don't be timid about asking questions. I'm always glad to be of assistance to my friends. Joel McCrea is 6 feet, 2 inches tall and has been in this merry old world for 27 years. You will see him next opposite Ann Harding in "Déclassé." You didn't tell me your height so how can I tell you just what actress reaches the same altitude? Aline MacMahon is 5 feet, 8 inches tall. Does that beat your record?

C. CHAMPE TALIAFERRO, WILMINGTON, DEL.—Have you a bet on the picture you described to me? The name of it was "Lovers Courageous," Madge Evans and Robert Montgomery playing the leading rôles.

BIRDIE, DETROIT, MICH.—You're right, Birdie, that was a very lovely melody played by Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement." It was an original composition by Max Steiner and is published by Sam Fox, 158 West 46th Street, New York City. The name is "An Unfinished Sonata."

CARROLL FOX, BALTIMORE, MD.—Carroll, you win the bet. Maurice Chevalier is a native son of France. Imagine your friend thinking he was a Brooklynite! Maurice came to America in 1928. His latest picture is "A Bedtime Story." Helen Twelvetrees and Leah Ray appear with him.

SCOTTYFOOT, DAYTON, OHIO.—Joan Crawford will celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday on March 23rd. Dorothy Jordan uses her own name in pictures. Sorry I cannot give you her home address.

MRS. DEWITT, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—John Halliday entered pictures early in 1930 after a very successful stage career. He appeared on the stage in "Dracula," "The Spider," and "Jealousy." Among the numerous pictures he has appeared in are "Captain Applejack," "Father's Son," "Impatient Maiden," "Bird of Paradise," and "The Age of Consent." He also went to Europe in 1932 and appeared in Gloria Swanson's British-made picture "Perfect Understanding." John's latest is "The Woman Accused." He is a Brooklynite, born on September 14, 1886. In March, 1929, he and Eleanor Griffith were married.

MARGARET BROWNING, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—How did you ever get your choice sifted down to one when there are so many handsome leading men? Robert Young was born in Chicago on Washington's birthday, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 170 and has brown hair and brown eyes. Received his grammar school education in Seattle and went to high school in Los Angeles. Entered pictures in March, 1931. His favorite sport is golf and his latest picture is "Today We Live."

MRS. JACK THIEBANTH, STRATFORD, CONN.—Sure, you have seen Gertrude Messinger before. Remember her in the "boy friend" series made by Hal Roach? Gertie was born in Spokane, Wash., on April 28, 1911. She is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Has blonde hair and blue eyes. At the age of 4 years she appeared in Fox kiddie pictures. On April 20, 1932, she eloped with David Sharpe, who appeared with her in the "boy friend" series. Buddy Messinger is her brother.

J. M. P., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.—None other than Gary Cooper played opposite Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time."



Those *Marked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

They use the "Lysol" method of feminine antisepsis that has been approved by leading doctors throughout the world, for more than forty years.

"Lysol" is mild and healing. It contains no free caustic alkali, commonly found in chlorine-type antiseptics, which deadens sensitive tissues and inflames tender membranes.

"Lysol" is dependable and effective. It destroys germ-life in the actual presence of organic matter . . . Under similar conditions, certain chlorine compounds lose 95% of their laboratory efficiency.

Don't let "CALENDAR FEAR" run away with your good looks . . . and your good health. Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol" according to directions. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . And be sure to send for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope. Please use the coupon below.

●

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



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Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Beauty Comments Via Hollywood

By Carolyn Van Wyck



JULIE HAYDON revels in icy face baths. She takes hers from a spray. Try an ordinary atomizer. Also a delightfully refreshing and stimulating way to use lotions.



TWO noteworthy details of Carole Lombard's face —that beauty-mark and broader eyebrows. There is a distinct Hollywood trend toward broader eyebrows.

LILIAN HARVEY, whom many of you saw in "Congress Dances" and who will soon be on the screen in American-made pictures, is a very petite and pretty person. In conversation one day this actress said to me, "In two years I have been seven days without professional make-up on my face."

Coming from a player whose appearance is of paramount importance, whose skin is delicate and fine and flawless, this statement should ease the minds of many girls who write to this department questioning the use of make-up. Does it harm, can it harm, could it be responsible for this or that little skin ailment from which the writer suffers?

When Lilian referred to make-up, she meant that heavy, masque-like make-up that all screen players use so that the camera can bring out the right skin, hair and feature contrasts and tones. She did not refer to the delicate, protective powders, the finely compounded rouges and flattering and soothing lipsticks that most of us use.

From long and keen observation I should say that the girl who uses make-up invariably has a far better skin than the girl who does not. There are two reasons for this. Only the girl interested in her appearance uses make-up. In many cases, she is just as interested in her own skin health. Naturally, this means that she cleanses thoroughly and uses sane judgment in the selection of her preparations.

Secondly, any girl with two bright eyes knows that make-up to be artful and attractive must be fresh—and we cannot pile new make-up over old without looking dull and sodden. Lipstick, no matter how fresh and vivid in tone, will look harsh and dead if layer is placarded over layer. And so we make-up users invariably cleanse our faces oftener than the girl who goes without.

Fully half of our skin health and beauty is dependent upon these frequent cleansings. We need not, of course, go through the thorough routine of a soap-and-water bath or cream-and-lotion cleansing every time we need fresh make-up. They are our morning and evening skin salvation. For quick and perfect removal of make-up during the day, use one of the modern liquid cleansers which also serves as a good powder base. Renew your make-up at least once a day, preferably at noon. This attention will do wonders for your skin and give you the fullest charm and benefit from your make-up.

* * *

Lillian Rosine, make-up expert, recently talked at a bankers' convention and extended to the audience the privilege of asking questions. Garbo's lashes and Harlow's hair came in for much questioning, showing how these players' charms affect the male movie-goers.

* * *

Una Merkel, a little bird tells us, grew very weary of her long tresses and had her golden blonde, curly hair cut quite short. The last time I saw Una she was in the long-haired class and some of you may remember that we showed her in this department brushing for hair beauty. This masculine vogue may send some of you to the barber, but do retain a few curls or a bang even if you go very short.

WITH April comes the desire for new and lovely perfumes, and so I have prepared a folder, "New Perfumes and How to Use Them." It's yours on request, as well as our folder on "Hair That Misbehaves," our list of beauty preparations for every skin and a leaflet devoted to acne and blackhead conditions. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York.



JUAN LES PINS APPROVES *"la cigarette Spud"*

Stroll down the line of bright cabañas, greeting friends . . . you'll be hospitably offered a Spud. In French, or Spanish, or Italian, perhaps . . . but the same familiar Spud, now one of the good-time cigarettes of Europe. Instantly approved by those chic internationals whose critical taste recognized Spud's delightful moist-cool round of tobacco enjoyment as worth while. **SPUD *MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES***



20 FOR 20c (U.S.) • 20 FOR 25c (CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

How Sylvia Changed "Carol of the Curves"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

angel food cake (now and then) and a large glass of iced tea. And that reminds me, when you girls drink tea—either hot or cold—be sure to squeeze eight or ten drops of lemon juice into it because that neutralizes the tannic acid. Tannic acid is bad for the liver.

How did I reduce Carole Lombard from a sixteen to a twelve? I'll tell you. For two hours every day I pounded and squeezed and slapped that flesh away. You can do the same for yourself if you will. You see, the ordinary massage is only good for putting flesh on. By my method the flesh is squeezed off with the fingers and slapped off with the hands.

And here's something else I did to take off flesh from just below the busts to the knee. I stretched her. Yes, that's just what I mean. And here's how you can do that. Lie on a bed and with the right hand hold on tight to the bed-post. Then get a friend or your husband or your mother or someone to pull the right leg (holding the leg at the knee) as hard as he or she can. Make the person helping you pull hard and you hang on to the bed-post hard, too, stretching as much as you can the entire time.

This stretching will actually pull fat away. It goes deeper into the fat cells than the hand can reach. It's marvelous, but you've got to be able to take it. You've got to pull upwards while the person helping you pulls down. Then do the same thing with the left side, holding with the left hand and having the left leg pulled. You won't mind *that* kind of leg pulling, for you'll know it's taking off those pounds.

As soon as Carole had her treatment she was as lively as a baby. She was just nothing but a big kid then! For besides the pounding, squeezing, pulling and pinching, I always worked on her back and the back of her shoulders. You can do that, too. With your two hands dig under the muscles at the back of your neck, across, reaching over the back of your shoulders and as far down around the spine as you can. And will that give you pep! Carole used to jump up from my treating table and dance around like a kid—just because she felt so good! You'll feel lively, too, when you've worked on your back that way—and the more weight you lose, the livelier you'll feel. Here is a sample day's menu in Carole Lombard's diet:

BREAKFAST

Small glass orange juice
Small glass of water
One slice whole wheat toast with a tiny bit of butter
Coddled egg
Coffee—black

I let her have the coddled egg if she had a hard day's work ahead. You probably know how to prepare a coddled egg, but in case you don't: Bring some water to a boil. Turn off the gas. Put the egg in the water without breaking it and let it stand for eight or ten minutes. That's the best way to cook eggs.

LUNCHEON

Glass tomato juice
½ head of lettuce
Whole sliced tomato
French dressing—mostly lemon juice
Dish of gelatin—with a spoonful of thin coffee cream
Iced tea

You see, I gave her plenty of food that would produce red blood. For I know what the lack of red blood will do—cause anemia.

MID-AFTERNOON

Tomato or orange juice

DINNER

Small bunch of celery
Two lamb chops
Skin of a baked potato
Two tablespoons small green lima beans
Four tablespoons steamed carrots (wonderful for the complexion)
A very, very little prune whip (Carole loved that)
Demi-tasse

I give plenty of food on my diets, as you can see. But what I tried to teach Carole and what I want to teach you girls, too, is that you must learn to choose food that is non-fattening.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

Answers by Sylvia

REDUCING

Dear Sylvia:

I have a large stomach. I wish you would tell me how to reduce it. I have been wearing a girdle for the past two years.

B. G. M., Clifton, N. J.

Lie on the floor, face down with your arms above your head and your feet straight, resting your body on your stomach. Now roll from side to side and also progress along the floor, hitching yourself along as you go. Go back and forth across the floor like this five times a day. Be sure that your weight is all on your stomach. Why, you can just feel the fat cells being smashed off. It's hard—but it will do the trick. Don't eat bulky food. Don't drink much water. Don't drink sweet milk. Buttermilk is fine for you. Drink plenty of tomato juice and orange and grapefruit juice.

Dear Sylvia:

My trouble is with a lump on my hip bone. It is not just fat, but muscle as well. I am following your diet but I get very hungry about four o'clock. Is it all right to take a tomato juice cocktail or glass of orange juice then?

P. L. S., Dearborn, Mich.

That lump can be squeezed off with the hands. Take the lump of flesh in your hands and squeeze—hard!—then let the flesh sort of ooze through the fingers like mashed potatoes. Then cover the flesh with a Turkish towel and pound, with the palm of your hand, as if you were pounding somebody you hated. Hit—and hit good and hard. Declare war on that lump of fat. Do this a half hour a day. Muscle is very stubborn but it positively will come off if you squeeze and pound hard enough. By all means, take the tomato juice or orange juice at four. It's good for you.

AND the letters still pour in! Poor Aunt SYLVIA is about snowed under. But I told you I would answer all your personal problems and I'm going to do just that. You've got to have a little patience, however—and remember this: Letters that have a stamped, self addressed envelope attached will get a personal reply. Others will be answered on these pages—and you'll have to wait your turn. Okay, girls, here goes!

SYLVIA

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I'll bet that my case is a lot different from most of the ones you've had. Did you ever hear of a girl being too muscular? I'd like to come into your fold, but what can I do about it?

D. D., Oak Park, Ill.

Listen, baby, I've heard of and have treated every sort of woman. Of course, I've heard of muscular girls—and have taken down those muscles. Constance Cummings was that type. And in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY I told just exactly the routine to follow. It helped Connie and it will help you. If you haven't already seen it, you can get a copy by writing to the PHOTOPLAY offices in Chicago—919 North Michigan Avenue. Back copies are twenty-five cents.

Dear Miss Sylvia:

I have been in bed nearly three years curing tuberculosis and am now nearly well and planning to leave the sanitarium. Have gained nearly twenty-five pounds and, naturally, having acquired this while lying in bed, I have become quite flabby. My bust is overdeveloped and flabby. Could you tell me how to correct this.

B. L., Cresson, Penna.

I'm glad you wrote that letter. The answer goes for you as well as all other tubercular patients—and lots of them write to me. You tubercular people should be grateful for the extra weight. Didn't you fight hard enough in the Sanitarium to gain it? And remember this—as soon as you are up and walking around it is natural for the flesh to tighten up. For heaven's sake, don't do anything except just what your doctor tells you! Wait six months to get your sea legs—and then write me your troubles. Right now you should just be grateful that you're cured!

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I wish you would give me information on reducing the bust. I am on a very strict diet at the present time.

K. G., Lewisburg, Penna.

If the diet you're on is for some physical ailment I'm afraid I can't help you. My buttermilk diet—which I have given several times—reduces the bust. Here's the buttermilk diet. For three days drink a glass of buttermilk every two hours—and nothing else. Then for three days eat normally, but not too much. Repeat until the bust is the size you want. But remember—don't think of trying any experiments if your diet is being prescribed for any ailment. Stay with what you're doing until the job's done.

BUILDING UP

Dear Sylvia:

I am doing your bicycle and scissors exercises to develop my legs, but I seem to be get-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

The hosiery troubles
of 9 out of 10 women
now eliminated by

PHOENIX
CUSTOM-FIT TOP



DO you suffer from gagged thighs . . . hosiery with baggy knees? Too long or too short stocking tops? End it all—now—with Phoenix Custom-Fit Top (patent pending). Here's a hosiery top that fits every size leg with perfect comfort! It stretches both ways—up and down for extra length, round and round for extra width. It's protected against seam breaks, and can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs! Phoenix Hosiery is priced from 79c to $1.95.

NEW! . . PHOENIX DESERT TONES—the smartest hosiery colors for new Spring costumes. Featuring FIESTA . . . the versatile all-occasion hosiery shade for Spring

PHOENIX HOSIERY *with* CUSTOM-FIT TOP

MADE IN AMERICA • • • BUY AMERICAN GOODS

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]



"Hello there, Claudette!" calls Norman Foster to Miss Colbert whom he hasn't seen for a month of Sundays. Firstly, his modern wife has been in New York. Secondly, she believes that husband and wife should see each other only occasionally. Ho hum!

BESIDES playing in two pictures simultaneously—"Sweepings" with Lionel Barrymore at RKO-Radio and "The Kiss Before The Mirror" at Universal, Gloria Stuart made tests for a third picture.

During the past year in Hollywood the young actress has completed *eight* leads—and it's her first year, at that!

A YOUNG woman in the fitting rooms of a Hollywood costumer has a tongue as sharp as her needle.

She characterizes Katharine Hepburn as "A cross between Greta Garbo and George Arliss with a dash of Amelia Earhart."

SAID a depression-conscious screen follower sadly:

"Well, I suppose, what with one thing and another, they'll reduce the Marx Brothers to three and a half next."

AT last—the big girls are getting a break in Hollywood.

Over on "The Warrior's Husband" set is mobilized every tall and buxom dame in Hollywood for the Amazon army, commanded by Marjorie Rambeau. The army is dressed in short tunics of metal cloth, with yards and yards of bare leg below. Hardly a girl on the set is under six feet tall.

Walter Lang, the director, was having trouble keeping the names of some hundred Amazon ladies straight.

He wanted to speak to one, and baffled momentarily, called out, "Miss . . . ah . . . I mean the girl with the blushing legs over there. . . ."

HELEN HAYES has a pretty good idea what casting directors think of her. And how much chance she'd have getting into the movies, if they did the choosing. When Helen first arrived in Hollywood from New York, with a contract in her pocket, she determined to see just how she rated as a movie actress. She went to each and every casting office in town, told who she was and asked for a job. Every last one of them turned her down. And was Helen thankful for the contract in her pocket.

MARLENE DIETRICH was chatting with Cora Sue Collins at lunch-time.

"What are you going to have for luncheon today, Cora Sue?" Marlene asked the five-year-old.

"Toatht and milk," answered the child.

"I'll bet a big girl like you knows how to make toast," suggested Marlene, who loves to hear Cora Sue talk.

"Yeth Ma'am, I do," informed Cora Sue. "You justh put a thlice of bread in the toathter till it thmokes—then you take it over to the think and thscrape it!"

GROUCHO MARX contends it's perfectly all right for women to wear pants as long as they don't show.

IT'S a good thing Frank Morgan isn't superstitious.

He has had to break innumerable mirrors for "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (no, silly, *not* by looking in them!)

He broke one of his own personal mirrors in a make-up box the day he arrived in Hollywood, and it must have been a good break. Frank has been going strong ever since.

In other words, Mr. Morgan does it with mirrors.

CALAMITY NOTE . . . Joe E. Brown has more hard luck keeping himself together. Now it's his knee he threw out of joint.

F'evven's sake, Joe, can't you find something else to throw?

AT last, we know.

All has been revealed . . . by a celebrated actor, who knew Von Sternberg when . . . .

Von, who was then Joe Stern, a film cutter, told the actor that he had great expectations for himself. He had a formula all worked out, by which he intended to achieve fame and fortune.

"I am going to make people hate me," said Von. "When they hate you, they remember and respect you."

An ignoble ambition—notably successful.

"MEN," Peggy Joyce told a writer the other day in her dressing-room, "are out. I'm not interested."

And just then there came a soft rap on the door. It was Georgie Raft.

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"If George Raft can be photographed tubbing himself in 'Night After Night,' I don't see why I can't!" remarks "Spanky" McFarland of "Our Gang." "I'm just as good-looking as he, and I'll certainly do a better job of scrubbing myself with this new fangled sponge." To the task, boy!



Wouldn't you know it was created especially for fascinating Katherine Hepburn and wouldn't you know it was styled for romance . . . . see Miss Hepburn's big scene at the party on the Riviera in the new RKO production. "The Great Desire!"



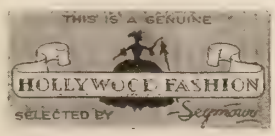
A Hollywood Fashion; April Nineteen Thirty Three

FIRST in fashion are the motion picture stars; makers of the mode are Hollywood's famous designers! And from their lovely originals . . . creations of Adrian, Orry-Kelly, Banton and their illustrious kind . . . come "Hollywood Fashions," true copies of the fascinating costumes worn by film favorites in latest picture plays. Far in advance of less distinctive styles, these clever clothes! Selected by Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, on the studio "set," you may read about them in PHOTOPLAY'S fashion forecast (Pages 60-65), before pictures in which they are worn are on the screen! Shop for them in leading stores (see Page 111).

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.



If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City

SEND PHOTOPLAY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE STORE YOU PATRONIZE, ON THE MARGIN BELOW

4-33

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82



Welbourne

If a schoolmarm were to see this lad strolling around Hollywood, she would probably lecture him on the evils of cigar smoking at such an early age. But Mervyn LeRoy, who looks like a kid, is one of Warners' ace directors

JEAN DIXON is a young lady whom you are scheduled to hear a lot about.

She came to Universal from the New York stage, and electrified the publicity department by saying she wouldn't remain in pictures because she wasn't pretty enough!

Unaccustomed as publicity departments are to such engaging admissions, they are bending every effort to concentrate on Miss Dixon. Anyway, she's different!

THE little son of a famous director has never been permitted to see any movies but cartoon comedies. The other day, his father took him for a visit to the M-G-M studios and introduced the small boy to Joan Crawford. The boy had never heard of her. "Miss Crawford is an actress in the movies," the father explained.

The child's eyes widened. "Gee," he said, "you mean like Mickey Mouse?"

IT looks like Tom Mix was in earnest when he said he was quitting motion pictures.

And it looks like he might be forsaking Hollywood for quite a spell, at least.

His big house on Benedict Canyon Drive is for sale.

Once before, when Tom was going to be gone all summer, he rented the house to some eastern folks but this looks like the old cowpuncher was really going to pull up stakes and drift.

WHEN Merian C. Cooper was producing "King Kong" for RKO-Radio, he and his associates did a lot of intensive research on the pre-historic monsters and the huge ape featured in the picture.

But they failed to figure on the perplexing problem that Jackie Searl put to them when the picture was almost finished.

"How big would the fleas be on 'King Kong' Mr. Cooper?" Jackie piped.

THE old adage says no roof is large enough for two women—but it doesn't mention a thing about two *men*.

Anyway, Jimmy Cagney, Mrs. Cagney and George Frank, Cagney's manager and trainer, are all keeping house in the same establishment, and never a cross word betwixt 'em.

IMAGINE having a new husband, a new house and new health, all in one fell swoop.

Karen Morley married Charles Vidor not so long ago. They went away on a three months' vacation and honeymoon trip, and Karen, who was a little tired and nervous from working so steadily, has regained all her former pep and enthusiasm.

When they returned, the new house in Brentwood was all ready for them.

THIS Lee Tracy-Isabel Jewel romance begins to look pretty serious. Miss Jewel is out at M-G-M—where Lee has recently attached his johnhenry to a long-term contract—every day for luncheon, and you know how Hollywood figures these things.



International

They say that Lili Damita and Nina Pearson, Follies Girl, had a little "difference" over "boy friend," Sidney Smith. Now Lili—looking adorable in navy and beige—and Nina are good friends again and have been seen much in each other's company around Palm Beach way this season

One luncheon means friendship. Two luncheons, a mutual attraction that will bear watching. Three luncheons, things are getting serious.

Four luncheons—and he's going to marry the girl!

COMING from John Barrymore, makes it twice as funny. In one of the scenes in "Topaze," John was called upon to use one of those large cigar lighters.

Five times, he crooked his thumb, and no spark.

"Here," John said, throwing it down, "hand me a match. If I keep this up, the audience will think I'm a hitch-hiker in this picture."

JANET GAYNOR has moved into John McCormack's house.

The noted Irish tenor bought the place several years ago when he made his one and only picture for Fox.

Although it is only about half a mile from the Boulevard it comprises approximately 100 acres.

The McCormacks intended to make their home there but part of the time John is on a concert tour and part of the time the family spends in Ireland.

HERE'S the latest from Lupe, girls. And hold on to something or you'll be bowled right over. Lupe, the rascal, is now gilding her little dog's toe nails to match her own gilded ones.

And is that something!

CAN you beat it? Here's a new and hot tip right out of Hollywood, for keeping that school girl figure. Lilian Harvey, the beautiful and famous English star who is under contract to Fox, is responsible for this one.

It's tight rope walking. Is that new or is that new?

Stretch a rope or wire across your room or in the back yard and begin at first with the rope quite low.

Practice balancing first.

Then try a few steps. Really, you'll be amazed at what it does for the figure, Miss Harvey says.

It's the only form of exercise she's found that brings all the muscles into play and is a perfect reducer. See you on your tight wire, girls.

And of course don't blame us if you break a few legs and arms.

JACK OAKIE and Carole Lombard were looking over some stills of Marlene Dietrich, in the Paramount publicity department, the other day.

"Don't you just love women with those hollows in their cheeks?" Carole asked.

"Yeah," Jack snapped. "Provided they're not hungry."

"THE Man on the Nile" company certainly got a handsome break, during the unprecedented dismal rainy days—and nights in Southern California.

Ramon Novarro, Myrna Loy, Reginald Denny and the rest of the cast basked on the desert sands near Yuma, Arizona—and all they had to worry about was the best sunburn lotion to use!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Keeps silk stockings spruce and sprightly

If you want your silk stockings to do their best for you, use Ivory Snow suds. Ivory Snow is the speedy dissolving form of Ivory Soap. Silk stockings couldn't ask a nicer bath than Ivory—the pure soap doctors advise for bathing little babies!

Dissolves completely without hot water. Ivory Snow is made in the most modern way—not cut into sharp, flat flakes, but BLOWN. Its soft *round* bits turn to suds at the touch of *lukewarm* water. Not a flat particle anywhere to flatten onto stocking mesh in an undissolved soap spot!

Ideal for all silks and woolens. Washing tests made by manufacturers of silks and woolens have convinced them of the safety of Ivory Snow. "*A perfect soap for silks*" say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu, and "*ideal for woolens*" agree the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills. There's this happy point to remember, too—the BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15c!



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99 44/100% PURE



MARY—"I simply can't shop any longer. My feet are killing me."

SUE—"Let's get you some Natural Bridge Shoes like mine. Then you'll feel as peppy as I do."

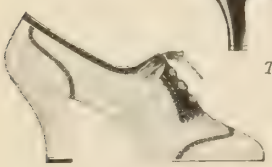
FOOT-EASE for Fashionable Feet . . .

THE gay sophistication of the new Natural Bridge Shoes is so exactly what you'd choose to accompany your smartest costumes, that you are doubly surprised to find they bring you foot-ease that lasts! Not just the passive comfort of a perfect fit . . . but an active comfort that uplifts and energizes your whole being, no matter how much you have to be on your feet. This never-failing foot-ease springs from the Natural *Arch*-Bridge. In high heels or low, it poises your foot correctly; gives constant, *normal* support to your *natural* arch. Dealer's name on request.

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Division of Craddock-Terry Company
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The BRENAU


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The BLAIR

Natural Bridge Shoes
COMBINATION LAST AAAA to EEE

A dealer near you has your most becoming style in your exact size.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

HERE'S a new high light in heroism—and there are no medals attached, either.

While making "King of the Jungle," Buster Crabbe was stricken with appendicitis, and ordinarily that would be simple. They'd just call off shooting while Buster had an operation, and that would be that.

But this time they couldn't do anything of the kind. For Buster plays a sort of Tarzan, and in the picture his "booful tummy" is just as important as the rest of him. Whoever heard of a wild jungle guy with an appendicitis scar showing on his stomach?

So Buster just had to hold his tummy until the picture was finished. Which ought to teach him to wear some clothes next time.

KATE SMITH is still trying to figure this one out.

When her train, en route east, reached Kansas City, a member of the crew said:

"Well, we finally got over the mountain—but it took two engines."

KEN MAYNARD is one of the few actors in Hollywood to get a substantial raise—which is certainly news, in these parlous times.

Ken has gone over to Universal in place of Tom Mix, who has left the lot. That is, Ken will be there when (and if!) he returns from flying his plane down to the Mayan ruins in Central America.

MARIAN NIXON is in a spot now. Only a little while back she and her hubby adopted a baby boy. But when she and Eddie Hillman decided to call their marriage quits, the law demands that they give up the baby. Divorced couples cannot adopt children, it appears.

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S got a hunch that Lawrence Tibbett handed her a fast one when he told her to stand on her head to cure a cold.

"All it made me was dizzy," says Sylvia. "It's an absolute bust if you ask me."

AND now, after he's looked 'em all over, McClelland Barclay, noted artist, says his wife Helene is the most beautiful woman in all Hollywood.

And when a husband says that about his own wife—isn't that something?

RICHARD DIX says he has a friend who is an independent producer, making pictures on the proverbial shoestring at one of the Poverty Row studios.

"How are things?" inquired the producer of Dix when they met recently.

"Okay," replied Dix, "and with you?"

"Okay-otic," was the reply.

CONNIE BENNETT insists she doesn't want her small son Peter dragged into the limelight of publicity. Peter is strictly a personal matter and Connie wrote to some magazine writers asking them to cut him out of all stories henceforth.

LITTLE screen dramas are sometimes real life stories, and we are thinking of that sweet little old lady, Mary Carr. Mary, who played "Over the Hill" so naturally was losing her Hollywood home recently because she was three months behind in the rent.

RANDOLPH SCOTT and Cary Grant carry this buddy business a long way. They go every place together and even share the same house.

AND one of the funniest sights in all Hollywood, or any place for that matter, is Polly Moran, driving herself to work while her chauffeur sits beside her and reads the paper.

THEN there's that classic remark of a New York playwright in Hollywood. "The trouble is," he grinned, "the rumors that float around Hollywood are twice as interesting as the pictures they make."

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane went to a lot of trouble to conceal their divorce plans—but not from each other.

Although they parted a few days before Christmas, they sent out Christmas gifts and cards just as though they were living happily together.

GEORGE HILL and Lila Lee are soon to be married, 'tis said.

First they go to Mexico and on to Central America to see the Mayan ruins; now why would anybody want to see Mayan ruins when they have Lila to look at?

They've got to come back for George to direct another film at M-G-M. But in October they're starting around the world again. Some folks have all the luck, what?

LITTLE blonde movie stars aren't the only people who feel the urge to diet. Bobby Jones, famous golf champion, refused to appear before the camera for his new series of golf pictures, until he had reduced fifteen pounds. Bobby felt he was too pudgy in his last pictures.

JOAN BENNETT believes in letting children express their own individualities.

For that reason the name of her four-year-old daughter has been changed from Adrienne to Diana.

Originally named for Joan's mother, the child manifested a dislike for Adrienne as she grew older.

She preferred Diana. Why? The reason is not quite clear. In any event, from now on, says Joan, it will be Diana.

IT looks like a double romance and a double wedding for Hollywood soon. Madge Evans and Tom Gallery, divorced hubby of ZaSu Pitts, are expected to middle-aisle it any day after Tom's divorce becomes final. While ZaSu and Frank Woodall, the tennis professional, are expected to do exactly the same thing. ZaSu is certainly blooming with her new romance, these days.

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Fulfillment of a Wink

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

is not at the present time working on his screen swan song.

This ought to bring instant relief to hundreds of thousands of Novarro fans.

I am one of them. I have known Ramon for twelve years.

His advent on the old Metro lot along about 1921 caused a swishing of skirts and fluttering of eyelids that not even Valentino could stir up.

Imagine, we had them both under the same roof then.

Ramon was wearing his *Rupert of Hentzau* uniform.

A dashing, devil-may-care fellow. Poetry in every move of his body.

But there was more than poetry in his eye.

IT'S that look in young Novarro's eye that I've been thinking about. It suggested an immense enthusiasm for living. It combined suspense with what we later came to know as "It."

One day I saw him play a scene as *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." During the making of it, he flashed the naughtiest wink in all Christendom.

But somewhere along the line something happened to that tantalizing look in twenty-two-year-old Ramon's eye. Something gradually obscured it.

He continued to be poetic, romantic and spiritual in turn. But that humorous dignity which he could give to a naughty rôle, that jocular semi-ruffian quality, got lost in the shuffle.

Shortly before Rex Ingram engaged Ramon for "The Prisoner of Zenda," I had seen him in a stage production of a pantomimic thing at a tiny theater in Hollywood. It was called "A Spanish Fandango."

I recall nothing of it now but the extraordinarily beautiful performance of Ramon. I am again reminded of what Rex Ingram said of him.

"He has the physique of Michelangelo's David and the face of an El Greco Don."

What he failed to add was the most delightful ingredient in a devastating combination. Ramon has a superb sense of humor, and an equally lusty delight in practical jokes.

Only once, a few years after Ramon had achieved success, did that earlier fire re-kindle itself.

It was during a social evening.

Ramon and I attended the same dinner party given by a mutual friend. As the evening drew to a close, someone asked him to sing for us.

There began a most thrilling time for everyone present. Ramon sang. Mexican songs, Spanish songs, English songs! His English was more imperfect then than now but not less intriguing to the ear. He played the piano. He played the guitar.

Then, in order to illustrate the meaning of one of the slightly risque songs, he took off his shoes and danced it for us.

AND how he danced! All the fire and quest of life was there.

It was poetry, but it was imagination and passion, too.

The quality I had been missing from his screen work was apparently not missed by anyone else, however.

Ramon has done what everyone will tell you cannot be done.

He has held his first-won popularity with the public on an even keel for over ten years.

His pictures during that time, except for a few specials, have not been good enough to serenade nor bad enough to castigate.

His publicity has been meager or repetitious. The stories which make fodder for avid



When fighting colds make $1 equal $3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

THIS is no time to waste money! It's no time to neglect health! Be safe and fight colds with Pepsodent Antiseptic as millions are doing. After all, it's just plain, simple arithmetic that makes people change to Pepsodent.

$1 does the work of $3

Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds and throat irritations. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs within* 10 *seconds.*

It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have germs in your mouth *after* you gargle . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be safe!

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
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Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
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Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
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Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic



Wise *Girl!*

35¢ saved her many a friend many a dress

Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And *former* friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But *now* she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor *by preventing the perspiration itself*. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that *does* prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

2 kinds



ODO-RO-NO REGULAR for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with the original enclosed sanitary applicator.



INSTANT ODO-RO-NO is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with applicator.

ODO·RO·NO

readers and become agglutinated in the public mind, passed him by.

He was never embroiled in a scandal. The only time he drew a front page headline he scarcely deserved it. Through indulging in a playful wrestling bout with Elsie Janis at Grace Tibbett's home, he became good copy for days.

You see, Elsie's arm was slightly put out of joint in the scuffle.

His popularity in Europe is hardly less than Garbo's. His fan mail is prodigious.

It's a remarkable record. But then, Ramon is in many ways a remarkable fellow.

Then suddenly, a couple of years ago, the magazines were flooded with stories of the "changed" Novarro.

That was a lot of the well-known apple sauce.

RAMON had not changed. He is Mexican. He inherits the playfulness of his people. He is whimsical. He is even raucous at times.

When they accused him of changing, he was merely fulfilling—a little late perhaps—the earlier promise.

That wink had come to life after pulling a Rip Van Winkle.

Ramon's natural, youthful zest for living had expended itself in the warm somnolence of a home filled with a large, adoring family; had spent itself in religious activities.

Instead of meeting life, diving headlong into the thrilling mysteries of it as most young fellows do, taking the bad with the good, Ramon sought refuge in the Church.

Religion became a fulcrum upon which he leaned.

No one who ever had the privilege of seeing Ramon in his home at that time could entirely forget the impression it left.

Set far away from the residences of other film notables, it expressed the varied personalities of Ramon's interesting family.

Among the many unusual things, there was a yard surrounded by a high wall. Throughout the yard were scattered numerous odd and assorted gnome-like statues. They were more Viennese in character than anything else. If you commented on them, spoke of the strangeness of finding those things in a Los Angeles home, Ramon would say, "They like them."

To reach Ramon's quarters, one had to traverse the sleeping apartments of the entire family. You passed along a corridor of about six bedchambers before arriving at his wing of the house.

No tip-toeing home here after a large evening. The whole family knew when Ramon retired.

When one stepped into Ramon's room, one breathed an air of pure ecclesiasticism. Gothic, austere, rich and quiet. Time for meditation here.

IF you were lucky enough to have him sing and play for you at the lovely piano resting in an alcove, you felt that the cup of tea which you drank afterwards was nectar undiluted.

But eventually these things were not enough for Ramon. What satisfied at twenty or so loses its relish at thirty. He was aware of a feeling of incompleteness. His naturally robust curiosity began to need other contacts. With added years, came a longing, a desire, for broader experiences.

It was a chaotic time for him.

All moral confusion results from the fact that few people know their own nature, and then only a small majority of these have the courage to act in accordance with it.

Ramon had that courage when he finally found himself.

He proved it by doing two courageous things.

Ever since he was a sapling of a boy he had thoughts of giving his life to the Church. He reversed that decision now, without in any sense lessening his religious principles, and he moved into a house of his own.

His mother, sisters and brothers were first amply provided for. There will be years of plentitude ahead for them.

Ramon is developing—groping maybe—but developing.

His new house is strictly modernistic. It contains the last mechanical word in lighting arrangement; the last mechanical adjustment of glass roofs and things for getting all the sunshine that California has to offer.

Two loyal servants look after his well-being. A cousin acts as chauffeur.

And in this setting, one naturally thinks of a wife, perhaps.

Since he referred to it on the telephone I'll tell you about that former conversation which we had about marriage.

It was a three-way affair. Doris Kenyon Sills, Ramon and myself sat talking one afternoon at Doris and Milton's lovely Brentwood Heights home.

All happily married women become matchmakers. Doris and I fell into that category.

IS was a tough spot for a bachelor. Ramon put up a game fight. In retrospect, I have a distinct feeling that he licked the two of us in fair verbal combat.

"Stop it, you two," he protested. "You think that what's good for one is good for all. That sounds like the battle cry of The Three Musketeers."

"No," I answered, "we just feel that some girl is missing a marvelous bet in you as a husband, and they're terribly scarce out here."

"But I'm not against marriage. I want to get married sometime. I just haven't met a girl in Hollywood that has the same sentiments about it that I have," he replied.

"Now Ramon, don't tell me that all our girls out here are hey-nonny-nonnies," laughed Doris. "Are you casting reflections on our younger set?"

"The reflection is on me, I guess, Doris," he replied. "I'm old-fashioned in an age of jazz, gin and jitters. I'm old-fashioned enough to want loyalty, fidelity and a marriage that will last. You know with me it cannot break on the rocks. It must be for all time."

Now when Ramon talks like that, in that fascinating voice with the rolled r's, you just can't wisecrack. Whatever he believes in he believes in with his whole soul. That's why his capacity for friendship is greater than almost anyone I know.

Once you have Ramon's friendship, you can count it one of your blessings all through life.

Suddenly I asked him, "Are you afraid of marriage, Ramon?"

He hesitated for a moment.

"No," he answered slowly. "It is my greatest illusion. I find I live by my imagination, my admirations and my sentiments. I do not like to have my illusions disturbed. That is another reason why I have hesitated about marriage. I would wish it to result in the highest development, mental and spiritual, but both parties must desire it and coöperate."

Doris threw up her hands.

"You are making chaos out of my entire philosophy, knocking down my beliefs like a row of ten pins," she exclaimed. "I have always thought that only a woman reached her highest spiritual development through love. That a man ofttimes arrived at the same place through his creative thought—his work."

"The weather's too hot for such heavy thinking," I said. "Let's got a cool drink, Doris, before Ramon walks out on us."

That happened a couple of years ago.

I HAVE a feeling that when Ramon does marry it will be an older woman. He has sentiment and romance that the average flapper never heard of. She wouldn't know what in thunder to do with him.

Personally, I believe Ramon has unexplored depths, possibilities yet untouched. He no longer stands at the cross-roads. He has taken the turn to the right. Whether that road leads to directing, acting, or what, it does not matter.

There is genius in Ramon. I say this because there is a certain humility about everything he does which reminds me of something Emerson wrote.

"If we weave a yard of tape in all humility and as well as we can, long after we shall see it was no cotton tape at all, but some galaxy which we braided, and that the threads were time and nature."

Time and nature have brought to maturity in Ramon what was once a tantalizing wink in the eye of a youth. It might easily have been only the bud of a wild oat. Happily it turned out to serve as a piece of stout string upon which he will, with his innumerable beads of life, some day make a necklace of rare and lasting beauty.

What Is This Thing Called "X"?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

thinking, Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert, Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins are on the shadowy borderlines of X-ness. Each has a compelling magnetic quality. And yet each exhibits a totally different charm.

Also, we think that Clara Bow—the IT girl personified—has more than a gambler's chance of becoming a glorious X-woman.

Yet X is in no way connected with the success or popularity of a star or personality.

Helen Hayes, one of the greatest actresses on the screen today—according to some, *the greatest*—is devoid of X. And so is Ann Harding.

DIANA WYNYARD, another great actress (did you see her performance in "Cavalcade"?), has great charm, beauty, talent. But as yet she has not approximated X. And this provocative allure is also missing from Elissa Landi and from the latest English importation, Lilian Harvey.

Janet Gaynor has about as much X as a newborn babe. And yet think of the enormous appeal she has.

Ditto Marian Nixon.

Lupe Velez has IT galore—and pepper and ginger and tabasco and paprika—but no X.

Jean Harlow and Mae West have oodles of IT—so much, it almost smothers one—but X is an unknown quantity in their make-up.

Barbara Stanwyck has IT and a vitality that's positively staggering—but no X.

Ruth Chatterton has a more sophisticated and civilized brand of IT, which may some day develop into X.

Mary Pickford stands alone—but without X.

Norma Shearer, mistress of the many moods—from tender lyric to profoundly dramatic—still lacks X.

And in this everything-it-takes-but-X category belong Irene Dunne, Constance and Joan Bennett. Charm plus—but no X.

Which goes without saying for Marion Davies, Carole Lombard, Constance Cummings, Nancy Carroll and Bette Davis.

As far as we can tell, the X quality, like "the face that launched a thousand ships," has little connection with the once-accepted, conventional attributes of beauty. The X-women, in physical type, at least today, have nothing of the luscious, ripe quality of the IT girls. They have created an entirely new set of beauty standards. Instead of Mae West's ample curves (she's something like a painting by Rubens) or Clara Bow's former rounded softness—the X-women of the American movies are usually angular.

Theirs is a beauty which is more akin to the old Egyptian art.

Broad shoulders, slender torso, long limbs almost like a boy's.

Then take Garbo again, for example. She is

THE MAGIC OF SPRING is in this new make-up

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exaggeratedly long and lithe. Her hands and feet are large. Her face has a bony contour—almost gaunt at times. High cheek bones; large, expressive mouth; long, slender neck like a stalk to hold the exotic flower-head.

Yet, Garbo has only to make one slow movement, has merely to look out of the screen with her sad, lustrous eyes—and her audiences bow down and worship what seems to them the most beautiful creature the world has yet known.

MARLENE DIETRICH and Katharine Hepburn have the same out-of-the-ordinary glory about them. And when you see them again—watch their movements. Something like a slow motion camera, isn't it?

You'll notice that it takes them twice as long to make a movement as it does the ordinary actress.

There is about them something of that strange fascination for women as for men. Of the four, however, Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Dietrich, the last has something of that voluptuous flash that pulls at the emotions of men.

And X doesn't depend on youth. The stars we have chosen as best typifying the X-woman are mature.

In manner and expression, at least, if not in years.

No sweet young thing of sixteen has ever had X, to our knowledge. Bernhardt had X up to her death—an old woman over eighty. The middle-aged Pavlowa, the dancer, possessed this attribute. The potentialities may be there—but the actual expression is a thing of slow growth, depending on understanding and experience (of the imagination at any rate) rather than on the reckless impetuosity of youth.

For about the X-woman, there is always the exciting possibility of richer discoveries. She never reveals everything. Like the sphinx, she has an air of unfathomable mystery—which inevitably arouses the desire to know more about her.

She holds within her rich reserves of joy, of suffering, of passion—which seem always capable of renewal. And it is this quality which attracts to her the great and magnificent experiences of life, as surely as a magnet attracts iron.

Some skeptics might hold that an X-woman would be a dismal failure as a wife. Very uncomfortable to have mooning around the house.

Because ecstasy and stew for dinner don't seem to have much in common.

And being of "the stuff that dreams are made," it might be quite a strain for hubby to live up to her and the romantic ideals she represents.

"A FELLA'S got to relax and put on the old carpet slippers once in a while," they'd say. "You can't always be striking attitudes on the heights. Can you imagine an everyday chap idolizing his wife the way Ramon Novarro idolized Garbo in 'Mata Hari'? Now, I ask you?"

Well, that's a point for discussion. Maybe the X-less woman does make a more comfortble mate.

What do *you* think?

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British—Universal

FOR pure lyrical beauty, and a feast for the eyes, this beautiful musical production has no superior, while Jan Kiepura, Polish opera star, has the best voice heard on the screen since Tibbett. The story, based on the mistaken identity motif, enjoys the lovely backgrounds of the Italian-Swiss border. If you are one who has yearned for some really good music with your picture, don't miss this one.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED—Paramount

TEN great authors wrote the story—and put in everything but a plot. Nancy Carroll kills a former suitor, and Cary Grant, an astute young lawyer in love with her, figures out why she shouldn't be tried for it. An opulent production, John Halliday and Jack LaRue help make the picture interesting if not extraordinary.

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M

PLENTY of foam but little sparkle to this one. Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton, thinking beer is now legal, buy a brewery and go to work, only to have gangsters crash in. Phyllis Barry grand as the gold-digger; Rosco Ates, Henry Armetta and John Miljan add good bits.

THE BIG DRIVE—First Division

THOSE who can stand seeing men slain with bayonets, heaps of dead being buried and the like, will find this assemblage of official films the most revealing glimpse of the World War yet offered. Absolutely trench-made—even the poor photography proves that. Since the accompanying talk bristles with errors of fact, let the pictures tell their own story. Emphatically not for children.

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia

ALL about love, a misunderstood wife and an erring husband, with the problems worked out high above mother earth, where Evalyn Knapp, the troubled wife, carries on with her duty of making timid airplane passengers comfortable. Has James Murray, Arthur Pierson, Thelma Todd, and some entertainment value.

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.

HOW three gay young European blades see Morocco and die, and two others live on. All because of a weird curse pronounced by a vengeful Algerian beggar. The main mystery plot, feebly-directed love interest, and lagging tempo, fall far short of American standards; but authentic pictures of strange Eastern ceremonials and exciting photography cast the proper Oriental atmospheric spell. Would make an excellent travelogue.

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.

THIS German film can neither be classified as comedy nor drama, but rather as an effective blending of the two. A humble old cobbler, thrice imprisoned for petty transgressions, decides clothes make the man, dons a captain's uniform and proceeds to rule the town for but a brief moment. English captions.

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures

CLAIRE WINDSOR, as an orchid in a bed of cabbage, tries nobly to rise above her environment by becoming a publishing house reader and saying "lit'ry." Then her two no-

good brothers break up her marriage; but she maintains her character and determination through thick and thin and endless slow reels.

BEHIND JURY DOORS
Mayfair Pictures

AGAIN a wise-cracking newspaper reporter falls in love with the murderer's daughter and clears her father. This time it's fairly entertaining, thanks to Buster Collier, Franklin Parker and others.

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—
Warners-First National

FRANCIS LEDERER, star of the stage play "Autumn Crocus," does a very nice job of winning Kaethe von Nagy (a nightclub hostess) after much ado within his very proper family circle. The music is just fair; direction and photography not particularly good. But brush up your German if you want to enjoy the humor. No English subtitles.

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.

WELL, well! We haven't seen this mummy for years! Remember—older sister (Marian Marsh) saving the younger (Joan Marsh) from the big bad mans by showing her what heels they are? Also a fabricated sick grandmother, gold-digging for a worthy cause, etc., etc. Bert Roach is funny, though.

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners

IT'S hard to find features in this Western. John Wayne faces death to save a friend; Henry Walthall is good in a bit; Duke, the horse, draws applause; but what you'll like best is some really lovely scenery.

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram

AN incredibly dull story of the oil business that misses on every count. Weldon Heyburn, a big oil man of Singapore with a past (Betty Compson) in all sorts of troubles when he tries to increase oil production; the only moment of suspense is when the boilers threaten to explode. Margaret Lindsay's performance offers some relief.

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram

CHARLES STARRETT, Anita Page and others shipwrecked on a jungle isle. A fight with a genuine antique lion comes with the phony jungle for good measure; after the recent good animal stuff, this is hard to take.

What Was the
BEST PICTURE
of 1932?

Balloting for the annual
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awarded for the best picture of the year has started.

Turn to page 68 for a list of pictures. And cast your ballot early.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (*March*)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (*Jan.*)

SELF-DEFENSE — Monogram. — Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (*Feb.*)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (*March*)

SHERLOCK HOLMES — Fox. — The master sleuth baffling gangsters invading London. Thrilling and humorous. Clive Brook does a different *Sherlock.* (*Dec.*)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE**—Paramount.—Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero,* admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Millean spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (*Feb.*)

★ **SILVER DOLLAR**—First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (*Jan.*)

★ **SIX HOURS TO LIVE**—Fox.—A man scientifically brought back from death to serve his country. Warner Baxter's is a memorable performance, Miriam Jordan is lovely and John Boles fine as the other suitor. (*Dec.*)

SLIGHTLY MARRIED — Invincible. — Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (*Feb.*)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (*Feb.*)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (*March*)

SPEED DEMON—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (*Feb.*)

SPORT PARADE—RKO-Radio.—The line-up was good but there's no touchdown here. And with Joel McCrea, William Gargan and Marian Marsh, too. (*Dec.*)

TELEGRAPH TRAIL, THE—Warners.—Pioneer story of the telegraph with Indian menace. Romance by John Wayne and Marceline Day. Fine for kids. (*Dec.*)

TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (*March*)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (*Jan.*)

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (*Feb.*)

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (*Feb.*)

THIS SPORTING AGE—Columbia.—Romance born of polo and army life, with Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Hardie Albright and Evalyn Knapp. (*Dec.*)

THREE ON A MATCH—First National.—Tragedy follows bucking the superstition. Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are the violators, Warren William and Lyle Talbot the men. (*Dec.*)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS**—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (*March*)

TOO BUSY TO WORK—Fox.—An insipid attempt making Will Rogers dramatic. But he makes parts good. (*Dec.*)

TRAILING THE KILLER—World Wide.—For dog lovers. Animals, wild and domestic, in a drama with few humans. (*Dec.*)

★ **TROUBLE IN PARADISE**—Paramount.—Real entertainment! Intriguing, sophisticated, colorful story. Perfect acting by Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins and Kay Francis and Lubitsch direction. This comedy of crooks and a witching widow reveals a different, fascinating Herbert Marshall. (*Dec.*)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING—First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (*Jan.*)

UNDER-COVER MAN — Paramount. — You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

UNWRITTEN LAW, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (*Feb.*)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (*Jan.*)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (*March*)

VANITY STREET—Columbia.—Story of kind copper Charles Bickford and desperate Helen Chandler with killing and heartbreak. All ends well. (*Dec.*)

VIRGINS OF BALI, THE—Principal.—Another "Goona Goona" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (*Feb.*)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (*Jan.*)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (*March*)

WHITE EAGLE—Columbia.—Buck Jones as an Indian brave in a rustling "meller" with a surprise. (*Dec.*)

WILD GIRL—Fox.—"Salomy Jane" with the wonderful outdoors and all the thrills. It's different! Joan Bennett's *Salomy* may be a subdued tomboy but she's lovable. Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy and Minna Gombell are splendid in a fine cast. (*Dec.*)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (*Jan.*)

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (*Feb.*)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (*March*)

YORCK — UFA. — Werner Krauss as *General Yorck* fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (*Feb.*)

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (*Feb.*)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—First National.—Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (*Jan.*)

Let's Give 'Dolphe a Hand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

contributed many a grand and glowing portrait to the world's gallery of interesting film before he lays away his tail-coats for the dressing gown and slippers of senility.

For all that, there is always a note of pathos in the splendid labors of M. Menjou for the current screen. There is always a faint aura of neglect that lingers 'round his stunning portraits, with the cheers and fireworks going up for the stars with their names in bigger letters and brighter lights.

Being a forward-looking and constructive fellow, I have a suggestion to make. Let the gentlemen of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, when next they make their awards for brilliant acting performances, forget for a moment the labors of the big-named stars and consider briefly those performances, commonly called "secondary," which can and do make some pictures glow and sparkle and sizzle with pulsing, rich humanity.

IN such a consideration, the name and labors of Monsieur Adolphe Menjou would appear, bright and shining.

Notably his *Rinaldi*, a thing of true charm and beauty.

And others he will accomplish in days to come, if the big bosses give him the break he deserves.

I want 'Dolphe, the boy who broke the bonds of the iron shirt and grew great, to be counted when the little pewter statuettes of the nude gentleman are issued by the quartermaster. I don't want that Menjou fellow to be the most unappreciated actor in Hollywood.

No More Chinese, Myrna?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

not slant and are no narrower than Swanson's. But, and here's the secret, the lids are full. The eye does not seem to rest back into the socket as other people's do. So, with a mere dash of a pencil near the corners and a wig, she looks more like Sin Toy than Sin Toy herself.

BUT here's the strange and weird part of it. The thing has retarded her career. Exactly as though some strange, mystic force were holding her back.

It has even thrust itself into her personal life. At a theater, the other evening, Myrna and a friend were suddenly conscious of an earnest conversation behind them. Imagine her surprise when a voice piped in, "Yes, Myrna Loy *is* Chinese. You see, our Chinese laundry man lives next to her people"—

Shock No. 2—A member of the RKO-Radio publicity staff came dashing into her dressing-room the other day. "Look," he said, "I just won ten bucks. At noon today a fellow bet me ten dollars that it wasn't *you* in the commissary. Swore you were a half-caste Chinese woman. When I proved it *was* you, he nearly passed out with surprise. But he paid up."

So you see!

Yet Myrna Loy is about as alluringly exotic off the screen as Aunt Het with the lumbago. You'd expect her perfumes to be heavy and passionately Siamish. Actually she wears a light, woodsy scent for daytime and a nice, spicy one for evening.

She lives with her mother, her aunt and her brother, in a nice but unpretentious home in



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Beverly Hills. And works harder and plays less than any ten working girls put together.

Publicity departments wash their hands of Myrna completely. What can you say of a girl who lives normally and doesn't think being a movie actress calls for hot-cha-cha and a bun on at the Mayfair? Myrna is bad copy, knows it, and doesn't know what to do about it.

SHE has never been to New York. San Francisco is the farthest she's traveled from Hollywood since leaving Montana. She is constantly surrounded by travel catalogues and steamship literature. But every time she plans to go somewhere, Hollywood needs her. In fact, she had her trunks packed for Hawaii when they called her back for retakes on "Emma." So she sent her kid brother.

And it was that small rôle of a normal but unsympathetic American girl in "Emma," which first gave her hope. Then along came "Thirteen Women" with Myrna as nasty a Javanese female as ever lived. She played it beautifully. But it put her right back where she started from.

Then, three cheers for our side, she got that grand little bit in Chevalier's "Love Me Tonight." A humorous little tidbit, and Myrna made it sit up on its hind feet and bark. Letters from movie-goers poured in. *Now*, she thought, they know I'm an actress and not a frozen-faced Oriental slinking around doing dirt.

But you know what happened. "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

Still, if Hollywood can smack you down harder than you've ever been smacked before, it can also suddenly lift you to heights never dreamed of. See what it did to Myrna. It took her right out of the depths of the "Fu Manchu" business and waltzed her into the refined and cultured midst of Leslie Howard, Ann Harding and "The Animal Kingdom." Presto, chango, just like that.

If you saw "The Animal Kingdom," you know what Myrna did with that rôle of *Cecilia*, the "society" wife with a heart like a block of ice and a figure like Patou's bewitchingest model.

With all due apologies to Ann Harding followers, Myrna marched that lovely, scheming hypocrite straight up to first place for female honors.

Oh, she was a siren all right, all right. But this time a siren whom, alas, one meets in every third "social register" home. The respectable wife who uses her sorcery as coldly as any money-mad mistress.

In brief, Myrna played that nasty, unsympathetic part—and practically stole the show!

She kept her fingers crossed and held her breath when the picture was over.

Another Chinaman next, as sure as you live, she thought.

BUT no. Instead, they handed her a smock. And not only a smock, but John Barrymore as well. So Myrna and John Barrymore are cavorting about in "Topaze," the realest, grandest part she's had yet. Not an exotic, heartless Siamese something or other; not even a cruel, modern, unsympathetic woman, but a part that is exactly like Myrna herself. Enjoying life, knowing it's not all the berries, but making the best of it. Such is Myrna in "Topaze."

Now we'll see what happens. We'll all just sit back and see.



"Tell us about Clark Gable"

Now Joan! Now Doug!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

their lives, Doug and Joan undoubtedly will get a divorce—that is, unless one of 'em dies before the other.

They wouldn't need it then and that would be a shame, because the rumor-mongers would have to find something else to wrap their tongues around.

Not that they miss anything now, of course.

But Doug and Joan really should go to court about something, anyway. They shouldn't disgrace Hollywood by staying married like that. Such a pretty romance shouldn't go flourishing on and on—and it won't, if Hollywood can help it.

Hollywood does *so* want to say: "I told you so!"

It has wanted to say that ever since Joan, seeing Doug for the first time when he was playing in "Young Woodley" at the Belasco Theater, back in November 1927, sent him a congratulatory wire on his performance. Doug invited her out to dinner, and the romance grew.

Hollywood said then that it was puppy love—that it couldn't last.

AFTER Hollywood had married them in Mexico, and they actually were married in St. Malachy's Church in New York, Hollywood said that the marriage couldn't possibly last six months.

After the six months had elapsed, Hollywood said it certainly couldn't last a year. And after the year, assuredly not another year—or another, and another.

From 1929 to 1933 is four years—but it's all off now. Hollywood says so.

Maybe it is all off. Maybe Joan and Doug have at last come to the parting of the ways. Maybe they'll only part their hair, instead. Maybe—well maybe they'll stay married thirteen more years—and maybe not!

That's Hollywood!

A Farewell to Charms

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

stranglin' in my throat. "I know it," Jackie cried, "but Ma got me new golf sticks and I promised the kids we could tee off from your schnozzle on Sunday. Now you're going away."

The bitter irony of the last blow. The last final discontent.

How mortifyin'!

AND my friend, Wally Beery. Like brothers, we wus. Two pals, we wus. So I stops by on his set to say goodbye to pal Wally, and what happens? What happens? Some guy comes running up, screaming, "My Gawd, the trained ant eater has escaped." And slaps me in a cage. And, for two days, no one can find me. In a cage, and Wally never liftin' a finger to argufy the fellow out of it. Not a word in my behalf. Pretendin' he don't know me and tryin' to feed me grasshoppers. Me, an artist. The aggravatin' humility of it all. And me, a pal. A Damon to his Pessimest.

I went down to Palm Springs and ran into Connie Bennett. "I—," was all the farther I got, see, when Connie pipes up that she and Hank was goin' to Paris in the mornin'. Course, I realized Paris was on a little ways past New York but still, it was a good trip to New York. And then Helen Hayes comes right back with tellin' how she and Charlie MacArthur was goin' to Egypt.

And, before I could make a comeback, Gary Cooper butts in with him goin' to Africa



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again, and I gives up. I tore into the hotel, see, and I took hold of the little bellboy, and I says in his face, "I'm goin' to New York." And he looks me up and down and says, "So what?" "So what?" to me, an artist of my constition, he says, "So what?" The boinin' shame of it. I was so emancipated with rage.

I SLIPPED on the rug in the lobby, and that give me an idea. Did it give me an idea, or did it give me an idea? Like a flash, it penetrated my cerebum. Doug Fairbanks took trips and made 'em pay, why not me? Why not make this trip a travelogue? Now, was that an idea?

If Doug went around the world in eighty minutes on a piece of carpet, I could do it to New York in ten minutes, on a bath towel, and sell it to Warners for a short. 'Magine me flyin' over Broadway on a bath towel. And holding an umbrella over my head, to give it class, see. The whole ting was a cinch. I had it all figured out.

But, after thinkin' it over, I give it up. There was no use gettin' the enmity of a swell guy like Doug Fairbanks, and, considerin' all the jealousy it would cause, I absconded the idea.

Back in Hollywood, the last ting I done, was to visit my dressin' room. I stood outside the door beside the big basket of flowers I had sent to myself.

Final, I was ready to go, see. I had on my shoit and collar, and did I look the well dressed man in travelin' apparent! Hot cha cha—cha cha—cha cha.

"Well," I said to Clark Gable, "I'm off. I'm enroute."

"No, Jimmy," he says, "with that nose, you're 'en-root.'"

The absolute assidity of it. That's what hoits the most. The assidity of it.

The next mornin' I'm at the depot early and I grab a conspacious place on the rear platform and, sure enough, just off to my left is a guy lookin' through one of them camera things, and I'm all set for the newsreel.

I was goin' over all the poses I'd practiced on the back lot, for the third time, when the guy behind the newsreel, strolls over. "What's the matter, fella?" he says. "Ain't you feelin' well?"

I was chagrinned. "Why," I said, "wasn't I posing all right?"

"Posin'?" he says. "Why, I ain't no cameraman. I'm surveyin' for a new railroad track."

The final blow. The whole futility of it was overcomin' me. I was a man, persecuted by the abject humidity of life.

Pracally unnoticed and unsung, you might say, me, an artist of my temperament, made that trip across the country. And then, we hit New York.

Here, I thinks to myself, is old Broadway. I could do witout Broadway but could Broadway do witout me? And was I right? Was I right? The place was a riot.

A panic. Reporters flocked around, bands played, flashlights boomed. I was a confounded panic. Boy, I gave them the ulterior motive pose and the full poisonality, till they was hyterical.

"WHAT you doin', Jimmy?" a friend caught my arm and said. "Why, look at this precipitation," I said. "The reporters and cameramen out to greet me."

"Gosh, Jimmy," he says. "They ain't out to greet you. They're after Al Smith. See, he just got off the train." And there was Al in his doiby and cigar, and just then, he toins around, see, and says to me, "Boy, carry this bag."

The final blow. The bitter futility of the whole thing.

And then I thought, "Why, Al's one of the boys from the old East Side. One of the gang from the old Fourt' ward." So I ups to him with a heart overflowing with sympathetic gravity and down old Broadway we march, see, me carrying Al's bag.

Two boys from the old Fourt' ward.

And, could Broadway do without us?

Just the humidity of the thought is aggravatin'.



At last—*television!* Lewis Stone uses a television-telephone in the 1940 sequences of "Men Must Fight." If all that apparatus is needed to install this invention, how about the people who live in cubby hole apartments? Perhaps a few would prefer not to bother with such a complicated business

Janet Chooses Her Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Well, for one thing, he has a charming little accent, a blend of very proper London with a large dash of Parisian.

Then, he's the typical Continental gentleman, very elegant, very "Monsieur-ish," very correct in manner, especially in the drawing room.

He's fairly tall, slightly heavy in build, with medium-brown hair which, despite the pomades with which he tries to keep it flat, springs up here and there in little wavelets. His eyes are grey-blue; his clothes exquisitely moulded to his figure in the last word from Piccadilly.

AND in spite of all this, he's terribly human. Really very likable.

In the midst of an avalanche of feminine adulation Garat trotted out and brought back his scotty dog, "Blackie."

He wanted Blackie to share some of the attention. And Blackie did.

We were joking about the temptations in Hollywood—the temptations held out to an attractive male star by the loveliest women in the world.

Henry shrugged and smiled.

"All women are beautiful to me," he said, "every woman is different — each one an interesting study. I do not theenk I will lose my head in Hollywood, although I admit I am just a leetle bit afraid of the place—I've heard so much about its beauty—its glamour—its romantic attachments—I shall try always to be just as I am—".

He smiled at his wife and she smiled back. They are apparently very much in love with each other—married only since last April, just about a year.

"You see," Madame Garat want on, "I am going to try to be an understanding wife. So many wives do not realize the sacrifices to a husband's picture career—the time and attention he must give to matters outside his home.

"But I had been backstage for several years before Henry and I married. I was a dancer, with my sister Paula. We did a sister act and toured Europe. And I think I understand that Henry's time in Hollywood will not be entirely mine."

Some one spoke of Chevalier and his sudden divorce after fame had come to him. Betty Garat looked up quickly at her husband and a spark which only they alone understood flashed between them.

"Yes, that was a great pity," she said. "We knew Chevalier in Paris and we are friends of his wife, Yvonne. She admits she was terribly jealous of Maurice in Hollywood. She could never quite reconcile her Continental ideas to the new code which confronted them out there. Yvonne seems lonely now without him.

"Just before we left Paris I met her one day in a hat shop trying on all of the new models and she told me then she was simply lost for an interest in life."

AND out in Hollywood, while Henry Garat in New York was preparing for his advent into the atmosphere of romance, little Janet Gaynor was talking to some of her friends.

"Romance," she told them, "is something which is essential. . . . We shouldn't neglect any opportunity to express it in the movies. It is good for the soul—the spirit—the mind.

"Even when we merely pretend to be in love on the screen, while we are trying to convince our audience that we really are in love, we are elevating ourselves to higher emotions. Romance, even when it is only a screen per-



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It's high time we stopped this monopoly that babies have on lovely creamy-soft skins.

Give yourself a break! It's silly to let the babies have all the Ivory beauty treatments. Why should you put up with second-best soaps? Grown-up skins, too, deserve the exquisite care of Ivory Soap.

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Nothing to make your skin feel dried-out or "tight." Ivory baths leave your skin smooth as a pussy-willow. And they leave no die-hard soap odor to kill the fragrance of that Paris perfume Jack gave you for Christmas.

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MOVIE STAR STAMPS

See Page 106 for Complete Information

formance, sweetens life and sets up finer standards for those who see us."

Janet claims that too many people close their hearts to the call of sentiment and thereby lose much of the sweetness of life. To be receptive to love is the blossom from which romance develops.

Janet also thinks everyone should go to the movies more often. She claims people can live the romances of the screen in their own minds if they open up to the beauty screened before them.

That is why, no doubt, she, too, is just as anxious to start working with Henry Garat as he is anxious to begin work with her.

They are both sympathetic people—sensitive to life. And that ought to make the new romantic team of Gaynor-Garat one of the most popular on every movie program in America.

The future will tell the story of this romantic screen couple.

It will be interesting to watch the developments.

Is the Garbo Rage Over?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

a Don Juan public and held it for seven years, John Gilbert was her leading man. The story of the romance which developed between them as a result of that screen teaming has been retold too often to make it necessary to mention again.

"LOVE," "A Woman of Affairs," brought these two surpassing screen lovers together again and sent audiences and critics away from the theaters positively raving.

Here at last, they said, was the romance team of all time.

But—and here is a curious point—the Garbo of those early pictures with John Gilbert was an entirely different woman from the Garbo of "Romance" (with Gavin Gordon), "Susan Lenox" (with Clark Gable), "Mata Hari" (with Ramon Novarro), and "Grand Hotel" (with John Barrymore).

The early Garbo was as different from the cool, remote goddess-like celebrity of these more recent achievements as is a moss rose from an orchid.

Despite the standard pattern of the rôles which she portrayed—for has Garbo not always been the woman who loved not wisely but too well?—she was in those first years of her heyday a warm, wholly-tender, wholly-human being. A woman who desired as passionately as she was desired. In her acting there was none of that aloof unaccountable quality which has awed and defeated so many of her leading men. This, by the way, was pointed out in a PHOTOPLAY article last September.

We may be reading too much into this strange change which came over Garbo in her later pictures. But there did seem to be a definite transformation from a warm creature of flesh and blood and too, too many impulsive mistakes, to the dominating, unattainable woman she becomes in such characterizations as the prima donna in "Romance"; the famous, mysterious courtesan-spy in "Mata Hari"; the toast of Paris in "Inspiration."

WHETHER this change of attitude in Garbo's acting and feeling was deliberate on her part; whether it was simply her artist-way of interpreting the film story; whether it was the result of a subconscious inner change over which she had no control; whether it was the wish of her directors—we are not privileged to say or to know.

The fact still holds that the human Greta who responded so warmly to the kisses of her screen lover, John Gilbert—the young, wondering, almost innocent Greta (in using these descriptive terms, we are still fully aware of the type of rôle she portrayed) retired from the screen for six years. *To return to it again in the latter half of "As You Desire Me."*

And I believe both pro and anti-Garboites will truthfully admit this—in spite of the rôle she interprets, the "mystery woman" of the screen has always been *as you desired her.* No matter whether she played the part of a tired, death-wishing celebrity in "Grand Hotel," or whether she was one of those unhappy creatures, *Anna Christie*, *Iris March* or *Anna Karenina* of her earlier acting phases—we, the public, would never have wanted her to be any different from what she has been. We could never have asked her to give us any more than she did, for she has enabled us to glimpse the heights.

Those critics, whose gadfly insinuations are now attempting to tear down the pedestal which they, themselves, have built, should just remember one thing: It was they, along with the rest of the public, who actually fostered and encouraged the "mystery" legend which has centered about Garbo for the past seven years—which had made of her an inhuman goddess.

When Garbo became *Rita Cavallini* of "Romance," or that uncanny character, *Mata Hari*, she was portraying a feminine type which had captured the world's fancy at that time.

NEWSPAPERS, magazines, hundreds of books, were making heroines of these *super* women who thought themselves strong enough to defy the laws of conventional society. Who believed they could succeed in stepping beyond the bounds of accepted good and evil.

It was the boom period. Success—shady or otherwise—was the magic shibboleth of that day. We were sophisticated, slightly cynical, and very sure of ourselves. We wanted the sensational in our lives, in our reading, in our motion picture fare. And we wanted the queen of all screen stars to depict such rôles for us.

But times have changed. There is a decided tendency to scrap these pseudo-sophisticated ideas. There is a longing in many of us to return to the simpler, sweeter ways of living and of thinking.

And if some critics have mentioned the possibility that Garbo's star may be on the wane, and have used as their proof the fact that the public are now perhaps a little weary of the type of slightly tainted lady characters for which she has become so famous—let them recall the last half of "As You Desire Me."

This picture marks the return of the old Garbo. Simply and with deep sincerity she plays the part of *the wife who came back.* From a tired, hopeless cabaret artist and courtesan, she transforms herself radiantly to fit the fragile memory of that young bride who was lost to her soldier husband years before. And, in meeting the requirements of Melvyn Douglas' dream picture, in becoming *as he desires her*, the divine Garbo is once again *as we desire her.*

SHE has stepped down from the cold, moon-struck peaks, to be with us again as she was in the days of her early pictures.

Yet, in so doing, she has lost none of her mystery and potent allure. That, she will always have.

Whether or not Garbo's next few pictures will revert to the pattern of the super-woman, is immaterial.

For Garbo the Magnificent, Garbo the Complete Artist, has proven herself eternally capable of eternal change.

Who said anything about the Garbo rage being over?

He Wields the Scissors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

to you in the fifth race?" "Oh great," Charlie said, "just dandy."

After the race the fellow returned, glowering. "Listen," he said, "I put all my money on that horse because you said it looked good, and I lost."

"Well," Charlie said in surprise, "it still looks good to me, but then, I like horses."

Charlie's story of Lubitsch during the making of "Trouble In Paradise" is a scream. It seems Ernst was fully expecting and gleefully anticipating a temperamental row between Ruggles and Eddie Horton, the two comedians of the picture. He could scarcely wait to get them together. But to Ernst's utter amazement, nothing happened. He couldn't understand it.

So Ernst set about to see what could be done about it. "Listen," he'd say to Charlie before Eddie, "now this is Horton's scene, so don't try to steal it." Then with his own hands he'd place Charlie a little nearer the camera than Horton. After the scene he'd beckon for Horton. "Aha, you see that Ruggles step up and steal your scene? You see it, eh? Well, you going to let him get away with it?" he'd egg him on.

OR next time he'd move Eddie up in Ruggles' scene and whisper to Charlie, "See, what did I tell you. That guy Horton is stealing your scenes. Better start something."

At the conclusion of the picture, with Eddie and Charlie still friends, Lubitsch sent them an invitation to the preview. He wrote: "Dear Eddie, come see Ruggles steal the whole picture away from you. What did I tell you about that fellow?"

And: "Dear Charlie, come see how Horton steal all your scenes. See, I warn you about that thief stealer of pictures, eh?"

But Charlie, the quiet fox, had his own way, as we've seen, of taking care of himself. So there's a good sample of why Charlie likes the movies.



Vilma Banky (remember the Colman-Banky team) returns to the American screen in "The Rebel"—playing opposite Luis Trenker, the actor-director of "The Doomed Battalion." It's a film about Napoleon's crossing of the Alps, made for Universal in Europe



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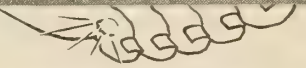
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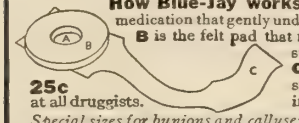
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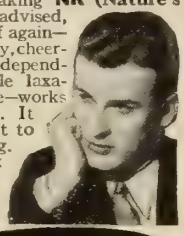
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The Gamest Girl In Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

wood, Mae met and married Lew Brice, the variety headliner, and went on tour with him. They were divorced two years later, and then Mae followed in her chum's footsteps the tortuous road to Heartbreak Town.

Mae found the path pretty tough. Trying to get somewhere, and finding yourself up against a stone wall. Mae battered against the wall, though, and got herself a test. From that she got a small rôle in a picture called "Big Time."

It wasn't, though—not very.

Then Mae freelanced, as it is called professionally; actually, she got herself a job wherever she could find one.

"I guess it's a good thing we never had much," she said quietly, "because I didn't miss it, you see. There were times when I actually didn't have a cent. Sometimes I almost wished myself back selling hot dogs at Atlantic City, so that I could eat a few."

But she got a part in "Nix on Dames," and

Universal signed her to a long-term contract on the strength of her work. There she made eight pictures, culminating with "Waterloo Bridge." She was going up fast.

Then came the blow.

Mae had met and fallen in love with a man, a big shot in picture circles. Mae doesn't care to talk about it much, but the big diamond he gave her speaks for itself.

And then, out of a clear blue sky, he suddenly married somebody else.

The bottom dropped completely out of Mae's world.

It was shortly after that when she suffered her breakdown. Too much work, the doctors said. And perhaps it was.

Anyway, Mae went to the hospital and remained there four long months. Her contract was canceled. Everything which she had striven for, everything which she had gained, was snatched away.

When she left the hospital she had to begin all over again. But that wasn't the worst of it.

She will tell you now that she is disillusioned—that she isn't interested in men. In the next breath she will tell you that her ambition is not to crash the clouds so much as to lead the normal life of a woman, with a home, a husband and a child.

SHE'S changed, yes—superficially. But underneath she's the same Mae who, when things were going wrong, used to go home and write poetry about it.

"When I wanted to say something," she explained, "and didn't know just what it was, I'd get down my book—and it would sort of write itself."

No, Mae just didn't know when she was licked.

Since she has started again Mae has appeared in a number of pictures, among which were "Breach of Promise," "The Penguin Pool Murder" and "As the Devil Commands." She is very much in demand and received a contract for her work in "Rivets", Jack Gilbert's current film. She actually did not have time to take her make-up off between her last two rôles. It's Hollywood that's licked, now. Mae is again sitting on top of the world.

But it's only because she was game.

Hollywood Goes British

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

distracted directors and supervisors. "Where shall we find the pleasing, resonant voices we need? Where can we pick up those necessary, cultured accents?"

"Why, in England, to be sure!" announced some divine inspiration.

And that is how this "the English are very much with us" business began.

Now, Hollywood is nothing if not thoroughgoing. If English it was to be, Hollywood was determined, with that glint in its eye which brooks no denial, that things be very, very English indeed.

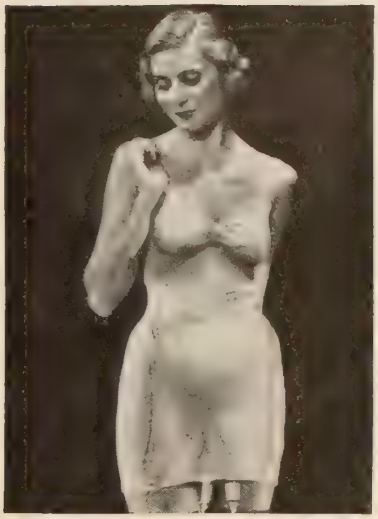
BROAD A's; Savile Row and Bond Street accoutrements; butlers and footmen; early morning tea, and tea with milk at four o'clock; horsey and doggy conversations; and an imperturbable poise which not even an earthquake could upset—were to be the order of the day.

The studios have gone to no end of trouble to see that productions live up to what is known as "good form" in merrie England.

There is a gentleman, Sir Gerald Grove, Bart. (meaning Baronet), whose sole business it is to dash about from one studio to another to correct the sort of mistakes that false butlers make in introducing fake guests. He sees to it

"I lost that ugly bulge *instantly*"





Above, note the pouchy abdomen. To the left, the same young woman is shown in the Spencer which we designed for her to smooth the lines of her figure.

SHE was so attractive. But she had one figure fault that marred the lovely line of her frocks. Relaxed abdominal muscles had caused an ugly bulge.

As soon as a Spencer was designed to lift and support these fatigued muscles the bulge disappeared. It was not merely concealed, it was *corrected.* All the lines of her figure were restored to their natural loveliness. "Why," she exclaimed later to a friend, "I lost that ugly bulge in two minutes."

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that a hostess in the tropics never commits the unpardonable *faux pas* of asking the plantation overseer in for a cup of afternoon tea—when what she really means is "tiffin." In other words, he's a male Emily Post.

Then there's a lady who does much the same thing. 'Twas whispered she was Keeper of Queen Mary's Robes. She watches with a hawk's eye such details as the setting of a table. For what would be said by people *in the know* if "sweets" (dessert to you!) were not served both with a spoon and a fork! What, indeed?

Yet, despite all the bustling precautions of these etiquette engineers, British Clive Brook made a slip-up.

IT had to do with a scene in "Shanghai Express," in which a highly-polished, highly-commissioned British officer succumbs to the orchid and feathery wiles of *Shanghai Lily* (Marlene Dietrich).

Sometime during its first winter, there was a very hoity-toity benefit performance of "Shanghai Express" in London. In the box reserved for royalty sat Prince George (yes, the very same Prince George who was entertained by Doug and Mary at Pickfair), with the Duke of Connaught and a young newspaper woman. She was, to put it mildly, ill at ease. Being left alone with two such luminaries is trying. Even to a newspaper woman.

In accordance with that fine old English custom, not a word was spoken by anyone during the entire show. Three solid hours, intermission included! And since a gentlewoman shouldn't speak to a prince unless a prince first speaks to her, the distraught journalist maintained a desolate silence.

Finally, the endurance test was at an end. The lady rose. So did Prince George. He helped her on with her wrap. Still, that glacial restraint. Then quietly, His Highness turned to the Duke of Connaught. And with these words, he covered the recently-viewed picture with sod:

"*No English officer would have changed into full mess kit in a railway carriage!*" said he. That was the only comment made. And *that* was certainly *that!*

Don't tell me you haven't heard of Hollywood's Cricket Club? With its roster of impressive names that include a baronet, a knight, the British Consul and an array of important motion picture names?

AND do they take their cricket seriously? Last summer there was a test match between the distinguished Hollywood team and the champion Australian Olympic team. After seeing it, no less a sports enthusiast than Doug Fairbanks, Sr., went about contending that America had been overlooking a sport "what *was* a sport"!

Immediately a large studio took the hint and made an educational "short" to show the world how cricket should be played. Not to be outdone, the city of Los Angeles announced its intention of presenting a new cricket park to its English guests.

This ambitious playground is under construction right now.

Then there's that other new game that took Hollywood by storm. Everyone believed it to be a special invention of Doug, Sr., when he sprung it upon Hollywood several years ago after a visit to England. He called it *Doug-al-Dyas.*

Hollywood responded with childlike enthusiasm, as Hollywood usually does.

Sometime later, an Englishman casually remarked that what everyone seemed so hot and bothered about strongly resembled a game he used to play on the village green. The name he was accustomed to call it was badminton, although it had been better known to hearty, ale-drinking English squires for generations back as plain *battledore and shuttlecock.*

Now badminton is a near-relation of tennis—but a much less strenuous sport. None the less, Harpo Marx has gone violently badminton and indulges in exciting doubles matches with Anita Page, Martha Sleeper and John Risso, the "pro" tennis player.

Among other badminton converts and experts are Marion Davies; Clark Gable; the Senior Fairbanks (Doug and Mary), the Junior Fairbanks (Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford); the Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett); the John Barrymores; the John Considines, the Charles MacArthurs (Helen Hayes).

And when it comes to plumbing the depths of subtle gallantry, of tender, whimsical love-making, those two past-masters, Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall, have actually ushered in a new breed of screen lover.

There's no need to wonder, no room for argument, since Leslie conquered the citadel of female emotions in "Devotion." Just unanimous, fluttering, breath-catching acclamation from the majority of movie-going ladies in the land.

According to them, he's "a more dangerous male than twenty hairy-chested rogues."

After that red-letter performance, untold scores of women broke down and confessed that his unique brand of restrained love-making, so full of delicious raillery and banter, makes all "knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out" antics appear a trifle obvious.

NOT so long ago that same golden-haired boy (Leslie's every bit of thirty-nine and has a fourteen-year-old son) was talking to me about this and that on the RKO-Radio lot. Waiting, in his dressing-room, for a call to work on another of those Howard-Harding love scenes in "The Animal Kingdom."

"How do you explain this sudden Hollywood passion for everything British?" I asked him.

The golden-haired boy with oh-what-a-smile leaned against his dressing-room table and mused.

"It all seems to me to go back to the difference in the attitude of America and England toward the acting profession," he answered.

"For instance, my friends in New York used to consider an acting chap—well, not exactly a red-blooded he-man. And certainly not a *gentleman.*

"In England, on the other hand, acting is an honorable profession. A *gentleman's* job. As well as a *man's* job.

"The type of Englishman who takes up acting as his life's work is most often like the American chap who goes in for banking or law. Well-bred. Well-educated."

He smiled half apologetically, as if it might sound too much like boasting to imply that he was "that sort of English chap."

"For that very reason," he continued, "an English actor is perhaps better equipped to contribute the necessary polish, finesse and restraint demanded today by the new standard of dialogue pictures."

"Quite," said I. "And now *do* tell me what you think of the social side of this British business? Do you think we do it well? Or does it sometimes seem just a little bit funny to you, Mr. Howard?"

"We-ll—uh, there's the Cricket Club," he commenced, hedging in the inimitably discreet British manner. "And there's that large and active organization, The Daughters of the British Empire. You know," he continued brightly, obviously praying to shift the subject, "they have a *passion* for your climate. They *dote* on your sunshine."

"BUT, Mr. Howard," I insisted, "you *still* haven't told me what you think of Hollywood, *real* Hollywood going British."

He smiled enigmatically. I smiled encouragingly.

We both smiled audibly.

Again he wavered. Then flashed that smile which speaks volumes without an uttered syllable—and these words, spoken from the heart.

"You see, I jolly well *couldn't!*" . . . Whereupon he grinned broadly, and hastily departed to look at some "rush" pictures of a recent scene.

Two Hundred Pounds of Irishman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

Andy says if he ever finds a girl as devoted as that dog, he'll probably marry her. Somehow, we seem to have a feeling he has already found her—in little Aline Carroll, who is a member of the Universal stock company.

Andy calls her "Mike" and she is the only person with whom he will trust Truck. That ought to prove something.

ONCE when I had the chance, I asked Mike what trait she admired most in Andy, aside from the ones that meet the eye.

She thought for a moment. "Andy's a funny boy.

"He gives the best he has to whatever he is doing—and when he finishes it, he never looks back.

"For instance, we went to the preview of 'The Man From Yesterday.'

"Naturally, all the actors were watching their performances intently. All but Andy. He was *sound asleep.*

"Andy never says 'Look what I did.' He never even says 'Look what I'm doing.' He just does it."

YOU'D guess that if you saw him the other day, when he lumbered into the Universal restaurant, just off the set from playing what he calls "the lion's chambermaid" in "The Big Cage."

His circus uniform had all the snug, neat fit of an elephant's hide, and he wore a pair of enormous rubber overshoes.

"What size are those things?" we asked, fascinated with the idea that any one man should carry them around.

"Oh, I wouldn't know. They're *over* size twelve shoes."

He took off the funny looking helmet, and the mane of shaggy hair escaped back into



Wide World

Hi-ho there, Tony Moreno. They tell us that while you were making Spanish pictures in Mexico City, you also learned to throw a banderillo at a bull. Don't tell us you're going to compete with Sidney Franklin, too! Hollywood will soon be deluged with matadors



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Astonishing gains in a few weeks with sensational new double tonic. Imported beer yeast, richest yeast known, now concentrated seven times and combined with energizing iron. Adds 5 to 15 lbs.—quick!



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As you know, doctors for years prescribed beer to build up skinny, rundown men and women. But now this new discovery gives you even better results—puts on firmer, healthier flesh than beer—*and in a much shorter time.* And brings other benefits, too. Blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly angles fill out, hollow chest develop, arms and legs round out pleasingly. Complexion becomes lovely, indigestion disappears—new vitality comes.

Danger in skinny body

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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Incidentally, we notice many of our guests are from Hollywood ... To some the ESSEX HOUSE is a retreat from business ... to others a rendezvous for business ... to all a residence of utmost luxury at a cost in tune with the times.

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his eyes, while the rear fringe draped over his collar.

"I've been looking forward—or rather, my girl has—to the day when I could get a haircut. Said she couldn't tell which one was the lion. Now the boss says to leave it that way for the next one. It's to be a Swede boy . . . But I'm on. He's just protecting himself for the retakes on 'The Big Cage.' "

And Andy roars with good-natured laughter.

That's Andy. Out-size, ponderous, happy-natured kid—with the rare sweetness of an unspoiled child—and a strong undercurrent of sensitive, susceptible Irishman. He lives life in an easy measured tempo—never hurried, never important. Imagine Andy going temperamental! Imagine Queen Mary doing a rhumba!

My Sister, Ann Harding

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

and live with them. Ann had sense enough to take her advice that she look upon a summer of stock as a valuable lesson in the A-B-C's of this trade upon which she was embarking. So Ann went back to the manager very humbly and said that if the spot were still available she would be glad to take it, provided they would cover up her hair and find out whether or not she could act. The request was fulfilled with a vengeance—her first part was that of a colored maid!

Although living expenses were cut down to a minimum, it took strict adherence to a budget to make the books balance each week. Washing and ironing all her clothes, sometimes going without sufficient food in order to provide her costumes, saving precious nickels and dimes by walking instead of riding whenever possible —these and a hundred other economies became second nature to her.

From this stock engagement Ann came back to Broadway, having saved enough to live during final rehearsals of "Like A King." The play was a two-week flop in New York.

Her next engagement with "The Lonely Heart" played one week in Baltimore and closed forever. However, as soon as it was known that she was free, she was sent for and offered a star part. The manager gave her the part book.

She glanced through the pages and, finding eighty-five "sides," handed it back to him, shaking her head.

"I'm afraid I'm not ready to carry eighty-five sides of anything so that it would be interesting," she told him, quite frankly.

"Read it to me, Ann, and let me decide," suggested the manager.

"No," she replied definitely, "I happen to be quite teachable and you could probably train me to play the part so that it would not hurt the play, but I don't know enough about acting for it to do *me* any good personally."

JASPER DEETER had done his job well—he had not only directed her into a superb performance in "Inheritors," on the strength of which she received all subsequent offers during the next four years, but he had implanted in her mind his theory that greatness as an actor could never be attained through a parrot-like mimicry. Her attitude in refusing many of these parts was, of course, incomprehensible to the managers, as was her refusal to be starred; but she knew that she was not ready. After a few experiences of this nature she decided she might better go back for another season of stock. Her one thought now was to build the foundation firmly, to go slowly, but in the right direction, until she should reach the top through a logical process of development. With this in view, Ann accepted the standing offer to return to the same stock company, this time as ingénue in Providence, for the Winter season.

From ingénue in Providence she went straight to Detroit as leading woman, filling the place left vacant by Katherine Cornell. In Detroit she was so underpaid that she could not possibly afford to buy the numerous gowns required from week to week, so she sat up until three or four o'clock in the morning sewing and learning lines. As the average weekly wardrobe items were an afternoon dress, negligee, suit, hat, shoes, accessories, two evening dresses, an evening wrap and a coat, every week found her still sewing frantically during the Monday rehearsal for that night's opening. She played through many illnesses, even insisting upon doing "Peter Pan" with a broken ankle! That year of stock broke down her unbelievably magnificent constitution and called upon reserves which she may never get back.

FINALLY she completely lost her voice—there was nothing left but a croak. Never having received instruction in how to place the voice properly, it had finally failed her—and nearly cost her an engagement on Broadway which marked a turning point in her career. She had received a wire from John Cromwell, who wanted to talk to her about playing in "Tarnish." He remembered her in "Inheritors," two years before. Ann came into New York and talked with him and Gilbert Emery, the author, but the sound of her voice came to them as a shock, to say the least. They practically withdrew the offer but, after a lengthy conference, decided to give her the part providing she could recapture the voice in time to play it. On the strength of very good advice, she went to Samuel Kayser, who resuscitated the lovely voice.

With two solid years of stock to her credit, Ann felt that now she should be able to handle the part of *Tishie* in "Tarnish"; moreover, it was not a star part, but one of five equally good ones. The play went into rehearsal in the Spring and out on the road for the usual two week tryout.

After the tryout she was fired. This was not the *Tishie* they wanted—where was *Madeline?* Who was this new girl who ran through her lines very deftly and superficially, but failed to catch at the hearts of the audience with that breath-taking quality that had been hers?

In the bewilderment of defeat, Ann went to Deeter to find out why she had failed. She found him living with his sister in Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, and, as usual in finding "Jap," found a theater. He had put on "Candida" with whatever local talent he could find, in an old mill which had been converted (more or less) into a theater.

SHE confessed that she had been let out of the cast of "Tarnish," concluding with the admission that it was probably quite just, and that she deserved it. However, she told him that she felt she would *never* be an actress if all the work she had done in stock had not been enough to teach her her job. And then she learned from Deeter that stock had taught her facility, many tricks, unworthy short-cuts to an effect, but that in the space of those two years she had already begun to destroy in herself the thing that was acting.

In order to bring her back to the original feeling of her remarkable performance at the Provincetown Playhouse, he called his skeleton troupe together and put on "Inheritors." That performance marked the birth of the Hedgerow Theater. She once again discovered the joy of *meaning what she said* before she

spoke from a stage, instead of spouting words like a parrot.

Just as Jap was about to close the theater for the Fall, along came a wire from New York, to the startling effect that she was to open cold on Broadway in "Tarnish."

Gilbert Emery, with an author's power of veto, had refused to sanction any other casting in the part. She returned to the cast with an entirely different performance, not only on account of Deeter's specific coaching in that very part, but with a growth in acting which had taken place during that unforgettable summer at Hedgerow.

"Tarnish" proved a smash hit overnight. Ann was the talk of the town with the one performance. I remember the notices—one critic was forced to resort to poetry at the end of his review—banner headlines in all the papers. All Ann remembers of that opening night and the wave of praise, the tumult and the shouting, was Deeter's hands roughly shaking her shoulders, his eyes glaring, as he shouted above the din—

"The town may be crazy about you, but you gave them a damn sight less than *I* expected!"

TO Ann's way of thinking, that meant she had missed fire, and the fact that she had fallen short of all he required of her as an artist made the praises of New York seem nothing. As a matter of fact, she was ridiculously well cast; her faults happened to be virtues in that particular rôle. But she had needed the brake of Deeter's criticism and the next performance was such an improvement upon the first that Ann ceased to worry and gave her entire thought to putting all she had into the part.

Ann went from "Tarnish" into "The Horse Thief," with George Marion, which opened in Chicago, had a successful run in that city, but was rewritten and retitled "Thoroughbreds" for New York, where it failed to arouse the interest of the theater-going public and closed after a short run. She knew full well she would be panned in it, which she was, very thoroughly. One of the kindest of the criticisms ran—"Ann Harding played the girl——we liked her in 'Tarnish.'"

THAT settled the question—she knew that she needed more intensive work at Hedgerow with Deeter. As a person, she had never known an established home as most people know it—the nomadic wanderings of an Army family preclude that precious taking of root in one memory-crowded spot. But as an actress, "Hedgerow" implies to Ann all that the other means to those who have known a home. Whenever she was hurt, bewildered or lost in this world of the theater, there was just one haven, one clear solution to the puzzle—"Hedgerow."

So, the night that the play closed she was all packed up, her suitcase was stowed into her dilapidated roadster and after the performance she set out at midnight for Philadelphia and Hedgerow, leaving no forwarding address behind her.

Weary, dejected, Ann finds peace and renewed spirit in Hedgerow—then, the following spring, began her real climb to enduring fame. How she won acclaim on the stage—her meeting and marriage with Harry Bannister—and how she was all but pitch-forked into the movies, while recovering from the birth of her child—these will be told next month.



After being fired as artificial from the cast of "Tarnish," Ann spent a summer training, was given another chance—and proved a sensation in her first real Broadway appearance. Here is one of the tense moments in that success—when she learns the truth about *Emmett* (Tom Powers), and is struggling to remember that when all was said and done, "men are a bad lot, and dirty, too; the thing to do is to find one that cleans easy"



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Ex-Wives for Dinner

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

"I know, I know," Leatrice sympathizes. "Here, wipe your tears on my hanky."

"My Gawd, my Gawd," Jack mumbles with numb lips.

Ina is briskly carving the roast.

"Virginia, dearest," she admonishes, "this meat is too rare."

"Oh, what is so rare as a roast in June?" Perkins flips, fully recovered and skipping merrily around and around the table.

"My Gawd, my Gawd," breathes Jack.

"PERKINS, leave the room," Leatrice commands while Jack reaches over and, with a shaking and trembling arm pours the cold gravy over his still throbbing head.

"Rare meat always made Jack do a nip-up," Ina explains.

"It was oysters," Leatrice contradicts, "oysters in Worcestershire sauce. I remember well the night—"

"It was beef—rare," Ina flings back. "I remember several nights."

"It was—"

"My Gawd, my Gawd," Jack groans.

Ina and Leatrice finish the roast.

"You see, dear," Ina explains to Virginia, "we thought it only fair, Leatrice and I, to give you (being the sweet thing you are) the benefit of our knowledge and experience as Gilbert wives.

"Now, Virginia, about not letting him roam through his cactus garden in his bare feet—I believe I would if I were you. It only aggravates John to be crossed."

"And double-crossed—" Leatrice advises. "We never double-crossed Jack, no matter what—"

"You mean re-doubled, don't you?" Ina asked. "For instance, if you have four no trump in your hand—"

"My Gawd, my Gawd," mumbles John.

The butler staggers in with the dessert. Custard tarts with whipped cream.

"Divine," Ina squeals, biting a piece out of Jack's tart. "But, dearest Virginia, it's too sweet. Sweets always gave John the burps."

"Ina, dear, don't be vulgar," Leatrice remarks from her chair arm.

"Vulgar," screeches Ina. "Why even the Barrymores have burps," and instantly the place is a riot of confusion. On one side of the table are Ina and Leatrice. On the other, Jack, Virginia and Perkins.

Tarts are flying madly from Ina to Jack, Jack to Leatrice.

The faces of the contestants are whipped cream from forehead to chin.

TARTS, huge ones, piled with whipped cream come tripping in from the kitchen to join in the fray.

They leap upon the tortured Jack. They shake him.

"Sir, sir—" their voices say, toning down from high squeaks to a soft whisper.

"Sir—it's time you were up. You're due at the studio in half an hour."

Jack awakes and looks about startled.

Perkins is bending over him.

"I've been trying to wake you, sir," he says. "It's very late."

"I've had a dream," Jack groans. "A horrible dream, Perkins."

"Yes, sir. I expect it was too many oysters, sir. In Worcestershire sauce. And then the beef was a bit rare, sir, and that tart with whipped cream—

"Don't, don't," pleads Jack, "don't ever mention tarts with whipped cream.

"My Gawd, my Gawd," he groans and groans and then sinks back in the pillows, reaching out with trembling hand for the decanter of ice-water. Which he poured over his aching, feverish head.

How Sylvia Changed "Carol of the Curves"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

You'll notice that I occasionally let her have a tiny piece of angel cake or, as I just told you, the prune whip. But in each case it was very little; a rare treat. That tiny bit occasionally won't hurt you—but you've got to use discretion.

CAROLE was one of those grand, happy-go-lucky persons. And everybody loved her. From the time she first came into my room to be treated until she left, the telephone was ringing constantly; people asking for her. From the errand boys to the actors, they all loved her. She didn't take herself or anybody else seriously. She had a grand, cheerful grin. She was always ready for a party. She loved to dance and laugh and I'm telling you that's half the battle in being beautiful and lovely.

Then I heard that her contract had not been renewed, and the way she took it is a wonderful example for everyone. I saw her the morning she was told.

"Hello, darling, how do you feel?" I asked.

"I feel great," she said. "This is the best thing that ever happened to me. There are two other blondes of about my type on this lot. I'll do much better somewhere else."

I knew that she was just putting up a brave front. But her prophesy came true. She did do much better somewhere else. So just take Carole's attitude for your own. In Hollywood—or anywhere else—you can't let people see when you're down. Keep a stiff upper lip. Believe me, that attitude will do more to give your face character and even real beauty than anything I know. As for your figure—well, you've got to work on that!

And here's the funny part about Carole Lombard. No—I'll take that back. It isn't funny, it's grand. She never put on fat again. Because—*she used her common sense!* Even after she left me she kept up exercises for reducing. She danced a lot, which is a fine reducer. And she was sensible about her food. She did not have to stay on a strict diet; she just had to be sensible, choose her foods well, and not overeat. Gosh—how I wish I could train all you girls to do that. And I wish I could train you to work as Carole did to get thin.

The kid used to scream while I was giving her a treatment. Bill Boyd's dressing-room was right next to my treating bungalow. He and Bob Armstrong used to yell out, "Don't tell me you're doing that for your art's sake."

"She's doing it for art's sake and for my sake and for her own sake," I used to yell back.

Carole reduced because she had to. You see, they decided—before I came on the lot—that she should be a dramatic actress instead of a Sennett girl. They gave her a test and her acting was fine—but her figure! That was her incentive to get thin. She knew she would never succeed on the screen unless she was thin. After she was thin, it is true that her first big dramatic part was in a terrible picture. It wasn't her fault that the picture was bad and her contract wasn't renewed. But now—look at her. She isn't afraid of the biggest dramatic part they can hand her!

THERE'S just one more thing that I want to tell you about Carole. She had been in a very bad automobile accident before she came to that studio. It had left a scar on her cheek. Did she cry and moan about it? She did not. She didn't pay any attention to it—but went right on.

And because of her attitude I tell you that scar is actually attractive.

Believe me, you girls and women can learn a lot from Carole.

And—what's more—if you want to be the Lombard type don't forget that you can reduce from a size sixteen to a twelve. I know—because I did it for Carole and, if you will follow my instructions, I can do the same for you!

Answers By Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

ting very little results. Can you give me some other exercise?

A. M. N., Biloxi, Miss.

Just those exercises alone won't do the trick. You've got to build up all over your body. Follow the building-up diet which you have probably already read and—this is really important—go to bed by nine o'clock three nights a week.

Get just as much sleep as you can—nine or even ten hours a night. But keep up the exercises.

You should put on weight and then shape your legs with the exercises.

Dear Sylvia:

I have, thanks to you, lost a lot of weight and am down to an almost perfect 36, but I have lost considerable in my face and neck. Kindly advise what to do for a skinny neck and face.

M. S., Chicago, Ill.

Isn't it swell that you've lost weight? Now you see—you other girls—it can be done. Now that you've lost the weight you must begin to work on your face and neck. To build up the neck spread a generous amount of cold cream on your hands. With the palm of your left hand rub down on your neck from the tip of the chin to the chest. Then rub up with the back of your right hand from the chest to the tip of the chin.

Then slap your chin with the backs of both hands. This will make the neck firm.

Now for your face. Use plenty of cold cream and massage with the tips of the fingers in a rotary movement from the point of the chin to just below the cheek bones right at the ears. At this point press hard, making your fingers tremble, like a vibrator. This stimulates the entire face.

Press in the same way on the bone at the outer corners of the eyes, and then very gently massage the outer corners of the eyes with a rotary movement.

When you've done all that, wipe all the cold cream off, bathe the face in lukewarm water and then wear out a chunk of ice rubbing on your face and neck.

Dear Sylvia:

Does it hurt to wear girdles? I am awfully thin and my clothes look much better with a girdle, but have been wondering if they are harmful.

V. L. B., Chicago, Ill.

By all means wear your girdle. A good foundation garment is absolutely necessary to any woman who wants a beautiful figure.



How Do Sportswomen Manage?

Cup winners can't be quitters—whatever the time of month. The woman who competes for honors in any field of sport must take her sporting chance with Nature. Any strenuous match may suddenly bring on her sickness. A busy season of practice and play makes no allowance for discomfort or pain of menstruation. Midol will meet this emergency — as many active women know. Midol tablets have emancipated women from the dread of regular pain—from the need of giving in to such suffering—*from suffering at all.*

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If You've Wondered About Diana—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

"that I should again be playing the part of a mother whose heart is broken by war, as I did in 'Cavalcade.' But I don't mind, really. I feel so strongly about it. Every word I say about it, comes right from the heart."

As if we, who had listened, hadn't felt it.

SHE was off for another retake.

Somehow, you would know by just looking at Diana Wynyard, that anything she decided to do, would be done right. And in the proper manner. Without any mistakes, or flutter-budgeting about.

So, after a surprising success in a school play, Diana decided to be an actress.

And set about being one in a straight-forward, business-like way.

She talked it over quietly with her family, who agreed she should try it.

After graduation, she hired a private tutor and, day after day, hour after hour, she studied stage technique. She learned what to do with her hands. With her voice. How to walk on and off. How to get the most out of every line. Every word. And then she was ready for her début. But not as a star, remember. Or a featured player. No, not even as a bit player. Diana made her début as one of the guests in the cabaret scene of "The Grand Duchess." That was all. Just one of the mob.

Then she felt ready for a stock company. So, for forty weeks, she toured England with a traveling stock company, playing forty different rôles in the forty weeks.

More months of touring about with second companies, followed her stock experience. And then, she was ready for leads on the London stage. And ready is the word. Her first success came with Walter Hackett in "Sorry You've Been Troubled," and when a single benefit performance of "The Devil Passes" was given, Diana was invited to play the lead.

"If you ever decide to produce this play," she asked them, "may I have the lead?" So that is presumably how Diana Wynyard came to America in "The Devil Passes." And how, when the movies spotted her, she came to Hollywood for "Rasputin" and "Cavalcade."

In between making "Cavalcade," she dashed back and forth to the M-G-M studios for rehearsals and retakes of "Rasputin" with the Barrymores. Certainly you remember the story of how that went on and on, far into the night. And when "Cavalcade" was completed, she went right into the cast of "Men Must Fight."

SUDDENLY a messenger from the publicity department. "Your speech for tonight, Miss Wynyard," he said.

"Speech?" she asked him in alarm.

"Yes, it's what you're to say over the radio."

"But, I only wanted to say how grateful I am to be in 'Cavalcade,'" she said.

Her opening! Her big night! The première of "Cavalcade." We had forgotten it.

Again we were plunged into the late afternoon excitement that precedes a huge opening. Smart gray trucks from smart flower shops were dashing about. Stars were flitting from shop to beauty parlor. Everyone was in a bustle and flurry of excitement, getting ready.

And the star? The one for whom all this brilliance was intended? Her first opening? Where was she?

Inside a studio sound stage she stood. Years and miles from the outside world that whirled about her.

Speaking lines that even the thought of the glory awaiting her could not rob of their depth and beauty. "Woman, behold thy son," we could still hear her say.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Frank Craven
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Howard Lally
Elissa Landi
Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
June Vlasek
Irene Ware
Harry Woods

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Wera Engels
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
John Warburton
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Phyllis Barry
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Lili Damita
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Greta Granstedt
Ruth Hall
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Tim McCoy
Adolphe Menjou
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Ben Blue
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Our Gang
ZaSu Pitts
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Hedda Hopper
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Buster Keaton
Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Karloff
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey
Harold Huber
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Paul Muni
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shadduck
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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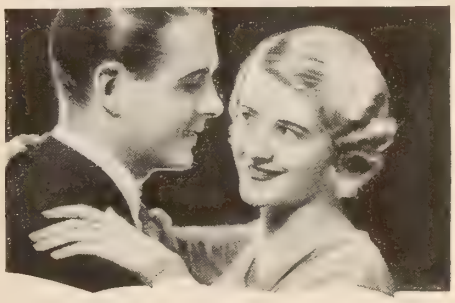
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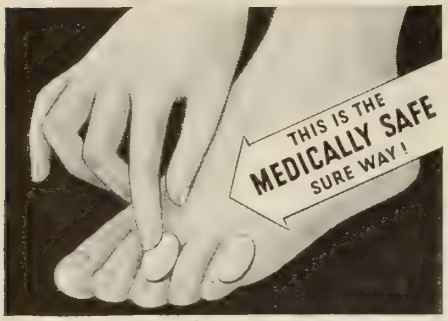


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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Richard Barthelmess

FOR all that the World War was obsessing everyone, and we were sufficiently agog about D. W. Griffith's war picture, "Hearts of the World," to lead the April, 1918, issue with a story about the hero, Bobby Harron, April seemed above all to be a month for chronicling discoveries of new stars.

Connie Talmadge was basking in the sunburst of popular acclaim won by her first work—as *The Mountain Girl* in Griffith's "Intolerance"—while Mary Pickford, no less, had noticed a promising youngster in the company which supported her in "The Little Princess," and told Charlie Chaplin about the newcomer. Charlie decided to try her—and thus ZaSu Pitts moved several notches up the ladder to fame.

Another chap who drew an article by his promising work was one Richard Barthelmess. He was twenty-two then, and we remarked that he was now getting good juvenile rôles, after five years of doing character old men—a curious start for Dick! From the pictures we reproduced, he seemed to have done old men well, too.

The business of inducing more and better emoting by having appropriate music played during the shooting, received considerable attention, with revelations of what tunes made the various great ones cry to best advantage. Mae Murray's tears flowed best, we said, when she heard Irving Berlin's "When I Lost You," while Mary Pickford could let herself in for a good weep by having the musicians do Cadman's "Land of the Sky Blue Water." And speaking of Mary, we chronicled her "Stella Maris" as her first real acting vehicle.

Theda Bara still was the reigning vamp, as indicated by a full-page picture, and we showed cut-outs of Buster Keaton and Fatty Arbuckle working up slapstick gags. The cover sported a portrait of Elsie Ferguson.

10 Years Ago



Ramon Novarro

WHAT a fluid, fast-shifting scene this picture world is—with only here and there some enduring favorite to hold things together! Among these mentioned in our issue of April, 1923, who figured five years before that, five years after, and who still are with us, are Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, the Barrymores, Mae Marsh and Harold Lloyd. Ten years ago this month we chronicled Harold's marriage to Mildred Davis. Mary was vacillating between "Dorothy Vernon" and "Faust" for her next, and the others were "'tween pictures." Oh, yes—we mustn't forget Charlie Chaplin! We reviewed "The Pilgrim" that month, and noted his engagement to Pola Negri. Likewise the fact that these two, the Fairbankses, and others were planning an independent company to escape so-called poor pictures provided by producers. Valentino was still on strike for that reason, and writing his life story for us.

Richard Barthelmess, noted in 1918 as a promising juvenile, had just done "Fury," a sea-going tale, and we said his work marked him as "one of the few conscientious stars of our screen." Incidentally, likeness of figure enabled him, in "The Bright Shawl," to use the stage costumes worn by John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson."

Among newcomers the great shining light was Ramon Novarro, just out with his first smash hit, "Where the Pavement Ends." Jobyna Ralston had been named Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady. Reports from Paris had it that Doug Jr.'s mother, Mrs. James Evans, was to finance his entry into stardom, while Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson were finishing "Bella Donna" and "Prodigal Daughters," the respective vehicles with which they expected to settle which one was to be queen prima donna. Barbara La Marr on the cover.

5 Years Ago



Greta Garbo

IN April, 1928, the line-up begins to seem quite present-day, for all that the great "talkies" earthquake, with its wholesale quenching of starlight, was only a few months away. Admirers of "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude" will be amused to read that Norma Shearer said she would play one year after she and Irving Thalberg returned from their belated honeymoon, then curtains for her! Clara Bow finished her sprightly "life story" for us, and took occasion to explain the whys and wherefores of her successive engagements to Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming and Gary Cooper. Gary was new then, and worked with her in "Children of Divorce." She helped him and liked him—but he was jealous, as Clara saw it.

But ah—enter a Star of Stars! Greta Garbo (yes, the "Greta" was right then) had been setting the land adither with her scintillant screen charm—so we persuaded her to tell her life story, starting with this issue. She related her start—breaking into the Dramatic School of the Royal Theater of Stockholm; and probably Garbo admirers would murder us for the picture we printed, showing her landing, *sans* glamour, for her American début.

Speaking of Garbo—five years ago we tried finding out which of our stars came nearest matching the Greek gods in physical perfection. Who won? Well, Richard Arlen came closest to matching Apollo, and Joan Crawford was practically a duplicate of Venus. Also, combined measurements of the leaders were almost identical with those of the ancients—which may or may not prove anything.

Speaking of Joan, heroine of "Rain"—it was five years ago this month that we reviewed the silent version, with Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore. They called it "Sadie Thompson." The cover? Esther Ralston.

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 60-65) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

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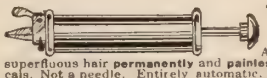


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To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AIR HOSTESS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Grace Perkins. Screen play by Keene Thompson and Milton Raison. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Kitty King*, Evalyn Knapp; *Ted Hunter*, James Murray; *Dick Miller*, Arthur Pierson; *Ma Kearns*, Jane Darwell; *Pa Kearns*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Sylvia Carleton*, Thelma Todd; *Mike*, Mike Donlin; *Spike*, Dutch Hendrian.

"AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Jane Chase*, Mae Clarke; *Waldo*, Alan Dinehart; *David Graham*, Neil Hamilton; *Duncan*, Charles Sellon; *Malcolm*, Charles Coleman; *Morgan*, John Sheehan.

"BEHIND JURY DOORS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Frank E. Fenton. Screen play by John Thomas Neville. Directed by Reeves Eason. The cast: *Elsa Lanfield*, Helen Chandler; *Steve Mannon*, William Collier, Jr.; *Mrs. Lanfield*, Blanche Friderici; *Casey*, Franklin Parker; *George Fisher*, John Davidson; *Arthur Corbett*, Walter Miller; *Gus Mauger*, Richard Cramer; *Ma Mauger*, Jessie Arnold; *Halliday*, Lewis Natheaux; *Maime*, Patsy Cunningham; *William Wegand*, James Gordon; *James Collins*, Arthur Loft; *Emil Lanfield*, Gordon DeMain.

"BE MINE TONIGHT"—GAUMONT BRITISH-UNIVERSAL.—From the story by I. V. Cube and A. Joseph. Adapted by John Orton. Directed by Anatol Litwak. The cast: *Ferraro*, Jan Kiepura; *Mathilde*, Magda Schneider; *Koretsky*, Sonnie Hale; *Partegg*, Edmund Gwenn; *His Wife*, Athene Seyler; *Ferraro's Manager*, Betty Chester; *Balthasar*, Aubrey Mather.

"BIG DRIVE, THE"—FIRST DIVISION.—Compiled by A. L. Rule from war films taken from the government archives of the nations involved in the World War.

"BLONDIE JOHNSON"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Blondie*, Joan Blondell; *Curley*, Chester Morris; *Gladys*, Claire Dodd; *Max Wagner*, Arthur Vinton; *Louis*, Allen Jenkins; *Eddie*, Olin Howland; *Scannell*, Earle Foxe; *Mae*, Mae Busch; *Manager*, Joe Cawthorn; *Red*, Sterling Holloway; *Freddie*, Sam Godfrey; *Lulu*, Toshia Mori; *Joe*, Donald Kirke; *Hype*, Tom Kennedy; *Swede*, Tom Wilson.

"CLEAR ALL WIRES"—M-G-M.—From the play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Continuity by Delmer Daves. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Buckley Joyce Thomas*, Lee Tracy; *Kate*, Benita Hume; *Dolly*, Una Merkel; *Lefty*, James Gleason; *Pettingwaite*, Alan Edwards; *Prince Alexander*, Eugene Sigaloff; *Kostya*, Ari Kutai; *Commissar*, C. Henry Gordon; *Eugenie*, Lya Lys; *MacKenzie*, Lawrence Grant; *Sozanoff*, John Melvin Bleifer; *J. H. Stevens*, Guy Usher.

"CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Walter Maria Espe. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Brian Marlow. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Dr. Emil Brandt*, Jean Hersholt; *Mrs. Freda Brandt*, Wynne Gibson; *Dan McKee*, Stuart Erwin; *Doris Brandt*, Frances Dee; *Lieut. Frank Martin*, David Landau; *Gilbert Reid*, Gordon Westcott; *Capt. Tim Riley*, Robert Elliott; *Eric Ericson*, Torben Meyer; *Hilda Ericson*, Bodil Rosing; *Philip Ames*, Samuel S. Hines; *James Brandt*, William Janney.

"DANGEROUSLY YOURS"—FOX.—From the novel by Paul Hervey Fox. Screen play by Horace Jackson. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Andrew Burke*, Warner Baxter; *Claire Roberts*, Miriam Jordan; *Groves*, Herbert Mundin; *Josephine Horton*, Florence Eldridge; *Mrs. Sarah Latham*, Florence Roberts; *Lady Gregory*, Nella Walker; *Dr. Rider*, Arthur Hoyt; *Theodore Brill*, Tyrell Davis; *George Carr*, William Davidson; *Kassim*, Mischa Auer; *Tony*, Edmund Burns; *White*, Robert Greig.

"DARING DAUGHTERS"—TOWER PROD.—From the story by Sam Mintz. Adapted by Barry Barringer and F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Terry Cummings*, Marian Marsh; *Alan Preston*, Kenneth Thomson; *Betty Cummings*, Joan Marsh; *Joby Johnson*, Bert Roach; *Edgar Barrett*, Allen Vincent; *Gwen Moore*, Lita Chevret; *Lawton*, Richard Tucker; *Hubbard*, Arthur Hoyt; *Grandmother*, Florence Roberts; *Roy Andrews*, Bryant Washburn, Jr.; *Helen Delk*, Charlotte Merriam.

"DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK" (The Captain of Koepenick)—CARL ZUCKMAYER PROD.—From the play by Carl Zuckmayer. Directed by Richard Oswald. The cast: *Wilhelm Voigt*, Max Adalbert; *Kallenberg*, Willi Schur; *A. Wormser, Military Tailor*, Hermann Vallentin; *Wabschke Cutter at Wormser's Shop*, Emil Wabschke; *Willy Wormser's Son*, Peter Wolf; *Dr. Obermueller*, Max Guelstorff; *Marie Hoprecht, Voigt's Sister*, Ilse Fuerstenberg; *Friedrich Hoprecht, Her Husband*, Friedrich Kayssler; *Mrs. Obermueller*, Kaethe Haack; *Sergeant Kilian*, Hermann Speelmans; *Colonel*, Paul Otto; *Passport Commissioner*, Alfred Beierle; *President of Police*, Heinrich Schroth.

"EX-LADY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin. Screen play by David Boehm. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Helen Bauer*, Bette Davis; *Don Peterson*, Gene Raymond; *Hugo Van Hugh*, Frank McHugh; *Nick Malvyn*, Monroe Owsley; *Iris Van Hugh*, Claire Dodd; *Peggy Smith*, Kay Strozzi; *Mr. Smith*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *The Father*, Alphonse Ethier; *The Mother*, Bodil Rosing.

"FROM HELL TO HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Lawrence Hazard. Screen play by Percy Heath and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: *Colly Tanner*, Carole Lombard; *Charlie*, Jack Oakie; *Joan Burt*, Adrienne Ames; *Wesley Burt*, David Manners; *Cuff Billings*, Sidney Blackmer; *Sonny Lockwood*, Verna Hillie; *Tommy Tucker*, James Eagles; *Winnie Lloyd*, Shirley Grey; *Jack Ruby*, Bradley Page; *Pop Lockwood*, Walter Walker; *Toledo Jones*, Berton Churchill; *Steve Wells*, Donald Kerr; *Sue Wells*, Nydia Westman; *Mrs. Chadman*, Cecil Cunningham; *Lynch*, Thomas Jackson; *Pepper Murphy*, Allen Wood; *Elsie*, Rita La Roy; *Sam*, Clarence Muse; *McCarthy*, Dell Henderson.

"GREAT JASPER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Fulton Oursler. Screen play by H. W. Hanemann and Robert Tasker. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Jasper Horn*, Richard Dix; *Jenny Horn*, Florence Eldridge; *Norma McGowd*, Wera Engels; *Mr. McGowd*, Walter Walker; *Madam Talma*, Edna May Oliver; *Andrew Horn (boy)*, David Durand; *Andrew Horn (Adult)*, James Bush; *Roger McGowd (boy)*, Bruce Line; *Roger McGowd (adult)*, Bruce Cabot; *Sylvia (Girl)*, Dorothy Gray; *Sylvia (adult)*, Betty Furness; *Kelly*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Herman Baumgartner*, Herman Bing; *Chippy*, John Larkin.

"IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE" (Her Majesty, Love)—WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by R. Bernauer and R. Oesterreicher. Directed by Joe May. The cast: *Lia*, Kaethe von Nagy; *Fred*, Francis Lederer; *Othmar, Fred's brother*, Otto Wallburg; *Elli, His Daughter*, Gretl Theimer; *Toeroek, Lia's Father*, Szoeke Szakall; *Baron Schwapsdorf*, Ralph Arthur Roberts; *Hornberg*, Kurt Gerron; *Hannemann*, Walter Steinbeck; *Aunt Henriette*, Adele Sandrock; *Friedrich*, Tibor von Halmay.

"JUNGLE BRIDE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Leah Baird. Directed by Harry O. Hoyt and Albert Kelley. The cast: *Doris Evans*, Anita Page; *Gordon Wayne*, Charles Starrett; *John Franklyn*, Kenneth Thomson; *Eddie Stevens*, Eddie Borden; *Capt. Anderson*, Clarence Geldert; *Laura*, Gertrude Simpson; *Jimmy*, Jay Emmett.

"KING OF THE WILD HORSES"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Earl Haley. Screen play by Fred Myton. Directed by Earl Haley. The cast: *Red Man*, William Janney; *Wanima*, Dorothy Appleby; *Clint Bolling*, Wallace MacDonald; *Big Man*, Harry Semels; *Davidson*, Ford West; *Rex*, Rex; *Lady*, Lady; *Marque*, Marque.

"KING'S VACATION, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ernest Pascal. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Maude T. Howell. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Philip*, George Arliss; *Queen Wilhelmina*, Florence Arliss; *Helen*, Marjorie Gateson; *Lord Chamberlain*, Dudley Digges; *John Kent*, Dick Powell; *Millicent*, Patricia Ellis; *Joe Thorpe*, O. P. Heggie; *Count Gouvain*, Douglas Gerrard; *Anderson*, James Bell; *Comtesse*, Helena Phillips; *Page*, Charles Evans; *Amelia*, Maude Leslie; *Baron Munsie*, Alan Birmingham; *Fred Neerhof*, Harold Minjir; *Barstowe*, Vernon Steele; *Sgt. Footman*, Desmond Roberts.

"MAN HUNT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Sam Mintz and Leonard Praskins. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Junior*, Junior Durkin; *Mrs. Scott*, Mrs. Wallace Reid; *Josie*, Charlotte Virginia Henry; *Wilkie*, Arthur Vinton; *Woodward*, Edward Le Saint; *Abraham*, Carl Gross, Jr.; *Sheriff*, Richard Carle.

"MEN MUST FIGHT"—M-G-M.—From the play by Reginald Lawrence and S. K. Lauren. Screen play by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Laura*, Diana Wynyard; *Edward Seward*, Lewis Stone; *Bob Seward*, Phillips Holmes; *Maman Seward*, May Robson; *Peggy*, Ruth Selwyn; *Geoffrey*, Robert Young; *Albert*, Robert Greig; *Mrs. Chase*, Hedda Hopper; *Steve*, Donald Dillaway; *Evelyn*, Mary Carlisle; *Soto*, Luis Alberni.

"PRIVATE JONES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Richard Schayer. Screen play by Prescott Chaplin and William N. Robson. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Bill Jones*, Lee Tracy; *Lieut. Gregg*, Donald Cook; *Mary*, Gloria Stuart; *Helen*, Shirley Grey; *Williams*, Russell Gleason; *Mrs. Jones*, Emma Dunn; *Spivey*, Walter Catlett; *Howard*, Al Hill; *Winthrop*, Berton Churchill; *Cook*, Frank McHugh; *Von Bergen*, Hans von Twardowski; *Lt. Brinkerhoff*, Roland Varno; *Doctor*, Wallis Clark; *Lecturer*, Richard Carle; *Y.M.C.A. Worker*, Violet Barlowe; *Von Stach*, William von Brincken; *Members of Draft Board*, Ralph Lewis, Edward Piel, Lee Shumway; *Mrs. Winthrop*, Ethel Clayton; *Pete Smith*, Richard Cramer.

"ROME EXPRESS"—GAUMONT BRITISH-UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Clifford Grey. Screen play by S. Gilliat. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Asta Marvelle*, Esther Ralston; *Tony*, Hugh Williams; *Zurta*, Conrad Veidt; *Poole*, Donald Calthrop; *Mrs. Maxted*, Joan Barry; *Grant*, Harold Huth; *Tom Bishop*, Gordon Harker; *Mills*, Eliot Makeham; *Alistair McBane*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Mons. Jolif*, Frank Vosper; *Spinster*, Muriel Aked; *Asta's Manager*, Finlay Currie.

"SECRETS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton. Screen play by Frances Marion. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Mary Marlowe*, Mary Pickford; *John Carlton*, Leslie Howard; *Mr. Marlowe*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Blanche Friderici; *Susan Channing*, Doris Lloyd; *Lord Hurley*, Herbert Evans; *"Sunshine,"* Ned Sparks; *Jake Houser*, Allan Sears; *Senora Martinez*, Mona Maris; *William Carlton (child)*, Lyman Williams; *William Carlton (adult)*, Huntly Gordon; *Audrey Carlton (child)*, Virginia Grey; *Audrey Carlton (adult)*, Ethel Clayton; *Susan Carlton (child)*, Ellen Johnson; *Susan Carlton (adult)*, Bessie Barriscale; *Robert Carlton (child)*, Randolph Connolly; *Robert Carlton (adult)*, Theodore Von Eltz.

"SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Basil Dickey. Adapted by William McGrath. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Nona Gould*, Lois Wilson; *Jim Manning*, Grant Withers; *Margaret King*, Dorothy Revier; *Roger King*, Robert Warwick; *Miao Lin*, Toshia Mori; *Eddie Morgan*, Eddie Boland; *Wu Sin*, Tetsu Komai; *Charlie San*, Richard Loo; *Luke*, Luke Chan; *Wang*, Jimmie Wang.

"SISTER TO JUDAS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Watkins E. Wright. Adapted by John Thomas Neville. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Anne Frayne*, Claire Windsor; *Ronnie Ross*, John Harron; *John Rogers*, Holmes Herbert; *Percy*, Lee Moran; *Elmer*, David Callis; *Mike O'Flannigan*, Wilfred Lucas; *Mrs. Frayne*, Stella Adams; *Helen Ross*, Virginia True Boardman.

"SOMEWHERE IN SONORA"—*Warners.*—From the story by Will Levington Comfort. Screen play by Joe Roach. Directed by Mack V. Wright. The cast: *John Bishop*, John Wayne; *Bob Leadly*, H. B. Walthall; *Mary Burton*, Shirley Palmer; *Monte Black*, J. P. McGowan; *Patsy Ellis*, Ann Fay; *Riley*, Frank Rice; *Shorty*, Billy Franey; *Bart Leadly*, Paul Fix; *Burton*, Ralph Lewis; *Duke*, Duke.

"SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC" (Moon Over Morocco)—VANDAL-DELAC PROD.—From the story by Andre Reuze. Directed by Julien Duvivier. The cast: *Jacques Le Guerantec*, Rene Lefebvre; *Francoise*, Rosine Derean; *Her Uncle*, Harry Baur; *Strawber*, Robert Le Vigan; *Lawson*, Georges Peclet; *Woodland*, Marc Dantzer; *Midlock*, Jacques Erwin.

"STATE FAIR"—FOX.—From the novel by Phil Stong. Screen play by Sonya Levien and Paul Green. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Margy Frake*, Janet Gaynor; *Abel Frake*, Will Rogers; *Pat Gilbert*, Lew Ayres; *Emily Joyce*, Sally Eilers; *Wayne Frake*, Norman Foster; *Melissa Frake*, Louise Dresser; *The Storekeeper*, Frank Craven; *The Barker*, Victor Jory; *Harry Ware*, Frank Melton; *Blue Boy*, Blue Boy.

"TOPAZE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Marcel Pagnol. Screen play by Benn W. Levy. Directed by Harry D'Arrast. The cast: *Topaze*, John Barrymore; *Coco*, Myrna Loy; *Henri*, Albert Conti; *Dr. Bomb*, Luis Alberni; *Baron*, Reginald Mason; *Baroness*, Jobyna Howland; *Charlemagne*, Jackie Searl; *Dr. Stegg*, Frank Reicher.

"WEST OF SINGAPORE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Houston Branch. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Al Ray. The cast: *Lou*, Betty Compson; *Dan Manton*, Weldon Heyburn; *Shelby Worrell*, Margaret Lindsay; *Degama*, Noel Madison; *Ricky*, Clyde Cook; *Glen Worrell*, Tom Douglas; *Scrub*, Harvey Clark; *Watson*, Erni Adams.

"WHAT! NO BEER?"—M-G-M.—From the story by Robert E. Hopkins. Screen play by Carey Wilson. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Elmer J. Butts*, Buster Keaton; *Jimmy Potts*, Jimmy Durante; *Schultz*, Rosco Ates; *Hortense*, Phyllis Barry; *Butch Lorado*, John Miljan; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Spike Moran*, Edward Brophy; *Mulligan*, Charles Dunbar; *Chief*, Charles Giblyn.

"WOMAN ACCUSED, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum, Zane Grey, Vina Delmar, Irvin S. Cobb, Gertrude Atherton, J. P. McEvoy, Ursula Parrott, Polan Banks, Sophie Kerr. Based on a story by Polan Banks. Screen play by Bayard Veiller. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Glenda O'Brien*, Nancy Carroll; *Jeffrey Baxter*, Cary Grant; *Stephen Bessemer*, John Halliday; *District Attorney Clarke*, Irving Pichel; *Leo Young*, Louis Calhern; *Martha*, Norma Mitchell; *Little Maxie*, Jack LaRue; *Inspector Swope*, Frank Sheridan; *Dr. Simpson*, John Lodge; *Captain of Boat*, William J. Kelly; *Judge Osgood*, Harry Holman; *Tony Graham*, Jay Belasco; *Evelyn Craig*, Gertrude Messinger; *Cora Mathews*, Lona Andre; *The Steward*, Donald Stuart; *The Band Leader*, Gregory Golubeff; *Cheer Leader*, Robert Quirk; *Third Girl*, Amo Ingraham; *Second Boy*, Denis Beaufort; *Third Boy*, Gaylord Pendleton.



International

Meet Natalie, Marjorie, Edna and Mama Cantor. No mistake! We thought that Eddie wasn't a day over twenty-five. But since that, we've been told by experts that Eddie keeps his youthful figure through being chased by bulls—the Spanish kind, don'tcha know. Sylvia should know this!



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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



With her very blonde hair, a new personality, a new break in pictures after that "wow" of a national vaudeville tour, there's no telling what big things we'll hear of little Alice White. Her latest is "Picture Snatcher" and Alice can do that all right, all rightie!

ANENT the current fad in Hollywood—the wearing of men's clothes by women—Richard Dix says:

"By the time my infant daughter is old enough to care there will be a double threat to childhood in dad's razor strop and mother's belt."

WALLY BEERY came on the M-G-M lot with a boiled lobster complexion.

"Where'd you get the sunburn, Wally?" we asked.

"Sunburn my eye! It's *snow* burn," Wally corrected.

Then we recalled that he had been snowbound in his June Lake cabin, up in the High Sierras for two weeks.

We don't blame Wally for risking his neck flying up there every chance he gets.

ONE of the strangest friendships in Hollywood is that of Glenda Farrell, who portrays those shady dames so beautifully, and Mary Brian, who is always sweetness and light. "We make a great team," Glenda laughs. "You see, Mary asks all the questions and I know all the answers."

LEE TRACY, that old gray-bearded prophet, predicts that the next popular vogue to sweep the country like a ninety-mile gale, will be promoted by Mae West. Says in a few months, every sixteen year old girl will be walking, talking and dressing as nearly like *Diamond Lil* as she possibly can. In other words, go West, young woman.

Pul-leeze, Mr. Tracy!

THE latest gasp in lamp shades are made of cellophane, according to Jean Harlow, who is busy running up a bunch of them for her new house.

DOROTHY PETERSON says her idea of waste is the habit some girls have of accumulating huge bottles of expensive scents.

She buys perfume in tiny bottles and does not like the same scent for long at a time.

In fact, she changes perfume with each dress.

THINGS you knew 'til you forgot them:

Cary Grant confesses he used to be a stilt walker at Coney Island.

THE latest thing in Hollywood is a "Horror Club," composed of those actors who have appeared in horror pictures.

To date the membership includes Fredric March, Karloff, Lionel Atwill, Preston S. Foster, Edwin Maxwell, Bela Lugosi and others.

The make-up man who created many of the make-ups which these gentlemen wore to scare you out of your seats, Perc Westmore, also is up for membership.

They really should call it the "Nightmare Club."

THAT mouth of Joe E. Brown's will get somebody into trouble yet. This time it almost was Mervyn LeRoy.

LeRoy is directing Joe in "Elmer the Great," and one of the sequences is laid in the East in winter. Consequently it calls for a whole town covered in snow as a set.

Mervyn and a lot of the executives were looking at the first rushes from this set.

"It's very realistic, Mervyn," one of the execs said, "but you've forgotten one thing. You can't see the actors' breaths when they talk."

"I thought of that," LeRoy replied, "and had it all doped out. But when it came to the breath coming out of Joe's mouth I decided it was out—the audience would be bound to think it was a fog."

JOHN MILJAN, that extra special villain of practically every M-G-M movie, is through. Not with movies, but with being a villain. Exactly ten years ago, John began his deviltry in pictures, and is heartily tired of it. In all those years of almost constant work, he has had but two opportunities to step out of the villain class. One was the husband of Ruth Chatterton in one of her films and the other was in "Hell Divers." In each film, John's performance was outstanding.



They call it "The California Trail." One of those grand scenery, great horsemanship, thrill pictures. With a brave cowboy, Buck Jones, and a sweet woman, Helen Mack, who arouses his chivalrous instincts. Refreshing, to say the least, after some of the morbidity we've been seeing lately

Your Eyes SHOULD BE
• YOUR MOST ALLURING FEATURE



Beautiful teeth make for beguiling smiles—a lovely skin is desirable too—but, allure, the essence of life's thrills, is most assuredly a matter of eyes. Make *your* eyes alluring, and you will suddenly find yourself as alluring as your eyes. It's easy with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This wonderful mascara will instantly transform your lashes into dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear as deep pools of loveliness—bewitching to all who come within their influence. You must, however, be sure to use only genuine Maybelline, otherwise the necessary note of allurement is more difficult to obtain. Moreover, Maybelline is non-smarting, tearproof, harmless, and it has a wonderful oil base that will keep your lashes soft and sweeping. Obtainable at toilet goods counters. Black or Brown, 75c.

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Learn the secret *why* the most beautiful women in Hollywood prefer it—why Lux Toilet Soap is *the Beauty Soap of the Stars!*

PHOTOPLAY

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30 Cents in Canada



NANCY CARROLL

his Issue:

ara Bow's
Diary

BE "Mouth-Happy"



THE SUN PEEPS from a screen of clouds. Leaves whisper, the wind whistles softly, and two knowing thoroughbreds look wise. But Spuds won't tell on you, no matter how many you smoke. You can trust their cool, clean taste.

SMOKE SPUDS

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"Pink Tooth Brush?" Not for me, mother—not for me!



BOY: Mother, I bet you don't know it—but you and daddy are a little bit old-fashioned.

MOTHER: *Old-fashioned!*

BOY: Just a *little* bit. Because you clean your teeth plenty—but I'll bet you never *heard* of massaging your gums.

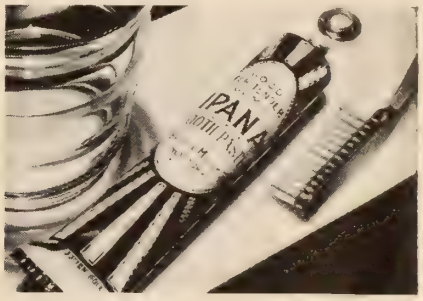
MOTHER: I've noticed that ever since you came home with a tube of Ipana—you've kept your *teeth* clean of your own *accord*.

BOY: And what's more, I massage Ipana into my *gums*, too. Know why? Because nowadays the food we eat is pretty soft, and the blood just goes slower and slower through your gums. And then your gums start to bleed a little and that's "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: Now you remind me of it, Doctor Newell told me months ago that if I didn't give my gums more care, I'd find my teeth looking dull.

BOY: Do you know what, mother? If you keep on having "pink tooth brush," you'll very likely have Vincent's disease—or g-i-n-g-i-v-i-t-i-s. We learned at camp that "pink tooth brush" is dang'rous to your teeth. You better massage your gums with Ipana, the way I do! You just clean your teeth with Ipana. And then you squeeze out a little bit more on your tooth brush and rub it into your gums.

MOTHER: I remember now. Doctor Newell told me about that. I'll start today with Ipana. And we'll surprise daddy with our perfectly dazzling teeth!



DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good dentist and a good dentifrice are not costly. To save on dentists' bills or to skimp on the quality of your tooth paste is poor economy indeed. For dental care and the best tooth paste you can buy are the most economical things on earth.

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• GET RID OF "pink tooth brush" WITH

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

THEN *M'sieur* LE BABY ARRIVED!



Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse . . . . . and what do you think happened?



Maurice CHEVALIER *in* "A BEDTIME STORY"

with

HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLIII No. 6 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | May, 1933



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"

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On the cover—Nancy Carroll—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

In this disheartening and discouraging period of uncertainty, what a genuine blessing the "talkies" really are. How many, many times you hear someone say, "If I couldn't go to a show once in a while, and forget all my troubles and worries for a couple of hours, I don't know what I'd do."

Whether the actors and producers of motion pictures are aware of it or not, they, along with a few radio artists, are affording about the only worthwhile means of "mental relief" to the masses of humanity from this monster evil, "the depression."

In our own experience, my wife and I have found comfort and relaxation from the worries and forebodings that are constantly confronting us at the present time, through visits to our local picture show. Time and again we have come away feeling that no matter what may be ahead, no one can rob us of the memories of happy hours thus spent.

Three rousing cheers for good old Hollywood and for all those in any way connected with the production of motion pictures.

CHARLES S. WILTON, Toronto, Canada

THE $10 LETTER

One blizzardy Sunday evening on our way to church, our car stalled on the pavement before the theater. The repair would take some time, so my husband and I suggested passing the time by seeing the picture.

My aunt, a very devout Christian, strenuously objected, claiming it would be the blackest of sins to substitute a cinema for a sermon. Somehow or other, after lengthy arguments, we managed to get her into the theater to see "Smilin' Through."

As we were leaving the theater she remarked, "No Doctor of Divinity, living or dead, could ever preach a sermon that would leave me as spiritually impressed as this picture. The world seems to have taken a great leap for the better, and I'm a bit out of step."

MRS. R. J. GARWOOD, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE $5 LETTER

After a hard day planning and cooking for boarders my life indeed would seem pretty discouraging were it not for the recreation and rest I find in a movie theater.

Especially when it is my privilege to witness a picture like "Cavalcade." I left the theater feeling that I, too, could carry on with courage, faith and peace.

We know our country will come back, and through these trying times good pictures are a blessing. Give us more like "Cavalcade."

MRS. J. F. BAKER, Santa Barbara, Calif.

"CAVALCADE"—A WOW

Once more, Hollywood has turned out a mighty achievement . . . "Cavalcade."

A panorama of human emotions threading, sweeping their way through three generations, fate taking its inexorable course . . . bringing about change . . . sacrifice; a veritable march of time is this stupendous film.

There have been other pictures with historical backgrounds, but none like this! Every detail has been carried out with an authenticity and a sincerity that is amazing. The acting is superb, especially that of Diana Wynyard.

Every man, woman and child should see "Cavalcade."

IDA KAECH, New Glarus, Wis.



While the flood of "Cavalcade" letters notes the splendid work of all in the cast, the deepest appeal was made by Diana Wynyard, the mother. Do you wonder, when you see her challenging fate and war, as it were, on behalf of her two fine boys?

WHAT a kaleidoscope these letters provide—and what a picture of moviedom! New favored pictures coming into notice—witness the letters praising "Cavalcade" and "A Farewell to Arms," now at flood tide, the onset of letters about "Topaze," "State Fair," and "The Animal Kingdom!"

Older ones still pulling strong—as "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude." Interest in the latter shifted, oddly enough, from the rapid aging of Norma and Clark, to discussion of the "spoken thought."

Among players, Ruth Chatterton drew a spurt of interest with "Frisco Jenny," while Katharine Hepburn's following mounts daily.

PHOTOPLAY'S inquiry about dominating male stars caused many comparisons; and—last comment of all—the movies unquestionably are doing a magnificent job of buoying hope, relieving strain and imparting courage in these troubled days.

DIANA AND CLIVE

My thrilling enthusiasm for the most perfectly spoken English on the American screen forces me to an anxious confession. "Cavalcade" was superb!

Not only is Diana Wynyard beautiful, but the dignity of her poise, her gracious charm and the silvery sweetness of her voice are assets that our American actresses would do well to observe. Clive Brook is as inestimable as ever. In fact, every actor was sublimely distinctive down to the most minor part.

And what a vivid lesson the story portrayed, the greatest lesson the people of all time need to learn and understand—the outrageous futility of war!

FRANCOIS OBER, Newton Centre, Mass.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN JOHN

"Cavalcade" was a rare treat. Diana Wynyard is delightful. She has something to learn from the American stars in letting herself go, and, in heroic moments, she does not quite reach the courage that is popular over here; but I predict she will learn rapidly. The combination put Clive Brook right back where he started from. I should prefer to keep him American and pair her up with John Barrymore.

KATHARINE A. DUNLAP, San Diego, Calif.

THOSE "DOMINATING" MALE STARS

"Which Movie Star Dominates You?" asks Hilary Lynn in the March PHOTOPLAY. I am gladly submitting mine, perhaps in a "jigsaw" manner:

He has made a regular "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" out of me. "My Sin" is in adoring this idol of the movies; but, my goodness, we are "Only Strangers in Love," so I cannot say "Merrily We Go To Hell" for "Tonight Is Ours"! I must think of "The Sign of the Cross" and be guided accordingly.

Now, Mr. Editor, do you know?

HELENE WILLIAMS, Hartford, Conn.

SHE LIKES 'EM BOTH

In regard to your recent article "Which Movie Star Dominates You?" I came to the conclusion of a combination of Mr. Gable and Mr. Menjou. The simple reason—it is natural for a true woman to be dominated by man. Of course, with its limits.

BERTHA EISEMANN, Chicago, Ill.

"TOPAZE" SPELLS MORE

I saw "Topaze" last night and experienced a great unexpected pleasure. I had heard many criticisms pro and con, and was naturally very anxious to gather my own impressions. Evidently many who saw the picture missed most of the subtlety; but those who appreciate it, will enjoy an entirely new type of screen humor.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

WE DON'T DARE TELL YOU HOW DARING IT IS!



Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing...
filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from

WARNER BROS.

Movie-Goers Everywhere Give Their



"Hail to a new romance team"—from "State Fair"! And there were cheers because Will Rogers, in a way, fathered the event. The team? Need we name Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres? What do you think?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

"Topaze" is a picture entirely devoid of all the fol-de-rol of ordinary pictures. In it John Barrymore gives a classic performance; the most worthy achievement of his career.

If you are able to appreciate satire in its most subtle form, wit in its finer shades, delicate pantomime and superb acting, you cannot help but enjoy "Topaze." It is a challenge to one's good taste and appreciation for genuinely fine accomplishment. May we have *more* pictures like it.

MRS. K. O'TOOLE, Dallas, Tex.

ATTENTION, JOHN!

It seems fitting at this time to offer fresh tribute to that ever interesting artist, John Barrymore. But surely he has no need of my praise. Barrymore did a splendid piece of acting in his latest film "Topaze." His portrayal of the foolish old professor was truly delightful and remarkable for the apparent ease with which it was executed.

Permit me to salute John Barrymore!

NAOMI WHELDON, Detroit, Mich.

BUT, WHY?

Depression up to our necks and not one movie of it! Do the producers think we have too much of it in real life and are marking time until the clouds lift and we can then be able to laugh at ourselves and the problems we faced "back in the depression period"?

Let's see Clark Gable and Fredric March in the breadline, doing a little "buddy can you spare a dime?" stuff; let's see how Joan would react to getting "laid off indefinitely," and Norma reduced to only one maid. Even the great Garbo suffering from other pangs than those of love.

Yes, someone please show us how the movie great would look going through the depression.

ROSEMARY NEWTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

GOOD WORK, LEW AND WILL!

Last night I saw "State Fair." Will Rogers and Louise Dresser were well teamed I thought, but I especially watched Janet and Lew.

I am a great devotee of the Gaynor-Farrell team, but I believe I enjoyed Janet and Lew a trifle better. He's so tough and nonchalant and she's so tiny and sweet. (Oh, their romantic meeting! I hope I meet my fate that way!)

BETTY WEIR, Rock Island, Ill.

"STATE FAIR" GIVES HIM FAITH

When the Governor of Michigan declared an eight day bank holiday, my first reaction was to run away, everything seemed so hopeless.

I decided to give myself one last fling and went to see "State Fair." I came out of the theater buoyed up with the feeling that things are not always as bad as they seem. It gave me a new slant on life.

I still don't know where my next dollar is coming from, but I again have faith in the future.

JOHN DOOLEY, Detroit, Mich.

PAGING RUTH ROLAND

Such a charming woman as Ruth Roland, whom we admired of old in those thrilling serials, should be given a chance in these days of near technical perfection in the motion picture industry.

We've always admired Ruth and hope to see her again in a serial real soon.

PANSY BRADY, Baton Rouge, La.

What in the world has happened to serial pictures and Ruth Roland who used to play those thrilling leads to perfection?

There are thousands of us who miss these real honest-to-goodness serials and the charming Miss Roland from our screens today, and we are wondering if there is not something that can be done to bring them back to us.

RUTH E. KEAST, Chicago, Ill.

Rumors have been going around that Ruth Roland may return to the movies in serials.

Her serials were always so wholesome and



Readers keep asking, "Where's Ruth Roland, and what about more serials?" That we can't say—but we did catch her (at right) recently, as you see, going to a Mayfair party with Ben Bard and Mae Murray

Final Verdict on Plays and Players

clean, and with the modern equipment I am sure Miss Roland would not disappoint her producers or audiences.

JACK W. OLDHAM, Hartford, Conn.

It is a matter of keen regret to the Ruth Roland club that we have not seen her in a serial picture recently.

Our club has a membership of five hundred. We are all interested in Miss Roland's success and, of course, support the theaters showing her pictures.

Won't the producers give consideration to the idea of making a serial featuring her.

MARY CUSHING, Chicago, Ill.

THAT DEATHLESS SCENE IN "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

Helen Hayes' portrayal of death and Gary as he knelt by her bedside and gave to her of his splendid courage and strength, to carry her across that mysterious borderland, was so excruciatingly real and vivid that I lived all over again those aching hours of sadness when I, too, knelt at the bedside of a dear one and tried to give courage and strength to him as he slipped from my keeping.

Truly it must take really *great* actors to live their rôles as Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper did in "A Farewell to Arms." With all my heart I say, "bravo" to you both!

CORRINE WILHETE, Kansas City, Kan.

THE "ETHEREAL" HELEN AND THE "INCOMPARABLE" GARY

I wouldn't throw a brick if I had a carload at the cinema after the production of "A Farewell to Arms."

Did anyone ever see more superb acting? Although I do not think Helen Hayes is so beautiful off-screen, she appears so divinely ethereal on celluloid that she leaves a breath of sweetness with one for days.

And Gary Cooper! Quick, stop me before I start again! Suffice to say his performance was incomparable. Only one thing!—That ending. Did Helen *have* to die?

LILLIAN BOCK, Grey Eagle, Minn.



Ah, John! We always expect outstanding work from any Barrymore; but that whimsical, pathetic and appealing schoolmaster you did in "Topaze"—well, "incomparable," is the word many letters employ

BUT SHE DIDN'T LIKE GARY

I want to tell you that I thought the picture "A Farewell to Arms" very fascinating. The splendid acting of Helen Hayes and Adolphe Menjou was worth my time in seeing the picture. Helen Hayes did a grand work.

But I should like to criticize Gary Cooper for his poor acting lately. Something is the matter with Gary. Perhaps he needs to fall in love!

ALBERTA BOSTOCK, Sapulpa, Okla.



Whether folks like bad girls *better*, as Ruth Chatterton said in a recent PHOTOPLAY article, is hard to determine. But that they did like her bad in "Frisco Jenny" is unquestionable. They're all for her

BETTER THAN THE BOOK

"A Farewell to Arms" was the first instance, so far as I know, where the motion picture was an improvement over the book. The motion picture has made a far more sensitive and beautiful story out of it than the book—all except that censor-sop, the pseudo wedding. And it was sensitively and beautifully played, by sensitive actors.

Although Helen Hayes is one of the most capable and sincere actresses on the screen, never for one moment did she overshadow Gary Cooper. Give him more pictures like this.

MARTHA BRENT, New York, N. Y.

FOLKS LIKE "ANIMAL KINGDOM"

When does acting cease to be just acting and become the ultimate in sheer artistry? When Leslie Howard and Ann Harding give us such a picture as "The Animal Kingdom," easily the most delightful screen offering in a blue moon because of its clever direction, excellent cast and restrained interpretation.

MRS. W. P. JACKSON, Columbia, Tenn.

Just saw "The Animal Kingdom" for the third time. Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are perfect! Pictures like "The Animal Kingdom" and stars like Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are a credit to the motion picture industry.

Let her not go "bad" on us. Such parts are

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

The Audience Speaks Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]



People like this and that about our new luminary of the film firmament, Katharine Hepburn. They comment on her gentility, her beautiful hands — particularly her well cared for finger nails!

for lesser stars. We love her just as she is. Why change what is already perfect?

JEAN RIETZ, Chicago, Ill.

AT YOUR SERVICE, KACHADOUR!

May this exceedingly humble Oriental express his worthless observations in the illumined pages of your valued publication?

It has been a mystery to my insignificant Eastern mind why so many pictures represent the despicable villain as a master-mind of ingenuity and resourcefulness, cool and clever in action, while the honorable hero appears as a reckless fool, devoid of sense, who rushes headlong into unnecessary dangers, exposes himself to certain death and through most childish manoeuvering comes out victorious in the end.

Do not the distinguished directors observe these glaring inconsistencies?

Offering ten thousand times ten thousand apologies to the terrestrial stars for disturbing the tranquillity of their virgin minds, I remain, an inconsequential Oriental,

KACHADOUR ARSLANIAN, Chula Vista, Calif.

SAFETY WITH K. HEPBURN

I believe the American motion picture public admires refinement. For instance, Katharine Hepburn. Notice her hands, especially her finger nails—well kept, but natural. Look at the long, sharp pointed nails, highly colored, of other stars. They remind one of the dangerous claws of an animal, and we often fear for our hero's life.

Away with the claws!

R. EGGERS, Tulsa, Okla.

WE HAVEN'T EITHER—

Let's scatter a few well-earned compliments among deserving newcomers.

The list is headed by Hollywood's newest red-head, Katharine Hepburn. She is positively the most interesting star in all Hollywood.

And three rousing cheers for Helen Vinson!

She's no Garbo, and we've never seen her legs, but we like her anyway.

DAISY CROSS, Aurora, Ill.

INTRIGUING—IF THE CENSOR CONSENTS

Why not put a real nightie on a movie actress instead of the tightly belted, lace and satin affairs that now masquerade as nighties when the charming heroine hops in or out of bed?

An honest-to-goodness nightie can be a mighty intriguing thing, remember, when it's on the right lassie.

MARY G. STREET, Oakland, Calif.

WHAT THEY SAW IN "FRISCO JENNY"

In "Frisco Jenny," Ruth Chatterton is seen in her best characterization to date. All who have been through an earthquake will agree that the scenes of the San Francisco disaster are terribly real.

BERYL CROWELL, New Orleans, La.

I owe one of the greatest, if not the greatest, star in Hollywood an apology.

Because I saw Ruth Chatterton in one of her first talkies, which was a very poor story, I vowed I would never see another Chatterton film.

Now is my face red? Through no fault of mine I went to see "Frisco Jenny." Now I realize that I have been missing the best Hollywood has to offer.

[MRS. HAZEL NEFF, Zanesville, Ohio

NEW LIGHT ON "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

I have just witnessed "Strange Interlude." This picture is a good object lesson for all the world. Our lies and deceits are the seeds we sow and we harvest accordingly. And it proves what cowards we are—lacking courage to speak our convictions. This objective lesson proves the great need of purifying our thoughts, if we expect to reach happiness.

MINNIE HUSEBY, Fargo, N. Dak.

This new racket of "thought recording" is all bosh. It is confusing to say the least. As it is contrary to the theme of the story, it tends to interfere with the unity of thought of the audience and almost produces comedy.

ORLENA M. PINKSTON, Elk City, Kansas

CLINICAL CONCLUSIONS ABOUT KISSING

All the world loves a lover, but I've discovered the torrid kisses are more popular with the majority.

When Clark Gable flashes across the screen, sweeping Jean Harlow right off her feet into his arms, then the audience holds its breath, and many a feminine heart misses a beat.

But when the sweet little ingénue melts into the arms of the big strong hero with a sigh, there are always quite a lot of amused giggles.

I guess it's because we all love an experienced lover.

DILY DINGLE, Portsmouth, England

THIS SLAPPING BUSINESS

Clark Gable and James Cagney slap their ladies but when they made a wife-beater out of Conrad Nagel—well, I would have been no more shocked if Ann Harding had appeared on the screen smoking a pipe, or Gloria Swanson with a big chew of tobacco.

RAY KING, Milwaukee, Wis.



METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

In "Today We Live" the stellar honors are shared by Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper. Directed by Howard Hawks it is a picture of which M-G-M is justly proud!

★*The above painting of Joan Crawford by William Cotton is the first of a series of caricatures of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars by famous artists*

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (*April*)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio. —Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (*Feb.*)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (*April*)

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (*March*)

BARBERINA, THE KING'S DANCER—Capital Film.—Well presented German picture, with Lil Dagover glamorous as a fiery opera ballerina. (*Jan.*)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (*April*)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (*April*)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (*April*)

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (*March*)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (*Feb.*)

BLAME THE WOMAN—Principal.—Adolphe Menjou suave as a gentleman jewel thief—woman-proof till double-crossed by a girl crook. British-made. (*Jan.*)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (*April*)

★ **CALL HER SAVAGE**—Fox.—Clara Bow comes back with the best performance of her career. You'll want to see this old-new Clara. Monroe Owsley, Thelma Todd and Anthony Jowitt give excellent support. (*Jan.*)

★ **CAVALCADE** — Fox. — "Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (*March*)

CENTRAL PARK—First National.—Good entertainment. Thrills galore keep you excited throughout. Joan Blondell and Wallace Ford. (*Jan.*)

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (*March*)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (*April*)

COMRADESHIP—Nero Prod.—Realistic and impressive German film of men trapped in a blazing coal mine, revealing the brotherliness and self-sacrifice inspired by tragedy. (*Jan.*)

★ **CONQUERORS, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Splendid! Linking three generations with tomorrow—practically the story of America's progress since 1870. Ann Harding and Richard Dix are superb as husband and wife. (*Jan.*)

CRASHIN' BROADWAY — Monogram. — Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (*March*)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount. —Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (*April*)

★ **CYNARA**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Drama of a happy husband suddenly enmeshed in an "affair." Ronald Colman the husband; Kay Francis the wife; Phyllis Barry the other woman. (*Jan.*)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordon, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (*April*)

EVERY article is written, every photograph selected and every drawing is made in each issue of PHOTOPLAY with but one thought in mind—YOU.

Your tastes and interests are the measure that sets and maintains PHOTOPLAY as the de luxe publication in the motion picture field.

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (*April*)

DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPADE) — UFA. — A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who flees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (*Feb.*)

DAVID GOLDER—Vandal-Delac Prod.—French with English subtitles. Golder, after amassing wealth, finds his wife faithless, his daughter scheming and his partners false. Sad but well done. (*Jan.*)

DEATH KISS, THE—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (*Feb.*)

DECEPTION—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outslicks the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (*March*)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (*April*)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE — Paramount. — Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (*Feb.*)

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—First National.—Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees, Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (*Feb.*)

EVENINGS FOR SALE—Paramount.—Sparkle, artistry and romance stud this story of post-war Viennese society. There are Mary Boland, the sentimental American millionairess, Herbert Marshall, the pauperized nobleman, charming Sari Maritza, and a *very* sober Charlie Ruggles. (*Jan.*)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (*April*)

FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (*March*)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (*Feb.*)

FAST LIFE—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (*Feb.*)

FLAMING GUNS—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (*Feb.*)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (*Feb.*)

FORTY-NINERS, THE—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (*Feb.*)

42ND STREET—Warners.—Almost an out-and-out musical, in which Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. (*March*)

FRISCO JENNY—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (*Feb.*)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (*April*)

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (*March*)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (*March*)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

made soft, white, alluring...

"THAT's the girl I've been looking for all my life!" he thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned . . .

A murmured introduction . . . he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance". He finished the dance—interest gone.

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Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils . . . restores youthful softness and smoothness.



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And then, Hinds leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that *protects* hands. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*

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HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—Monogram.—Melodrama that becomes comedy unintentionally. The trials of a girl convicted of murder, imprisoned and freed only to get in gangsters' clutches. Betty Compson, Claudia Dell and Tom Douglas. (*Jan.*)

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (*Feb.*)

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM — United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (*March*)

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (*March*)

★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (*March*)

HAUNTED GOLD—Warners.—A Western with a spooky background—a deserted mine in a ghost town. John Wayne, Sheila Terry and Duke, the horse. (*Jan.*)

HEART PUNCH — Mayfair Pictures. — Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (*Feb.*)

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—Paramount.—Stuart Erwin, a wealthy bookworm, engages two women as secretaries. He wins the love of the gold-digging husband-hunter (Susan Fleming) and charms the blackmailer (Alison Skipworth). Very funny. (*Jan.*)

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (*March*)

HOT PEPPER—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (*March*)

HYPNOTIZED — World Wide. — Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (*Feb.*)

★ **IF I HAD A MILLION**—Paramount.—A wealthy eccentric (Richard Bennett) gives a million to each of eight persons selected at random. The picture reveals the recipients' lives before and after the gift. Jack Oakie, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper. A new and different type of film fare. (*Jan.*)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (*April*)

IRONMASTER, THE—Allied.—A "millhand to millionaire" story that might have been powerful but lacks polish. Reginald Denny and Lila Lee fail to make their parts realistic. (*Jan.*)

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS — Paramount. — Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (*Feb.*)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooey. (*April*)

★ **KID FROM SPAIN, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Lavish, hilarious. Eddie Cantor, introduced as the famous matador *Don Sebastian the Second*, is forced to fight the bull and make good his title. Lyda Roberti is a señorita. Excellent supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (*April*)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (*April*)

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (*March*)

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (*March*)

LAWYER MAN—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (*Feb.*)

LUCKY DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (*March*)

LUXURY LINER—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (*March*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (*Feb.*)

MAGIC NIGHT—United Artists.—English-made musical with Jack Buchanan (so fine in "Monte Carlo" with Jeanette MacDonald) miscast in an artificial, slow story. (*Jan.*)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (*March*)

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (*Feb.*)

MAN FROM ARIZONA, THE—Monogram.—Incongruous and improbable, the climax spoiled by poor dialogue. With Neoma Judge, Nat Carr and James Marcus. (*Jan.*)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (*April*)

MAN WITHOUT A NAME, THE—UFA.—A soldier, after seventeen years, regains his memory lost in the war. Interesting but lagging German-dialogue film, with Werner Krauss. (*Jan.*)

MASK OF FU MANCHU, THE—M-G-M.—Boris Karloff in the title rôle. Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy and Jean Hersholt are also in this struggle between British scientists and the dreaded *Fu Manchu*. (*Jan.*)

MATCH KING, THE—First National.—Based on Ivar Kreuger's life and distinguished by Warren William's portrayal of the title rôle, it dramatizes the magnate's rise from racketeer to match industry czar, ending in suicide. (*Jan.*)

ME AND MY GAL—Fox.—A mixture of slapstick and melodrama, well played. Joan Bennett as a tough girl and Spencer Tracy as a cop are good. George Walsh comes back as a villain. (*Jan.*)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacificism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (*April*)

MEN OF AMERICA—RKO-Radio.—Mild entertainment contrasting "covered wagon" Indian fights with today's gangster warfare. Bill Boyd is hero, Dorothy Wilson the girl and Ralph Ince a grand bad man. Chic Sale adds color. (*Jan.*)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (*March*)

MUMMY, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revivified mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (*Feb.*)

MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (*March*)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (*March*)

NAGANA—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (*March*)

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (*Feb.*)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, thin but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (*March*)

NO MORE ORCHIDS—Columbia.—Fresh and smart treatment of an heiress chasing a poor lad. Carole Lombard, Lyle Talbot and Louise Closser Hale outstanding in a good cast. (*Jan.*)

NO OTHER WOMAN — RKO-Radio. — Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

OFFICER 13—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (*March*)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at aero-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (*March*)

PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked ex-opera star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (*March*)

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Faithful Copies of Clever Costumes Worn by Hollywood's Favorite Stars:
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THIS IS A GENUINE
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
SELECTED BY Seymour

Each month Seymour, stylist for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *selects the smartest fashions from the latest picture plays. And each month exact reproductions of those alluring styles (only genuine "Hollywood Fashions" bear the label shown above!) are offered at moderate prices by the best department stores in many cities.*

Styled for Smart Company, this striking frock! It's from the wardrobe of the Fox picture, "Pleasure Cruise," in which Minna Gombel, who wears it, appears with Genevieve Tobin and Roland Young! And it's only one of the alluring "Hollywood Fashions" for May (Pages 62-67); faithful copies are on display in many stores (Page 112).

PHOTOPLAY
Magazine
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO
In Association With WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.

If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City
SEND PHOTOPLAY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE STORE YOU PATRONIZE, ON THE MARGIN BELOW

5-33

A Mixed Tea Party



Lilian Harvey is helping Cliff Lewis, Fox publicity man, to a cup of tea, made the "right" way. Looks as if he knows just about what to expect, too

OH no, not really mixed *tea*. Rather, mixed guests. And not quite that, either. So many folks have an idea that attendance at a tea party is an exclusively feminine prerogative. But that holds true no longer. At the get-acquainted tea party given by Lilian Harvey upon her arrival in Hollywood, the men outnumbered the women!

So here's your chance to pay off all those social obligations with one grand party and with a minimum of expense. You can invite twice as many guests, with a lesser expenditure of time and money than most small dinner parties would cost. Of course, you will arrange your tea for a day when it is most convenient for the boys to join in the fun.

It is essential that you serve a variety of tasty sandwiches. And since sandwich-making is an art in itself, let us consider first the fundamentals. If possible, use home-made bread. Trim crusts and slice bread thinly. Spread melted butter on slices with pastry brush. This is by far the most satisfactory method when buttering quantities of bread.

Surely you will want to try some of the delicious sandwiches Miss Harvey served.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

_____

_____

_____

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE

To each package of cream cheese, add one-half cup of cream, whipped. Mash cheese and combine with cream. Then add an equal measure of finely chopped pineapple, well drained. Spread half of the slices with a layer of cheese mixture, and cover other half with a lettuce leaf, spread lightly with mayonnaise. Put together and press lightly.

MOCK PATE DE FOIS GRAS

Remove casing from a liver sausage and mash to a paste with mayonnaise in quantity to make an even spread. This is especially delicious on thin, buttered rye bread.

CHICKEN AND NUT

Chop cold chicken in wooden bowl until quite fine, and mix with enough chicken gravy to moisten. To each cup of chicken, add one-fourth cup of chopped nuts, a few drops of lemon juice, and celery salt. Spread with a little mayonnaise.

WATERCRESS

A refreshing and delicious spring sandwich is made of plain watercress, washed and drained thoroughly, and placed on thin, buttered bread with a little mayonnaise, and a sprinkle of salt.

CUCUMBER AND EGG

Pare cucumbers, cut lengthwise and remove seeds. Chop finely and mix with a little onion, add mayonnaise. Then add four hard-boiled eggs, also chopped, and mix. Be sure to season well. Spread on one slice of bread, placing lettuce leaf on other. Press tightly together.

And now for that "right" way of making tea! Use one level teaspoon (or a bit more if you prefer it strong) of tea to every two cups of boiling water. Scald your teapot, which should be of earthenware or china. Allow the hot water to stand in pot long enough to heat it through. Then pour it out, place the tea inside, and add *boiling* water.

Allow to draw about three minutes. Try a little honey in place of sugar.

When you cut out lemon slices in fancy shapes, stick a few whole cloves in each slice.

In addition there might also be salted nuts, sweet pickles, stuffed celery, stuffed olives, plain or with a strip of broiled bacon pinned around with a toothpick.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

PENGUIN POOL MURDER, THE—RKO-Radio.—For the laugh-hungry. Murder in an aquarium, solved by an elderly school teacher (Edna May Oliver). She's a scream. Jimmy Gleason, Mae Clarke, Don Cook and Bob Armstrong score, too. (*Jan.*)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (*April*)

PROSPERITY — M-G-M. — Amusing but not enough so for the Dressler-Moran team. Again the stars are mothers-in-law. Norman Foster and Anita Page play their children. (*Jan.*)

RACING STRAIN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen début in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (*Feb.*)

★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (*March*)

RED-HAIRED ALIBI—Tower Prod.—About a girl (Merna Kennedy) innocently involved in beer running and murder and the target of blackmail. Theodore Von Eltz fine as the racketeer. (*Jan.*)

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (*Feb.*)

ROCKABYE—RKO-Pathe.—Constance Bennett in a mother love story that misses the mark but provides background for the star's charm. Joel McCrea plays opposite her, and Jobyna Howland is a riot as an inebriated mother. (*Jan.*)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (*April*)

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (*March*)

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (*March*)

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox.—A slow tempoed Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (*March*)

SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (*March*)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (*April*)

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE—RKO-Radio.—Thrilling if unconvincing drama of the French police unravelling several murder mysteries. With Gwili Andre, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratoff and John Warburton. (*Jan.*)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (*April*)

SELF-DEFENSE — Monogram. — Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (*Feb.*)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (*March*)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE**—Paramount.—Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero*, admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Millean spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

MOVIE STAR STAMPS

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5-33



"Party Tonight?"

how's your breath today?

Don't offend . . . play safe . . . Use Listerine . . . deodorizes hours longer

You never can tell when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. The wise thing to do, then, is to use Listerine before social engagements. No fastidious man or woman would overlook this precaution.

After using Listerine, you *know* that your breath cannot offend others. The moment this amazing antiseptic and deodorant enters the mouth, it cleanses, arrests fermentation, decay, and infection—all causes of odors—then overcomes the odors themselves. *Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours.*

Don't be one of the thousands who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when, as a matter of fact, it is not. The unwelcome truth is that everyone is a victim of halitosis at some time or another.

You can readily understand why: a few particles of fermenting food, overlooked by the tooth brush, often cause bad breath. A slightly decaying tooth or a leaky filling produces odors. Also, excesses of eating and drinking, and, of course, temporary or chronic infections of the mouth, nose, and throat.

So we say: don't guess about the condition of your breath. Simply keep Listerine handy in home and office, and rinse the mouth with it every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ALL ENGAGEMENTS

Listerine

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS



Lee Miller

STRAIGHT from London success, Lilian Harvey's stardom blossoms in Hollywood. You'll be seeing her now in pictures and she's a cheerful little eyeful, British accent, et al. Lilian is one of the girls who went in for trousers but you'd never believe it judging from her furs and fancies here. She is blue-eyed and blonde and very feminine



Otto Dyar

LIKE the street car conductor who went for a trolley ride on his day off, Richard Bennett, veteran actor of stage and screen, dons one of his most colorful costumes—and goes fishing. Far from being fed up with the fixings he has to wear during studio performances, Bennett imagines himself a bold, bad bandit and sets out for his sport



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE lure of Hollywood fame, Benita admits frankly, is the reason she has deserted the English stage for pictures. A stage and screen favorite in her own native London, Miss Hume's ambition drove her to seek international laurels via Hollywood. Her first picture in this country was "Clear All Wires." Now working in "Service" for M-G-M



Hurrell

DON'T be so quizzical, Eddie Lowe. That wicked look in a man's eyes upsets the girls—makes 'em wonder. Well, maybe you're right, especially since you've just finished "I Love That Man." We're pretty sure you and your partner in that film, Nancy Carroll, will make a go of it. You always hit the target, don't you, Eddie?



Always a little more thrilling

... this girl has learned that "popularity" is just another name for "personality". She emphasizes each *fate-given* trace of individuality—selects frocks to complement her eyes; face powder to compliment her face. And she uses Coty, of course, because Coty is the one "*personalized*" face powder, *tailored-to-type* in three ways!

In *texture*, Coty offers a fine, smooth, adhering finish, which *most perfectly* suits most skins. It is Coty's art to *emphasize animation* while banishing shine.

In *tints*, Coty presents individual, skin-true tones that give a precious, rose-petal finish. Test their *naturalness*—"*personalized*" to your complexion!

In *fragrances*, Coty creates a score of adorable, enchanting odeurs, among which you'll certainly find several that perfectly express your *personality!*

Like the clever girls who are its devotees, Coty Face Powder—in the famous *powder-puff* box—proves itself always a little more thrilling! It's "*personalized*"!

Coty



Pure! *In these days of wobbly quality standards, take no chances on what you put on your precious face! Buy Coty, insist on Coty —utterly pure, laboratory-tested,* safeguarded *against deterioration!*

"If We Lose Our Figures . . We Lose Our Jobs"

say Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou



Enjoying the "Hollywood Lunch" on location between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

The "Hollywood Lunch" helps movie stars to "keep fit without fat"

EXCESS weight can cost a star popularity—and even a job! For almost every contract sets a limit to the pounds a star can gain.

That's why screen favorites know what foods build energy—give nourishment—without adding a fraction to the silhouette.

No heavy lunches!

At lunch time especially, you'll find few stars eating a heavy, fattening meal. They need *energy* to pull them through the afternoon. And they get it from a light, nourishing lunch—the famous "Hollywood Lunch."

Look at the picture above. It was snapped on location as Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou took time out for lunch between scenes of "Circus Queen Murder"—the new Columbia production.

Notice they're eating, not a heavy meal, but the "Hollywood Lunch"—*a sandwich and a glass of malted milk.*

Get the "Hollywood Lunch" habit

If you want to stay slim—and keep fit, too—forget the heavy lunches. Instead, order a sandwich and the grandest, creamiest malted milk you ever tasted—Borden's Malted Milk!

***Borden's is* better!**

Borden's is a finer malted milk. Richer in nourishment and energy-building values. Richer in vitamins A, B, and G. And every attendant serving Borden's is trained to mix the *best* malted milk!

Make tomorrow's lunch a "Hollywood Lunch!" And don't forget—for home use, Borden's Malted Milk also comes in handy glass jars.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN THAT 

DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

HOLLYWOOD came through the earthquake practically unscathed. Long Beach and Compton business districts, only a score of miles away, were virtually demolished.

But the sustained temblor, which wrecked these cities, caused Hollywood to shake up on its foundations, and people rushed panic-stricken into the streets. No one knew when the buildings, swaying like trees in a gale, would fall upon them. Hollywood was plenty scared.

Broadway stage folk who had recently arrived stood with white faces and open mouths, terrifiedly wishing themselves back in New York. And those who had lived in Hollywood all their lives were just as badly paralyzed with fear.

AT the studios themselves, although there were no casualties nor any damage other than demolition of a few sets, all was chaos while the shocks lasted. Casts rushed from the stages into the open. Executives, directors, authors and stenographers stood for a moment trembling with fear as they realized what was happening, and then deserted the studio buildings pell-mell. Laboratory workers left their film in the "soup" and dived for safety. Actors ran from dressing-rooms, half clad.

It is safe to say that in that one moment more prayers were breathed than Hollywood has heard for years.

PERHAPS the most dramatic thing that happened during the entire shock was on the "Dead On Arrival" set, at Paramount, where Ricardo Cortez was performing an operation on Gloria Stuart. First the operating table rolled away and Gloria sat up. The cameraman, leaving his electrically-driven camera still running, rushed to the doors. But the whole cast was trapped on the huge sound proof stage. And as the building swayed, the lights trembled and the dazed crew stopped, virtually paralyzed, the still grinding camera photographed the entire terror-stricken scene until the current was cut off. The players finally forced the doors and rushed into the street.

On another sound stage a few yards away Carole Lombard, Alan Dinehart and the rest of the "Supernatural" cast were making a spooky scene with the whole set dimly lighted and with weird sound effects.

At first everybody thought the quake was a part of the picture, but when the realization hit them the panic was on.

INDIVIDUAL stars felt the upheaval wherever they were. Claudette Colbert was walking in the studio wardrobe when the floor started to shimmy and a dummy rolled out of the shadows right to her feet in the darkness. Claudette gave one wild whoop and was on her way.

Irene Dunne was in a dentist's chair. She, the nurse and the dentist all made a rush for the door. The door was jammed and had to be taken off its hinges before they could get out, with the building rocking like a ship in a wild sea.

Lilyan Tashman was having her hair waved. She was in bed all the next day as a result of the shake. Even now she's thanking her stars that she wasn't getting a permanent, or she might have been electrocuted.

Buster Crabbe, making a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theater, had just bought himself a new pair of shoes and was re-entering the theater to go on. As the ground beneath him began to shake he said to the doorman, "Guess I'll go and put my old shoes back on. There's something wrong with these new ones."

Jack Oakie, sitting in the legal department arguing about signing for the fifty per cent cut, felt the temblor, seized a pen, and signed immediately.

CLARK GABLE was in the publicity office. When the lights went out Clark made for the door. His foot went into a waste basket and he went flying into the street, waste basket and all.

Marian Nixon was in her fourth floor apartment when all the china fell out of the cupboards. Gathering up two broken dishes, she ran to the street below, leaving all her jewelry behind her in a drawer.

Robert Montgomery and Director Harry Beaumont made for the door of their stage at the same time. Each insisted that the other go out first and they soon found themselves wrestling to push the other to safety. Neither got out before the shocks were over.

Joan Crawford was reading in her living room. She ran outside and sat by the front door all night. Nothing could persuade her to go either in or out.

Don Cook and Jack Holt, heroes of Columbia's "Tampico," were in an executive's office. Both heroes made a dash for the door.

"Yaw," yelled the executive, "you can't take it."

But when they got to the street they found him there already.

Noah Beery ran out of the studio in his ghastly make-up of a horror picture. The people thronging the street went into hysterics as they saw him.

ELISSA LANDI is wondering whether she gets seven years' bad luck as a result of the quake. She was brushing her hair in her dressing-room when she fell against the mirror and smashed it with the brush.

Louise Closser Hale thought it was her glasses that made the room shake so and decided to consult her oculist, then she learned there had been a quake.

Tom Brown had just stepped into the bath tub. The tub tilted and nearly drowned him. He jumped out and then, realizing that he was naked, got back in again.

Maurice Chevalier, recording a song standing beside a pool for a romantic scene, was astounded when the water slopped out and the gold fish jumped out of the pool and hit him.

Marlene Dietrich was autographing a photograph to Travis Banton, designer, and had just begun the "M" when the quake jittered the pen all over the picture. She dated it as the only "earthquake autograph" in existence.

Miriam Hopkins was taking off her make-up in her dressing-room. She ran to the door and right then the door came violently open and hit her. All she could think of to yell was: "Billy (her hairdresser) I want my hair fixed."

ADRIENNE AMES thought the studio was being shaken by a heavy truck until she looked out of her second floor window and saw the huge, three hundred foot high water tower swaying like a pendulum. The sound of the water swishing around was terrific.

And then Adrienne streaked down to the open spaces. She was the last one out of the building.

Brian Aherne, playing with Dietrich in "Song of Songs," had just finished for the day and was taking a shower. He made the street in one jump and a bath towel, wishing he had never left old Broadway.

HOLLYWOOD was almost as aghast over the banking holiday as it was over the earthquake. Perhaps the impression was even deeper. The effect was similar to that in Wall Street upon the bursting of the great financial bubble in October, 1929. The depression was over three years in reaching Hollywood.

Having gone through the experience a year ago of having some of the banks close permanently, the "holiday" created something of a near-panic. Caught unprepared, like the vast majority of people throughout the nation, the actors were inclined to look upon their deposits as an irretrievable loss. Perhaps it was because of the distance of Hollywood from the big financial centers that made them think that their banks would not reopen.

High paid stars found themselves almost penniless. Maurice Chevalier had to borrow two dollars from a worker in a filling station. Noah Beery had forty-five cents. While Roland Young had exactly twenty-three cents in his pocket.

Some of the studios managed to get money from somewhere to cash in part pay-checks. At M-G-M an armored car under convoy of motorcycle cops and special police dashed through the gates, the siren shrieking. From the excitement created, you would have thought it was a return to frontier days, with a stage coach arriving after a dash through the hostile Indian country.

THE practical cessation of payment of the studio's one million three hundred thousand dollar a week pay-roll brought the long discussed subject of the cut in salaries to a crisis. A fifty per cent reduction has been voted and accepted. Whether the full resumption of banking activities will modify the length of this period remains to be seen.

The upward swing in business that the entire nation now looks hopefully forward to will naturally remove the financial strain upon the motion picture industry. Motion pictures are the one great amusement, and amusement is vital to a nation's happiness. So for that reason the production of pictures is, in reality, a basic industry.

VARIETY records the striking relation of motion picture houses to business. It cites, for example, how the closing of a big picture theater in Minnesota has reduced store rentals from three hundred and four hundred dollars a month to one hundred and one hundred fifty dollars.

There is an old saying that trade follows a nation's flag. Evidently business keeps step with the crowd, too.

SEVERAL years ago, John Ford directed a picture for Fox, which reached the screen as "Four Sons." I. A. R. Wylie had written the original. Margaret Mann was unforgettable in the featured rôle—that of the mother. Today, John Ford is directing a picture for Fox, which may reach the screen as "Pilgrimage." This also by I. A. R. Wylie.

Margaret Mann has a bit part, calling for a few scenes. She skyrocketed to fame in that one picture, "Four Sons," yet she never could find another rôle to approach it. Soon she sank back to the level of bits and extra work. Did we say "unforgettable"?

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?



You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life . . . the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.



• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*



• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Clara's European



In the photos, and this sketch, by Dobias, you see Clara getting her first taste of winter sports



"This is what they call a *luge* up here. Rex and I had our first run on it today. Thrilling fun"

WHEN PHOTOPLAY first asked me to sit down and write about my trip to Europe, I said "Sure!" I was so full of everything I'd seen, I could have gone on talking forever. But there was too much to say. It would have made a book, and I haven't time to write one now, although some day I intend to.

That's why I tried to keep a diary in Europe, just marking down the things that meant most to me. Of course, it isn't written like literature which I'm getting to like more and more. It's written the way I talk. A kind of notebook, with my notions jotted down.

So I said to PHOTOPLAY, "You're welcome to my diary if you can make heads or tails out of it. But I warn you, it's a queer kind of diary. I didn't keep it regularly, and I didn't pay much attention to dates."

But you'll be surprised when you find out what *did* impress me most. Because I'm not going to tell you it was old churches or castles or museums. I liked them, of course. But I'm not up enough on history and art to appreciate them like I should.

Between you and me, I bet lots of tourists who come back raving about things that are starred in the guide books, just rave because everybody else does. But the incidents and sights I remember most vividly aren't like that.

My two weeks' stay in St. Moritz; my visit to Reims and the day I spent going through the Pomeroy Greno champagne cellar; the Berlin Zoo; Westminster Abbey and the Unknown Soldier's grave in Whitehall, London; the poverty of the lower classes in Europe; these are the things that stuck with me.

(Gee, I'd like to go around the country telling what I saw to all the people who've got the wrong ideas about Europe. You can't realize how hard life is over there until you've had the chance to see conditions with your own eyes!)

The restaurants and shops, and the usual sight-seeing didn't mean much to me.

If you think I'm crazy when I tell you that I wasn't so keen about French food—well, I'm *crazy*.



"Me trying skis for the first time. I took a spill and one ski flew over a precipice"

THE dressmakers in Paris thought I was. Because the only thing I bought was a Hair Seal Phoque coat (the new fur that's all the rage). I wore it when I landed in New York.

But as I told the Patous and the Chanels and the Lanvins, "I'm perfectly satisfied with the clothes I bought in America—they suit me better. So why change over?"

That's not patriotism—that's just common sense.

Diary

"St. Moritz gave me the most wonderful two weeks I've ever spent"



"Here's the guy who took a shine to me. He wanted to follow me home"

Jan. 18th. *St. Moritz.* Gee, what a place. Never felt more like a million dollars in my life. They've got a special brand of mountains and sun and snow and fresh air up here that makes you eat like a truck horse, and sleep like a bear, and feel so kind and good you'd like to kiss everybody you meet. It sure is swell.

Jan. 20th. Had my first skiing lesson yesterday. Was it a riot? I wasn't scared, only uncomfortable with those heavy boards on my feet. They felt ten miles long.

Guess I'm impulsive—or whatever you call it. Tried to do everything the first day. The teacher here takes a lot of interest in me. Says I learn quickly. Too quickly, I know now. So I tried to learn everything at once, and took a spill that landed me in a somersault at the bottom of the hill.

One of my skis came off and flew right over a fifteen hundred foot precipice. They make things big here—even the precipices.



Just four girls out for a big time. Seeing the sights of St. Moritz in this quaint contraption. The nice blonde is Vilma Banky. Next is Mrs. Eddie Goulding. Then Rosie Dolly and Clara. She wouldn't let Rex come along

Can you beat it? Rex took a lot of snap-shots of me today. Photography is getting to be more and more a hobby with me.

Jan. 23rd. Rex is showing 'em how we do things in the old U. S. A. also. The skiing teacher says he's a wonderful all-round sportsman. He's only been on skis twice now, and he's already doing all the fancy stunts.

This afternoon he thought he'd try some of those loop-the-loop turns around the side of the mountain on a *luge* (that's what they call a little sled here). The kind of thing they do at the Olympics. Mile-a-minute turns—and if you're dumped, good night. I said, "Darling, please don't be reckless." But he's kind of headstrong. So he tried. And made it. Hurray for Rex. . . . We're both learning to skate, too.

Jan. 25th. Rosie Dolly—one of the famous Dolly Sisters—is here also. She's Mrs. Netcher now, and lives in Europe most of the time. I've always been crazy about Rosie—she's such good fun on a party. Is always up to anything. She'll probably come down to Monte Carlo with us . . . Rosie said to me today, which I thought was terribly sweet of her:

"If they must send movie actresses over here to be entertained—why can't they all be like you?"

Jan. 26th. We were walking through the lobby of the hotel this morning and who did we see but Vilma Banky. Looking prettier than ever. She's still with Rod. And that proves that some folks,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

"I'd Do It Again," says Clark

How Clark Gable met the world-old issue—when the wills of father and son clash

By Evaline Lieber



"Tie yourself so tightly to a star that not even a passing comet can untie you," says Clark Gable. It was a long, up-hill fight that brought him to such rôles as *Giovanni*—as here shown—opposite Helen Hayes in M-G-M's production, "The White Sister"

SHALL a father dictate the choice of profession for his children?

Should children, from a feeling of loyalty, follow their parents' advice?

This is not a new problem. It's as old as the moon, and as ever-present.

And probably there is no city in the world where the answers—pro and con—are as sensationally illustrated as in Hollywood.

The case of Clark Gable is one of the most surprising of those many dramas which grow out of a son's defiance of parental authority.

Since he was sixteen years old until a few months ago, Clark had no idea where his father lived or what he was doing. And, though probably the father was quite aware of his son's sudden sky-rocketing to fame, he gave no signs of being interested. Yet these two were the only living members of their family.

With Clark's mother gone, the father felt a double parental responsibility toward the young, impulsive boy left to his guidance. Naturally. When there are two influences to mold a youthful mind and temperament—a masculine and a feminine—the job is not nearly so difficult. If a father and son disagree, there is always the mother's interceding tenderness to soften the pressure of the quarrel. To bring the older man to a better understanding of the boy's enthusiasm. To temper the boy's stubborn judgment of his father's harsh common sense.

But there was no mother's influence in Clark's adolescent life. And that's one reason the bitterness grew.

Clark was in Akron making his initial fight for stage recognition. His father had gone to Oklahoma and established himself as a contractor for the drilling of oil wells. He was prospering. He sent for the son.

Clark went. The artistic inheritance from his mother urged him toward the stage. But the tie with his only remaining parent made him feel guilty of disobedience—and inspired filial yearnings.

"When he sent for me I was happy to go just to be with him. But I simply couldn't stick to the work. Oil wells were uninteresting, uninspiring and unromantic.

"My father is Pennsylvania Dutch. He comes from a people who tilled their own land, who always knew exactly how and from what the next meal was coming. He had a vision of saving his money, putting it into oil land and 'striking it rich.'

"He wished me to share this vision. He expected me to work with him, save my money as he saved his. He wanted *us*—father and son—to strike it rich together. I was his only son. But after a trial, I knew that all the money in the world was not worth my revulsion and rebellion against this work."

That crucial scene—common to so many parents and offspring—came one afternoon when their work was finished. It came more violently and with more emotional undercurrent than is customary. Because there were only the two of them, and they were closer to one another than either one of them cared to admit.

This father had no other children on whom he could lavish his inherited right to parental domination, or his affection. The son, no other parent to whom he could turn for sympathetic comprehension.

"I felt *then* that I had the right to choose my own destiny; make my own choice of vocation. I feel exactly the same way today. Only now my father and I agree about it.

"There is only one way to get what you want from our brief visit on this earth. First, you must know what you want and then set out to get it, and not allow anything to sidetrack you.

"Opportunities to side step [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Husband, baby, happy family life! Isn't this worth a sacrifice of one's personal ambitions? Norma thinks it is, and is risking her movie career to safeguard the fulfillment we here see of every real woman's heart

Norma's Love Comes First

By Elza Schallert

"I DON'T see how it is possible for any actress, no matter how famous, to find it difficult to choose between her career and her husband. Such a problem isn't good sense. Because the answer seems obvious if she really loves her husband.

"The call of a woman's heart certainly should be stronger than her cry for fame. At least, that's the way I've found it to work out in my life. I have never been put to the test of pondering that question until just recently. Since Irving was sick. And I now know that no career, no one picture, would ever be big enough or important enough to take me away from him when he needed me."

Norma Shearer told me this a day or two before she and her husband, Irving Thalberg, and their adorable son, Irving, Jr., aged two-and-one-half years, left for a trip to Europe. A trip designed primarily as a rest for Thalberg, the oft-hailed, and correctly, too, young production genius of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who has been very ill with a "flu" attack. His first serious illness during his six years of wedded life to Norma.

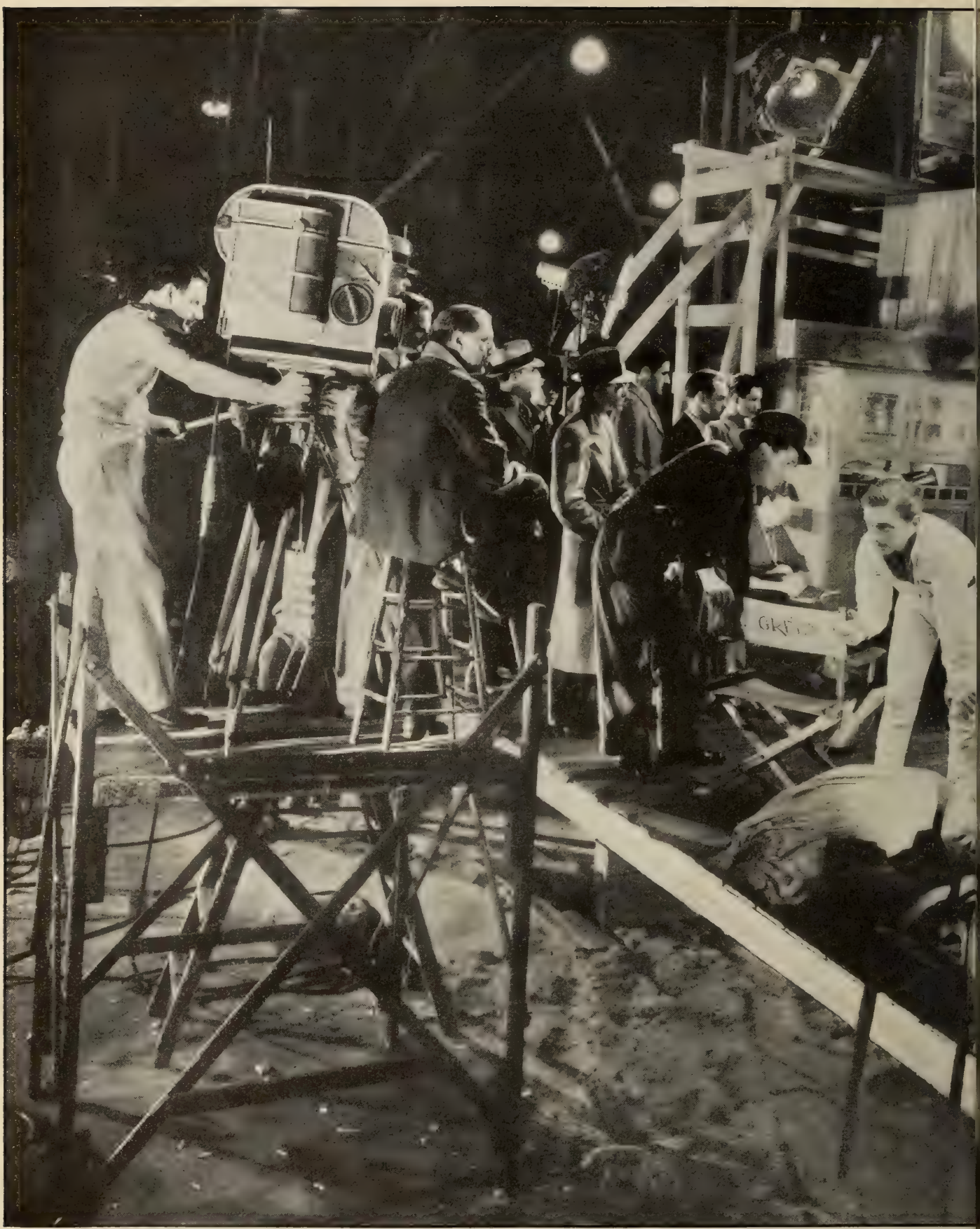
We were seated in the charming living-room of Norma's beach house where she and her husband and child live the year round. It is situated right at the seaside, with a retaining wall shutting it off from the direct path of the ocean. The cheery, wide living-room with gentle green carpet and furnishings done in creamy bisque, peach and white tones, opens upon a tiled porch which offers an unsurpassed panorama of limitless sky and water.

Fishing boats and several picturesque three-masted schooners were lying lazily in the sunlit, blue-green calm of the sea that day and the Venice pleasure pier, a short mile away, with its roller coaster and ferris wheel, presented a gay contrast.

Just a few moments before I had been up in the nursery with little Irving the while he sat at his tiny table eating his bowl of consomme with rice, and pouring his milk from a pitcher formed in the shape of a very pert kitten and a sad-eyed, lop-eared dog. On the rim of the silver plate into which he poured some of his soup, "because it's hot," were engraved figures of quaint brownies.

"Who do you suppose those little people are," he asked me with his precious, bright face turned up toward mine. The golden curls of his bob—curls which sadly enough went the way of the shears the following day in order that he could rightfully take his place in the world as a "little man"—lovingly caressed his sensitive brow.

"I'll tell you who they are," he explained, in clear, intelligent words. "They're Ditty Bennett and Peter Bennett and Barbara Lyon, my little friends." Ditty and Peter and Barbara being the exquisite children, respectively, of Joan Bennett, Constance [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



"The Narrow Corner" Stage Gives

WHEN Warner Bros. started director Al Green at work in its South Sea tale called "The Narrow Corner," a sailing vessel, the "Nancy G," was obtained and used for most of the shots. But some of the most exacting work, showing Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Patricia Ellis at high points in the film, proved difficult to take in the cabin; so this stage was evolved.

The whole thing—cabin and all—is mounted on one giant ball and socket joint, and can be made to rock as violently as the most thrill-avid director could desire. The stage hand in



Photo by Stagg

Storms and Seasickness to Order

the upper right corner can also dump water down the companionway from his barrel, as desired. So everyone concerned can enjoy all the sensations of a typhoon—including seasickness; and it is a matter of record that when the stage was tried out *mal de mer* afflicted several unfortunates stationed upon it. Groups of husky stage hands at the corners do the rocking.

With such a stage at his command, Director Green (leaning on his chair) is quite certain that Doug and Patricia (center) will provide all the realism anyone could ask.

By Reginald Taviner

A Millionaire In

Rich in fame, money, friends, the greatest comedian of all time asks —in vain—for but one small gift



In any group of celebrities he, the most celebrated one of them all, roams like a lost soul

IN Hollywood you may see ex-cigarette girls who have become cinema princesses, and former taxi drivers who are worshipped as demi-gods. You may sit at a restaurant table and be waited upon by a once reigning toast of the New York stage, or buy sheet music on a street corner from a man who was reared in the shadow of a throne.

Perhaps the man to whom you toss a quarter for a gardenia has the right to wear a ribbon in his own buttonhole, and the panhandler who touches you for a cup of coffee was a famous playboy who once threw away thousands in a single night.

But these are the small-fry only, their stories so common as to be scarcely worthy of comment any more. What if the chap who parked your car was heretofore a grand duke, with a yarn as long as your arm if you cared to listen—but you don't listen, because his memoirs are stale, trivial stuff beside some you've heard. You can't walk a block in Hollywood without bumping into some such paradox or other; either they were up and are down, or were down and they're up.

Just the same, there is in Hollywood one human paradox who stands head and shoulders above all the others. Not in stature, for physically he's only a little fellow; yet even in Hollywood, where the official coat-of-arms is a hammer on a field of hams with jealousy rampant, everybody will admit that he's the biggest shot in town. Yet, among all the multitudes of celebrities, among the world-famous throngs of soothsayers, stars, sycophants and supervisors, he, the most celebrated, the most famous, the one admitted great among all the near-great and the would-be great, roams as a lost soul.

He is lonely, because no other soul can share with him his pedestal of genius.

He is sad, because the laughs he has given the world have been born in his own sorrows.

He is a jester in the court of life, a Pagliacci whose clownish make-up ever hides the tear in his heart.

He has everything the earth has to offer, yet nothing he wants. A pauper in contentment, yet with the whole world in his grasp.

He is a millionaire, a millionaire many times over in money, yet the most humble home is rich compared with him. Easier, indeed, is it for the camel to go through the eye of the needle than for this rich man to enter the heaven of happiness—and he is a millionaire in search of happiness.

YOU may see him almost any day, strolling preoccupiedly down the Boulevard. Not as often now as formerly, since the Boulevard has become a tawdry promenade of cheap-jacks and jim-cracks; still, quite often, even now. He doesn't see shop windows with their catchpenny junk, where jewels, and gowns, and frankincense and myrrh used to be; he doesn't see the tense faces hurrying by, the beggars and street-musicians thronging where once the stars were wont to tread.

Somewhere within himself is the world that he inhabits, the sphere where dwells his thoughts. All he gives the Boulevard is a glimpse of a small, slight figure, wearing as like as not a neat blue suit, a pair of patent-leather, button-top shoes, and a plaid cap or his beloved bowler hat. His mobile face, sensitive and plastic as a sculptor's clay, is unmindful and expressionless; his eyes, dark and deep, are like opaque windows. He can see out, but you can't see in.

He looks straight in front of him, scarcely turning his head from Vine Street to La Brea. You could follow him, and he wouldn't know.

He doesn't see, among all the others, another figure that passes him—a stocky figure of medium

Search *of* Happiness

height, dressed in a pair of old white duck pants turned up almost to the knees, and a threadbare shirt without any sleeves; a man, older than he, but looking much younger, whose bare head sways a shock of long, blond hair, not yet white like his own, and whose sandalled feet swing along at almost a trot. That's Peter the Hermit, bronzed in health and happy in his heart, with a song on his lips and a smile on his face.

Perhaps he hasn't two dimes to rub together or perhaps he has—you wouldn't know, and he's not caring. He has found the fountainhead of life. He laughs at the world, not the world at him.

Hermit? No, not Peter, even if his dress is eccentric and he does live up in the hills. The other guy is the real hermit. It is he whom you will find strolling down around the East Side at night, seeking the intimacy of his own thoughts among the pawnshops and flopjoints, among the coffee-and-sinker lunch counters, the dime movie houses that stay open all night, the Rescue Missions and all the rest of the haunts of human misery after he has left a party at Pickfair or a gathering of the great at his own mansion—surfeited with all that, he wants to be alone.

He wants to smell again those acrid smells that remind him of his own native slums.

He wants to think again those introspective, creative thoughts that gave to the world "The Kid," "Shoulder Arms," "A Woman of Paris," "City Lights."

He wants to maroon himself upon an island of his own making in the midst of a stream of flotsam and jetsam; to be at peace within himself while the tide of all earthly emotion rushes by.

And when he tires of that he gets into his Rolls-Royce limousine again and is whisked back to his own mausoleum in Beverly Hills, where money has built for him everything that mortal man may desire—everything, that is, save the one thing he is eternally seeking yet never can find: Happiness.

IN Hollywood you may buy with money any commodity that the earth has to offer. You may buy ancient baronial castles, dismantled in the Old World and set up here stone by stone; you may buy almost priceless old masters as well as ex-cabbages and ex-kings.

You can buy brains and achieve fleeting fame if not immortality; you can buy human beauty and human beasts. You can even buy the glorious saffron of the dawn, breaking like an eternal Easter over purple crests of the hills, and you can buy the gorgeous sunsets, limitless diapasons of color far-flung over the mirroring sea. All you have to do is pick your view.

The little, sad-faced jester has money enough to buy all of these. Some of them he has bought. But none of them are worth a plugged nickel compared with the one thing he lacks.

He tries to encompass that one thing, seated at the console of his huge pipe-organ, a small, pathetic figure on the bench, alone in a vast, high-ceilinged chamber conjuring wistful melodies out of the fabric of his own desire.

He tries to find it wandering from one room to another in that great mansion of his, a violin tucked beneath his chin, bowing the reversed strings with his left hand. Music—it is there somewhere. It lurks in those noble organ chords, in those trilled flourishes of the fiddle beneath his fingers.

Moods—they flow from him like water from a busted fire-hydrant. And ever he pursues them, seeking the one mood that escapes him.

He dives into his ornate swimming pool, floats dreaming upon his back with his closed eyelids upturned to the open sky. He tires himself out upon his private tennis court, knocking balls like white bubbles here and there. He goes to his own studio, the only individual studio that remains in Hollywood, and loses himself in millions of feet of film.

The pathos he accomplished upon the screen is not synthetic mummery. The satire and irony he achieves are not inspiration from above. The baggy pants and patched shoes that skid around the corners of life, leaving the girl-image of happiness behind them in the last reel, are not conceived in fantasy. They are all real, too real; and the tramp with the tiny mustache is really a flesh-and-blood millionaire. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]



His hand gripping in the rear his sagging trousers, here is the pilgrim-clown of old happier days

Cal York Announcing—



Wide World



Wide World

Jimmy and Willie *do* Hollywood. They are Mrs. Cagney's little boys, though you are probably more familiar with Jimmy who has won stellar honors in the cinema field. His older brother came out to visit him, and Jimmy decided to show him the town. Even autograph seekers had a difficult time telling them apart. Why not plan a twin rôle for the lads?

"AW, no!" many of Buster Keaton's friends in Hollywood exclaimed when the word was first flashed over the radio from El Paso that Keaton had married a girl named Mae Scrivens.

A little later, however, when newspapers and wire services began carrying stories, quoting Buster and Mae concerning the marriage, these same friends were mystified and here's why: Buster said they had been married at Ensenada, lower California, January 8.

Reporters, however, were unable to find any record of the marriage license having been issued. Judge Francisco Maytorena in Ensenada said he knew Keaton but he had "never married him to anybody." Buster countered by saying he had made secret arrangements to keep it out of the record until his California divorce became final in August.

"My secretary in Hollywood has the marriage certificate," Buster added.

The secretary kept a discreet silence other than to admit he had talked to Buster in El Paso over long distance telephone.

"MAYBE they were married in Mexicali," reporters reasoned. "They stopped off there a couple of days ago."

But no record of a wedding ceremony could be found at the lower California border town.

And so the mystery is still a mystery.

Mae has been Buster's nurse for about six months—since about the time, as a matter of fact, his wife, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, obtained her interlocutory decree of divorce.

At times, Buster has been quite ill although he has improved considerably since his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was terminated. This trip to Mexico City, which caused Buster, at the international boundary, to declare he and Mae were married, was planned to aid him in regaining his health.

Hot-cha-cha, if it isn't Jimmy Durante telling Harold Lloyd the sad story of how his bank closed and he couldn't draw out any money. And you know it would take the irrepressible Durante to laugh that off. Mrs. Durante seems to be enjoying the joke, too. Jimmy's humor is truly infectious—a tonic in such trying days

HERE'S a new romance that's starting gossip with a vengeance. Lilian Harvey and Gary Cooper.

And it looks at this writing as though Gary had fallen, this time, as at no time since he and Lupe Velez parted.

It even looks as though he might postpone his trip to Europe. One little lady in Hollywood may be able to keep him at home despite all the invitations from titled families in the old country.

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



Maybe it was love at first sight, as Buster says, that prompted his elopement to Mexico with Mae Scrivens, his nurse. They posed for this picture in El Paso, Texas, along the honeymoon trail. The marriage has mystified Hollywood friends because no Mexican record could be found and Buster's divorce is not yet final in California—and can't be for some months



Irving Lippman

Not even a vestige of her trouser fad was visible the day Amelia Earhart called on Marlene Dietrich. Marlene was doing a scene from her latest picture and Amelia found her in an old-fashioned nightie in place of the tailored pajamas she expected. Amelia is all for the trouser fad. More convenient in flying

THE fine foods—the strange foods—the new foods of Europe were too tempting for Clara Bow. Always worried by her weight that seems to want to go up as naturally as a toy balloon, Clara came back home fifteen pounds heavier than when she went away.

Getting off the train at San Bernardino, she stayed hidden from all but her most intimate friends until she and her husband, Rex Bell, could go to their ranch on the California-Nevada boundary.

EDMUND LOWE swears this really happened at the home of a friend.

The telephone rang and the colored maid answered.

Eddie heard her say, "Yes Mam, she does" and "Yes, it sho is," and then hung up.

Five minutes later the phone rang again and the maid said exactly the same thing and hung up.

The lady of the house called her and asked:

"Who was that on the phone, Mandy?"

"Well," said Mandy, "a lady says: 'Does Mrs. Stevens live here?' and I says, 'Yes mam, she does.' And then she says 'Long distance from Washington' and I says, 'Yes, it sho is.' And that's all."

CLARA'S friends said that, despite her increased weight, Clara seemed almost exhausted from her European tour.

A publicity stunt, involving Clara Bow's pet white rat, "Pinky," almost had a tragic ending for "Pinky."

Left behind, her pet was dispatched by airplane to meet Clara on her return from Europe.

"Pinky" caught cold and Clara nursed him all the way across the continent, keeping him in her berth on the train for fear he might catch more cold in his cage.

HENRY GARAT, the young Frenchman recently brought to Hollywood by Fox, is married to Betty Rowe, a charming English girl.

They met on a train in France a couple of years ago.

At the end of the day's ride they were engaged!

Travel! Travel! By air, by sea,



International

Fatty Arbuckle's been directing pictures since his old comedy days, but Fatty's coming back now as a comedian in a new series of comedy productions. He and his pretty bride, Addie McPhail, couldn't wait for a train to speed them across the continent to their new studio work so they hopped a plane and flew to the land of sunshine and new hope for both of them. We wish them luck



Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg aboard ship on the first lap of their long anticipated vacation. They sailed through tropical waters of Panama on their voyage to Europe where they intend to play and rest before going back to the exacting grind of the studios

LITA GREY CHAPLIN'S double-barreled attempt several months ago to compel Charlie to let their two youngsters work in pictures may prove to be a boomerang.

Charlie interpreted some phrases of the judge's ruling to mean that the court would entertain a motion on his part to modify the terms of the divorce decree insofar as it affected the custody of the children.

Since then, Chaplin has been biding his time. As soon as this latest difficulty over the trust fund is adjudicated, Charlie may ask the court to grant him the custody of the two little boys for at least half of the time.

JIMMY CAGNEY tells about an actor friend of his who dismissed his chauffeur because he couldn't borrow any more money from him!

MARLENE DIETRICH has asked Travis Banton, designer for Paramount, to design her the fluffiest and most feminine gown possible for the next Mayfair party.

And she appeared at the last party in *full tuxedo!*

Does this mean that Marlene is returning to women's clothes—exclusively?

Not necessarily. We have a suspicion she would not like to assume the responsibility for changing a nation's habits.

In a way, this is a remarkable tribute to Marlene. How many others could secure so many imitators?

"YOU know," a writer remarked the other day, "the way Joel McCrea, Johnny Weissmuller, Bruce Cabot and these other leading men go in for intense exercising these days, the next thing we have on the screen will be 'muscle bound emotions.'"

IF the intense interest displayed by the little studio stenogs means anything (and you can bet your last dime it does), Jack LaRue is destined to become as great a sensation as Georgie Raft. When bosses look around their offices on the Paramount lot and find their secretaries missing, they know they'll find them on the set where La Rue is at work.

Like Valentino, Jack La Rue is an Italian. He is unmarried and supports his mother and five sisters.

Nor are studio stenogs the only ones who have felt the charm of this actor. Several magazine writers have come away from interviews with their heads in the clouds. So, look out, girls, don't say we didn't warn you!

MAIL from Sylvia Sidney's screen followers has been almost exclusively from Orientals, since her "Madame Butterfly."

AH, how true, that everything must come to an end sometime.

Even Jack Gilbert's picturesque salary!

With "Fast Workers" Jack bows out from Metro. His contract is not being renewed.

What Jack will do is not yet known. Jack never exactly knows what he's going to do from one moment to the next. He has always thought he'd like to produce his own pictures. But with enough money from his million-dollar-a-year arrangement to last him for a lifetime, he may think twice about risking any of it.

by land, so Go the Hollywooders!



International

Janet and her mother, Mrs. Laura Gaynor, on their return from vacationing in Honolulu. As this issue goes to press, Janet files suit for divorce, charging hubby, Lydell Peck, with undue jealousy, suspicion and uncongeniality. And that's a pretty large order!



Keystone

Clara Bow waves farewell to New York, on her way to Hollywood after her European vacation. With her are husband, Rex Bell, and her twin ten-year-old cousins, John and Lilian Bow. It is expected that the children will spend a few months at Rex Bell's ranch before entering school. Clara whispered to some friends that she and Rex were considering adopting the youngsters

Now there's to be a new Jack Gilbert heir. Jack's little girl is with her mother, Leatrice. Will this be a boy? Will he inherit the dark flashing eyes, the restless nervous energy which every woman once loved and no woman has quite forgotten—

Is the career of Jack Gilbert—perhaps the most colorful personality of them all—ended or is it just beginning?

AND do you know what they were going to title Jack Gilbert's latest picture, "Fast Workers," at first? Well, get this, "Not the Marrying Kind."

Imagine that on the marquee of a theater.

And Jack has trotted up to the altar four times.

WHEN a local newspaper said Jack La Rue was being trained for George Raft's place, Jack darned near wished he'd stuck to piano tuning.

"I don't look like him; I don't act like him; I don't want to follow in his shoes."

Well, the two boys are going to play *brothers* in their next, "The Trumpet Blows." We can judge for ourselves, then, if there's any resemblance.

THE Fredric Marches have made an announcement that has all Hollywood gasping.

"We intend to adopt three more babies," they said. "In fact, we plan to adopt one each year, until little Penelope has three brothers or sisters."

And, what's more, the Marches mean it.

YES, Metro has a story in preparation for Garbo. Writers working at top speed. But whether it will be made in Culver City or Sweden—Anyone's guess makes a fair bet.

By the by, it sounds out here as though she'll surely make more pictures since people who seem to be in "on the know" are still claiming that she borrowed money to get ready cash for her trip home.

Maybe that's one reason she "preferred" the little, side-street hotels in Paris, for instance. They are remarkably inexpensive, you know.

AT last, we are to see the lovely Marlene without trousers!

A noted Italian sculptor has made a life-size statue of her.

And not only is the statue not wearing trousers.

It isn't wearing anything!

It is used in Dietrich's new picture, "The Song of Songs."

JUST in case your grandmother should start wondering out loud. Marlene Dietrich wore a one-piece bathing suit, of approximately her own coloring, when she posed for that life-size statue.

STRANGE how fate twists lives in Hollywood. Vilma Banky couldn't convince any producer two years ago that her accent was an asset.

So she went to Germany to appear in films there.

Now Paramount is making tests of her over there as a possible successor to Marlene Dietrich. So it goes.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Sellers *of* Romance

That's what Hollywood actresses are, avers Robert Young who recently married his childhood sweetheart

By Edward Churchill





She's Betty Henderson, one of last June's sweet girl graduates from the University of Southern California. Bob is old-fashioned enough to believe that an actor has a better chance to make a lasting *go* of marriage if he chooses his wife outside the profession

"MARRIAGE to a Hollywood actress isn't companionship. It's competition!"

Robert George Young, that good-looking young actor who so distinguished himself as the young physician in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," is emphatic about that. So when he married recently, he kept that philosophy in mind.

Since his rise to screen fame after the astounding success of that picture, Robert Young has been cast in many other films. He recently finished working with Joan Crawford in "Today We Live," her latest vehicle.

But all the while "Bob," as he's lovably called in Hollywood, has had his eye on a wedding ring and on the one girl in the world, he wanted for his wife. She's never been in pictures; she's never had a career; she's just a modern college-bred girl, graduated from the University of Southern California last June and anxious to make a restful, happy home for her actor husband. This is Elizabeth Henderson, the childhood sweetheart of Robert Young, who went quietly with him at two o'clock one afternoon recently to Judge Kenneth Morrison at Santa Ana and happily made her marriage vows.

There is a pretty romance behind this story of the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, a story which is refreshingly simple coming out of the maze of marital mix-ups which so often characterize Hollywood marriages.

Bob, who went with Betty, as he calls her, in the days of poverty while he attended Lincoln High School, in Los Angeles, was literally hurled into motion pictures slightly more than two years ago. For an entire year, he had an opportunity to meet and to court almost every eligible girl player in motion pictures. Hearing of his Cinderella-like rise—he was a youngster standing on a soap box to watch Douglas Fairbanks attending his own premières only a few years ago—young America said: "What a break! He's

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Robert W. Coburn

THERE are rumors abroad that Katharine Hepburn, if given enough rope, might yet out-Garbo Garbo. But it really doesn't matter. For here is an actress who has so much startling personality of her own, she could afford to sublet some of it to her less fortunate Hollywood sisters. If you're not convinced—see her in "Christopher Strong"



SAILING the briny deep and adventuring in all sorts of strange places seems to be Fay's lot these days. Now she becomes maritime heroine in "Below the Sea" with Ralph Bellamy. Remember Fay's adventures in "King Kong," when she lived about as close to nature as one could? If this keeps up Fay will be ordering gallons of freckle lotion to keep those sun spots off her pretty nose



Bert Longworth

TUCKED away in the hills of Beverly, this contented movie couple find plenty of time to bask in the sunshine between working periods. Preston Foster has finished "Elmer the Great," in which Joe E. Brown was starred. Mrs. Foster loves outdoor sports, so they are on their way to the beach for a holiday of swimming. Maybe that accounts partly for the healthy smiles they're wearing



Irving Lippman

THEY say George Raft is the sort of man who doesn't really think much about women outside the studio lot. Maybe that's so, and maybe it's not. Anyway, he makes up good and plenty for this neglect in Vina Delmar's "Pick Up." And seems to prefer the ruffled, dolly type, doesn't he, Lilian Bond? What is this potent charm you have, Georgie?

"I'm Right, You're Wrong"

Why Jack LaRue grabbed up the gangster rôle in "Temple Drake" when George Raft said "nay"



According to Raft, the rôle of *Trigger* in "Temple Drake" would kill on the screen any player who undertook it

"IT will kill any man who plays it," announced George Raft as he refused the rôle of *Pop Eye*, called *Trigger* in the picture, "The Story of Temple Drake."

George suffered suspension from his Paramount contract rather than do it.

"It will make anyone who plays it," answered Jack LaRue, as he accepted it.

Jack received a long term contract with the company from which George had been suspended. One man *must* be right. But which? It is strange how the paths of these two men, who are intimate personal friends, have crossed since their respective arrivals in Hollywood.

Jack LaRue was the first choice for the Raft rôle in "Scarface." The test proved Jack too tall. The camera plays weird tricks with physiques, you know. Jack's screen-height emphasized Paul Muni's screen-stockiness.

Although LaRue is not too tall or Muni too short in life, the camera accentuations made them poor complements. So George Raft was chosen.

If it had not been for this unforeseen screen illusion, would their positions up to now have been reversed? Would LaRue have been the star with big successes and Raft only a character player with minor rôles to his credit?

And will the part which Raft has turned down, do for LaRue what "Scarface" did for Raft?

Here is a Hollywood situation—and the answer rests, I believe, with the women.



Jack LaRue, on the other hand, believes that whoever plays the part will stand ace high with women audiences

Women create or ruin screen heroes. And until women make their choice at the box-office, no one can tell whether an actor is routed for fame or failure.

Who could have suspected *beforehand*, that his rôle in "Scarface" would make a star of Raft? The *way* he played it unexpectedly opened one of those mysterious springs concealed within women.

Who would have thought that "Night Nurse" or "A Free Soul" would have made Clark Gable, hailed as the successor of Valentino? Had Rudy knocked the ladies about in his day, there might have been no Valentino.

And who can foretell what *Trigger* will do for LaRue, or what it might have done for Raft had he gone through with it?

The part is as devoid of sympathy as a desert river of water. *Trigger* is incapable of romance. He is so inhumanly cruel that he shoots a half-wit boy who vacuously attempts to stop his betrayal of an innocent girl.

Yet that girl, though repulsed, horrified, shows that the elemental nakedness of his emotions exerts a domination over her.

Will LaRue, as *Trigger*, create that elemental urge in other women?

Raft was afraid to take the gamble; LaRue welcomes it.

And LaRue bases his judgment upon a study he has made of women—not only from personal experiences but from the vantage point of an actor, a night-club owner and a life-long resident of the Great White Way.

He believes that a primitive strain lies deep within the physical side of woman—a strain which civilization has veneered but not eliminated. He tells of an experience of a friend who took his sweetheart to a night-club and caught her flirting.

"No man can flirt with a woman unless he is given the opportunity," Jack insists. "She either allows it or she doesn't. My friend crushed her hand in his until she cried out with pain, rose and left her there alone. You would have thought this would have killed her love. In reality, it multiplied it.

"I know another fellow who had been going with one girl for years. They were going to be married some day. He was in our show. He had arranged to bring her to a party we were having after the theater. She telephoned she couldn't make it. Was too ill or had to see a sick aunt.

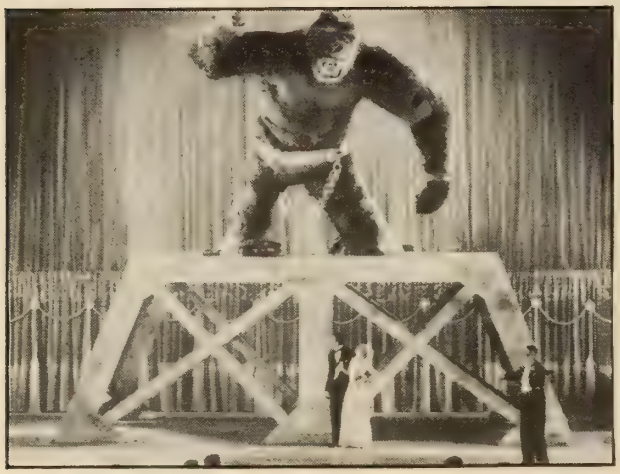
By Ruth Biery

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *KING KONG—RKO-Radio*

IT is too bad that "colossal" and "super-colossal" have been bandied about so freely—for here is a real hair-raiser to which those terms are appropriate.

The story, conceived by the late Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper, deals with the adventures of Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong, entangled with *Kong*, a monster ape fifty feet high. Caught by savages, Fay is offered as a sacrifice to the ape. But *Kong* fancies her, as a man might cherish a dainty flower, and fights dinosaurs on her behalf, until Fay's companions, using gas bombs, catch him for exhibition in New York.

While in Gotham he breaks loose, seizes Fay, and—but from there on we'll let the film speak for itself. Suffice it to say, you'll get thrills such as the screen rarely affords.



☆ *THE MASQUERADER—Goldwyn-United Artists*

IF this really turns out to be Ronald Colman's farewell contribution to American films, he will go out on a memorable note—for while the story is old, he lends it powerful appeal by sheer artistry of performance.

It is perhaps the more interesting because Ronald plays against himself—as the dissolute, sinking member of Parliament, and as the splendid, upstanding cousin, almost a physical duplicate, who steps in and carries on. Not only in Parliament, however; there is a wife (Elissa Landi) and a titled mistress (Juliette Compton) to consider. Their performances help mightily, as does the fine mounting.

While the picture would prove a bit heavy for younger children, there is no reason why older ones, as well as adults, should not see and enjoy it.



☆ *SWEEPINGS—RKO-Radio*

THIS story of a disillusioned father is so simply and touchingly told, it tears at the heartstrings and brings a tear to every eye.

Lionel Barrymore comes to Chicago with his wife after the great fire and begins a tiny store, thankful to wring out a few pennies of profit, and dreaming always of bright times to come. They do—as they did in the Chicago of those days. With the coming of each of his four children, he adds a new department, pouring his heart into the fast growing and successful establishment.

Alone, his wife having died, he tenderly cares for his four children, expecting them to take over, with the same love and tenderness that he always poured forth, the management of his beloved store, which gradually becomes the greatest in the world.

But by his very success he has sowed the seeds of their undoing. Scorning mere "trade," they devote themselves to profligate spending of Lionel's money, until in the end they all but bring ruin to the mercantile monument he has reared.

Gloria Stuart, William Gargan, George Meeker and Eric Linden are splendidly convincing as the children, while Gregory Ratoff is marvelous as the faithful old partner.

Here is a picture that will live in your memory. See it.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

SWEEPINGS
KING KONG
A LADY'S PROFESSION
THE WHITE SISTER
THE MASQUERADER
DESTINATION UNKNOWN

The Best Performances of the Month

Lionel Barrymore in "Sweepings"
Gregory Ratoff in "Sweepings"
Helen Hayes in "The White Sister"
Clark Gable in "The White Sister"
Ronald Colman in "The Masquerader"
Alan Hale in "Destination Unknown"
Pat O'Brien in "Destination Unknown"
Violet Kemble-Cooper in "Our Betters"
Lionel Atwill in "Murders in the Zoo"
Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 113



☆ ***THE WHITE SISTER—M-G-M***

THE poignantly beautiful F. Marion Crawford novel—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable reaching new heights in truly great rôles—what more could be needed for a memorable picture? Nothing—although superb mounting and Victor Fleming's outstandingly skillful direction naturally heighten the appeal of this long-favored story.

Probably you will remember the silent version which swept the country some years ago, for it was through playing in that, opposite Lillian Gish, that Ronald Colman won standing as one of the screen's truly great. If so, any loss of interest will be balanced by the chance to compare two great sets of performances; for here, with Helen Hayes' wonderfully sensitive interpretation, and Clark Gable giving a wonderfully sympathetic treatment of a difficult rôle, you may join the many who place their achievement above that of Lillian and Ronald.

If the story is new to you, you can imagine its possibilities for these gifted principals, from the fact that Helen, buffeted by life, and the supposed death of her Italian officer sweetheart *Giovanni* (played by Clark), seeks peace as a Catholic White Sister, only to have *Giovanni* reappear. Add to this, superb support by such players as Lewis Stone, Louise Closser Hale and May Robson, and you have plenty of reason for not letting yourself miss this.



☆ ***A LADY'S PROFESSION—Paramount***

THOSE who think Alison Skipworth and Roland Young are at their best when extracting fun from their foibles and such remarks as "Oh, I say now, old chap!" will have their fill this time. Those without previous opinions will just chuckle and laugh—so each group will be pleased.

The very vehicle is a portent of fun. These titled—and very much busted—principals, by some chance they don't quite understand, find themselves running a speakeasy, and getting rich. Of course, Roland's daughter (Sari Maritza) and her boy friend (Kent Taylor), as well as the gangsters (Roscoe Karns and Warren Hymer) mix in—and finally it all explodes in a New Year's Eve sort of brawl, a kidnaping, a raid, and the dazed Britons leaving for home wondering just what happened. Plot? You won't miss it.



☆ ***DESTINATION UNKNOWN—Universal***

HERE is a picture that is daring—not in the old, trite, sexy sense, but in the full meaning of the term; for it dares portray the spirit, if indeed not the person, of Christ exemplifying His promise of Divine forgiveness and aid—even for, of all people, a gang of rum-runners, desperate and facing death in a sinking ship caught in a tempest.

To say more would be unjust to the picture, and its right to be judged on the story it tells and the manner of telling. But we can say that Alan Hale, Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy turn in outstanding performances; while Betty Compson, discovered aboard just as this desperate mob, its water gone, is going to end all in a grand consumption of cargo, runs the tension of the situation up to electric quality. Altogether, an offering that's unusual and fine.

THE KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR—Universal



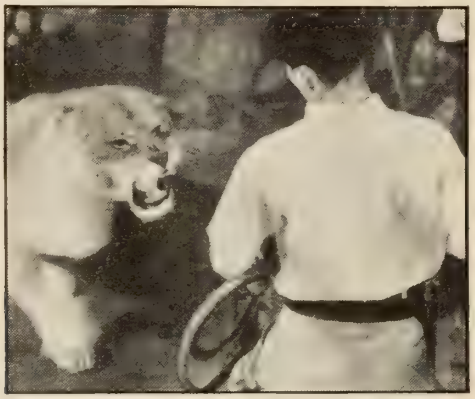
SUSPENSE and interest are present throughout this novel and gripping story. Paul Lukas murders his faithless wife; and when his friend and attorney (Frank Morgan) discovers that his own wife (Nancy Carroll) is untrue, he plans the same crime. Both men are fine, but Nancy Carroll somehow seems miscast. Walter Pidgeon, Gloria Stuart, Donald Cook, and Jean Dixon offer several good bits.



KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount

BUSTER CRABBE, very much a man to look at, makes his film début—and chooses lions, no less, as his meat. "Raised wild" among them, he and his pals are caught raiding a settler, are sold to a circus; then the "circus," figuratively as well as literally, begins. Buster escapes, crashes Frances Dee's house, is tamed by her. The circus fire is thrilling, with Buster rescuing his friends, the lions. Fine animal stuff.

THE BIG CAGE—Universal



THE story of an animal trainer who saves a circus from going broke by building an act using twenty lions and twenty tigers, together at the same time. Excellent animal stuff, and priceless circus atmosphere. The much publicized black panther, however, is omitted and that *Specialist* comedy might better be. (Let's hope it's trimmed.) Clyde Beatty thrills all as the trainer and others in cast good.



OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio

HERE is a bitter—and scintillant—picture of London high society, as explored by Connie Bennett, sophisticated to the hilt and without moral scruple. Great, if you like sparkling dialogue, "intelligent" humor, and don't mind your sex—well, purple; but rather strong if you're squeamish. Connie great, and Violet Kemble-Cooper perhaps greater; fine support and lavish staging. No plot—just a roast of "our betters."

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox



"NUTTY as a fruitcake" and plenty good—if sex topics that were printed in Latin in the medical books don't bother you. Sammy Cohen as *Barnacle Benny* will have you in stitches. About a sailor (Jimmie Dunn) who picks up a nice girl (Sally Eilers), decides she's two-timing him, but finally rescues her from Victor Jory and a crooked dance marathon, after a fight between the navy and dance hall bouncers.

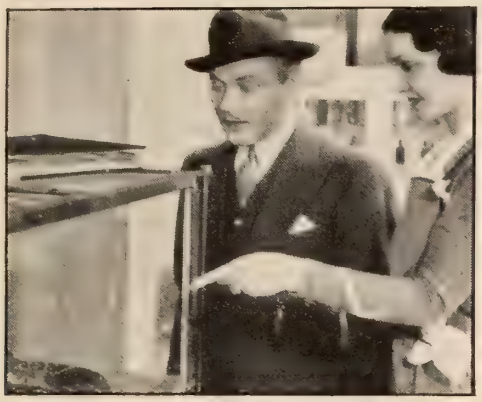


PERFECT UNDER-STANDING—United Artists

GLORIA SWANSON'S most recent talky talkie about modern marriage that's not quite up to snuff. It's a case of Gloria's taking hubby Laurence Olivier's romantic adventures on the chin, trying to retaliate, and ending, via the divorce court, in reconciliation. Gloria eternally youthful and beautifully gowned; Michael Farmer, her real husband, in a minor rôle; but the piece as a whole lacks dash and action.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

MURDERS IN THE ZOO —Paramount



IF you want your spine cooled, we prescribe Lionel Atwill in this one. A jealous animal collector, he carries a poisonous snake in his pocket, and snakie bites all who cast roving eyes at Lionel's wife, Kathleen Burke. Kathleen unwarily accuses him—and lands among the crocodiles. Add Charlie Ruggles, Randy Scott, Gail Patrick and John Lodge—and you have a grand dish of horror.

OUT ALL NIGHT— Universal



YOU'LL laugh, giggle and chuckle at the ridiculous plight of two love birds who have to honeymoon with mamma right along. Slim Summerville, a pampered mamma's boy, falls in love with ZaSu Pitts, marries, and finally with the aid of friends, breaks away from mother's apron strings. Laura Hope Crews is the perfect, coddling mother, while Shirley Grey is great as the hard-boiled girl friend. See it and cheer up.

THE LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN— Warners



IF sweet romance is what the world wants it should line up at the box-office for this—provided rubber stamp episodes in the plot do not bother. Doug Jr. is the light heavyweight champ played for a sucker and tripped by drink; country lass Loretta Young and her auntie, Aline MacMahon, get him on the farm, pull him together—and does he come back! Well played and appealing—with the aforesaid proviso.

THE MIND READER— First National



THIS one exposes the mind-reading, crystal-gazing racket with neatness and dispatch. Warren William, an eloquent carnival shill, selects his moniker, *Chandra*, from a box of cookies, and rises to wreck some of the best homes on Park Avenue. His able assistant is Allen Jenkins, chauffeur, who gathers the dope on philandering husbands. Connie Cummings almost reforms *Chandra*—but *can* a phony go straight?

THE CONSTANT WOMAN— —World Wide



NOT nearly as prosy as the title would indicate, but Eugene O'Neill must have written this one in his much younger days. Claire Windsor, as Conrad Nagel's tent-show wife, leaves him and her son to go back to her Broadway love; Leila Hyams, excellent as the faithful *Lou*, snaps him out of it. Tommy Conlon, as the son who leaves college and saves all, does well; but Stanley Fields, the roughneck, takes the palm.

CHRIS-TOPHER STRONG— RKO-Radio



THE story—an unpleasant tale about a titled aviatrix who sacrifices all in the end to spare her married lover's wife—lacks two things such a plot must have for real success: sympathetic development and clever lines. But how it has the third—great acting—in Katharine Hepburn! She overrides the forced or unconvincing situations.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 93]

Alice Completes Her Cycle

Bit parts, stardom, then out! But she's seen why and is off on her second climb



Pert, tangy as fizz-water, just one jump ahead of the wisest, was Alice White—but in the studio as well as in the films. So the toboggan was eased into place, and whoosh! Alice was enjoying the fine Hollywood air

By May Allison Quirk

HISTORY may repeat itself, but only once to my knowledge has screen history repeated itself with regard to the same individual.

That person is Alice White.

When "Employees' Entrance" and "Luxury Liner" were released recently, Alice playing a minor rôle in both of them, simply put the two pictures in her trim pocket and walked away with them.

Critics all over the country dipped their pens in molasses and wrote, "Alice White, picture stealer."

It sounded just like an echo. An echo of six years ago when the White child extracted so much meat from a small part in "The Sea Tiger" that reviewers were roused to the point of asking, "Who is this picture stealer?"

Alice has completed a seven year cycle covering the most unusual story in that far from usual town of Hollywood.

From playing bits and stealing pictures in 1926, she made a swift, dizzy ascent to precarious stardom. Then an equally fast toboggan down the other side of the slope brought her, seven years later, to again playing supporting rôles and again stealing pictures.

Many stars have begun as extras or bit players, and many stars have quietly slipped back into oblivion, but Alice is the only one who has retraced her steps and dramatically duplicated her first beginning.

And in the story of that accomplishment is an example of courage, determination and will power out of all proportion to the ninety-odd pounds of blonde pulchritude that embodied these attributes.

No one could have told you then, and least of all Alice herself, why stardom for her was of such short duration; why Hollywood turned a cold shoulder after she reached the top.

No one ever questioned her ability. No one ever questioned her drawing power with the movie followers. Then what? I'll tell you.

The successful star, and one who holds her lofty seat the longest, has to be a combination of actress, politician and sound business woman. Just being a great actress gets one no further than their first good part, if that. Alice lacked one very important asset for maintaining screen success: good judgment.

And she possessed to the nth degree one of the cardinal virtues, and one least appreciated—honesty of soul. And it threw her.

I can say this now because the years in between have given Alice a new perspective on herself and Hollywood. A new wisdom that will add immeasurably to her future happiness and carry her to a second and more lasting success.

From the time that Alice White's mop of light brown hair and dancing eyes came over the horizon, I have always felt a little sorry for her. Nature had endowed her with so much of everything necessary for a screen success, and yet she seemed a pathetic figure.

She was so terribly alone. Alone in the sense of fighting her own battles without a guiding hand to steer her clear of studio pitfalls. Of course, few immature people have good judgment, and Alice was very young when the full glare of fame broke upon her. But most youngsters have a mother, relative or an interested friend to lend mature counsel along the way. Alice had only her grandparents, older people to whom a picture studio was a complete mystery. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

But what a smart girl! First that knockout vaudeville tour—then getting herself well in hand. Now she's back—and see the new Alice, with that poised something behind the zip that's going to make the new Alice a real winner

"I Couldn't Stay

INA CLAIRE

And make good in pictures," says the brilliant stage star as she recalls film days

By Fred James

"I WENT Hollywood—and I am heartily ashamed of the whole episode. You see, at heart I am shanty Irish—so I recovered my sense of humor and my sanity in time." That is how Ina Claire looks back upon her film invasion of Hollywood.

Miss Claire has been appearing on Broadway in a stage play, "Biography," sponsored by the Theatre Guild. The comedy is one of the hits of the season.

The comédienne occupies a smart apartment at the Pierre. She wore a striking—and highly effective—red lounging negligée when she greeted me. "At least I stage my interviews properly," she laughed. And kicked the trailing robe into position.

"Tea or—?" she inquired.

I didn't take tea.

Miss Claire returned to the subject of Hollywood. "I went to Hollywood with a film contract calling for a big salary as screen salaries go. When you go out there that way you are courting disaster. You find the whole colony lined up in two divisions, for and against you. You can guess which is the big division. The slightest thing you do, any chance remark, provides ammunition for the pros and cons.

"To begin with, Hollywood isn't real. Even the flowers are the sort that shouldn't be growing there. Artificial snow is tossed from airplanes at Christmas time. The whole place is tinselly, garish, false.

"YOU go to parties and you find everyone talking about themselves, seriously, argumentatively, plaintively. Motion pictures are the sole item of conversation. Then Hollywood begins to numb you. The more sophisticated you are, the harder you fall. The atmosphere gets you, acts as an anaesthetic.

"Things that you know down deep are tenth rate become first rate and *vice versa*. Your standards are turned topsy-turvy. You find yourself seeking out strangers so that you can talk about yourself, like everybody else.

"Because I wear smart clothes on the stage, they welcomed me as an arbiter of fashion, thereby annoying a lot of local arbiters. When I burst out in three-year-old dresses, too short for current styles, I had to explain it all—and live up to my publicity—by saying that only the ultra over-dressed went in for long gowns."

Miss Claire laughed. "I'm always pictured reclining on a chaise-longue in an up-to-the-second Paris creation," she said. "Off the stage I spend little on clothes. I'd rather sit on the floor in any old thing.

"Well, I went Hollywood along with the rest," continued the comédienne. "I am ashamed of the emotions I put on display, of the squawks I made to high heaven. Do you want to know how I came to my senses? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



"In Hollywood the more sophisticated you are the harder you fall," confesses the scintillant comédienne. Now she's resumed her Broadway hit pace in "Biography"



"The end of an old chapter, the start of a new"—in Ann Harding's life story, not in the book. Above she is shown during her recent visit to her artistic home, Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theater (shown below), as she rests and regains artistic energy and verve for work to come



Another wellspring of inspiration to Ann—her daughter Jane, born in 1928, during an interlude in her engagement with the "Mary Dugan" company. And it was Jane, in some measure, who placed her in films—for by resuming work too soon after the baby came, Ann was forced to seek a long rest and decided on California—with results we know



My Sister, Ann Harding

At last her years of stern struggle to perfect her art blossom into achievement acclaimed the world over

By Edith Gatley Nash

PART III

THE company was now housed in a shabby, bare, frame dwelling, containing only a few absolute essentials. Ann's only extravagance that winter consisted of going to a few Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra concerts. She would take an early train into the city, carefully spread a newspaper on the steps of the Academy of Music to save her one coat, and sit there patiently until the box-office opened. Being the first in line she was at least sure of getting an unreserved fifty-cent seat up under the roof, where she would lose herself for a few hours under the spell of Stokowsky's superb orchestra.

She was completely broke by spring, a condition which she never enjoyed. Being congenitally unable to borrow money, she decided to show up in New York and see what happened. She ran into two or three managers, including Al Woods who asked her where she had been all this time and told her to come around to his office—he might find something for her.

That sounded a little vague, so she told him where she could be reached and returned to Hedgerow. In two weeks she got a wire—"I told you to show up. Come and see me." Hedgerow scraped together enough money to buy her a ticket to New York and she went to see Woods, who gave her three very terrible plays to take home and read. When she returned them and said that she could not see her way clear to being a part of any of them, he told her that Colonel Savage had a play that she might like; to go and see him.

The Savage office was a few doors down the street. Ann went up and met the famous old producer, who was in conference with Rollo Lloyd and Lou Wiswell. They handed her the script of "Stolen Fruit," asking her to go over it at home and come back to read it for them the next day. At the end of her reading, those three old-timers of the theater were unashamedly dissolved in tears. Rollo and Mr. Wiswell considered the matter closed and looked expectantly at the Colonel.

Not wishing to appear too anxious, he erred on the other side, to the point of rudeness. "Hmm, yes, well, as a matter of fact, Miss Harding, I had thought of a brunette in the part." (Rollo groaned.)

"I AM obviously a blonde, Colonel Savage," Ann replied in slightly chilled tones, "and I understand you have a marked aversion to wigs. May I ask what prompted you to waste so much of your time on me?"

"One or two other ladies are going to read for me," he said, rising to indicate the conclusion of the interview. "If you will leave your name and address with my secretary she will let you know if we can use you."

His was the first discourtesy she had encountered in the profession.

"If you are interested in looking farther afield for the casting of the part, Colonel Savage, I see no reason for cluttering up your files with my name and address."

Whereupon she walked out.

With tears of humiliation and rage assembling, she went back up to

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Ann as she appeared in the title rôle of "The Trial of Mary Dugan"—the play that saw her change from stage to films. After its close she went to Los Angeles for a rest; but the movies grabbed her

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood



JEAN HARLOW is representative of an extreme, exotic type of beauty. Her platinum hair set a world-wide vogue. Her half-moon brows accent her pastel coloring. Make-up is concentrated at eyes and mouth. She depends upon good health, fresh air, exercise, cream, soap and water, followed by an ice water rinse, for her perfect skin. Note her lashes. They are naturally long.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month



HIGH, narrow and very arched are Jean's eyebrows. She uses a finely pointed eyebrow pencil. The high brow enlarges the eye, gives clarity, an appealing quality.



JEAN uses a true red cream rouge for her lips, blending the line perfectly and carrying the color well inside to prevent a break in tone. Those very long lashes are black.



SKIN-TONE powder is then puffed lightly but thoroughly over Jean's face and neck, with special attention to nostrils, eye corners and chin. And, always brush from brows.



JEAN'S platinum halo has probably aroused more comment and curiosity than any one feature of any star. Naturally blonde, Jean encourages whiteness by weekly shampoos with white soap and a final rinse containing a few drops of French bluing. She brushes for softness, sets her wave with water and vinegar.

Minna Gombell's New Swirl







EXTREMELY chic is Minna Gombell's new long-short coiffure. It is very smooth, fitting the head almost like a helmet with only the roll curls on the left to break the suave contour. Notice the very unusual back-lateral part which produces hair for the banked curls on the left. Very smart, charmingly designed for spring hats and featuring the very popular roll curls, ringlets and soft face curls.

Beginning A Better Day



KATHARINE HEPBURN ponders a grave problem, for only courage can conquer that great desire to lie in bed until the last minute. But it gains you nothing in beauty, good grooming or poise. Fully an hour is needed to make your morning shower, dressing and make-up quite perfect, girls!



BETTY FURNESS knows that a cup of hot water, with a dash of salt or lemon if you can't take it straight, on awakening each morning is a marvelous eye-opener. It is a great aid to clear skin, bright eyes and general health. Try Betty's idea and see if it doesn't help your charms!



DO not skimp on time or care with make-up. Gretchen Wilson is working a little magic with an eyebrow pencil. Extension of the outer brow improves most eyes. For day, use foundation, slight eye accent, rouge, lipstick, powder.

Perfume, Powder And a Dash of Rouge





NEW, exotic shades of evening powder weave a spell of beauty on the skin. At left, Betty Furness, fair, finds a jade tone gives her the translucent beauty of a pearl, while Dorothy Wilson, brunette, creates the illusion of fragile porcelain through a mauve shade. Both girls press on powder with absorbent cotton, which makes a soft and sanitary puff.





GRETA NISSEN uses a camel's hair brush for applying lip rouge. She can work delicately and thoroughly with the fine point.

WHEN you wear real flowers, be sure your perfume is harmonious in scent. Muriel Kirkland blends a rare gardenia perfume with her tailored boutonniere for an ensemble idea in fragrances.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 76)



"I bring Toluca from Africa," moans Gary, "and they pay her twice my salary." Ex-actor: "Shush, I'm waiting for the wolf"

Who's Zoo *in* Hollywood

"These lions are harmless," they told Buster Crabbe. So Buster removes his breeches, and good, old harmless Nemo nearly bit the leg off the "Lion Man." The chap who couldn't eat his sandwich: "How am I to know it might not be my favorite movie star?"

THERE'S just one thing about it. If this keeps up we'll all be writing fan letters to a chimpanzee. Clark Gable will be playing extra to a moth-eaten lion and Garbo will be taking a back seat for a hippo. For I tell you, Hollywood has never seen anything like this animal craze.

The gangster cycle came and went, the horror cycle came and went (Yoo hoo, Karloff), and now comes the most contagious cycle of all. And one that apparently has no notion of "wenting." One that threatens to make a monkey of the whole business. Why, there's just no stopping it. For Hollywood has gone animal with a bang. And not animal crackers, either.

No longer are we contented with a mere cowboy's horse or a villain-chasing, virtue-protecting, police dog. Or good old Mickey Mouse. Oh no! What Hollywood wants and gets are man-eating tigers, Christian-eating lions, stampeding elephants, swinging chimpanzees and temperamental leopards. Give a director two hyenas, one porcupine, an ape and a slightly intoxicated penguin, and he will turn out a classic that will knock you out of your seat.

Actors are shoved aside. Nemo gets the part they expected. Or Nippo, the happy hippo. Many a little blonde sits on the curbstone weeping into her handkerchief; "The director says I'm not the type for the kangaroo romance. Kangy prefers brunettes."

The perfumed vamp no longer rests comfortably on a tiger skin and emotes. Today, the perfumed tiger sits calmly on the vamp and purrs a mean meow.

Producers' meetings are something beyond the wildest imagination. "Listen," one screams, pounding on the table, "what the public wants is new faces. New faces, you hear me. We can't keep on giving them Leo! Sure he has a snoot full of 'it', but they're getting tired of Leo.

"I move, gentlemen, that we get Nemo for our new super special 'A Farewell To Arms And Legs.' Now, Nemo has everything. She has a swell blonde mane, parted in the middle. She has a classy little East African accent in her snarl, that gets the men. She swings a fancy tail. And can raise twice the er—er—commotion that Leo can."

"But, listen," shouts another, "Nemo won't work without Lubitsch. You know that. Lubitsch brings out that little touch of pixie in Nemo that no one else can bring out."

"All right, all right, if Nemo wants Lubitsch, who am I to stand in the way of what an artist wants. But get Nemo." And, as an afterthought murmurs, "And get Lubitsch, too."

With ten animal pictures raging in Hollywood at once, an extra wearily made the rounds of the casting offices. No work. Only six hyenas (with or without fleas) and one turtle, were wanted that day. The next morning, the extra stole the bear rug off Sam Goldwyn's office floor, and immediately got the lead in "Burning Passion of the Icy North." Twenty-seven bear rugs, twelve lapin coats and Sid Grauman's hair were missing in Hollywood by six o'clock that night.

Gary Cooper sat in the Brown Derby and groaned, "Here I am, with years of hard work behind me. I've struggled and I've fought, to gain a top place in movies. And what happens? I bring back Toluca, my chimp, from Africa, and they go wild for her. Producers claw each other to get her. And pay her twice the salary I get. I can sit back in my sterling youth and be kept by Toluca."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

By Jane Hampton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

"So I'm A Movie Star"

Yeah, and to get even I've worked up a temperament



Oh, we can just see it peeping out of your roguish eyes, LeRoy! You like Helen Twelvetrees so well as nurse in "A Bedtime Story," you're cutting capers so she'll have to stay on forever

As Told By Baby LeRoy
To Sara Hamilton

SO I'm a movie actor. Me, Baby LeRoy, a movie star! Well, I never dreamed I'd come to this. After my nine long months of life, who'd have thought it would come to this? A movie actor! It only goes to show, you never know. One morning you get up to a sane dish of prunes and a respectable piece of zwieback and by nightfall, what? You're a movie actor with monograms on your diapers and caviar in your tomato juice.

What a world!

You see, it happened like this. A lot of men came out to a place where I and a bunch of other babies lay around, and they picked up this one and that one and said, "Whosooms, cootest, ittle, bittle tweetums," or some crazy thing (between you and me they're all daft in this business), and finally they came to me.

I took one look, just one look, mind you, at a fellow they called Chevalier and that ended it. He had such a grand lip for grabbing hold of, I reached up and made one clutch, just one little clutch, and they picked me for a movie star. One innocent clutch, and look. Well, all I have to say is this, never clutch a Frenchman's lip. Look where it got me.

The next week, I went over to the studio to begin work. The first thing I spied was the script of the picture I'm starring in. It's called "A Bedtime Story." Now mind. Whoever thinks up these titles is a honey. I could think up a better title than that with a milk bottle in one hand and a rubber nipple in the other.

Well, anyway, I opened the script and here was this guy Chevalier plastered all over the picture. "Enter Chevalier here," it said, and, "Enter Chevalier there." Well, after all, I have my own interests to look after, so, while no one was looking, I chewed up six of Chevalier's most dramatic sequences out of the first reel and nine violent love scenes out of the fourth reel. To this day, no one knows the best acting Chevalier ever had a chance to do is inside my tummy. And, did I have a tummy ache? The love scenes nearly finished me.

The first thing they did was to take off my rompers and put me into a dress. Imagine! The humiliation of that! I suppose they gave the rompers to Dietrich who goes in for that sort of thing. But, after all, a guy needs his pants. What the heck!

And what a dress it was! Torn and patched and dirty! And not only that, but they handed me a pair of button shoes that went out of style with grandma's pompadour. Button shoes! Any day, I expected to be given a bicycle built for two and told to "skidoo" around the Marx Brothers.

After I got into my part more, I discovered that I was a poor

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Mack Elliott

THESE two regular guys, who chuckled through *umpty* scenes of "A Bedtime Story" together, are now dressed up in their best bibs and tuckers, ready to paint the town vermilion. "Oogle-google," says eight-months-old Baby LeRoy. "Even if I can't wear evening dress as well as you, Maurice, I'll match your grin every time. Let's go!"

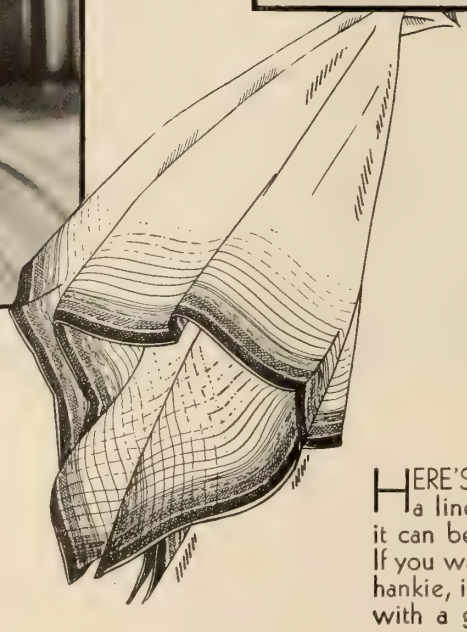
Latest Screen Fashion Tips



LATE spring brings less formality for evening costumes. Here is a charming white dinner gown worn by Myrna Loy in "Man on the Nile,"—an ideal example of what to wear from five on . . . a pleated girdle in green and white is the only color accent. Note the beads at the neck and gardenias cleverly arranged on the bodice.



WITH stripes, plaids and other patterns so popular this season, it was logical for polka dots to enjoy a smart revival. Minna Gombell wears this gay purple-blue and white foulard afternoon gown in "Pleasure Cruise." You haven't heard of foulard in a long time, have you? It's very smart again. A cape collar is pale pink blistered crepe . . . she wears gardenias at the back. Minna's hat is trimmed with the polka dotted fabric, an interesting accent.



HERE'S a new idea in scarfs . . . a linen handkerchief so large that it can be worn tied about the neck. If you want to use it for a large sports hankie, it's smart that way, too. White with a gay multi-colored border.

—Seymour





THERE are so many important fashion points to this smart costume worn by Myrna Loy in "Man on The Nile," that they deserve enumerating. First the dress, in heavy white linen with trim cape, uses dark accent in an orange-red silk scarf. Tailored lapels give a military look to the cape, while flat silver buttons make a double-breasted file on the dress. An inverted pleat in the skirt is lined with the red silk. Myrna's hat is a clever adaptation of a sun helmet and stresses the new higher crown line. It makes a dashing ensemble.



A Sporting Review Of New Pictures

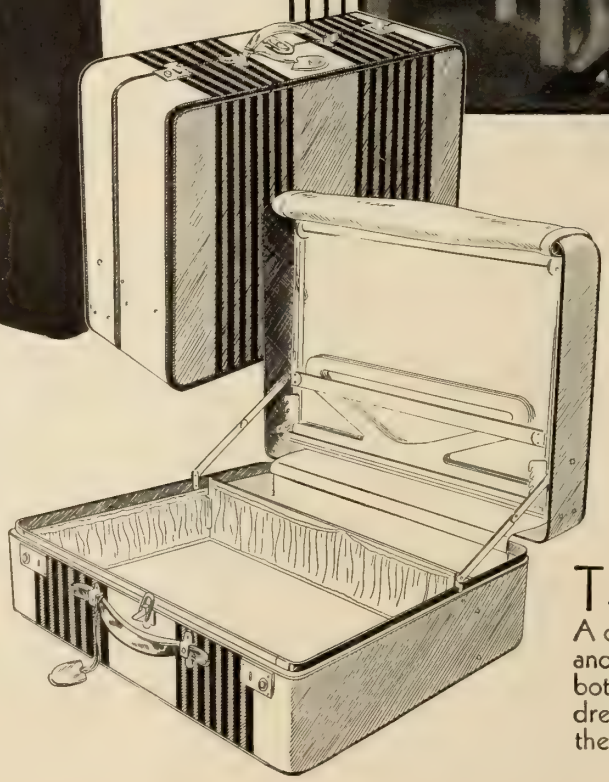
—Seymour



YOU will want to have this stunning deck or beach pajama for vacation days. It's not masculine, but jauntily boyish with blue flannel slacks and a white pique blouse that laces up the front to a wide sailor collar. A striped blue and white vest is worn beneath and the wide belt matches it. Travis Banton designed it for Shirley Grey in "Terror Aboard."

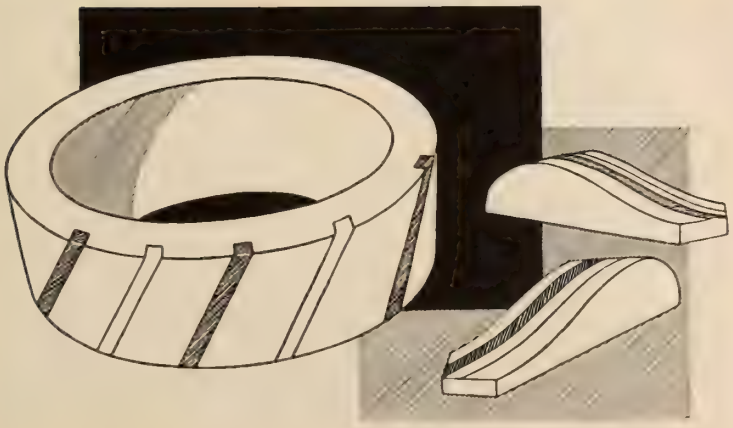


WHEN Genevieve Tobin goes on her "Pleasure Cruise," she wears this bright yellow, brown and white plaid coat for traveling. Genevieve's dress sleeves come below the cape. The perfect all-summer coat for you. Designed by Lambert.



THE perfect suitcase with trunk facilities! A compartment for shoes and incidentals in the bottom, hangers for many dresses in the top. And the case is striped fabric.





AND here's another gay sports dress that Genevieve Tobin wears on her "Pleasure Cruise." It's a perfect choice for your own summer wardrobe. The white rough crepe sleeveless dress is trimmed with four big buttons of nautical type—now here's the trick, the little jacket buttons onto these buttons! A blue and white striped scarf with anchor motif goes 'round the neck. Designed by Lambert under the direction of Rita Kaufman.

HERE'S a jewelry ensemble for your sports clothes. A wooden bracelet striped in color . . . and twin wooden clips for frock or wherever you wish!





—Seymour

YOU simply must not overlook piqué in both accessories and costume accents this spring. Here's one of the new hats made entirely of piqué, corded. Note the height in back and the cuff brim in front. And fabric gloves in piqué are all the rage—this glove has a knit fabric palm and fingers. Very chic.



THIS is a back view of the charming gray silk frock across the page, that Genevieve Tobin wears to a gay tea in "Pleasure Cruise." This shows you just how the mousseline de soie edges the back of the neckline, just like the sleeve cuff. It shows, too, the back fullness and belt detail of the brief blouse. This gown was designed by Lambert under the direction of Rita Kaufman.

AND now the front of Genevieve Tobin's gray gown. Isn't it just the sort of dress you will want for summer afternoons and evenings? The sleeves are an interesting length and only slightly puffed . . . the cuffs are edged with mousseline de soie. The blouse is trimmed with silver buttons and a frilly collar of the mousseline. Her accessories are gray.

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed on Page 112.





A ROMANTIC gown, this one designed for Genevieve Tobin to wear away on her adventurous "Pleasure Cruise." Can't you picture yourself in it on some moonlight summer's night? The two pictures show it with and without the pertly flaring jacket. The dress is a pastel toned organdie with short puffed sleeves trimmed with appliqued fabric violets . . . a large bunch of the violets are fastened at the neckline. The skirt is moulded by tucks to the knees where it flares out to the hem. The whole dress is posed over a satin slip. The jacket is taffeta with crisp, capelet-like sleeves . . . and it fastens with a single button. You could wear this with other evening frocks, too.



Carl De-Voy

"STRONG, silent man, not to be daunted," they call Jack Holt. Without ballyhoo, he forged ahead to stardom years ago. And when the scythe was used to clear away scores of one-time famous heroes "who wouldn't do for talkies," strong-jawed Jack pushed on to even greater success. His latest starring rôle is in Columbia's film tentatively titled "Tampico" with Fay Wray

"Why *I'll Return to the* Stage"

It's a love of old friends, and the theater is one of them

As Told By
Helen Hayes
To Ruth Biery



Here she was, in 1913, Helen Hayes at the start of her professional career, and destined to travel far. She was, a member of the Columbia Stock Company, playing Washington, D.C.



No wonder that many hail Helen as filmdom's most talented actress! A portrait that hints of the little star's remarkable capacity for reflecting the spirit of any rôle, unhampered by previous typing

FOR one year motion pictures will lose one of its most vital personalities. Following her next picture, Helen Hayes will return to Broadway for at least a twelve months' period.

This is not because she dislikes pictures. Although Helen originally refused to make pictures because of a sincere feeling that she was not beautiful enough. And although she could not shake stage home-sickness from her for many months after she did come to Hollywood, she *has* learned to like the work of that strange, mad place.

But the stage is, to Helen, a true and trusted friend. The motion picture industry is an acquaintance!

Friendship has roots—roots so deep that they cannot be eradicated.

Acquaintanceship has charm! A relationship based upon charm is easily interrupted—even forgotten.

So Helen feels that she *must* return to the friend, at least temporarily, and leave the acquaintance. Perhaps she will further enjoy the charm of the new acquaintance, sometime, but she will never again leave the friend for so long a period.

"Friendship is so rare. It never forgets," Helen Hayes said. "If Katherine Cornell does one bad play, no one thinks of suggesting that she is slipping. But if a picture star makes one poor picture, producers immediately talk about 'jacking up' that person. One little failure against a dozen huge successes! Acquaintances forget so easily."

Hers was a beautiful comparison between the stage and screen. Friendship versus acquaintance! How often we hear people say, "She has more friends than any woman I know," or "Did you ever see a man with so many friends?"

Don't you wonder how many are *friends* and how many *acquaintances?*

Helen Hayes does.

"I always suspect anyone who has too many friends or tries to make many," said Helen. "A person cannot spread butter effectually on too large a piece of bread. A person cannot spread true emotion and loyalty on too many people. Too much bread means eventual waste of butter. Too many friends mean a waste of emotion.

"Just as a person who has one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Sylvia Tells What Saved





THIS revealing story of what America's most famous masseuse and beauty culturist did for one of screendom's favorite stars, shows what expert help you now can have—thanks to Sylvia's great new offer.

Through PHOTOPLAY *Magazine, she'll give you her own personal advice on how to solve your reducing or building up problems—the advice that practically all moviedom has eagerly sought and followed. On page 84 you see some of her answers, and you can read just how easily you may get her help on similar matters that may trouble you. Look now and see how to take advantage of this splendid new help.*

NORMA SHEARER sent for me shortly after she was married. She was in the midst of making "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and I saw that if the star didn't take off those extra pounds she had acquired, it would be the last of Norma Shearer's screen career. Norma knew it, too. For she is one of the smartest girls ever on the screen. Her life spells ambition and she'll go through any amount of work and torture if it will help her career.

She and Irving Thalberg had just rented the Elsie Janis home—a big house in Beverly Hills. I knew the place well for I had often been there when Elsie lived in it; but how different it was now!

When Elsie had it her household included about a million birds, a couple of barking dogs, several Persian cats and plenty of alley cats. You can imagine the noise.

But the first night I went to see Norma and a polite butler let me in, all was quiet. Norma Shearer could never live in confusion. She now welcomed me and came straight to the point—or, rather, to the curves. She was heavy in the arms, hips and legs, and right away we went into the bedroom where I started to pound her. But before I tell you the treatment I gave I must tell you a funny thing that happened as a result. I had put a big Turkish towel under her and when I left she fell asleep without removing the towel.

The next morning when she woke up there were little red marks all over her body. She thought sure that, in my treatment, I had broken her delicate skin. What hysterics! What carryings-on! Frantically, she called me up and told me what had happened. Suddenly, I thought of the towel—it was the marks made by sleeping on that that had made her skin look mottled.

For I don't want you to forget that no matter how delicate a person's skin is, if you follow my advice to the letter, it won't hurt you. Norma has the most beautiful skin of any star I have ever treated!

Norma's was a different case and if you have any of the ailments that Norma had, then I can tell you, as I told her, how to get rid of them. I had to be very careful with her legs, for only the outside parts needed reducing, I could not touch the inside.

AND if this is your trouble, here's what you should do. Get a girl friend to help you. Put your foot on the friend's shoulder (you are lying down, she is standing up). Now, have your friend take your heel in one of her hands and pull it while with the palm of her other hand she presses against the toes and sole of your foot. It is an alternate movement that works wonders for reducing the outside of the legs. It's very much the same movement that one would use in pulling a riding boot off someone else.

See how it works? Pull on the heel, press on the toes, and have your friend do this just as hard as you can stand it. It's a marvelous exercise! And is relaxing and soothing.

Norma was very tired. She had been working hard and trying to look after her house at the same

Norma Shearer, as she appeared some time before the call went out for Sylvia's aid. Lovely then, but still— (At top left, Sylvia)

Norma Shearer's Figure

Lots Of Sylvia's Answers, Girls, On Page 84!

time, so I had two problems—to soothe her as well as take off the excess flesh. Here's how I did it. With a little cold cream on my hands I ran my fingers up and down her spine. You can do this for yourself. Then very gently I rubbed her back. This relaxed her and made her ready for the hard pounding I gave her later.

ON every part of her body that needed reducing I broke down the fatty tissues by taking up the flesh in my fingers and squeezing hard, letting the flesh slip through my fingers as if it had been mashed potatoes. That, girls, will take off lumps of flesh in the desired places. Then I finished by putting a Turkish towel over the spots that needed reducing and pounded with the flat of my hand. So you can see that with first the soothing back treatment and then the squeezing hard treatment, you are both relaxed and stimulated.

But besides being overweight Norma was anemic. That's the cry I get from so many girls. "I can't reduce because I'm anemic." Well, Norma was anemic and she reduced and in one week I built her red corpuscles up twenty per cent.

I didn't put her on a drastic diet. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I even let her eat pie. My conscience hurt me about that—but Lord! how that girl loved pie! However, I made her do some other things. And you anemic, plump girls (or thin girls either for that matter) can do the same things. In a kettle of cold water put a combination of turnip tops,



What could be more charming than the Norma that emerged after a short time—svelte, poised and queenly, in her new radiant charm?

green leaves of celery and green leaves of lettuce (the sort that you don't use on the table because they don't look pretty).

Now, over a slow fire let this simmer for an hour or so. Press all the juice out of the greens and drink the liquid. I'll admit it doesn't taste like a cocktail, but it isn't so bad. Don't put any salt in this.

DRINK two big glasses of this every day. And drink plenty of tomato juice. Have a green salad every day, preferably lettuce and tomatoes. Take liver extract. Eat very rare steaks and have calf's liver at least twice a week; but here's the way to prepare it.

Get the liver half an inch thick. Don't fry it, broil it so that none of the juice runs out of it.

Have gelatine every single day. And oh, how much better you'll feel! Oh yes, and don't forget to eat the skin of your baked potatoes, for they give you mineral salt.

And here's where you girls can take a lesson from Norma. She was a grand girl to treat, for if she believes in you, she will do anything you say. She never doubted me—and nothing was too hard for her to do. And all the time she was taking my strenuous treatments she was being an excellent housewife, for Norma, who seems so sophisticated on the screen, is an old-fashioned wife.

She is very domestic, manages her home beautifully, and is always concerned about Irving's comfort. I've heard her declining invitations many times, invitations that she might have liked to accept, but she knew that Irving needed to rest. She told me often that had she not been under my care, she couldn't have done all that was demanded of her as wife, star and mother. The things I tell you to do, girls, give you pep.

IT was a conversation between Norma and Irving that started Norma's amazing screen versatility. I heard that conversation. One night while I was treating her, Irving and she were talking about a story that she wanted to do, but he told her she was not the type. I could feel Norma's jaw set and I know that that's why she set out to show him she wasn't any type, but could play any rôle. But even if Norma's husband is her boss, she gets less consideration about little things at the studio than the other stars.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Sport's Such *Ripping* Fun!



Tennis? Indeed not! It's badminton, otherwise known to ale-drinking village squires in merrie, merrie England as "battledore and shuttlecock." Watch this Martha Sleeper girl receive those fast serves. Not bad. No indeed! All Hollywood thinks this a priceless game. They're building badminton courts on every studio lot. Doug Fairbanks introduced it



He's as zealous about a polo game with Warner Bros. team as he was in carrying messages over the Irish countryside from De Valera to Collins. Just a modern Paul Revere, is George Brent



With what grim determination Boris Karloff keeps the wicket inviolate. That's playing *cricket!* Did you know that an Eton-Harrow match at Lord's Field, London, sometimes takes two or three days? Sounds like an O'Neill tragedy to us. Yet this game seems to amuse a great number of our fastest-moving masculine stars. And they're not all Englishmen either!

Just as likely to offend—

the girl who says "I NEVER PERSPIRE"

All healthy people perspire . . . frequently over a quart a day . . . though many never feel sticky

—Second-day underthings are NEVER safe



OTHERS NOTICE IT

Underthings can absorb up to 30% of their weight in perspiration without even feeling damp. The odor is noticeable to others even when you aren't aware of it yourself.

MANY girls say, "I *never* perspire." It's easy to fool ourselves this way, but we can't fool other people.

We *all* perspire—frequently over a quart a day, doctors say. We don't *feel* sticky because underthings absorb the perspiration. The odor is bound to cling. Others notice this so quickly—before we do ourselves.

That is why it's *never* safe to wear underthings a second day. Dainty girls won't risk offending. They take this simple precaution—wash underthings in Lux after *every* wearing.

Protect daintiness this way

Lux is especially made to remove perspiration *safely*. These dainty suds take away odor, and save color and fabric. Perspiration contains harmful substances that wear out silk. Luxing underthings and stockings every night keeps them like new longer!

Protect *your* daintiness this easy way—it takes only four minutes! Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali that weakens silk and fades colors. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Mrs. E. M. Schellenger says: "With one box of LUX I washed 330 items

48 pairs socks, stockings
12 pieces silk lingerie
62 child's woolen undies
83 diapers, pads, blankets
47 napkins, doilies
34 towels, washcloths, bibs
9 child's rompers, sweaters, cap
35 handkerchiefs
and I did the dishes 21 times for a family of 6"

LUX *underthings after each wearing*

Removes odor . . Saves colors



YOU can have the



IF you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen—and, of course, you *have* seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care can do wonders for *your* complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. The whole secret is the right care—followed *regularly.* Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:—

"The great actresses of the stage and screen take exquisite care of their skin," she says—"and *I have found their secret*—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

Have YOU tried the Beauty Soap of the Stars?

To keep their complexions always lovely, 686 of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood (including all stars) use this same gentle, *sure* care. Not only at home in their own luxurious dressing rooms, but in the studio dressing rooms as well.

That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the *official* soap in all the large film studios.

Why not begin now to use this fine, fragrant white soap for *your* skin? Why not start to make your skin softly smooth, lovely—learn a lesson from the movie stars?

Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!

Charm men find irresistible



JEAN HARLOW'S complexion care *will make your skin enticing!*

LUX Toilet Soap

Hollywood Beauty Forecasts

By Carolyn Van Wyck



CLAIRE WINDSOR'S charming coiffure is distinctive and simple. That fringe of feather curls below the up-turned ends is especially lovely with soft, blonde hair.



CONSTANCE BENNETT knows that with fair skin, blonde hair, blue eyes, a black frock and pearls are always one of the most flattering combinations.



"A PLACE for everything and everything in its place," is what Sue Carol's felt bag boasts.

STYLE is a wind that blows us all hither and yon. Sometimes it is a kindly wind, blowing us all to best advantage, then again it restricts and limits us.

I am afraid of this mannish vogue. I am afraid that too many of you girls will fall heavily for it. Pants and mannish shirts and tight hair cuts are, I must admit, a great novelty for those of us who have worn curls and romantic clothes for the last few years. They are refreshing, in a way. But I can predict right now that a lot of you girls who fall for them too heavily will be doing yourselves out of dates, nice escorts and maybe even husbands. You will have to have personality-plus to wear these things and get away with them with people you meet for the first time. With old friends, of course, that's another matter.

However, I can forgive you the pants, the mannish collars, anything almost but the mannish hair cut. Now and then a girl may look chic and attractive with a very close cropped head, but I doubt if many of you would. However, if the urge overtakes you, do consider the matter seriously; or, better, consult a good hairdresser and follow her advice.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN finds that pure milk of magnesia is a great boon to the skin. She cleanses thoroughly, applies the magnesia, much in the manner of a masque, lets it dry, then removes with cold water. This is a very soothing, whitening and refining treatment. Lillian Roth, now married and retired from pictures, also uses this masque. She posed in the magnesia act for this department last summer.

MANY Hollywood stars are forsaking deep-toned nail polish for a more natural shade. Pale rose and coral really are more flattering to most hands than the deep, deep reds with which we decorated ourselves for a while. Jean Harlow tips her pink nails with a white opalescent polish, which ties up perfectly with her platinum hair.

SPRING is a grand time to make yourself over. Perhaps our Basic Beauty Budget, Hair That Misbehaves, or our Make-Up leaflets will help you. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. She will help with your other beauty problems, too, if you will write to her.

THE whole spring make-up tendency is toward brighter and fairer tones—a tendency that goes well, by contrast, with the tailored mode. One salon features a red poppy shade in lipstick and rouge for all tones of skin. Unquestionably, these bright, vivacious tones are more in keeping with spring than heavier, darker ones. They lend animation, youthful freshness to the face and are particularly becoming with beige and gray tweeds and navy blue tailleurs.

Peachbloom tone in face powder is an all-type shade. The very dark shades are being discarded, and a good thing. Few of us can darken our natural skin tones, except through an even tan of the sun, and flatter ourselves. The use of a shade lighter powder, on the other hand, is wise, for our face skin invariably darkens slightly because of exposure, and lightening it up a little is not going out of Nature's original scheme of colors.

PATRICIA ELLIS offers a little eye shadow trick for enlarging the eyes which really works. This is for evening, by the way. Spread your shadow lightly across the lids working out in fan shape beyond the eyes and toward the temple. You must do this artfully.



★ JOAN BLONDELL
Featured in Warner Bros.
"LAWYER MAN"
and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Face Powder.

HOLLYWOOD *Tells How to Create Beauty that Fascinates with* MAKE-UP *in Color Harmony*

★ Make-Up is something different in Hollywood...that is why the beauty of the stars appears so fascinating.

COLOR harmony in powder, rouge and lipstick is the secret...a new idea in make-up originated by Max Factor...Hollywood's make-up genius. "To enhance charm and attraction, the individuality of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types must be emphasized," explains Max Factor. "To do this, make-up must be in color harmony to accent natural colorings."

The amazing difference will be instantly apparent to you. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen...and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury...Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up: Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail the coupon for your complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

© 1933 Max Factor

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

How to Make Up Your Lips to Last All Day



KAY FRANCIS, Warner Bros. Star, using Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick



1. *Dry the lips. Make up the upper lip first. With Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick follow the contour of the lip and fill in by blending with the lipstick or finger.* **2.** *Trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing the lips together.* **3.** *Fill in and blend lipstick on lower lip. Now moisten the lips...and your lip make-up will remain perfect all day, permanent in color value...smooth in texture.*

★*Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE*

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."* I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. *Fill in the chart below with a ✓*

1-5-63

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Ask The Answer Man

"GIVE the little girl a big hand" was the cry of Texas Guinan when Ruby Keeler danced in one of her nightclubs. This month picture audiences are giving her a "big hand" for her work in "42nd Street." Hundreds of readers have written in asking about her.

Ruby, in private life, Mrs. Al Jolson, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia on August 25, 1909. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her family moved to New York when she was four years old. She has three sisters and one brother.

At the ripe old age of thirteen, Ruby made her début in the chorus of "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." Later she appeared in the choruses of "Sidewalks of New York," "Lucky," and "Bye Bye Bonnie." She first attracted Broadway's attention when she appeared in La Guinan's nightclub show. Her real big opportunity came when the late Florenz Ziegfeld signed her as chief tap dancer in "Whoopee."

She turned her back on this opportunity when she married Al Jolson. That was in September, 1928.

Ruby loves to watch prize-fights, bicycle races and hockey. Plays golf with Al and accompanies him when he goes fishing at Catalina. She gets a great thrill out of meeting celebrities and collects autographed photos whenever she has the courage to ask for one.

United Artists offered her the lead opposite her husband in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," but she turned it down. Thought it would worry Al too much to have her working with him. You will see her next in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

MARJORY FROST, CHELSEA, ENGLAND.—You are right Marj, Buck Jones is bigger than Jason Robards. Jason is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. Buck tops that record by 1¾ inches in height, and 3 pounds in weight.

ROCCI ROGGIA, ARTESCA, CALIF.—Thanks, Rocci, for your kind words. Makes an old fellow feel good to know his answers are helpful. The picture "The Happy Warrior" was produced by Vitagraph in 1925 and directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The players were: Malcolm McGregor, Alice Calhoun, Mary Alden, Anders Randolf, Olive Borden and Otto Matiesen. Some of the stars who were born under "Scorpio" the astrological sign of the Zodiac (October, to you) are Connie Bennett, Carole Lombard, Marian Nixon, Janet Gaynor, John Boles, Boots Mallory and Mitzi Green.

R. R., ATCHISON, KAN.—Cheer up, all is forgiven. I do try to get the answers back to my friends just as soon as possible, but with hundreds of letters coming in asking just as many questions, it takes a little time to answer all of them.

MARY, KULPMONT, PENNA.—Mary, here's the low-down on Paul Muni. He was born in Vienna on September 11, 1897. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall; weighs 165 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Was educated in New York public schools. Appeared on the stage for fifteen years before he entered pictures in 1929. His real name is Muni Weisenfreund. His latest picture is "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." Paul has been married to Belle Fink since May 1921.



Ruby Keeler, whose dancing feet made her popular along the Rialto, is now winning praise for her work in "42nd Street," her first picture effort

ELIZABETH BENNETT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The lad you admired so much in "The Phantom of Crestwood" is Tom Douglas. Tom hails from Louisville, Ky., where he was born on September 4, 1906. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 140 pounds and has blond hair and brown eyes. Educated in Louisville and in England. Was on the stage both in England and America before he made his talkie début in 1931. Tom played in silent pictures, too, back in 1920. Aviation is his hobby and he is the proud owner of a pilot's license.

BERNICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—A large number of your neighbors also wrote in asking about little Ann Ross, the Indian maiden who did such a grand bit of acting in "Oklahoma Jim." Ann is a real Cherokee Indian, born in Sallisaw, Okla. She is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 112 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Was educated at Bacone College in Muskogee. Her mother was an Indian school teacher and her father a chief's son. Prior to her début in pictures, Ann was a stenographer. When not appearing before the camera she studies elocution, music and dancing. She also lectures in schools about the tribal customs and ways of her people.

B. J. P., BRYAN, OHIO.—You must have someone else in mind. Alice White was a script girl prior to her movie début in 1926.

HELEN HOLBROOK, KEW GARDENS, L. I., N. Y.—Helen, the old silent film "Captain Blood" was released in September, 1924. J. Warren Kerrigan played the rôle of *Captain Blood* and Jean Paige the rôle of *Arabella*. Herbert Marshall was born in London on May 23, 1890, and David Manners in Halifax, Nova Scotia on April 30, 1902.

GERALDINE STEVENS, CARRINGTON, N. DAK.—Ken Maynard is a native of Mission, Texas, where he first saw light on July 21, 1895. He is 6 feet tall; weighs 185 pounds and has black hair and gray eyes. Was educated in Indiana and Texas. Is a graduate engineer of Virginia Military Institute. For years he appeared in circuses and Wild West shows. Started to make pictures in 1922. Has been married for about eight years.

JACK ROBERTS, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Jack, Marian Nixon seems to have replaced Janet Gaynor in your affections. Marian was born in Superior, Wis., on October 20, 1904. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 100 pounds. Was married to Edward Hillman in August 1929. Her latest picture is "The Face in the Sky."

JESSIE WALKER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—That funny man, Charles Ruggles, was born in Los Angeles 42 years ago. "Girl Habit," "Queen High," "One Hour With You," and "This Is the Night" are a few of his biggest pictures. He is the brother of Wesley Ruggles, the director whose vision made "Cimarron," PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal picture for 1931, possible.

BETH MANNERS, CHICAGO, ILL.—I hope Carolyn Van Wyck won't get mad at me for stepping into her department, but when you girls ask me those questions, what am I to do? Lots of the stars use false eyelashes—the stick-'em-on-with-glue variety. But those eyelashes of Garbo's are absolutely real and if you don't believe it, just try pulling them some day. Of course, there's the minor item of first finding Garbo.

BETTY SAINT, ELMHURST, ILL.—And I'm an angel. In the picture "Strangers May Kiss," Norma Shearer played the part of *Lisbeth;* Neil Hamilton the part of *Alan* and Robert Montgomery the part of *Steve.* Ramon Novarro has never been married. He is thirty-four years old.

BROWNIE, WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Polly Moran was born on January 28, 1885. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 134 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Bill Haines was a New Year's present in 1900. He has black hair and brown eyes. John Miljan first saw light on November 9, but he doesn't say what year.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

"They can't kid us Jimmy"

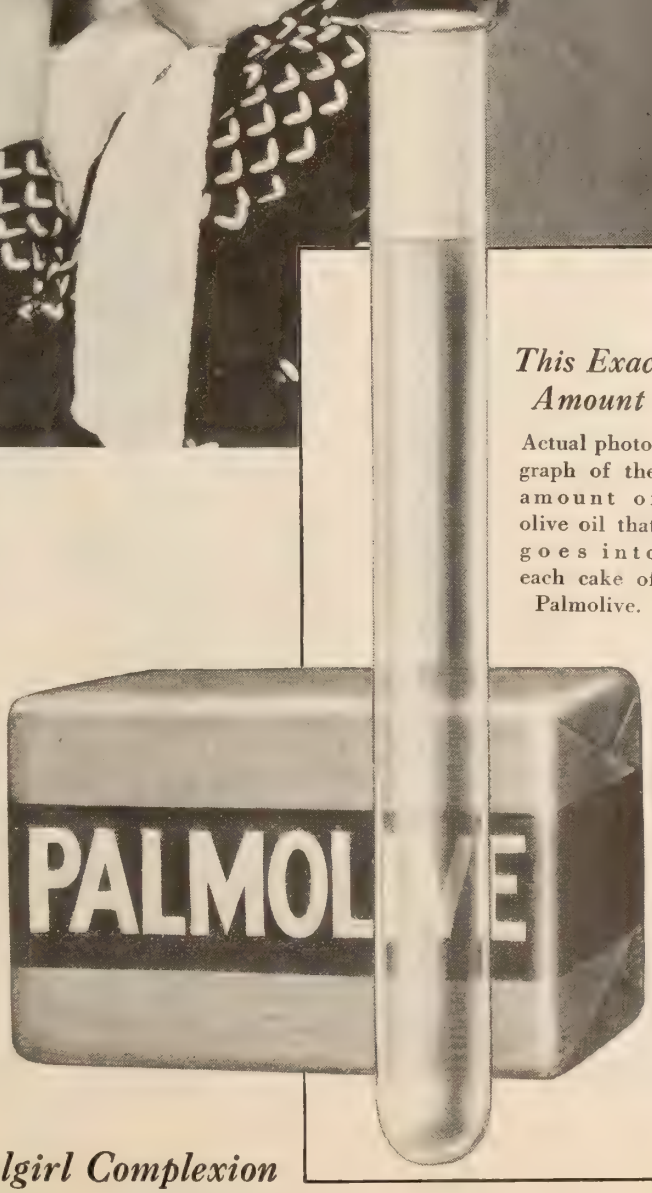


"I'D RATHER have you than be a movie star. Daddy calls us Palmolive pals and says we'll never be wallflowers as long as we continue to keep clean and sweet with Palmolive. He says that explains his beautiful family.

Just between you and me, Jimmy — mumsy still has her schoolgirl complexion★ and gets a great kick out of living. Too bad more women don't know the truth. I've used Palmolive since I was big as you and I know all that olive oil in each cake is good for little boys and big girls and big boys and little girls. At any rate— this family will take no chances experimenting."

* * *

★and now since the price of keeping that schoolgirl complexion has been reduced by just about one-half—you and millions of women and the whole family can use this famous cosmetic soap freely for face, hands, bath and shampoo.



This Exact Amount

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Now it costs less to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

HOLLYWOOD is having a little giggle at the slight misunderstanding over the marital status of Lilian Harvey and Willy Fritsch.

When Fox's new European importation was nearing Hollywood, news stories emanating from the publicity department referred to the couple as "Lilian Harvey and her husband, Willy Fritsch."

But, when Lilian arrived she quickly denied she and Fritsch were married and said the misunderstanding must have arisen in the translation of the German to English.

But the one who seems to be most amused is Maurice Chevalier. English, French and German are all one to him.

AND it wasn't only Gloria who found herself so broke in Paris that she couldn't even buy a steamship ticket home. La Swanson wired for funds and found that Uncle Sam was saying "No, no" on money to be shipped abroad.

WELL, it won't be long now, boys and girls, before America's huge heart throb will be back among us again, for Greta has asked for that passport back to America. The first card was sent to Greta's cameraman at Christmas time and now it's Adrian, her dress designer, who goes about waving the message that says, so typically Garboish, merely the words, "How are you?" Signed, as usual, "G. G."

BILL POWELL separated from Warner Bros. in the friendliest manner. He will probably go back to make certain pictures. But they just couldn't get together on a contract-salary.

Bill says he's going on the stage. Which has been proved, after all, the quickest way for stars who give up contracts to *cash in*.

Which reminds us—not a rumor of trouble in this family for months. Carole Lombard and Bill seem to have settled down, after that first "hardest" year into tranquil domesticity.

And we never wrote that kind of line that the ones-written-about didn't start divorce proceedings, before we could get on the stands!

CHARLIE MACARTHUR walked the deck. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg hung anxiously over the railing. It was five-thirty in the morning. The ship would sail in thirty moments. Would Helen Hayes make it?

A siren. A series of autos. They were winding up the cable—She made it.

And the newspapers wanted to know why in H— their cameramen didn't get Helen Hayes in their pictures. There was Norma in smart travelling dress; Irving Thalberg and Charlie MacArthur—but no Helen (she had been making *another* ending for "The White Sister").

Do you think Helen would be photographed in a nun's costume she'd had on for two days? —In make-up. With Norma in the latest travelling ensemble? If you do, you don't know women!



Wide World

"Goodbye, Broadway, hello, Doug!" That's the spirit, anyway, of our Mary as she waves old Gotham adieu before sailing to join the family's more strenuous half on the sunny Riviera



Phooey for you, Dietrich! What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, say Wheeler and Woolsey—so they let Wally Beery take them to lunch at the Brown Derby in this garb. Carol Ann Beery, too—in *her* pants

A FRIEND ran into Jack Oakie the other day in Barker Bros. Furniture Store.

"Setting up housekeeping, Jack?" asked the friend.

"Nope," said Oakie, "but our cook's getting married, and I'm buying her a present. A day-bed."

"Why a day-bed?"

"She's marrying the night-watchman."

HARD times have come a-knockin' at the door of Ethel Barrymore, sister of John and Lionel. She asked the court to let her spend some of her son's $2,700 yearly income, accrued from a $50,000 trust fund left him by his grandfather, Samuel Colt, an arms manufacturer—because stage jobs are so scarce.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

KAY FRANCIS

is smart to the very soles of her shoes

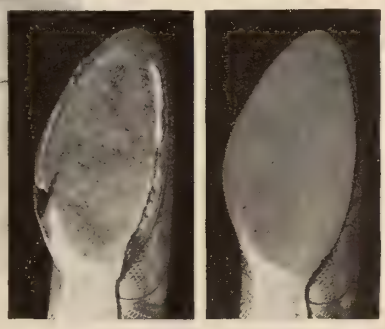


Kay Francis appearing in Warner Bros. production "THE KEYHOLE"

. . let us tell you why

Screen stars have to be careful of detail — the camera catches every little flaw. And ragged, "peely" soles are so noticeably ugly! You know, they have happened to your shoes. But they never need happen again if you remember that the soles of Compo shoes never peel. They just cannot, for the uppers and soles are bonded together as a single unit. Always, Compo shoes present a clean, crisp sole-line. They have lightness, and flexibility that can come only from this new technique of shoemaking. And Compo shoes give greater comfort, because of the absence of ridges and seams.

Don't tolerate "peely" soles. The way to avoid them is to insist on Compo shoes — as made by over a hundred prominent manufacturers of the most fashionable footwear.



A Shoe With *"peely" sole*

Compo Shoe *SMOOTH SOLE*

Millions of pairs of Compo shoes will be sold this year in the most reliable stores — and at prices which place this important item of correct grooming within the reach of all. Compo Shoe Machinery Corporation, Boston, Mass.

COMPO TRADE MARK

A name which stands for a new and improved shoe as made by over 100 leading manufacturers

YOUR GUARANTEE AGAINST "PEELY" SOLES

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]



Bert Longworth

Hey, hey, Doug, slow down! Eleanor Holm isn't wearing trousers, remember! And while we're in a flaw-picking mood, why, oh fair maid, wear galoshes where the sun always shines? And she a champion swimmer at that!

POOR Irish Jimmy Cagney. How it must rile the spirit of his red-headed personality to be a good boy. His agents handle all his money. They make Jimmy an allowance and he can't get any more after he spends it until next payment is due.

And his wife handles his business—appointments—sees that he gets to the studio on time, etc.

He gets a bonus if he's good—but there are moments in every day when he tells that bonus where it can go.

LITTLE Mae Clarke spent six months in a sanitarium fighting to overcome a complete nervous collapse.

She won—a tough battle.

She was signed by Metro and played a bad part in a bad picture (Jack Gilbert's "Fast Workers") so well that she was cast for the lead with Robert Montgomery in "Made On Broadway" hailed as a superb production. She had been working a week. One night she went to a party with Phillips Holmes.

The next morning, she awoke in a Hollywood hospital, jaw broken, teeth misplaced, etc.

The picture couldn't wait—and that picture would, undoubtedly, have meant stardom! What a terrible break!

PERHAPS after all we won't lose the screen charm of Ramon Novarro as was threatened when Ramon decided to turn director. Novarro is signing again with M-G-M as a star, he said, because they dangled three pet stories before his eyes just before he left for a vacation in Europe with his brother, Edouardo.

"THAT new guy, Lyle Talbot, looks more like an actor *is supposed to look* than any man I ever knew," whispered a woman who had been studying him at a nearby table in a restaurant.

"Sure. His real name is Hollywood. How could he look any different after that?"

THEY'LL remember him always in Hollywood for his big boy jollity—this Walter Hiers who passed on the other day. Remember him in "A Private Scandal," "Dancers in the Dark" and other pictures?

Recently he had been appearing in vaudeville and his clowning always brought a laugh. Goodbye, Walt, your friends will miss you!

AND another flicker friend has gone the same long trail — Spottiswoode Aitken, English character actor beloved by many. The actor's son, Frank Aitken, an aviator, paid a last tribute to a trouper dad by flying over the grave in Hollywood and dropping fresh-cut roses.

IF you've never really been legally married, how can you get a divorce? That's what's worrying little Boots Mallory who questions the validity of her marriage to Charles B. Bennett whom she married in New York in 1928 when she was a minor. Bennett questioned validity of Boots' divorce begun in Mexico so Boots retaliated with her own little question, and now the fight is on.

ALL Hollywood regretted the tragic death of Daisy Moreno as she was known to a host of friends. Because of her recent separation from Antonio, she was being driven home from a dinner party by the nephew of her husband's sponsor, Rene Dussaq.

The youth attempted to adjust his lights in a heavy mountain fog and the car plunged off the cliff.

AND there's that remark of Henry Garat's, the new French actor, that had all Hollywood rolling. A bit confused in his English, Henry explained to a reporter, "You see, my wife, she looks like a lady, but she's only twenty-two."



Stuffy restaurant food? Not for Bill Powell! He believes in the virtues of the lunch basket. Wonder if Carole Lombard packs it for him every day?

MARILYN MILLER picked up her newspaper in New York to learn that Don Alvarado, to whom she thought she was engaged, was sweethearting little Alice White out in Hollywood.

Within an hour Alvarado had the wires sizzling with denials of the romance and he and Marilyn—they both claim now—are formally engaged and will marry as soon as Marilyn reaches Hollywood.

THERE was a landslide on the mountainous hill which backs Marion Davies' home. Every furnishing in the house was covered with dust in the twinkling of an eye.

Marion rushed out and personally helped to bring those who had fallen with the slide into her home.

One of the slightly-injured opened his eyes, looked around eagerly.

"Gee, I always wondered what this place looked like inside," he sighed happily.

ANN HARDING'S book on Hollywood is nearly ready for publication.

And they say there's little she doesn't expose about this town that has brought her so much unhappiness. We hope she doesn't forget that it gave her fame—at the same moment.

CONNIE BENNETT was seasick just three days on her month-long crossing of the ocean from Los Angeles to Paris.

And the half of Hollywood which professes to violently dislike her—said "too bad."

And the half which professes to adore her, said "too bad," too.

Proving how the same expression can have directly opposite meanings!

IT took Mary Astor's servants to make more history.

On the second day after the banks took a holiday in California, they walked out because she wouldn't raise their pay!

And on *that* day Mary decided to give up her huge home and move into an apartment that furnishes "maid service."

THE latest conflagration on the Paramount lot is Jack Oakie and —guess who? Peggy Hopkins Joyce!

AND Miriam Jordan, that well known newcomer at Fox, refuses to go out with any man in Hollywood because she is engaged to someone in the East.

She's started something new in Hollywood—a tough job usually.

REMEMBER the days when Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were preparing the world for their eventual marriage?

First they were engaged and then they weren't; then a date was rumored set and then it wasn't.

In those days it could not be foreseen how the public would take the marriage of a popular single girl—or the marriage of a beginning-to-be popular single boy. Movie-goers liked their idols single.

Are these clever young people training the public to become accustomed to the idea of their divorce as they trained them to get used to their marriage? The one worked; why shouldn't the other?

Only—is it really necessary to train the public today? Of course, there is the publicity angle. Their names will be in the headlines as long as there is doubt one way or another.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



How to keep WASH GLOVES supple as when they were skins

Is the stamp "washable" in chamois, doe- or pig-skin gloves just another ha-ha to you? Don't blame the gloves. They are as sensitive as your own skin to the least bit of harshness in soap.

Wash your gloves with soap you *know* is PURE—IVORY SNOW, the quick-sudsing form of pure, gentle Ivory Soap.

And Ivory Snow *really* dissolves in LUKEWARM water! It is made in a new way—not cut into flat flakes, but *blown* into quick-dissolving, sudsy *round* bits.

Six Rules for Success in Washing Gloves

1. Use IVORY SNOW and just barely LUKEWARM water. Hot water is fatal to gloves. Ivory Snow melts instantly in water that is safely cool.

2. Wash gloves INSIDE as well as OUTSIDE. A soft nail-brush helps to get finger-ends clean.

3. Rinse thoroughly *inside and out* in barely LUKEWARM water. No flat particles in Ivory Snow to cling flat to the leather and make rinsing difficult—*no soap spots!*

4. DON'T SQUEEZE or wring gloves. Lay them flat between folds of a Turkish towel and *pat* loose water out.

5. DON'T hang wash-leather gloves to dry on a hot radiator or over heat of any kind.

6. Soften by working onto your hands just BEFORE they are dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

Sylvia Tells What Saved Norma Shearer's Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

On the set, for instance, a lot of stars had music to cheer them up between scenes. Norma had none. I asked her why.

"Because," she said, "I'm just Mrs. Irving Thalberg." And she was too proud to ask Irving to let her have music.

When they're at their beach place Norma and Irving romp on the sands like a couple of boys. Norma stands on her head and does all sorts of tricks, but when they come into the house they are both quite formal. They treat each other with great courtesy, but it is all very formal courtesy. But they never interfere with each other's jobs or lives and Norma resents it like the very devil when people—old friends—expect her to use her influence with Irving for them at the studio. That's when Norma gets mad!

IRVING'S father and mother used to live with them; but since the baby came, they live with Irving's sister, Sylvia, and her husband. And now I want to tell you about Norma as a mother.

Norma won't give out any publicity about the baby, so very few people know how she treats it. And here's something else:

Although she relies on other people who know more about bringing up a child than she does and she has never interfered with the care of the baby, she supervises its daily routine. So you women who complain you can't find time to reduce, remember that Norma did while she was managing a job, a home and a baby.

She had a trained nurse for the baby when it was small, and every day the little fellow took his sun treatment. His day is all mapped out and runs as smoothly as everything with which Norma is connected.

Norma doesn't talk baby talk to the child. When he was tiny she would come into the house, lean over his crib and say exactly as if she were talking to a friend, "Well, darling, how are you?" She is very proud of him, but she doesn't make much of a fuss over him. And when you ask her about him she says, "He's a cute trick."

It's amazing to see how Norma will take suggestions—if she thinks they're good—from anybody. One day I happened to be in her dressing-room waiting for her, and I picked up a copy of "Ex-Wife" and began reading it. When Norma came in I said, "Baby, I've found your next picture." I showed her the book.

"I don't like 'Ex-Wife,'" she said, but I could see that she was thinking about the picture possibilities in it; and sure enough "The Divorcee," based on that book, was her next picture.

NORMA is too intelligent ever to be in danger. She is very reserved, and underneath her friendliness there is restraint. She analyzes everything. Is extremely ambitious and not very tolerant of people who aren't.

And here's something I'll make a bet about. Norma will never let her emotions run away with her. She was one of the smartest patients I ever had and hasn't it been worthwhile? Isn't her figure beautiful now? Come on, you girls, who complain that you can't reduce. Follow my instructions and just see how lovely you become!

Answers by Sylvia

MY, how the troubles come in—but don't think I mind. If you knew what joy it is to be able to tell all these worried girls how they can set everything right just by working at home, you'll know why Aunt Sylvia says, the more the better. If you have a problem, I'll be glad to help if you'll just write, addressing your letter to Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. For a direct answer, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope; otherwise watch these columns. No obligations whatever, of course—I'm only too glad to help.

SYLVIA

REMODELING FIGURE AND FACE

Dear Sylvia:

I sit all day and consequently have become very large in the back. How can I lose there? Also how can I reduce my stomach? As I am small (five feet one inch) and not fat, the bulge in the back and in the front is rather incongruous.

F. F. J., Atlantic City, N. J.

Here's the most wonderful exercise for you girls who sit all day. At night (or morning) sit on the floor with your legs stretched out in front but not touching the floor. Then hitch yourself across the room in the sitting position, using your hands to help you along as little as possible. Get the idea? It's just walking in a sitting position. You can honestly feel the fat cells being smashed off. You can do the same thing to take off your stomach, but this time lie on the floor face down and with arms above head roll from side to side and hitch yourself along on your stomach. Put the entire weight of your body on your stomach. Those are two great exercises and just what you need. Now, go to it!

Dear Sylvia:

I am about five feet five tall, weigh about 110—but I think my hips are too large—around 36. What exercise is good?

C. R. H., Boston, Mass.

Here's a hip exercise. Get down on the floor on your hands and knees. Stretch one leg back with the toe pointed straight back. Then drag that foot forward on the toe. This will make the hips rise in the air. Then put your weight on the foot you have drawn forward. Repeat with the other foot. You see? You are really walking on your hands and feet. Go back and forth across the floor several times, but keep that back toe pointed and feel the muscles of the hips drawing tight. Unless you can feel that, the exercise won't do you any good.

Dear Sylvia:

My nose is large and wide. It spoils the looks of my face. What shall I do to make it smaller?

E. B., Chicago, Ill.

That's easy, honestly it is. You can take off flesh from the nose exactly as you can off other parts of the body. I've done just that to many of the stars. Here's what you do: For a half hour a day, with the middle finger of each hand, begin at the tip of the nose and rub hard along the sides. Put some cold cream on your fingers. Then right at the base of the nose, massage in a rotary movement with your fingers. Dig into the flesh you want removed. The idea is to rub your nose on the spots that need taking off. Think of it as so much sculptor's clay. You're the sculptor and you can model that nose!

REGAINING PEP

Dear Sylvia:

I am only twenty-five, married and have two sons; but I seem to have lost all my pep. My face is drawn looking. Tell me what to do to look attractive again.

Mrs. N. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Pep is as much a matter of mind as of body. Get hold of yourself. Walk with your shoulders thrown back, your head up. Take brisk sure steps. Take a cool shower every morning and rub your body hard with a Turkish towel, rubbing extra hard up and down your spine. Then turn the radio on to a peppy tune and dance around the floor. I mean it—just dance around by yourself. Do a little two-step with your arms about your head.

Spring on every step and move your body from side to side. Feel all the muscles come into play. Get your circulation stirring. Stir up your lazy body. Don't eat fried foods or heavy pastries or highly seasoned foods. Drink plenty of tomato juice and eat lots of raw tomatoes (that's marvelous for the complexion). Drink orange juice in the morning and grapefruit juice at night. Only sleep about seven or eight hours. Start the day with fifteen minutes of brisk exercise. Smile.

Yes, I mean it. Your face won't look so drawn if you smile a lot. Take an interest in everyone you meet. Look at yourself in the mirror every day and tell yourself that you feel great.

REDUCING

Dear Miss Sylvia:

Would you give me a diet on which I could take off four or five pounds a week?

M. L. K., Logansport, Ind.

My general reducing routine will take off fifteen pounds a month. But if there is some vital reason why you should have those pounds off on a weekly basis, I'll tell you what you should do. For three days take nothing but liquids—a glass every two hours. You can have your choice of liquids—tomato juice, grapefruit juice and orange juice—but arrange it so that the orange juice is taken in the afternoon and the grapefruit juice just before you retire. Take a glass of all three liquids during those days. You can use your own choice about how to scatter them along. For three days eat normally, avoiding fattening foods, of course. Do this—three days liquid and three days solid, until you're the weight you want. This is a pretty drastic method and should only be done if there is a vital reason for easing weight quickly.

JUMPY NERVES

Dear Sylvia:

I am a victim of nerves. Should I follow the advice to Constance Bennett given in your article in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY? I suffer with indigestion on account of nerves. I have constant fears that I shall develop a disease and while I tell myself I'm foolish to dwell on these thoughts, I still do.

Mrs. H. M. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y.

By all means follow the Constance Bennett routine. I told you that she was very nervous when I first took her. But here are some variations for your special case. Instead of eating three meals a day—eat five meals. This will mean that each meal will be less than the ordinary. Take the same amount of food that you normally would, but scatter it out into five meals. Eat lots of fresh vegetables boiled low in water and with the butter put on cold after the vegetables are off the fire.

Don't eat much meat. Drink plenty of tomato juice and fruit juices. Don't eat rich pastries and pies. Eat simple foods. Drink a glass of grapefruit juice just before going to bed at night. I promise you—here's my hand on it—that if you follow the Connie Bennett routine with these additions you will be in very good health.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Did the movie stars who now have such beautiful figures always have small busts even though they were once stout? I am rather plump, but built proportionately. I am now following your diet and would like to know if I can reduce my bust very much.

E. H., Staten Island, N. Y.

Plenty of movie stars were big chested. I have a special diet for reducing the bust, but if you're built proportionately—your bust not being too large for the rest of your body—you don't need it. Just keep right on with your diet and exercises and you'll lose weight all over. You're lucky that you are in good proportion.



Irving Lippman

They do say it was Maurice Chevalier, seated across the restaurant, who held Miss Ames' gaze fixed so raptly, as she munches and meditates in the studio restaurant. But it's okay; Adrienne has just finished working with Maurice in "A Bedtime Story"

"That's One for the Book"



What a day it was when they made the snapshots! Now they are living it over again—with the pictures.

Don't let this summer's memorable days escape without snapshots. Snapshots of the new kind, made with Kodak VERICHROME Film. This film makes a great difference. You needn't wait for bright days. Sun or shade, just snap what you want. You'll get pictures noticeably finer than any you've made before. *Natural* pictures—nobody has to pose or squint at the sun. Try a roll of Verichrome—you'll be surprised how much you've improved. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

● Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM



Now She Attracts

. . . without

Attracting Attention!

WOMEN welcomed her. Men were polite . . . but among themselves, they talked about her as "the girl with those painted lips!"...Finally, by chance, she tried a new kind of lipstick that made her lips beautiful with natural color . . . yet never conspicuous with a painted look!

A lipstick that's different

Probably you'll say you don't have a painted look. Yet any ordinary lipstick coats the lips with paint. So switch to Tangee. For Tangee brings out the natural color of your lips . . . yet never paints them!

Tangee *isn't* paint. It's different. In the stick, it's orange. On your lips, it is the natural shade of blush rose perfect for your complexion! See special offer below.

Use Tangee for alluring lips . . . glowing with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters.



New Refillable Rouge Compact

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly.* It blends beautifully . . . heightens natural coloring . . . never makes cheeks look painted. Comes in refillable compact. Buy Tangee Rouge Refill at a saving! Fits compact perfectly.

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **SPECIAL 10c OFFER!**

The George W. Luft Co., Inc. P-5
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick** and **Rouge.** Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Sellers of Romance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

got everything he wants. Beautiful women. Automobiles. Fame. Why, he can even marry a star!"

Bob wanted to marry. He wanted a home and children. Being studious by nature, he kept his eyes and ears wide open as he was rushed into the sacred precincts of Hollywood. He gave a great deal of thought and attention to actresses.

In the course of a few months he was seen constantly with half a dozen of the young players. He was rumored engaged to Virginia Bruce, fresh from Eastern stage successes, and was attentive to Florine McKinney. Miss Bruce later married John Gilbert.

FINALLY, becoming lonesome, he made a date with Betty, his high school sweetheart, over the telephone. Betty, as has been said, has no motion picture aspirations, is completely outside the pale of motion pictures, and considers the keeping of a home for Bob the best career in the world.

"Bob and I have had a frank talk about love, about Hollywood women and Hollywood society. His conclusions are bound to shatter the illusions of those who look upon Hollywood from afar as a garden of romance, bound to disappoint those who thought of him as walking through a glamorous paradise.

"Imagine marrying an actress—having her arrive at home an hour late because something went wrong at the studio—imagine taking her in your arms and have her whisper, tenderly—

" 'What do you think, Bob? My picture grossed $14,000 this week at Indianapolis!'

"That's romance in a big way, all right. And supposing you're a big shot, and you marry. Your wife clicks better than you do. You stay at home. Before you know it, you're not Bob Young any more. You're Mr. Lucretia Lovejoy, or whatever her name happens to be. Not for mine.

"Hollywood women are always tired out. They sell love and romance for so much a yard at the studios all day. They look mighty glamorous to theater audiences. Men think—'Gee, if a woman who could love like that would only fall for me!' Well, they're all wrong. They'd find the woman in question emotionally exhausted from being forced through love scenes."

WHILE working in "Today We Live," Bob had an experience he won't forget. He met a young actor who, in turn, proudly introduced him to his beautiful wife. The actor displayed her "as if she were a prize winning dog in a show."

"After she left," Bob said, "he and I talked about marriage. I said I thought she was very beautiful, and that tickled his vanity. He told me she worked in pictures. I asked him if he didn't mind that. He said he didn't—in fact, he went further, telling me that he and his wife had an arrangement under which neither ever 'bothered' the other. It seemed that she met a lot of men in the course of her work, and she was welcome to do as she wished, any time, without explaining to her husband. He, in turn, came and went as he desired with any of the women of his acquaintance.

" 'We're modern,' he told me, 'and we have a modern marriage. Neither of us wants a home—neither of us likes children.'

"I told him that I was pretty modern myself—but that I never could consider such an arrangement. I said that it seemed to me to be the outgrowth of two breadwinners in the same family.

"He admitted that it was, and assured me that the marriage would not last more than a year."

This shocked Bob. Bob not only loves a home—he has always had one—but he wants children. He looks upon marriage as a sacred and beautiful thing. An intimate thing, shared by just two people, away from the world and the publicity spotlight. The idea of looking on a marriage as lasting only a year or two is horrible to him. Bob says love is not something you can tear off a calendar and throw away.

Bob was born in Chicago in 1907. His father, Thomas E. Young, was a contractor. It was a large family, and Bob got a feeling of substance and permanency, lacking in modern homes.

The family moved to Seattle and then to Los Angeles when Bob was ten. At Lincoln High School, he met Betty Henderson, three years younger than he was.

"We had an understanding," Bob says.

The youngsters found they had a great deal in common. Bob has a hard time explaining it. He says:

"We liked to do the same things. We thought the same way about a lot of things. We were good company."

The understanding didn't mature into an engagement. Bob was graduated, worked night and day. He clerked in building and loan associations, worked in banks, was a motion picture property man, so that he might appear with the Pasadena Community Players. Betty went to the University of Southern California.

"We sort of lost track of each other," he explains.

"AFTER four years at the Community Playhouse, I went on the road with the Moroni Olsen Players. I tried again and again to get into pictures. Finally, an agent took an interest in me and I was signed by Metro. I was a boy with a dream come true. I'd been an errand boy, saving my money to go to picture shows. I'd stood in line with the thousands at premières to get just a glimpse of stars. And, abruptly, I was a motion picture actor—a male Cinderella.

"I was thrown into the heart of the motion picture colony. It was like being a millionaire for a day. How I managed to keep both feet on the ground, I don't know. But I did.

"I went every place, saw everybody. There were parties and more parties. I met stars, talked with them.

"Then, as the months passed, I began to see the glamour peel away and get underneath Hollywood life. I saw the women, trading in sex—getting so much money for so many emotions per reel. I saw young women who were so wrapped up in their work that they could think of nothing save success. They were cold. Their emotions were spent. What was more, I saw married couples who both had careers. I saw the terrific difficulties under which they stayed together.

"And, later, I saw many part as the result of their problems.

"I got to thinking how much more real my attachment for Betty had been than anything I had seen in Hollywood. One night I made a date with her. Here was real companionship, sincere devotion."

IT was not until recently that he felt he had enough of a margin above expenses to be able to provide for a wife.

"I've thought it over carefully," he says. "At first, I was afraid to think of marriage. Supposing I was only a flash in the pan and couldn't make good? Then, any woman brave enough to have married me would have been left holding the bag."

But now, after two years and eleven pictures—"The Black Camel," "The Guilty Generation," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "The Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old," "Unashamed," "Strange Interlude," "Hell Below," "Men Must Fight,"

"The Kid From Spain" and "Today We Live"—he has had enough confidence to take the step.

Betty was graduated from the University of Southern California last June, with honors. Almost immediately thereafter she found a position.

"None of that," said Bob. "We're going to get married too soon to be bothered. I'm laying down the law right now, young lady. There'll be just one fellow in this family going after the ham and eggs, and that'll be Robert George Young."

Bob says he'd feel the same way about marriage if he was a bank clerk—banking almost was his career, you know—or working in a shoe store.

"YOU can't have a divided pay-roll and still have a central interest, no matter what work you do," he asserts. "If I were making less money than I am, I'd not compromise and get married, even with the understanding that my wife could quit 'after a while' when the installments on the furniture were met.

"I'd stay single until I could support my wife properly."

As Betty agrees with these ideas, it looks as if Hollywood is about to have another non-professional marriage which will be a success. Statistics show that actors who marry non-professional wives have five times a greater chance at happiness than those who marry actresses.



Acme

Well, now, Tom, life's treating you easily, if you can look so hearty and so happy, as you take your ease at Miami. And vacation can't dim the Meighan fire, would you say, girls?



Caution: To save lovely teeth—fight film

FILM . . . what is it? A soft, sticky mass that stains teeth an ugly yellow. Food particles cling to it. The mineral salts in saliva combine with film and form hard, irritating tartar that makes gums bleed.

Film's greatest damage is done through tooth decay. In film are tiny, rod-shaped germs . . . *Lactobacilli.* These germs produce strong acid. This acid eats away the tooth enamel just as other acids eat into cloth or wood. Deeper and deeper goes the acid until the nerve is reached . . . the root canal infected . . . and unless repaired, results may well prove tragic.

"What can I do to fight decay?"

To fight film use Pepsodent *instead* of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because Pepsodent contains a special film-removing substance that is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film-stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

And so, when tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. **Use Pepsodent twice a day and see your dentist at least twice every year.**

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

FROCKS *and* FRIENDS

•

Perspiration can Cost You Both



Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO REGULAR
for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.

INSTANT ODORONO
is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Clara's European Diary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

even movie actors, can stick together. Wow! . . . we're going to have a hen party this afternoon. Four of us. Going riding through the mountains in the nuttiest little sled that looks like a baby cradle. Rosie, Vilma, Mrs. Eddie Goulding (she came up the other day) and me. Rex begged to come along too—but I wouldn't let him. I think sometimes a wife and husband should be apart. At least for a few hours a day. Then they don't run so much chance of getting on each other's nerves. Which Rex and I have never done so far yet. (Knock on wood.)

Jan. 28th. If you're looking for celebrities, just come to St. Moritz. They're lumped together here like pieces of molasses candy. All sorts. Princes and dukes and counts and marquises (is that the way to spell it?) and barons. Common as extras in Hollywood. Manufacturers, and retired millionaires—if there are such people left in the world.

A terribly sweet boy who's head of an important company in America is here, and he's been with us practically every day. Is going down to the South of France with us, too. Expects to sail on the *Rex* from Italy with us when we return to America. There are lots of actors and movie people and explorers and mountain climbers and champion sportsmen here, too.

And some famous aviators . . .

Jan. 30th. A terrible thing happened yesterday. There's an English aviator here—I forget his name, but he's terribly well-known. The other day he asked Rex and me to take a short flight over the Alps with him and his pal, another Englishman. I've been leery of planes ever since I was in a smash-up flying back to Los Angeles from Mexico with Harry Richman. My face was all cut up, and I felt dreadful and looked worse. So I wouldn't allow Rex to go either. I'm superstitious about flying now. So the Englishman didn't go either, but stayed and went tobogganing with us. His friend went by himself, and was killed. Nobody can say I haven't got hunches. Besides, I believe in the law of gravity.

What I always say is: What goes up must come down.

Jan. 31st. Last night was loads of fun. We had an auction sale for the benefit of the bob run. And they auctioned off a picture of myself. Prince de Bourbon—he comes from a very old famous French family, I think it has something to do with Napoleon; maybe he was against Napoleon, I've forgotten—.

Anyway, he's a charming man, and he kept on making them raise the bid for that picture of me. I was surprised when it kept getting higher and higher. Princes and counts and dukes were bidding against one another for *my* picture. Made me feel kind of important. It sold finally to Count Rossi, an awfully nice gentleman, for five hundred bucks . . . Golly, was I the hit of the evening after that! We danced and played roulette till all hours.

Believe me, this is the life. Outdoors all day, with the wind and the sun making your blood tingle in your veins. Developing a gosh-awful appetite, exercising till you're ready to drop. Skating, skiing, tobogganing, sleighing. Then good talks in front of the blazing log fire. It feels so good to relax that way, after you've been out all day in the air. Then a dinner that would knock your eye out, it's so good.

And in the evening—dancing and bridge and roulette and all the kind of gambling games they make so much fuss over in Monte Carlo. I wish I didn't have to leave. . . . And the one thing I love about it here and about all of Europe I've seen so far is the *freedom*. Nobody asking any questions. Everybody minding his own business.

They don't give a darn what you do over here. That's the only way to live.

Feb. 2nd. There's an awfully nice man here called Count Vallombrosa, who joins us for roulette quite often. He was in Paris also when we were there—and when he left he gave Rex and me a letter to his friend, the Count de Polignac, who lives in Paris part of the time. The rest of the time this Count and his Marquis brother (I can't keep these darn titles straight) live in Reims. They have a castle there. They own the largest champagne cellars in the world. They make Pomeroy Greno champagne. They say that's the most famous brand in the world. Only we didn't get much of that in America, even before Prohibition. Maybe it was too expensive. All I can remember is Mumm's.

Anyway, we met the Count. Because I wanted to visit Reims and the battlefields. I wanted to find out what the war was like, and I wanted to see that famous cathedral the Germans bombed.

So we visited Reims and tested some of the swellest champagne I ever hope to get in my young life.

And the warfields were just like they'd been left on Armistice day. I think the war must have been worse than we thought. If I have time later I'm going to write it up in this diary. Because I think seeing those things made a deeper impression on me than anything else I saw or did in Europe. I hope I can write it up the way I saw it.

Feb. 3rd. My skiing has improved like nobody's business. The teacher says if I could take a lesson from him every day for the next month, he'd make me like a professional. I could even enter the Olympics for women. He says even though I haven't done much athletics—only riding and swimming—I've got the build for it. And he says I've got remarkable courage for a woman. And lots of energy, more than most other women. I don't see anything very wonderful about that. I'm just not afraid of many things, except aeroplanes, and talking before an audience. I guess I've been around animals so much, I've lost my fear. Animals don't have half the physical fear humans have.

We could learn a lot from them.

There's a great old St. Bernard up here. He follows me everywhere. I'll say I'm going to be lonely for him! I would have taken him back with me, but it's hard to get imported dogs through the American immigration. Sukie, the kangaroo, wants to come along with me, too. But maybe she and Pinkie (Clara's pet white rat) wouldn't get along so well together. And I don't think she'd like the monkeys or the dogs at the ranch. So Sukie stays in St. Moritz.

Feb. 4th. Gee, I hate to leave. But Mr. Bavetta, the French representative for Fox studios who managed my itinerary in France and Switzerland after Sam Rork returned to America, has been wiring us frantically from Paris to say if we want to spend a little time in the South of France before sailing for New York, we've got to leave St. Moritz now. I'm anxious to see the Riviera. Want to find out if it really beats Southern California for climate and scenery and good times. I don't see how that's possible, but I'm willing to be convinced.

We expect to stay in Monte Carlo as long as possible, and maybe have a day or two at Nice, Cannes and Juan les Pins (I always have to look up the spelling of these foreign places in our Baedecker). Lilian Harvey and Maurice Chevalier both have villas down there. We hope we'll have a chance to see them—the houses I mean. Because both Lilian (she was

in our New Year's Eve party in Berlin) and Maurice are in Hollywood now.

I don't see how the Riviera could beat St. Moritz. Nothing could for me. And everybody's been so grand here. They're all begging us to stay. But we're leaving tomorrow probably, after the most marvelous two weeks I've ever spent in my life. . . . So here goes for some packing. . . . So long, St. Moritz! I'll be seeing you again!

Next month Clara will tell you of her experiences in the gay city of Paris and on the battlefields of Flanders

A Millionaire in Search of Happiness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

You have never seen that tramp achieve his heart's desire in any of his pictures.

That's because the millionaire has never achieved his heart's desire in real life.

To have the tramp do so in the picture would be to reach an anti-climax on the screen. To satisfy the lone figure in life would be to quench the fire of genius from which the brilliancy of creativeness constantly gleams.

SO he remains the contradictory comic who solaces the loneliness in his soul with rambling improvisations worthy of a Wagner or a Beethoven, and then invites Einstein to his home and clowns him into hysterics. He came from the common people, but he dines with the Prince of Wales and instinctively picks up the proper fork.

He wanders in and out of night clubs, sitting always at a table alone. He is a detached being, even in the mêlée of merriment at the Cocoanut Grove.

He is appalled at the suffering of others—he has great pity for those who have to withstand the ravages of poverty, disappointment, defeat. Yet within himself his sensitive, never-to-be-satisfied soul suffers more than any of those he pities.

He is a near-divinity who communes with the gods of art while he feasts with gastronomic delight on a dish of stewed tripe.

Many times this prince of inconsistencies, this most complex being of idiosyncrasies, has attempted to capture happiness in his grasp. Many women have loved him, and he has thought himself in love with many women.

But no woman who has loved him could offer the tenth part of what he had to give—not one of them could follow his moods, commune with his thoughts, share with him the mental world he occupied.

To him none of them could be companion. He found that he must walk alone in his own chosen paths even while he lived with them.

DISAPPOINTED once, he tried again. Disappointed again, he tried yet another time. Even in woman he sought something which he could not find. Yet he must keep on eternally trying, because he was lonely deep down inside of him. But there was no kindred soul that he could discover; always there was something lacking. The woman who could understand his whims would have had to be a clairvoyant, and she who could change her own mood to match his would have needed to be a genius, also.

And there were none such, it seemed.

He tries to formulate her now on the keyboard of that organ, from the tremolo strings of that violin. There is a place waiting for her in the mansion where he now lives alone—and it is really alone—with his five servants.

One woman was mirrored in all of his early films, and Hollywood, at least, believes that she was the only woman who brought him

AN AMAZING OFFER!



Did you get YOURS *yet?*

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

RESULTS are IMMEDIATE *with a* LINIT *Beauty Bath*

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

SCENTED



The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

This Offer Good in U. S. A. Only and Expires November 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. P-5, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $.....and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



Amazing Proof that **LAMPS** *marked* GE *can* **"TAKE IT"!**

THOUSANDS roar farewell—the 42nd Street Special, most sensational train in railroad history, pulls out of Los Angeles with its cargo of picture stars on a cross country trip of good-will. The train is ablaze with light—huge signs on both sides run its full length. In those signs are more than 3500 lamps—unprotected—*every one of them bearing the honorable mark* GE. Giant searchlights sweep the sky as this spectacular comet of the rails heads east for the mountains and beyond. The grind has begun. Many stops to make—which means *speed* to keep with the schedule, 60, even 70 and more miles an hour sometimes. The train lurches and jars—terrific strain—the lamps in the signs outside are taking a beating from the ripping winds and penetrating moisture; dust hammers against them—the temperature goes down . . . they're getting the bitterest test any lamps on earth could possibly get!

Yet in Chicago—after 3098 miles of mountains and deserts and plains and wind and cold—only eleven of them weren't burning! Of these, five had been taken as souvenirs by fans, three had been shattered by pebbles kicked up by the rush, *and only three had burned out!* Think of it—every one of the more than 3500 unprotected lamps suffered more torture than you'd give a lamp in your home in years.

This amazing story of *lamp quality* is of real dollars-and-cents significance to *you*. It means that lamps bearing the trustworthy monogram GE can *take it!* It means they won't die young, blacken too soon or otherwise disappoint you. And they don't squander current—they make electricity an even more economical servant. Edison MAZDA Lamps marked GE on the bulbs are the *right* lamps to use in *your* home if you want good light at low cost—all the light you pay for.

The Warner Brothers-General Electric 42nd Street Special may have visited your city. It arrived with the new Warner musical picture. 42nd STREET. It carried such well-known film people as Bette Davis, Tom Mix, Leo Carrillo, Eleanor Holm, Laura La Plante, Claire Dodd, Lyle Talbot, Preston Foster, Glenda Farrell, Harry Seymour, Doris McMahon, twelve lovely show girls and others. It was electrically equipped, carrying a Malibu Beach car with GE sunlamps to supply California sunshine day and night, and a new GE Electric Kitchen, with refrigerator, dish-washer and range, which supplied breakfasts for the stars en route.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

even a measure of happiness. And he is still grateful to her, even though other women succeeded her as his moods changed.

His pictures are largely a diary of his loves, written like milestones upon his road of life. Some of them have exploited him, some have brought him a brief taste of delight; in the end, all of them have failed him because they were not of the same caliber as he.

"He's a glutton for punishment," says Hollywood.

BUT Hollywood is wrong. The punishment is incidental, perhaps unavoidable, while the pilgrim pursues. And he is compelled to keep on pursuing by the desire within him. He is driven—driven to all those long, lonely walks, driven to his music, to his pictures, even, by the compelling urge to seek everlastingly with the hope that he shall find.

He is a Gulliver in a land of Lilliputians, an artistic oak in a forest of saplings. Therefore, with the multitudes around him, admiring and acclaiming him, he is alone.

WHEN he is making a film and comes to a temporary impasse, he asks all his staff to leave him, to stay away from him, until he shall have thought his way out by himself. They are powerless to help him, because he alone knows, he alone has the God-given instinct, to go on.

A great soul is a lonely soul. Others cannot commune with him.

It was a fitting gesture of fate to mask such a soul with the body of a buffoon.

His buffoonery has made him many times a millionaire. He gives happiness to all the world. But not all his millions can buy him happiness.

"I'd Do It Again," Says Clark

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

will come in every possible disguise. Jobs will be proffered in other lines, probably at big money; there will be love—and family interference. The last will probably come first, as it did in my case.

"But if you have yourself tied so tightly to your star that not even a passing comet can untie you—in the end, you *must* get what you want. The law of averages will take care of you.

"I wrote my father only once after I left. I had been earning *big* money; eight dollars a day." (I smiled at the emphasis Clark put upon the *big*. Eight dollars was still a magnificent sum to this man making thousands weekly. Which explains why Helen Hayes calls him 'completely unspoiled!')

"I wrote that letter from a lumber camp. I was overworking. My health broke. . . . There were doctor bills. I wired father for help. There was no answer!

"Today I can understand dad's attitude. It was his way of forcing me to come home to him; to make me see that what he wanted for his only son was for the best. I didn't see it then. I only became more bitter. And he became more disappointed.

"I thought my father cruel. As a matter of fact, he was actually kind. His stubbornness increased my stubbornness to stick to my dream of the stage. He tied me to my star more firmly than ever. In fact, I hated then. Youth is always so extravagant in its emotions.

"Now, I am grateful to him. Mature man seems capable of looking at both sides of a question whereas youth sees only one. The ego, so necessary to the boy, mellows to a more objective tolerance in the man.

"I EVEN hated my fellow workers in those days. When I did get theatrical engagements, other actors advised me to give up. They swore I couldn't make the grade. They said my father was right; advised me to return home to safety. They insisted I lacked every qualification for acting. My ego hated them; my stubbornness rebelled and in rebellion strengthened my determination.

"Today, I do not hate. I appreciate. I realize that I was serving my apprenticeship; going through my college education. Suppose a boy is studying law or medicine and his professor advises him to choose another profession. He says, 'You are not fitted for this. You will not succeed. Change before it is too late. That young man *changes* if he is weak; *persists*, if he is strong. And fights his unfitness until he overcomes it.

"Those other actors took the place of instructors. My father was the professor. All youth must go through college, whether in an institution or not.

"My father seemed to be proved right for many long years. I made no money; I got nowhere. I was just one more failure! Some boys are forced to remain in college longer than others.

"Then, out of the blue, came the 'lucky' break—the law of averages.

"When father accidentally saw my name in a review of 'Machinal' in a New York newspaper which somehow reached his hands, he wrote me in care of the Equity Association. It was a note of congratulations—with no return address.

"I could not find him. I tried to avoid talking about it in Hollywood until after I had located and talked with him. I didn't know how he felt, and I certainly didn't want him to hear from me through a discussion of our separation in the newspaper columns.

"FINALLY, I found him on a farm in North Dakota. He had not struck his well, but he had saved enough to return to the work from which he made his stalwart beginning.

"It took another year and numerous letters to get him to come down here. I had thought I would never talk about him for publication. I have refused again and again, but—."

The fact that Clark's father is now living in a small home not far from his son's big one, is only proof that the wilfulness and impulsiveness of youth turn to tolerance at maturity. That the obdurate protectiveness of parenthood can be converted into a deeper understanding of the needs of an offspring who is *different* from one's self, when maturity turns to kinder middle age.

The added fact that his father is a bridegroom (having recently married his brother's widow—Clark's aunt) demonstrates also that a father and son can agree that it is quite natural for a single man and woman in their sunset-years to give a personal meaning to what youth terms "love," and maturity terms "companionship."

Watching Mr. Gable, Sr., and the new mother-in-law dining each Sunday with Clark and Ria Gable—who could guess the gigantic struggle, the bitterness, the disappointment and sorrow which once separated father and son?

Clark relaxed, smiled. "My father thought I was not sincere. If I should ever give a really inspired performance on stage or screen, it will be because I have always been so sincere that my sincerity reflects in that performance.

"Dad thought *I* was taking the gamble. He thought the stage unstable. He couldn't realize that saving money to invest in a wildcat oil well is the biggest gamble in the world. It's too bad that only hardship can mellow people to understand the other fellow's viewpoint. But I guess talking doesn't help. We

all have to suffer through our college educations on our own.

"I don't suppose anyone can ever change human nature. I don't suppose this story can help. But if boys and girls would only decide what they want to be, and then *want to be that more than anything else in the world!* It doesn't matter how humble the choice. If you make up your mind to be the best shoemaker and work at that without once side-stepping, you're bound to feel you have accomplished something in life!"

"I'm Right, You're Wrong"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"He discovered that the aunt was an old beau in New York for one evening. She hadn't seen him for years. My friend saw that girl only once after that—to tell her what he thought!

"Do you know that this was years ago, but that girl still writes to him? He wastepaperbaskets her letters.

"I WATCHED another couple for two years. She was the boss. He did as she dictated and they were both miserable. She kept threatening divorce. One day he up and knocked her in the jaw. She hasn't peeped about the divorce since and they are actually happy."

It is a theory of our modern era that the so-called gangsters' molls are the most loyal sweethearts and wives. I had always suspected this might be partially due to fear. Jack scoffs at that idea. "Fear never bred anything fine, so it couldn't breed loyalty, which is one of our finest emotions. It's respect. A gangster won't stand nonsense from his woman. He bosses her and she loves it. She admires him if he beats her. A woman who gets what she deserves is always loyal to the man who gives it to her!

"But so few of us have the nerve to do that. And women have been so trained, especially in this country, to the ideas of gallantry, hat-tipping, rising-in-the-street car, that many of them won't admit they like a little brute force when they do get it. Their dignity or pride forces them to the divorce courts. They'd rather be miserable the rest of their lives than admit enjoyment of what civilization and education is supposed to have cured in them.

"But they don't have to admit anything when they thrill in the darkness of a motion picture house to vicarious man-handling. It doesn't injure their dignity or their pride, or their refinement. No one knows!

"When they handed me the script, I read it with just one question in my mind: 'Will I commit screen suicide if I play it?'

"When I finished, I thought: 'No, it isn't suicide, and it may give me a new break. This is the hardest guy ever pictured. He is so hard he can never be topped. The women won't approve, but they will go to see him.'"

WHILE George Raft said, "No woman would ever want to see me in any other rôle if I play it. They'd always remember me as *Trigger* and hate me for it!"

I am not taking sides—but I wonder if George Raft is not remembered more for *Rinaldo* in "Scarface," than for any other rôle he has played—and Gable for "Night Nurse," "A Free Soul" and "Possessed."

George and Clark showed the world their cold steel first—then admitted to tender moments. The same with Jimmy Cagney. The grapefruit he plunged into Mae Clarke's eye in "Public Enemy" made him famous.

Jack LaRue is willing to show cold steel as none of these has shown it. But, when he does it, he's betting on *women*. A dangerous habit. George Raft prefers *horses*.

Ends hosiery discomforts experienced by 9 out of 10 women

PHOENIX CUSTOM-FIT TOP



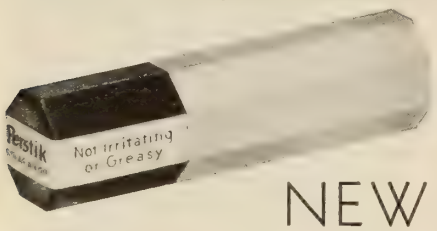
WHICH of these is your pet trouble? We'll wager you recognize one of them—at least in some degree! . . . . . Hosiery tops that gag the thighs. Loose baggy tops. Too long tops that "bunch" when folded over. Short tops that catch the knees. . . . . Most women just can't get a satisfactory fit with ordinary stocking tops. So—enter Phoenix with Custom-Fit Top (patent pending), the marvelous new stocking top that fits every leg! It stretches *both* ways; up and down for length, round and round for width. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs, too. New comfort—new beauty, with longer wear! Phoenix Hosiery is priced, the pair, from 75c to $1.95.

NEW!—*Phoenix Desert Tones*—the smartest hosiery colors for new Spring costumes. Featuring FIESTA—the all-occasion shade.

PHOENIX HOSIERY *with* CUSTOM-FIT TOP

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The Beauty Advisers to More than 10 Million Women, Recommend this



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Prevent Perspiration Odor this Easy, Economical Way.

No wonder Perstik, the new *"lipstick"* deodorant is the year's cosmetic sensation! It *completely* banishes under-arm odor, is applied as *swiftly* and neatly as a lipstick, and *cannot* irritate skin or injure fabrics.

A touch of Perstik to the armpits each morning gives effective and *lasting* protection. When you go out for an evening of theatre or dancing, slip Perstik in your purse —Perstik is *easy to use—anywhere—anytime.*

America's foremost beauty advisers unqualifiedly recommend Perstik. One says, *"effective and smart"*; another says, *"we welcome it with cheers"*. Other trusted advisers praise Perstik with equal enthusiasm, and Good Housekeeping has awarded Perstik its Seal of Approval.

Important

Insist on *genuine* Perstik in the octagonal white case with the black and silver cap. Genuine Perstik *cannot* harm your skin even after shaving. It can *never* injure clothing—use Perstik and slip right into your dress. And Perstik is economical to use—*only* 50c and you have months of lasting protection against odor.

Get Perstik where you buy your cosmetics. If by chance you do not find it there, send 50c to *Perstik, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Marvelous on Sanitary Pads

Perstik

THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patents Pending

What *was the* Best Picture of 1932?

NOW is your chance to do a good stroke for the picture that gave you most pleasure—the kind of picture you'd most like to see more of—that was released in 1932! You can do it by voting for that picture to receive PHOTOPLAY'S famous Gold Medal, awarded the best picture each year.

Other fields have their Nobel prizes, their Pulitzer awards. But in cinemaland, PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal is the ultimate, the highest, in distinction. It is made of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, from the design by Tiffany and Company, New York—and it is the supreme earmark of distinction, for it is the honor which you and the millions of your fellow picture-goers award by your votes.

Nor do you merely honor a great picture when you vote in this contest. A great national referendum such as this carries weight everywhere—points unerringly to the sort of picture the public will support most generously. So casting your vote for your selection adds just that much to the incentive producers and studios will feel to give you more like it.

No rules, no limitations, restrict you. Outstanding work by one or more stars naturally will count, and count heavily. But you will remember the supporting players—the direction—settings and staging—and of course the merits of the story itself. And the best test, the one which no doubt will decide you in the end, is the one of which picture *wears best* with you, as you look back to it, and compare it with others of the year, and with those you are seeing now. The picture that stands out best is the one for which you will vote.

To aid you in recollecting which were the pictures of 1932, we print a list below; but your choice is not limited to those in this list. If you consider some other picture superior, and it was released in 1932, you are perfectly free to vote for it.

One other point: While the picture must be one released in 1932, you need not have seen it in that year. If you saw it this year, that is quite all right.

If the picture was reviewed in January 1933, or earlier, it was certainly a 1932 release.

For your convenience, a voting coupon is printed herewith, but a letter or postcard will do as well. Your vote is what counts, however you send it.

Remember, nothing counts but your votes—but in order to count, your vote must be at hand when the polls close. So decide now—mark your ballot—and let us have it today!

List of 50 outstanding pictures released in 1932

American Madness
Arsene Lupin
As You Desire Me
Back Street
Bill of Divorcement, A
Blessed Event
Bring 'Em Back Alive
Call Her Savage
Conquerors, The
Cynara
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Doomed Battalion, The
Emma
First Year, The
Grand Hotel
I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang
Kid From Spain, The
Ladies of the Jury
Lady with a Past
Letty Lynton
Life Begins
Love Me Tonight
Lovers Courageous
Man I Killed, The
Mata Hari
Merrily We Go to Hell
Miracle Man, The
Movie Crazy
Night After Night
Night Court
Once in a Lifetime
One Hour With You
One Way Passage
Rain
Rasputin and the Empress
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Red Dust
Red Headed Woman
Scarface
Shanghai Express
Silver Dollar
Six Hours To Live
Smilin' Through
Strange Interlude
Symphony of Six Million
Tess of the Storm Country
Trial of Vivienne Ware, The
Trouble in Paradise
Washington Merry-Go-Round
What Price Hollywood

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1932.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Send in This Ballot

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE —Universal

THIS will hand you lots of laughs. Charlie Murray as *Kelly*, in a rash moment in Seattle, marries Jobyna Howland—then, in his tug-boat, he goes places to evade her. But don't worry; Joby and her pal, Maude Fulton, a pair of die-hard battle-axes, catch up. George Sidney as *Cohen* is almost trapped by Maude; Andy Devine is framed with Joby.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM— Paramount

STUART ERWIN, a dumb but honest cowboy, is high pressured into buying a hog ranch where he sits and moans for the cattle range. Off on a little vacation to Mexico, Stuart goes wild, elopes with the cattleman's daughter (Verna Hillie), discovers the cattle thieves, and has a grand time. Raymond Hatton, Fuzzy Knight, Fred Kohler and John Lodge complete the cast. Good fun for Western addicts, and others too.

STATE TROOPER—Columbia

ENTERTAINING from start to finish, this rapid-fire picture of a state trooper, who sets out to settle a gasoline war—and does. Evalyn Knapp's dad has a huge oil refinery, and refuses to boost prices. The rival faction is out for blood, and anything goes, up to dynamite. Regis Toomey, as the state trooper, is swell. He saves the plant—and gets Evalyn, as he should.

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.

THOUGH this lilting little love theme is woven around a rather weak plot, it is so gay and tuneful that one is quite apt to forget all else but the charming boy (Gustav Froelich) and girl (Liane Haid) of the story. Exquisite scenic shots of the Lake Como region; English captions.

BROADWAY BAD—Fox

CHORINE Joan Blondell, repudiated by her lover over a rubber check episode, suffers in silence, with mysterious week-ends. But when rascally boy friend later tries blackmail on that account—ha! Mother love shows its force. In spite of good work by Joan and Ricardo Cortez, the plot is too old to be convincing.

THE KEYHOLE—Warners

TWO such suave performers as Kay Francis and George Brent should make any play good—and they try hard here. Kay, a dancer who marries wealth, is blackmailed by her former dancing partner (Monroe Owsley); jealous hubby puts private detective George Brent on her trail; but by then you don't care. Allen Jenkins and Glenda Farrell are funny, though.

STRICTLY PERSONAL— Paramount

A NONE too rapid-fire tale about two ex-crooks trying to go straight with a small-town "Lonesome Club," where strangers may meet. A non-reformed old associate (Louis Calhern) muscles in; a wealthy member (Olive Tell) is murdered, and things look dark for *Annie* (Marjorie Rambeau) and *Soapy* (Edward Ellis). Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan as lovers; but all deserve snappier stuff.

There is no wave like the Eugène wave

Don't think that all permanents are alike. They're not. *Don't think that any permanent wave will do.* It won't. *It's well worth your while to select a shop that does genuine Eugene permanent waving—with genuine Eugene Sachets.*





EMINENTLY VICTORIAN

...a wave in her hair and curls, curls, curls

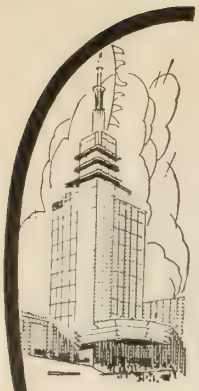
Miss 1933 wears a hat that's up in the back in a manner pre-eminently Victorian. Her hair shows. Therefore the great need of permanent waves, and curls, by Eugene. For the Eugene Method gently imparts the required natural, *yet lasting*, undulations . . . and easily handles your shortest hair to produce the flattering face-and-neck curls of the mode.

New and patented 1933 improvements, exclusively used by shops that do genuine Eugene Waving, assure you of the correct wave, the way you want it—with curls that are as permanent as the wave itself.

Insist on getting the *genuine* Eugene Wave and Curls. Look for the Eugene Trade Mark figure on each sachet or waving wrapper that is applied to your hair.

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National Park
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By motor into enchanted lands of New Mexico

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Send picture folders and NEW VACATION FARES LEAFLET

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FAST WORKERS—M-G-M

AGAIN Jack Gilbert portrays a cad with no redeeming or likable qualities—this time as a skyscraper riveter, who spends his spare time two-timing his buddy, Robert Armstrong. Mae Clarke is splendid; but the punch isn't there, and too much phony talk is.

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.

AN episode in the life and love of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, handled operatically, with Hans Heinz Bollmann as *Goethe*, and Mady Christians as *Friederike*, his sweetheart. Elaborate settings, quaint period costumes and delightful musical scores. In German without English captions.

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox

A GOOD cast—Chester Morris, Genevieve Tobin, Victor Jory and Elizabeth Patterson—in a shocker about a ship warned that a bomb will blow it up promptly at midnight. If the explosion had come off, the film might have had a really lively spot. Some sexy stuff makes it doubtful for children.

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram

LACKING in speed and climax, this version of the old story of Oliver Twist still retains some hints of the Dickens charm. Dickie Moore, although pleasing in his childish appeal, is hopelessly miscast as *Oliver*. Alec B. Francis, Irving Pichel and William Boyd bring a fair amount of realism to their characterizations. Doris Lloyd, Bârbara Kent, George K. Arthur and Lionel Belmore are also part of a strong cast.

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia

CAUGHT in an extortion racket, Mae Clarke is sent up for a year—then paroled for good behavior. She seeks revenge on the store manager who caught her, and guess what—she falls in love with him! Mae, Ralph Bellamy, Marie Prevost, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Hale Hamilton do what they can with this antique situation and trite dialogue.

THE GHOST TRAIN—Gainsborough

IT seems that on each anniversary of a certain train wreck, a ghost train appears to roar by a little village, sending inhabitants into frenzies of terror—and some stranded travelers find themselves living through this hectic night in the railway station. That is, it's supposed to be hectic—but the horror is dragged in too much by the ears to be convincing.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT—Allied

WHICH is "Thou shalt not get caught!" Probably based on the Wendel fortune left by the fabulously wealthy spinster, with a secret marriage, concealed daughter, a tremendous will fight, etc. Would do, if Alan Hale, Marie Prevost and Theodore Von Eltz could only get it to move.

THE PENAL CODE—Freuler Film

"YOU can't win, unless you go straight"—and should your foot slip and you do time, having letters "mailed home from Australia" by a mailing agency, won't help. That's the idea—but poor Regis Toomey, despite mighty efforts, can't make the moth-eaten situations click.

THE MAN WHO WON—British International

HEATHER ANGEL, looking very attractive in an English film made previous to her American début. A draggy story, nearly smothered in broad Oxford accent, of farm life, in which a playboy nobleman decides to become a depression farmer.

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable Pictures

DOROTHY BURGESS, as a London streetwalker, doesn't mind when the ship sails with her and her boy friend for Indo-China—especially when he's willing to marry her. But does she mind when he beats her, and it rains and rains and rains! She gets awfully depressed; so does the audience. If you must kill time with this, don't take the children.

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough

AN English production offering Jessie Matthews in a modernistic mix-up, consequent upon her running away on her wedding day to avoid the wealthy bridegroom papa has picked. Some good songs and dainty photography—but to American taste, it sparkles about like soda water left open overnight.

"I Couldn't Stay Ina Claire"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

By merely crossing the mountains on my way East. Hollywood immediately receded to its proper proportions, my standards began to reorganize themselves. It was amazing. That episode now is a half forgotten patch on my life."

I was tempted to ask Miss Claire directly about ex-husband Jack Gilbert. But—in time—I recalled her remark about being shanty Irish. Why take the chance?

"Do you want to know why I failed in pictures?" asked Miss Claire.

"I failed," said the actress, "but not by such a big margin, at that. I am not saying these things, by the way, as an enemy of motion pictures. I like them.

"And pictures are not to blame for the conditions surrounding them.

"Acting to me is a very exact science. First I was a dancer. I learned the technique of movement, that, to be expert, you must train every muscle and study continuously. Every day now I exercise and take instructions in the handling of my speaking voice. I spend hours preparing for my hour and a half on the stage. You know, you only get spontaneity through hard work.

"When I take a rôle on the stage I first study the drama thoroughly. I consider and analyze the character alone, impartially. Then I take that character and consider it in terms of myself.

"I think out why this woman does this and that, and then picture all the varying moods and emotions in terms of myself.

"You cannot do that in motion pictures. You do scenes here and there, with no continuity or orderly system. Frequently, the picture story is in the throes of changes while you are making it. You start a big scene. Now I must know what it leads from and to, in order to depict it at all. 'We haven't time,' is the studio protest to that. 'Just go ahead and be yourself,' they tell you.

"That doesn't help me. I have no individual personality. I am just a fluid waiting to be pressed into the boundaries of an author's character. So you see that screen

work is torture for me and that it makes me profoundly unhappy.

"Mr. Goldwyn, who presented me in 'The Greeks Had a Word For Them,' told me I talked too much on the set. That was because I wanted to know about my scenes and what they meant to the story. 'Just act, Miss Claire,' he told me, 'that's all we want.'

"I do not know why I made 'The Greeks Had a Word For Them,' anyway. Any chorus girl could have played my rôle. Maybe I didn't get a chance to protest. Mr. Goldwyn talked so fast and so enthusiastically that I had no opening. 'You will wear Chanel gowns,' he exclaimed. 'Think of that!' I did not have the heart to tell him that I had worn dozens of them on the stage. I hated to destroy his enthusiasm.

"IN the talkies, cameras shoot at you from every side. Usually three face every one of your scenes from various angles. To me that is paralyzing, because I work out my scenes in such detail that every move, the very spot you stand, the tiniest facial flicker, is exactly calculated to get the most out of that particular moment. You simply cannot act a scene in three different directions to three different cameras. For at least two of them the acting is obscure, if not lost.

"To me or anyone like me, present screen methods are impossible. To succeed in pictures you must have a pleasant appearance and a superficial pliability, an easy way of slipping into easy poses indicating easy motions. I cannot fake emotions. I must feel them.

"Also, you must have luck if you come from Broadway. You never get a second chance. My first pictures were duds and consequently I missed out. Had I been an unknown I would have had time to try again. Suppose 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet' had gone out as it was originally filmed. Helen Hayes would have been a failure. She saw it, realized its faults and, with her husband, Charles MacArthur, fought for a mass of retakes. They had their way—and Miss Hayes became a sensation.

"There is another Hollywood weakness. You never can tell who is to be blamed for a failure; who is to be credited for a success. It may be the actor, the director, the electrician who lights the scenes, some able directorial assistant, the scenarist or the cameraman. Maybe even the cutter. I have discovered that the cutter can ruin your scenes. You know the habit of cutting scenes right after the big lines. The snap, the tang of these lines may be due to a lift of the eyebrow, a movement of the hands, that is to follow, but the cutter, unfamiliar with dramatic technique, does not know that. He cuts—and everybody wonders why the good lines curl up and die without getting the expected response.

"IN all my screen work I had but one director of ability, George Cukor. And even he was learning then.

"Another reason I failed was because I did smart, high comedy. They made me do that because I had been doing it on the stage. Now America, as a whole, doesn't give a heck about brittle dialogue, subtle, guarded emotions or poised epigrams. As I grow older I shall do character rôles on the stage. It will be my next step. Then, when I get a good one with lots of tear jerking moments, I hope to try the movies again. Character rôles are the ones that bring film success.

"I got an interesting glimpse of Hollywood when I went back last summer to play ten weeks on the stage in 'Reunion in Vienna.' Hollywood was suspicious at first, suspecting that I wanted to try the films again. Out there they seek a motive for everything. Actually I only wanted to earn some money.

"I went to some of the parties again. There were the same people still talking about themselves, with the same grievances, the same worries. Being of a world apart, I got a lot of good laughs. I rather enjoyed the experience. No motion picture writers were peeping



If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

Just because you are collecting compacts now instead of rattles—is there any reason why you shouldn't still "baby" your skin?

No make-up looks truly glamorous in strong light on a rough, coarse skin. So do keep your complexion baby-smooth and clear! Give it the simple, *gentle* care that doctors approved for you in your tender baby days.

"No colored or perfumed soaps for the baby," decrees the doctor. Daily all-over beauty treatment with pure, mild Ivory Soap is the prescription. There is nothing harsh in Ivory to dry or irritate the skin.

Then take this tip from the baby's schedule. Put life in your skin; stimulate it with refreshing, *non-irritating* Ivory baths. No soap odor, after your Ivory bath, intrudes on the real perfume you use. And you make no costly outlay for the velvety young look of an Ivory-cared-for skin. Ivory costs the least of all soaps that are safe for your complexion.

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YOU live on top of the town when you stop at the ESSEX HOUSE . . . the theatrical district on one side, the open calm of Central Park on the other. Here you live high above the rumble of the city, yet right in the middle of Manhattan. You enjoy the convenience of an ultra-modern urban residence overlooking more open country than a Westchester estate.

Incidentally, we notice many of our guests are from Hollywood . . . To some the ESSEX HOUSE is a retreat from business . . . to others a rendezvous for business . . . to all a residence of utmost luxury at a cost in tune with the times.

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Persian Coffee Shop
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You will love its delicacy; its clinging-ness; its perfume
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through my keyhole. I knew that photographs of my bedroom were no longer studied in every home in America and part of Europe, not to mention Asia. Nobody cared enough to write the things they thought I ought to say."

Miss Claire surprised me in talking about Greta Garbo. If Hollywood was to be believed, Miss Claire once viewed the Swedish star sharply, as a previous—and perhaps unforgotten—love of her actor husband. But there was no bitterness in Miss Claire's comment. Quite the contrary.

"Miss Garbo is the greatest actress in pictures because she has the background," she said. "Nobody seems to remember her fine training in the Stockholm conservatory. They taught her the essentials—how to move gracefully, to dance, to fence, to study. To make the progress she has made in pictures, she must study intensely. To do that, she cannot go about as does Hollywood, taking life easily. Consequently, Hollywood does not understand her.

"Actually, she is the one person untouched by the mad town, the one person to preserve her sanity in the midst of insanity."

"Why I'll Return to the Stage"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

true profession which has proved to be a real friend is fortunate, so one who makes five real friends in a lifetime is indeed fortunate!

"You know, it is so funny to have come to this town, known as *mad Hollywood*, and have found four friends who mean more to me than any gold statues or money which I could take from it. When I am huddled over the fireplace in my old age, smoking my corncob pipe, I will have those four sitting with me to talk things over. What more can one get from life? I didn't have that in the East. Just one friend for mother and me, there. Four here. That makes my five. I am a fortunate woman."

The four in Hollywood are Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg; Clark and Ria Gable (Mrs. Clark). A group which is so un-Hollywood as the world knows this city that they are difficult to understand unless you study them together.

"IT is strange, but we were talking about this just the other night," Helen continued. "We even made up a game to test whether others were our friends or our acquaintances We decided that a friend is one whom we would defend violently. One of my so-called friends was mentioned. 'But she's so affected,' someone said. And I answered, 'Yes, but she means well—'

"Don't you see how the game works? That wasn't friendship. There are no buts in friendship. If anyone had said anything like that of Norma or Irving or Ria or Clark, he would have left my house with a black eye.

"We are friends only to those who are of enough importance for us to *act violently in their defense*. And we have few people who become of enough importance to us for that. We couldn't act violently for too many.

"As for acquaintanceship. I ask only one thing of it. *Charm*. Worth-while acquaintances should be able to tell a dinner-table story which will make me laugh and be able to laugh when I tell a good one. Acquaintances should make the surface of life more pleasant for one another. *Charm*. That is all that is necessary.

"One woman I know in Hollywood is trying to make a career of friendship. She is proud of being 'an awfully good friend' to half of Hollywood and defending the other half to the first. It can't be done. She is attempting to spread emotions too expansively. She says she is always frank and honest. I won't bluff with you—

"BUT I don't want any but my real friends to be frank and honest with me. I won't allow more than four or five people that privilege. . . . And I won't fight with acquaintances. A fight is too intimate—it is the privilege of *friends*.

"Which reminds me of another acquaintance. She was intensely emotional but interesting. A certain charm. And then, suddenly, I found we were on the brink of a row. There was no fight. I withdrew. She never knew what had happened. But she was not even an acquaintance after that. A fight would have forced an unwelcome friendship.

"Friendship cannot be forced," Helen Hayes went on, thoughtfully. "It comes or it doesn't. You know someone. You hear something about him and suddenly you find yourself fighting violently for him. Friendship has come. If that happens five times, naturally, during one life—you are wealthy. But you don't want the responsibility of having it happen more often."

HELEN paused and smiled that rare smile which lifts her face from wistfulness to real beauty. "I just can't get over coming to Hollywood and finding four people like that in a town where so many seem to think friendship consists in running to someone and saying, 'I am your friend and I think someone should tell you that so-and-so said this about you.'

"Some people draw remarks like that, of course, as the roots of a cactus draw water. It doesn't happen to me much because the first thing I do when I land in a town is to let everyone know how sensitive I am. If people think I am sensitive, they don't try nearly so hard to become that type of friend. I am probably the least sensitive person in the world. And the funny part of it is, the really sensitive people are the kind who attract that type of friend."

Experts on the art of acting, who never mistake a pretty ankle and a cute nose for genius, are practically unanimous in calling little Helen Hayes a faultless actress. Their archives do not record that she has ever failed in a part in all her twenty years before the public. And Helen, just over her thirty mark, has been stage-playing since she was ten.

Painstakingly, untiringly, little Hayes has poured her whole existence into the theater. And she has her reward today in love and glory. She began when she was a tot in Washington, guarded and guided by her mother. One of her mother's treasured pictures is a snapshot of Helen, taken nineteen years ago at a stage door, a tike in white sailor suit, with an unruly mop of yellow hair.

AND from this humble beginning, Helen has worked and studied and developed a histrionic ability which was a real loss to Broadway when she deserted the footlights for the kliegs.

Helen has learned much about life in her brief years. And from that wealth of experience which has helped her develop her remarkable acting talent, she has learned to sift the dross from the gold.

So it is a happy thought she brings us, on leaving Hollywood for her beloved Broadway again:

Five friends who are worth the privilege of being unpleasant; hundreds of acquaintances who are allowed to furnish charm.

The stage will mean much more work for Helen, too. Day in and day out. No rests at Palm Springs. No trips to Europe with her beloved Thalbergs. No happy vacations at the beach with the Gables.

But—though the charm of an acquaintanceship with picture-making may be forgotten; the fidelity of Helen's friendship for the stage remains!

Norma's Love Comes First

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Bennett and Bebe Daniels. "There's a 'Z' on my cup—that stands for zebra. And there's a 'D' that stands for Daddy," he went on and on, explaining all the letters of the alphabet. A precocious laddy. And very, very sweet.

Irving Thalberg, who at thirty years, has accomplished more than most men do in a lifetime, and who at eighteen years was hailed "the boy wonder" of the motion picture industry because of his rare business and artistic acumen, gazed fondly upon his son and then said:

"CERTAINLY, we're taking him to Europe with us! We couldn't be at peace or enjoy ourselves without him. We took him to Europe two years ago and then he was a mere babe. I have grown very close to the boy in the past couple of months. Sickness has its compensations—it permits a busy man to get acquainted with his family, and makes him realize fully what the real values in life are."

I had gone down to see Norma to ask her whether she felt she was sacrificing her career for the human urges of love, and devotion to her husband, and the preservation of her marriage.

At the time Norma and Irving and the baby left for abroad, six months had elapsed since she had made a picture. By the time she returns and finds a suitable story and gets into production on the first picture of her new two-year contract, almost a year will have passed since audiences have viewed her in "Smilin' Through." This is considered a seriously long while for a star of Norma's box-office appeal to be off the screen.



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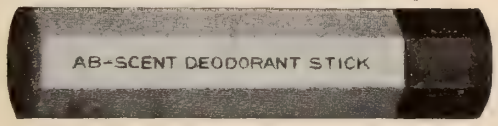
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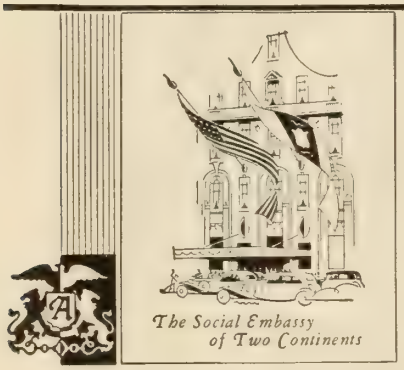
Beauty Questions and Answers by helena rubinstein

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Elaine E..., Bronxville, N. Y.

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I wondered if it had been advisable for her, from a purely commercial standpoint, to have remained at her husband's bedside for virtually eight weeks, during which time she put off the studio's suggestion that she get started on a picture, and then to accompany him abroad for two additional months or longer. Was it sacrifice on her part? I know many famous stars who would not have done it, on the logical grounds that it interfered with their careers.

Human impulses of kindness and common decency notwithstanding.

"I simply can't see that viewpoint," Norma said in a tempo a little less brisk than formerly. Norma has always talked fast—she thinks fast—but it seems to me that there is a mellowness rounding the crisp edges of her words these days. Philosophy is taking a deeper hold on her. She appeared as gay and carefree as of old, but a new and very attractive quality of repose has superseded her former smart audacity. It's a lovely development.

"WHAT sort of person would I have been to have left my husband, who has been such a great friend and helper to me, at the time when he really needed me? At least, I am conceited enough to feel that he needed my companionship, loyalty and understanding when he was sick and disturbed over the million troublesome things which come in the picture business.

"Of course, if I had been in the middle of a picture, it would have been wrong for me to have stayed at home, no matter how ill Irving was. You can't expect forgiveness for holding up a costly production under almost any circumstances. And Irving would never have permitted me to do so. But I felt I could hold off making a picture at this time, especially since the right stories are hard to find, and stay close to my husband.

"I have been in pictures for eleven years—they are so much a part of me that I can't imagine myself separated from them. They are much of my life.

"But just the same, I don't think they ever could be so important now that they could take the place of Irving.

"Once, the first five years of my career, there was nothing of importance to me except to become a big star and make lots of money. That's all that mattered to me. Maybe that sounds shallow.

"But it didn't seem so then. It was more than an ideal with me. It was a burning necessity. I simply had to become a star!

"BUT experience changes one. Especially, the experience of illness. Suffering seems to open our eyes and hearts to a deeper understanding of life. You suddenly realize what it's all about. Just seeing an active man like Irving, a dynamo of energy and resistance, suddenly put on his back because of some silly little germ like the 'flu'—seeing that terrifically busy life abruptly stopped in its tracks—first tore my heart, and then made me stop and think.

"It made me think about many things. Careers, fame, husbands, children. Careers, I decided, were unsteady things. Here today—gone tomorrow. Children, I knew, were the greatest experience of a woman's life. But after all, their love is transitory. They remain at home until their wings are strong enough to take them out into the world—and then they marry. And you are alone. A husband, I realized, is the most important love, friend, helpmate in a woman's world. He is the most worthwhile thing a woman can fight for.

"I don't know if I have been a good mother, a good wife and a good actress, all at the same time. Three careers are very hard for the strongest and ablest of women. I do not believe that there exists any woman who can do all three in highest order. Of course, I know that I never could have carried on the three careers if my husband had been in any other line of work. A wife who comes into her home for dinner at eight o'clock, with make-up on and feeling exhausted, and a husband who comes home from his work at six, can't possibly have a very happy meeting ground night after night.

"I remember right after my baby was born there was only one thing I really wanted to do, and that was to stay at home with him. The hardest thing I ever had to do in my life was to leave him and go back to work. I just couldn't seem able to pull myself away from him.

"Yet, some of my most successful pictures were made during that period. I suppose that should be consolation."

THERE were tears in Norma Shearer's eyes when she told me this. They streamed down her cheeks and dropped heavily onto the blouse of her dress.

"There are nine months that I really lost out of little Irving's babyhood and I sort of resent them. And I always get mad when I think of the times when I returned home from a hard day's work and wanted to play with my baby, and the very proficient nurses that we mothers always engage for our first-born, would say to me, 'Not now, Mrs. Thalberg. You musn't see the baby just yet. It wouldn't be right. You will disturb him. He has just had his bottle.' How in the world would I have disturbed my baby? I was his mother!

"Irving was a great comfort to me during that period. And also a fine mentor. He didn't mince words with me when he said, 'Well, you've got your baby, and you've got your career. You always wanted to be a big movie star. Now prove it by sacrificing for it.'

"There are many people who feel that because of Irving's position in the M-G-M organization, I have had all the best acting parts handed me. Well, that's far from the truth. • Being the boss's wife has many advantages and also disadvantages. There are many stories I yearn to do but Irving is too honest with me to let me attempt them. After all, he has to make money out of my pictures for the company and he isn't going to let me have my way to please my whims. I've got to make pictures that bring in money or else it will be just too bad for me, no matter whose wife I am.

"But Irving has been wonderful to me and has given me the 'breaks,' as he has every other actor and actress on the lot. And it would be foolish for me to say that he didn't feel a little more anxiety for my pictures when he previews them than he does for other stars. That's only natural.

"I wouldn't know what to do without Irving. He is such an encouragement to me in my trials and disappointments. I always feel he is right behind me urging me ahead. That's a wonderful thing, isn't it? He is far from being easy on me in his criticisms but I always know, for that reason, when he says a thing is bad, it is, and when he admits it is good that I can rely on it.

"WOULD you believe that after all these years in pictures, the first time I ever felt that I really belonged to the business, that it was *my work*, was in 'Strange Interlude' and 'Smilin' Through'? I didn't want to make 'Smilin' Through.' I didn't feel it was my type of rôle, but Irving made me do it. But for the first time in my entire career I felt no self-consciousness, no fear, no uncertainty—which have always been my three bugaboos.

"As for the future, all I can say is that I feel all the yearnings for great, emotional rôles that any terribly ambitious actress does. I should like to have a bigger and finer career in this business that I love so much. I am willing to work always harder and sacrifice for it. But I will never sacrifice the love of my husband for it. A career is meaningful but never that important. Wherever Irving is, and my baby, there I want to be. I know the glory of that happiness and I never want it destroyed."

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

★ **SILVER DOLLAR**—First National.—Edward Robinson shines as the genial, susceptible prospector of early Colorado mining days, who reaches the U. S. Senate but loses his fortune with the silver standard downfall. Aline MacMahon and Bebe Daniels. (*Jan.*)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (*April*)

SLIGHTLY MARRIED — Invincible. — Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (*Feb.*)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (*April*)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (*Feb.*)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (*March*)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (*April*)

SPEED DEMON—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (*Feb.*)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (*April*)



"We gotta retrench—fire some more and work the rest harder!" Or if not that, it must be worse, Lionel Barrymore looks so tough as the department store owner in "Sweepings"

NO JOB — WAS THIS THE REASON? — *by Timmins*



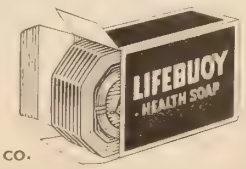


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and receive the next issue and five issues thereafter

TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (*March*)

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY—Fox.—For Farrell-Gaynor devotees, though Farrell's part is subordinate in a complicated, draggy story. Janet Gaynor does well as the daughter of a sea captain who becomes a squatter and is implicated in a murder. (*Jan.*)

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (*Feb.*)

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (*Feb.*)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS**—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (*March*)

★ **TOPAZE** — RKO-Radio. — John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (*April*)

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING—First National.—Rather unconvincing story of a swaggering tough's prison life from cell through death house, made real by Spencer Tracy's acting and good dialogue. Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot and Arthur Byron give good support. (*Jan.*)

UNDER-COVER MAN — Paramount. — You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

UNWRITTEN LAW, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (*Feb.*)

UPTOWN NEW YORK—World Wide.—Jack Oakie is fine as a regular guy falling for a lady with a past (Shirley Grey). Grand comedy and good human-interest drama. (*Jan.*)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (*March*)

VIRGINS OF BALI, THE—Principal.—Another "Goona Goona" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (*Feb.*)

VIRTUE—Columbia.—A "shady lady" (Carole Lombard) marries a taxi driver (Pat O'Brien). Discovering her unrevealed past, he forgives, then suspects. The climax is her implication in murder. (*Jan.*)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (*April*)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (*April*)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (*March*)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—Elementary Western marked by good riding and a wild horse stampede. Randolph Scott is the equestrian hero. The kids will enjoy this. (*Jan.*)

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Cooperative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (*April*)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (*March*)

YORCK — UFA. — Werner Krauss as *General Yorck* fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (*Feb.*)

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (*Feb.*)

★ **YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL**—First National.—Uproarious comedy about a fellow who can't swim, mistaken for a champ and forced to go through with a race. How Joe Brown makes it causes the howls. (*Jan.*)

Alice Completes Her Cycle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

A rookie in the army doesn't encounter as many situations needing discreet silence as a raw recruit in Hollywood.

Alice White never suspected, until quite recently, that anything less than the whole truth as she saw it, on any subject whatsoever, could be admirable or profitable.

THERE was no one to tell her that candor with relationship to human beings must be tempered with discretion and delicacy.

She spoke her mind about everything and everybody, never with any intention of unkindness, but because she knew no other answers than truthful ones.

This honesty, this freedom of speech, was like a defiance hurled into the traditions of studio deportment. Very few individuals whether concerned in making pictures or manufacturing pretzels, are broad-minded enough to tolerate rock-bottom frankness.

It alienated people from her. Alice did not understand. She did not know how to be other than herself. If they resented her, well, let them! It aroused her fighting blood. She was too young to reason. She thought only with her emotions.

She'd show them, and show them she did.

It bred a defense mechanism in the game kid; a defense to keep anyone from suspecting how deeply she longed for companionship and affection. With her back against the wall, she built an outward front that completely blinded everyone to her real character underneath.

She became cockier than ever. If the studio asked her if she thought she could play a certain part, her answer was the same no matter how difficult the rôle was. "Sure, I can play it. Nobody could do it better. Watch me get every bit of meat out of it." And she would.

Alice disproved the theory many times that an actor is only as good as his material. She was often far superior to the parts she played.

BUT such self-reliance in one so inexperienced was almost a sacrilege. It was super-ego, absurd vanity, the studio concluded. It prevented anyone from trying to help her. If her clothes, her hair, her walk needed improving, no one made suggestions. You do not offer aid and sympathetic advice to one who apparently has no need of them.

Alice had thrown down the gauntlet. She went to great lengths to show people she was sophisticated, hard-boiled, and could take care of herself.

If dresses were short, Alice's were shorter.



Billie Burke looks as if she might have stepped out of a page in Godey's Lady's Book—yet she is a picture of modern chic in this charming plaid chiffon gown. The lacy mesh gloves and even the line of her straw hat lend an old-fashioned air. Notice the high collar and the puff at the elbow



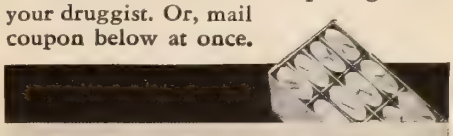
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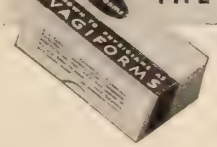
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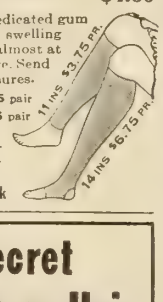


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If heels were high, Alice's were higher. If necklines were low, Alice's were lower.

She gave out thoughtless interviews. She spoke of her own sex-appeal and the havoc it had wrought here and there. I remember she talked freely of the many jobs she had lost because jealous wives would get one look at the White face and figure and make their susceptible husbands fire her.

She discussed at great lengths her come-hither capacity.

It was bad judgment and it was bad taste.

People around the studio gradually but firmly let Alice alone.

They spoke of her then as "that impossible White kid," but usually added, "Goodness knows, she *can* act."

SHE did a good job of creating a false exterior for herself, and all the while she was just a scared kid, and lonelier than a ghost in a deserted village.

Her popularity with the movie-goers increased with every picture, however. They adored her.

I believe Alice White is the only player on record who experienced the thrill of having exhibitors, who played her pictures, demand that the producing company re-engage her after her contract expired.

She never knew of this, however, until long after First National had given her a new agreement.

Otherwise, she might have asked for and received, a raise in salary.

As it was, she signed at the old salary, which was small indeed as compared to the earnings of other featured players.

It didn't last for long, though. The studio had lost interest in Alice White, even if the public had not.

One day she found herself without a contract and no prospect of one in sight.

Then followed a period of idle waiting around Hollywood for several months. Nothing is more demoralizing.

Each day one's estimate of one's self decreases until courage wears perilously thin. Only a stout heart can survive a long period of idleness in the town where everybody talks of their work in minutest detail.

Eventually, Alice packed her bags and went for a long vaudeville tour. You know all about that.

It was a great triumph for her.

I say this not because she was an instantaneous hit in vaudeville, and not because loyal followers flocked in thousands to see her wherever she appeared. It was a triumph for her because of the thing which happened within Alice herself.

On the long train jumps, during the weary hours of dance practice, during the vocal lessons, Alice's one thought was of regaining her place in the Hollywood sun.

She had plenty of time to analyze herself. That same honesty of thought which had caused her downfall now turned unflinchingly inward.

She took an inventory of Alice White's shortcomings. She put her faults, like a fly, on the point of a pin and examined them microscopically.

How many of us are able to recognize our own weaknesses while we are still young enough to make a fresh start?

Alice did.

TIME was no object to her. She returned to Hollywood *only* when she had mastered herself.

I saw her just after she got back out there and before she had started work on "Employees' Entrance."

All of the old fire of Alice White was there, but it was held on a leash. The red-hot, hotcha-cha youngster had been tamed, but not extinguished. The quick, immature judgment had been supplanted by tolerance and patience. Most of all patience, which is the modesty of the intellect.

Not a word of resentment! No brooding with animosity over the previous treatment accorded her in Hollywood.

She was that unusual person who did not blame her fall from stardom on anyone but herself.

"It has not been easy," she said. "It's hard to face unpleasant truths about oneself, but I had to. There was no one else on whom to put the blame."

Again the honest Alice speaking.

"EVERY morning my chin is up and my face is forward," she went on. "I am grateful for the opportunity to work in pictures again and I mean to prove it. I am trying to live above petty things. The unimportance of trifles is a motto I keep always before me."

"What is your chief ambition now, Alice?" I asked her.

"I have two," she answered quickly. "I want to become known as a fine actress in many kinds of parts. I *never want to be a star again, ever.* I shot up too quickly before. I was not ready for the responsibilities of stardom. Success at the top can only last a few years at best. Then it is very difficult to adjust oneself to a lesser position.

"I want to act as long as I live, and when you are recognized as a capable actress in any rôle, there are no limitations to one's career."

"You mentioned two ambitions. What's the other one?" I queried.

"I want Hollywood to like me," she answered wistfully. "I mean fellow players, all the people I work with. They didn't before, you know.

"It didn't sour me against the world, but it hurt terribly."

As she talked, I thought of what the old massa' himself, Charlie Chaplin, once said to her.

He really was the first to see possibilities in the White youngster and give her encouragement about a picture career.

Alice was a script girl at the Chaplin studio. She was working for Von Sternberg who was directing Edna Purviance under Chaplin's supervision.

One day, the cameraman had to test out a new lens for his camera and needed a photographic subject.

Just anyone would do.

ALICE was a favorite on the set. She was so tiny that she never sat straight in a chair but usually curled her legs up like a ball with her feet under her.

This earned her the nickname of "Peter Rabbit," which was eventually shortened to "Pete."

"Pete" begged to be allowed to make a test with the new lens.

Without make-up of any kind and without direction of any sort, they permitted her to cavort before the camera.

She did every fool thing that came into her head.

Of course, it was terrible, but no one looked at it anyway, except the cameraman, and he was only looking for photographic effects.

But one day Chaplin asked how the new lens was working and was shown Alice's test.

Later, he came onto the set where she was working and said, "Pete, you should go in pictures. You've got something different from anybody else. You could go far."

It planted the germ in her head which finally carried her to stardom.

And now I have two predictions to make.

Alice need not worry about Hollywood liking her this time. She will find them generous with their companionship and affection when they recognize the real Alice White for what she is today.

And lastly, with half a break, the career which she has begun again will not be a cycle this time.

It will be a spiral, rising slowly but steadily to a very fine height indeed, because as Chaplin said,

"She's got something different from anybody else."

My Sister, Ann Harding

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Woods' office and told him of her reception. He remarked, quite characteristically:

"Why the s— of a ——! Here, sweetheart, read these—I'll star you in any one you like." And he shoved four manuscripts across the desk.

As she turned to go, he called her back and handed her a fifth script, saying:

"Here, read this and give yourself a good time. I can't give it to you because Kit's going to do it, but tell me what you think of it."

It was "The Green Hat." She read the four in which he was willing to star her—all very depressing.

Then she read "The Green Hat," returned to Woods' office, laid the four on his desk and held out "The Green Hat," saying,

"This is the one that's going to run. I don't want to be starred. Kit's a grand actress—I'd be very happy to support her, and the part of *Venice* is just my size."

"IF you will do this for me, sweetheart," exploded Al, "I'll give you anything you want—but your salary." He picked up the phone. "Get me Lee Shubert . . . Lee, you gotta give me a better percentage on that house! Look at the cast I got! Kit Cornell, Leslie Howard, Ann Harding—"

This went on for minutes—it was a terrible fight.

He hung up the receiver finally and announced:

"Okay, kid, we start rehearsal next week. What'll you take?"

"I don't care what it is so long as it comes in every week for a while. Give me whatever the part is worth."

Which unprofessional remark nearly finished Al for the day.

"The Green Hat" opened in Detroit and by the middle of the week Ann had to draw something on her salary with which to eat. So she went to the manager and asked him what her salary was, thinking it was probably around one hundred fifty dollars a week.

"Doncha know what your *salary* is?" The man couldn't believe his ears.

"No," said she.

"Well, in case you're interested, it's three hundred dollars a week."

ON Saturday her pay envelope contained four hundred dollars and a wire from Woods to the manager authorizing this sum. While she was still pondering this phenomenon, Woods himself came on from New York and offered her a contract, which she signed on the spot.

She wondered at the time what he meant when he said, as soon as she had signed,

"Now I'll fix the so-and-so." She found out a few days later. It seems that Colonel Savage had failed to cast "Stolen Fruit" during these months and had finally decided that Ann was the one for the part. But he had reckoned without Al. By signing her up with an exclusive contract, Woods made him pay well for her services. Savage had been forced to give him half of the show in order to get her!

"STOLEN FRUIT" established her once and for all as star material.

The press hailed her as the new Bernhardt, another Duse; but she refused to be starred, preferring to impress audiences by her performance rather than by seeing her name billed first over the marquee.

After a highly successful run in New York, "Stolen Fruit" went on the road and closed in Detroit in May. Ann had had five years of uninterrupted work, no vacations, no rest; she



Here we see Ann Harding and Harry Bannister in one of those rareties of the film world—a husband and wife cast as such in a picture. The rôles were *Judge Kessler* and *Vera* in an early film, "Her Private Affair"

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had reached such a point of utter weariness that it became an effort to eat, impossible to carry on a conversation, unthinkable to start work on another play.

But she accepted an offer to take over the old Garrick Theater in Detroit at once and run a stock company there for the summer season.

Rollo Peters, also of "Stolen Fruit," was persuaded to join the company, and Detroit was treated to an unusually fine season of stock.

Toward the end of the summer, her one venture as actress-manager, she found herself without a leading man for the last two weeks of the season.

Mr. Peters had been recalled to New York for a new play.

She was very, very tired by that time and when the manager of the theater told her, "There's a guy who has just closed here in 'White Cargo'—looks like a good leading man," she just said wearily, "All right, sign him up."

NEEDING a rest badly, she had put on a play that did not require her services in the cast for that week, and was enjoying a quiet dinner with some friends.

Just as the coffee was being served, the manager called her on the phone and asked her to come down to the theater and meet this prospective leading man.

"I don't want to sign him without your okay, Miss Harding," he said.

"If he looks all right and doesn't want too much money, you have my okay right now. I've seen all the actors I can stand for this year!"

"He looks great, but he wants a lot of money," was the troubled reply.

"Does he look good enough to be worth it?" asked Ann, with a sigh.

"That's what I want you to decide."

So she left the table, got rebelliously into her car and went down to the Garrick, where she met—Harry Bannister.

She decided that he did look good enough to be worth his outrageously high salary. He got the job.

At the close of the season, she rushed back to New York, already a few days late for rehearsals of "A Woman Disputed," with Lowell Sherman.

Harry came to New York also and went into rehearsal of "Yellow," George M. Cohan's play.

They saw a great deal of each other during the next few weeks, and his whirlwind courtship resulted in their becoming engaged. Very shortly thereafter they were married at The Little Church Around the Corner.

It was to be a very quiet wedding. Dean Ray had asked if they wanted ushers, but was assured that they would not be necessary, as not more than a dozen or so people had been invited.

However, an early edition of the afternoon papers spread the news on the front page. When we got to the church the street was blocked, special traffic officers had been summoned, the sidewalks were jammed, the yard was filled with the overflow from the church.

WHEN Ann turned from the altar after the service had been read, she saw for the first time that the church was filled with old friends, most of whom she had not seen since grammar and high school days in Montclair and East Orange.

Then a tall figure approached, dressed in familiar O. D. uniform. It was Colonel George Vidmer, a friend of father's, who told Ann that the only quarrel he had ever had with George Gatley was over his attitude regarding her going on the stage—that he thought the Army should be represented at this wedding and that he had come in from Long Island to pay his respects.

The tears were hard to control this time, but she squeezed his hand in appreciation, in lieu of the words which were somehow choked



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up in her throat. Father had not even replied to her letter telling him of her approaching marriage.

DURING the following year while on the road with "A Woman Disputed," she suffered a complete breakdown, but could not be convinced of the fact. To the eternal credit of the doctors, let it be said that they each and every one told her the same story—that the only thing for her to do was not to go to the theater at all—that if she insisted upon being such a fool, they would wash their hands of her—that the sooner she became unconscious and could not drive her steps to the stage door, the better off she would be.

She finally collapsed on the stage. She should have been taken to a hospital at once, but the curtain was held for forty-five minutes while an incompetent doctor worked over her with the one idea of getting her back onto the stage as quickly as possible.

Finally, in a semi-conscious condition, she was dressed and actually thrust onto the stage, managing only by sheer force of indomitable will to get through the rest of the performance.

She got back to her hotel under the doctor's supervision, but he permitted her to return to the theater that night.

As she reached for her make-up she quite suddenly went out of her head. It was the only real case of hysterics she has ever had in her life.

She sent for the stage manager and told him that there was a girl upstairs, playing a bit, who knew Ann's lines—she was a good little actress and could be depended upon to step right into the show and give a good performance.

Ann was informed that if she did not go on herself, the management would have to refund the three thousand dollars which a sold-out house had netted, and that she would have to reimburse the theater in full for that loss.

"Wasn't she a trouper?" and "Where was her pride?"

"What about the old tradition 'The Show Must Go On'?"

She could just get herself out there on the stage—or else . . .

FOR the one and only time in her life she lost control of herself entirely, grabbed things off the make-up shelf and threw them indiscriminately about the room.

She told them in no uncertain terms exactly where they could go and ordered them out of her dressing-room.

Ann was finally persuaded by this breakdown that a rest was imperative, and she was bundled off to a heavenly rest resort in the Catskills.

During the first week or so she would burst into tears at any mention of her stepping onto a stage again—ever! Gradually the feeling wore off and in the fall she returned as usual to her Woods contract, this time in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," her last great success on the stage.

It was a new Ann Harding who reported at the Woods office.

Her eyes danced with excited anticipation as she read the script in Al's office.

But what was this?

As originally written, the play was divided into three separate acts with the usual conventional curtains.

The first act curtain was built to quite a climax, culminating in the bringing onto the stage of a life size nude photograph of *Mary Dugan*.

"What are you going to do here, Al, instead of the photograph?" she asked him quietly.

"Why, sweetheart, that's the best first act curtain I've staged in ten years. Now don't worry," as he saw the light of battle gathering in darkening eyes, "I'm not asking you to pose for it—I got that all fixed—got something to show you."

He rang a buzzer and asked his secretary to bring in the Mary Dugan stills. The secretary returned staggering under several seven-foot photos.

"See, sweetheart," exulted Al, in his most ingratiating manner, "I got a Follies girl to pose for it!"

Ann gaped at the photograph.

They had put a blonde counterfeit of the Harding hair on the girl and had her lovely nude body posed with the head turned quite to one side, so that to all intents and purposes it was a life size study of Ann Harding in the nude!

"AL WOODS!" she gasped, "*I* know I didn't pose for it, but the people out front could never be convinced of the fact. Take it out of here—tear it up—burn it! I wouldn't do that for any play or any manager, and I don't want the public to think I did."

"But, sweetheart, it's my *first act curtain!*" He was almost crying.

"Well then, don't have any curtain!" she stormed. "I will not sanction that photograph, do you understand? If you must have it, just get someone else to play the part who won't mind going onto the same stage with that picture!"

"But Ann—be reasonable—listen—don't you see—the sort of girl who would stand for that isn't the type I want for the part!"

This outburst of mixed logic was too much for Ann.

She appealed to Equity.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Harding, we are unable to help you. You are engaged to act in the play.

"That is a definite part of the play and we cannot stand behind you if you refuse to play it as written."

That dictum meant that if she refused she was out of the theater or, at best, would suffer a long suspension for violation of contract.

"All right," she said, "I can always go back to punching a typewriter." And what's more, she meant it.

Woods finally compromised by draping the model in a definitely boudoir but thoroughly modest fashion which, as a matter of fact, did not eliminate the "kick" from the drama, as he had feared.

Toward the end of May, the impending arrival of little Jane caused her withdrawal from the "Mary Dugan" cast. Harry had arranged to return to Pittsburgh that summer with their own stock company.

They started out with high hopes, but it turned out to be a hectic and disappointing season, brightened only by the arrival of Jane on July 24th.

That winter Harry started rehearsal in "Strange Interlude," with the Theatre Guild. "Strange Interlude" was to come to California after the New York run, with one week stops across the country en route.

Ann arranged the cancellation of her contract with Woods, after making a final appearance in "Mary Dugan" in Newark, and bundled Jane and the nurse, the crib and the carriage onto a train heading for Los Angeles. She rented a dear little place in Pasadena—a small house with a real yard, surrounded by a white, vine-covered wall, where Jane could lie in her carriage under real orange trees.

ABOUT a month later the "Strange Interlude" company arrived in Los Angeles. Through their publicity man the news leaked out that Harry Bannister's wife was with him, that she was Ann Harding of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," etc.

Just at that time the panic was on in the various studios during the transition period from silence to sound.

Here was manna dropped from heaven—three of the largest studios called for her to make appointments for tests—and her brief period of retirement was at an end.

All that has happened since the signing of her contract with Pathe has become front page news, and needs no repetition here.



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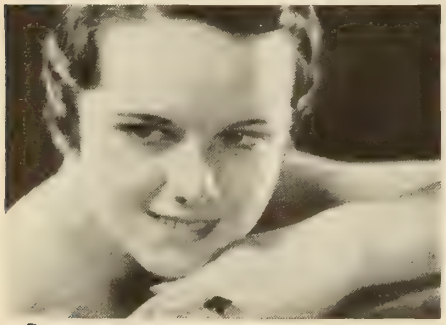
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"Yes," says Baby LeRoy, "we won't have any spinach today. I'd rather have this train." Atta boy, LeRoy, we men must stick together. We're all fed up anyway on vitamin D, or whatever spinach has that's good for us

"So I'm A Movie Star"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

but honest lad left in Chevalier's limousine, and later, I step out in nifty sport apparel. With six changes of costume and three hundred and eighty-five changes of hand-embroidered diapers in pastel shades. So I felt better. You see, you've got to keep up on your dress in this business. Georgie Raft with a new suit every week is competition for anyone.

WE have some beautiful girls working in our picture. I say "our picture," although it's really mine. But I want to be democratic and give everyone a break. One blonde is lovely. Her name is Helen Twelvetrees. Another beauty is Adrienne Ames. Then, there's a dancer, Leah Ray, and several others. They tear in and out of Chevalier's house all hours of the day and night. The man gets no rest.

Helen is usually coming in the front door just as Adrienne hides under the bed. Or Adrienne's husband is everlastingly ringing the front doorbell, just as Maurice and I get really interested. What I'm going to do, one of these days, is get hold of that husband part and chew it to mince meat. There's no place in a Chevalier and LeRoy picture for a husband.

I must confess, I'm terribly fond of Helen. She plays my nurse in the picture, and "Good Night Nurse" do we cut capers? Maurice falls in love with her in the picture, but I give him plenty of competition. After all, what's he got that I haven't got? With the possible exception of an accent.

I fixed him, too. There was one colossal set where I'm in bed. Helen is tucking the covers over me when in comes Maurice.

"Helen, I loff you," he says. Suddenly, my ire was up. So I let out one long, loud raspberry. "Pffft," like that. The bubbles flew. Maurice looked surprised. "Here, don't do that, LeRoy," he said. "You mustn't give me the raspberry." Oh, I mustn't eh, I thought. Try to stop me.

So they tried the scene over. "Helen, I loff you," he said. "Pffft," I went, even louder. Maurice was furious. Our director, a nice fat man called Norman Taurog, couldn't help but laugh. The cameraman had choked back a laugh till his face was purple. And Maurice was getting madder and madder, I could see that.

So he tried it again. "Helen—," was all he said when "Pfffffft," I went, and this time the bubbles were thick. Maurice jerked back in surprise and the director gave one long whoop while they led the cameraman out in convulsions. So we gave up the scene.

After all, they made me a movie star. I never asked to be one. And they'll have to put up with my temperament and like it.

I HEARD the director tell something they call a supervisor, that every time I took a nap when they were ready to shoot a scene, it cost Paramount just two thousand dollars. You see, they never waken me when I want to sleep. The director, in fact everyone, is kind and thoughtful, I'll say that. But I found a way to check that Maurice from chiseling.

The next day, they were all ready to shoot the scene over. The lights were placed, the cameraman ready, Helen was standing over me, the director said "Camera" and in came Maurice. "Helen," he said. And that ended it. I simply lay back and went to sleep on them. And the scene was out. It may have set Mr. Paramount back several grand but it did the trick, anyway. Am I learning?

After all, I'm the only star in this picture with his own portable dressing-room. Just like Joan Crawford's. Every day, my dressing-room is wheeled from set to set. Does Chevalier have a portable dressing-room? Does he have his own little electric stove? His own refrigerator? His own little—, well, skip it.

AND how many times a day does he lunch? Once. Once, mind you, while I lunch five times. Of course, he can sing. I'll admit that. But can he put his toe in his mouth the way I can? Or make bubbles? Yeah, I'd like to see him.

And he can't go to sleep in the middle of a scene and get away with it, either. Only I and Lionel Barrymore can do that. And, tell me this, does he have a sign like mine on his cart that says, "Do not touch the buggy"? Exclusive, that's me.

Of course, he's got a real stand-in, while mine's only a doll full of sawdust. But, if you ask me, there're a lot of people around this town full of sawdust.

Between scenes, they wheel me out onto a grassy plot on the lot. And do I attract the beautiful women? There's one gorgeous blonde who comes to see me every day. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, they call her. Me. I just grab right hold of my buggy and keep my equilibrium when she says, "Oo is the tootest ittle sing I ever saw, oo is."

Tell Chevalier he is "the tootest ittle sing she ever saw," and that Frenchman would be running around in circles. Calm, that's me!

Besides, I have my own limousine and chauffeur that drive me home from the studio every night. And come for me every morning. Am I a star, or am I *the* star?

My director calls me, "Howda." "King Howda." Cute name, eh? I like it better than Jackie Cooper or Bobbie Coogan. "King Howda," now really has class.

There's one man in my picture called Edward Everett Horton, who simply tickles me to death. Now mind, I like him very much, but there's something about him that just throws me into fits. I think it's his face. I just can't look at that face without gurgling myself into spasms. Why every time I'm ready to make a serious or dramatic scene, I have to be sure Edward Everett is locked in the closet, or under a bed somewhere, before I can go on.

There was that bath sequence, where I'm in the tub and Maurice skids on a piece of soap, and, suddenly, he's in the tub also. You can't even take a bath in private in the movies, it seems.

Well, I was doing my scene just fine when, suddenly, Maurice and I looked up and there stood Edward Everett, with that face and a doily on his head for a cap and we both nearly drowned.

Shocks like that are bad.

Yes, movie acting has its hardships. There are interviews to give, and you should hear me lay it on during interviews; and publicity pictures to pose for, and all sorts of nonsense.

FOR instance, someone got the bright idea, I should have a mental test. Imagine, a movie star surviving a mental test. Anyway, they brought out a professor of psychology from the University of California and everyone gathered around to watch.

Just after we began, I made a sudden leap in the air. "Why, his manipulatory development is perfect," the professor said.

Well, I thought, if you had a safety pin sticking in you, your manipulatory development would be even hotter.

Yes, we actors certainly do lead a life. What we go through for the sake of art is a crime. And when this picture is over, and I can get this Chevalier off my hands, I plan to go away for a long time. Out in the open spaces where I can get away from it all.

Alone, and at peace with my toe in my mouth and my bottle by my side.

Who's Zoo In Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Yes, it's a bitter fate for a hard he-man to face. But many a hard he-man is facing it in Hollywood today.

A slightly inebriated actor, long out of work, returned home in the early morning hours. His wife waited for him to come upstairs. One hour passed. Two hours passed. Becoming alarmed, she crept to the stairway and beheld her husband behind the open front door, with a club in one hand and waving a pork chop in the other.

"Shush," he called to her, "go back to bed. I'm waiting for 'the wolf at the door' to stick his head in. I'll stun him with this club and we can put him in the movies. We'll be rich, honey, we'll be rich."

Queenie, the chimpanzee, was the star of "Kongo." After the first day's rushes, there was no question about it. Queenie was it. Between scenes, she sat in her little rocking chair and rocked. Handing out a polite raspberry to one and all who passed. Except Lupe Velez. Where Lupe went, Queenie went.

QUEENIE sat off in her rocking chair and watched Lupe at her make-up box, patting on the powder, using the lipstick and mascara. Quietly she sat and took it in.

A moment later, Lupe was called into the scene. Every eye was on the action. Then came time for Queenie to join the scene. The cue was given, in steps Queenie, and two cameramen took to the rafters, the director fell in a swoon, six electricians ran screaming from the place, while Lupe rolled on the floor in hysterics.

For there was Queenie. A ghastly, hideous sight, with face powder from head to foot, lip rouge on the end of her tail and mascara dripping from her whiskers.

It took two days to scrape the make-up off.

Every morning Lupe and Queenie played hide-and-seek. Queenie would hide and Lupe would hunt. Then Lupe would hide and Queenie would hunt.

THEN came the morning Lupe didn't have to work. Queenie and Walter Huston had a heavy scene to do alone that day. But, at ten thirty, Lupe's phone rang. "Lupe," the director said, "could you come over? Queenie won't act and I'm nearly crazy." "What's the matter with Queenie?" Lupe asked. "She wants to play 'I Spy,' " the director groaned. "I've hid, the electricians hid, the cameraman has hid and it's done no good. She wants you."

"No, no," Lupe said, "I must have rest today. Queenie will be all right."

At two o'clock, the phone rang again. It was the voice of a famous and dignified executive. "Lupe, listen," he said, his voice quivering, "would you do this just for me? Couldn't you come over and play 'Hide-and-go-seek' for just a little while with Queenie? Look, Lupe, every one on this lot has been trying to play it. For two hours, Lupe, where have I been? In the rafters, trying to get Queenie to hunt me. And she don't even know I'm gone yet. If you could only just play it, Lupe, we could get this scene today."

"All right, I'll come," Lupe said. Twenty minutes later, Lupe burst onto a disheartened sound stage. Every one sat about in deep, dismal gloom. With a whoop, Queenie was at her. And for ten minutes, an amazed crew watched an exciting game of 'I Spy' with



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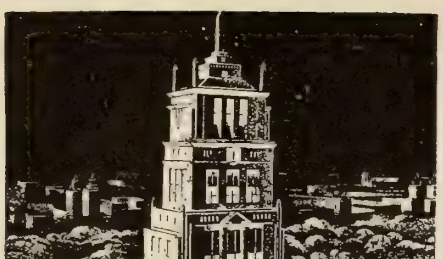


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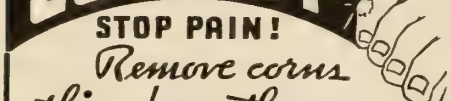
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screeches, squeals, hand-clapping and yells from Queenie and Lupe.

The game over Queenie steps into the scene and gives a performance that slays 'em.

Believe it or not, it has reached the place that, unless you actually resemble a snarling lion, can bark like a frost-bitten seal or slink like a panther, you have no more chance in the movies than a rabbit. Rabbit nothing. You'd probably end up by becoming stand-in for the rabbit.

APE-MEN contests are waged. Lion-men contests are waged. Panther-women contests are waged. Many a man has run screaming from his house when wifie came in with the breakfast toast, slinking with what she imagined was a pantherish slink.

They found "Tarzan, the Ape Man" in Johnny Weissmuller. At tremendous expense, they hired monkeys and chimpanzees. They took off Johnny's clothes, made up his face, gave him a yell, and the fun was on. The monkeys licked the make-up off his face, as fast as he could put it on, and the first time Johnny let out his ear-splitting scream, the chimps took to the tall trees and for days could neither be begged nor coaxed down.

In Buster Crabbe, they found their "Lion Man." "Now, there's nothing to it," they kept telling the slightly nervous Buster. "Nothing at all. These lions are absolutely harmless. Now, just to have you get used to lions, we'll have you pose with Nemo. Everyone knows good old Nemo. Harmless as a kitten."

So, finally persuaded all was indeed well, Buster removes his breeches, dons a loin cloth and enters the cage with Nemo—whereupon good, old, harmless Nemo flew at him and nearly bit the leg off the "Lion Man."

In Kathleen Burke, they found their "Panther Woman" for "The Island of Lost Souls." They did cattish things to her eyebrows, taught her to slink, and look felinish at the drop of the hat.

Then, when they were all ready, she suddenly remembered there was just one thing she'd forgotten to mention. She just loathed cats of any size and any shape. And if they didn't mind, she'd just use sheep dogs in the jungle scenes. And that one sent a producer to a rest cure for six months.

For "King of the Jungle" one scene called for all the animals, male and female, lions, leopards and tigers to be let loose together. "It can't be done," Mr. Al Barnes said, who owned the animals. "It never has been done. The females will kill the males, the tigers will destroy the leopards, and it will be a horrible sight. To say nothing of the expense incurred by the loss."

NEVERTHELESS, they determined to try it. Dozens of armed guards were placed about the huge, open arena, watching and ready for the horrible slaughter. Friends who had been told of the event, slipped out to the place stealthily. Keepers spoke in whispers. It was a dreaded and fearful event. At last, everything was ready. Now. The signal. Out sprang a male lion, a tiger, a female lion, a male tiger, a leopard, a panther, more lions, more tigers, more leopards.

The silence was thick. A female lion slunk over to a ferocious male. There was a moment of suspense. Suddenly, she lifted a paw. Tap. Ever so gently she tapped his ear. Surprised, he turned and looked at her. Again she lifted her paw. Tap. Nothing happened.

Tap. But the male lion, utterly bored, uttered a long, loud raspberry and strolled off. Two other lions were rolling about like kittens. A tiger yawned openly and sprawled out for a nap. A panther sat, blinking at a leopard.

Who blinked back. And a half hour later, the armed guards awoke the beasts, who had fallen asleep by this time, and returned them to their cages. Heigh ho.

Over on "The Big Cage" set at Universal, a weary looking assistant director strolled by. "What's the matter, Jack?" a friend asked. "You don't seem well."

"I'm all right," he replied, "but I'm tired. I don't sleep well. You see, since we switched from actors to animals in Hollywood, my wife won't let me in the house. I smell up the curtains. So she takes the dog in the house at night, and I sleep in the dog house."

A well-known actor suddenly found himself out. His option hadn't been taken up. "Haven't I been making money for you?" he demanded of the producer.

"Yes, you have, my boy. But, you see, we wanted to renew the option on the turtle and we just couldn't afford you both. You know how it is, old fellow."

In a scene for "King of the Jungle," a fire was to break out in a circus, causing a fearful pandemonium among the men and beasts. "Watch out," they warned, "the fire will drive the lions to a mad frenzy."

All was ready. Torches were applied. Flames shot out. People ran screaming for their lives, the lions sprang from their open cages, reached the fire and calmly and deliberately *sat down on it.*

WHEN the flames grew too warmish, they merely moved over to another spot. Not quite so hot. It took three Los Angeles fire companies *to get the lions off the fire.* But, for two weeks after, they could only shoot the fronts of the lions. The rears were singed beyond photographing.

Vince Barnett was playing a part with the tigers. "Vince," a friend said one day, "Why do you wear that peculiar striped sweater?"

Vince called him aside. "If you really want to know," he said, "I'm yessing the tigers."

A certain scene in "The Big Cage" calls for a tiger to leap over the arena and land in a smaller cage. Everything was ready. Cameras set, lights placed and the tiger properly prodded. Enraged, he leaped, but instead of landing in the cage, he lit squarely on the calliope. The jar set it going. It blasted out, "Over the Fence Is Out—Pop." The tiger flew twenty feet in the air and landed squarely back on the calliope that let out another "Over the Fence Is Out—Pop" and again the tiger leaped until, well, it was a riot.

But the prize of all the animal stars goes to Blue Boy, the prize hog of "State Fair." A nine hundred pound boar hog, for weeks, Blue Boy was the star attraction of the Fox lot. A group of visitors from the East were being shown about the lot. "Now, who would you like to see?" they were asked. "Sally Eilers or Jimmie Dunn?" "Oh," one lady gurgled, "if you don't mind, I'd rather see Blue Boy. I hear he has such soulful eyes."

Reporters were wild about him. Hanging about his pen for hours. While divorces and scandals passed by unnoticed.

"Listen," a famous star stormed in the publicity office, "what's the matter with you? I haven't had any publicity for six weeks."

"What," shrieked the publicity man, "you come up here demanding publicity when we've got a nine hundred pound hog on the lot? Who do you think you are?"

A DIETITIAN was hired who carefully looked after Blue Boy's diet. A beautician was actually hired to prepare his lovely face and form for the camera. And when the picture was over, they decided a college education was all Blue Boy needed to set the world on fire. So he was enrolled at the California Polytechnic Institute at San Luis Obispo.

Several days ago, a young director jauntily entered the Brown Derby, bowing to friends from right to left.

Suddenly, as he raised his sandwich to his lips, a horrible look came into his eyes. His face grew wan and pale.

Nick, the waiter, rushed over. "What's the matter, sir?" he demanded.

"Nick, look, I can't eat that sandwich. You hear me. I can't eat it. How do I know it might not contain my favorite movie star?"

And, weeping and wailing, they led him out.



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Ask The Answer Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

JUDY LENERT, NEW YORK CITY.—You are right, Judy, you have seen Kenneth Thomson some place before. He has been in pictures since 1926. During the past year he has appeared in "Up for Murder," "Bad Company," "Murder at Midnight," "The Famous Ferguson Case," and "By Whose Hand?" His latest is "Lawyer Man." Ken is a native of Pittsburgh, Penna. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and has jet black hair and brown eyes. Had considerable stage experience before he appeared in silent pictures back in 1926.

BETTY D. CONOLLY, POWELL RIVER, B. C., CAN.—I ought to pick up my rusty old—I mean my trusty old typewriter and—well, that Spanish accent you have accused John Mack Brown of having, isn't so Spanish after all. It's Southern, Johnny being a native of Alabama. He was born in Dothan, Ala., just 28 years ago. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 and has black hair and brown eyes. He is married and has one small daughter.



Three guesses. What . . . you don't recognize the screen's great dandy? The boy who inspired that quotation: "Clothes make the man"? Well, unfurrow the brow. It's *Harpo the Marx*, aged eleven. Probably contemplating the advisability of chasing a doughty dowager down Fifth Avenue

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Then do this . . . identify the eight Screen Stars and submit a slogan of twelve words or less, expressing the merits of Natural Bridge Shoes as they appeal to you . . . and mail your Entry Blank to us. From the Entry Blanks that correctly name the Eight Screen Stars, competent judges will select the 1,005 best slogans and the names of the prize winners.

Name of your nearest Natural Bridge dealer gladly sent on request. If there is none nearby, Contest Entry Blank will be sent. Address Contest Department, Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.

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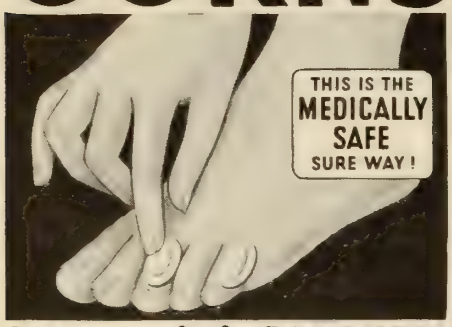
FIFTH PRIZE
4 Pairs of Natural Bridge Shoes

1,000 PRIZES
1 Pair of Natural Bridge Shoes



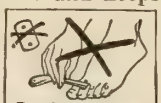
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Haji Laboratory, Dept. B., St. Paul, Minn.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR PHOTOPLAY
will be found on page 100.

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Beverly Bayne

CURIOUSLY, the one noticeable reflection of the war in this issue was a smashing appeal to buy "smileage books"—coupon admissions to camp movie theaters. PHOTOPLAY, like everyone else, had passed the "talk" stage, and was buckling into the real business of winning the war.

Likewise, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., had just scooped in $40,000 from San Franciscans for camp activities with a rodeo. Among the interested spectators were the first Mrs. Fairbanks and a chubby boy, Doug Jr. Mary had "adopted" a regiment of field artillery at Camp Kearney, and we showed pictures of the loving cup the regiment presented to her.

Among favored players of the day, we contrasted Beverly Bayne's "baby stare" with Theda Bara, asking of the latter, "Does She Believe Her Own Press Agent?" Elliott Dexter, who seems to have been the current Clark Gable, broke down and confessed in our pages about feminine stars he had "loved," while we hinted at the impending passing of another great favorite, Clara Kimball Young. After growing big in the business, it seems she was doing likewise in the figure. Charlie Chaplin had just spent some half-million dollars building a studio of his own, to suit his tastes.

Young players were not so much on the up-and-up in those war-starved days. We did have room, however, for pats on the back to Jack Holt in "Loaded Dice" and Lionel Atwill's attempt, in "Eve's Daughter," to do wrong by Billie Burke. Fortunately, noble Tom Meighan intervened.

Admirers of Johnny Weissmuller may be interested to know that *Tarzan*, done by Elmo Lincoln, was described at some length in this issue. Ethel Barrymore also had provided a thrill for her admirers with a rendition of "Camille." Gail Kane on cover.

10 Years Ago



Lois Wilson

IN our opinion, the big news of May, 1923, was the release of "The Covered Wagon" — the same film later voted by PHOTOPLAY readers the best of the year. So enthusiastic were we that the opening page of the issue urged everyone to see it.

This film, of course, was credited largely to Jimmy Cruze's direction. Of those in the cast, headed by J. Warren Kerrigan, the names still seen in current productions are two—Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence. Of those featured in the other five best for the month, Ramon Novarro and Marion Davies are active, while Huntly Gordon has a part in Mary Pickford's current "Secrets." Of the others, Walter Hiers later died at the height of his fame, and the rest are just missing.

Mary and Doug were married by now, and we showed them attending a motion picture circus in Los Angeles—an event featured by a race between Jack Pickford, Douglas MacLean and Reginald Denny, mounted respectively on an ostrich, a donkey and a camel. Ruth Clifford was quite a current rage, and Ruth Roland, of serial fame, was busily tucking her money into Los Angeles real estate.

Family news told of Barbara La Marr (we called her "orchidaRious") adopting a baby.

Viola Dana, current flapper, though a widow, was popularizing her phrase, "Be Yourself"; while among newer players, Mae Busch had reached stardom in "The Christian." Norma Shearer was pictured *a la* circus equestrienne, and we said of her, "attractive enough to win a place for herself." An interesting item in the "History of the Movies" then running, related that July 14, 1908, all a-tremble, D. W. Griffith sneaked into a New York movie house to see how his first effort at producing went over. The cover—Lois Wilson.

5 Years Ago



Barbara La Marr

MAY, 1928—a relatively peaceful month in cinema circles, as peace goes. That stormy petrel of the films, Pola Negri, was ending an $8,000 a week contract, and was said to be hesitating between three offers at her new figure—$10,000 a week. (That *does* sound like five years ago!) As big news as any was the fact that Charlie Farrell was stepping about with Virginia Valli.

Mute and sorrowful testimony to the rapid tempo of change in Hollywood: The boy, whose adoption by Barbara La Marr was chronicled five years before, now has been taken by ZaSu Pitts—because of his adopted mother's death. Hollywood likewise was agog over the business of finding a successor to Jackie Coogan, the rage of five years before. We submitted pictures and the question whether one Master Freddie Frederick might not be the heir to the vacated Coogan throne.

We had quite a splash upon another engaging new personality—director Eric Von Stroheim, called by us "Hollywood's one real genius." Another genius—Greta Garbo—in her autobiography told how, as part of her progress in Sweden, she procured the lead of a film which made a hit in Berlin. This, it seems, was enough for Hollywood—for Louis B. Mayer annexed her on a contract, and the end of the installment told of her quiet arrival in New York.

Kathryn Carver rated two pages of pictures, because for her honeymoon in Paris with Adolphe Menjou, she had chosen to "buy Hollywood" as to trousseau.

Among newer players we fancied Anita Page. We also related how Jean Hersholt's work in "Abie's Irish Rose" had won him the accolade of stardom in Griffith's "The Battle of the Sexes." The cover picture—ah, a novelty! Greta Garbo.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Charles Starrett
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Bert Hanlon
Lilian Harvey
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Howard Lally
Elissa Landi
Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
June Vlasek
Irene Ware
Harry Woods

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Creighton Chaney
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Wera Engels
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Joel McCrea
Mary Mason
Gregory Ratoff
Sandra Shaw
John Warburton
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy
Adolphe Menjou
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Our Gang
ZaSu Pitts
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Johnny Weissmuller
Ed Wynn
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Karloff
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey
Harold Huber
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shadduck
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
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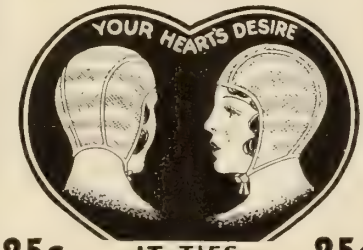
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BIG CAGE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dale Van Every. Screen play by Edward Anthony and Ferdinand Reyher. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Clyde Beatty*, Clyde Beatty; *"Scoops,"* Andy Devine; *"Soupmeat,"* Vince Barnett; *Russ Penny*, Wallace Ford; *Jimmy*, Mickey Rooney; *Timothy O'Hara*, Raymond Hatton; *Lillian Langley*, Anita Page; *John Whipple*, Reginald Barlow; *Glenn Stoner*, Edward Peil, Sr.; *Henry Cameron*, Robert McWade; *Silas Warner*, James Durkin; *Bob Mills*, Wilfred Lucas. And 43 wild lions, lionesses, tigers and tigresses (Courtesy Hagenbach-Wallace Circus).

"BROADWAY BAD"—Fox.—From the story by William R. Lipman and A. W. Pezet. Screen play by Arthur Kober and Maude Fulton. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Tony Saunders*, Joan Blondell; *Craig Cutting*, Ricardo Cortez; *Flip Daly*, Ginger Rogers; *Bixby*, Margaret Seddon; *Joe Flynn*, Phil Tead; *Bob North*, Allen Vincent; *Slug Davis*, Francis McDonald; *Lew Gordon*, Spencer Charters; *Big Fella*, Ronnie Cosbey; *Aileen*, Adrienne Ames; *Stone*, Victor Jory.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Homer Croy and Vernon Smith. Screen play by Albert Austin and Fred Guiol. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Nathan Cohen*, George Sidney; *Patrick Kelly*, Charlie Murray; *Mollie*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Andy Anderson*, Andy Devine; *Bob Graham*, Frank Albertson; *Queenie*, Jobyna Howland; *Fern*, Maude Fulton; *Williams*, Arthur Hoyt; *Captain*, Edward LeSaint; *Stewardess*, Olive Cooper; *Pan-Handler*, Herbert Corthell.

"CONSTANT WOMAN, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the play "Recklessness" by Eugene O'Neill. Screen play by Warren Duff and F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Walt*, Conrad Nagel; *Lou*, Leila Hyams; *Marlene*, Claire Windsor; *Jimmie*, Tommy Conlon; *Beef*, Stanley Fields; *Leading Man*, Robert Ellis; *Character Man*, Lionel Belmore; *Bounder*, Fred Kohler; *Character Woman*, Katherine Clare Ward.

"CHRISTOPHER STRONG"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Gilbert Frankau. Screen play by Zoe Akins. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Cynthia*, Katharine Hepburn; *Christopher Strong*, Colin Clive; *Elaine*, Billie Burke; *Monica*, Helen Chandler; *Harry Rawlinson*, Ralph Forbes; *Carlo*, Jack LaRue; *Carrie*, Irene Browne; *Bradford*, Gwendolyn Logan; *Bryce Mercer*, Desmond Roberts.

"DESTINATION UNKNOWN"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Tom Buckingham. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Matt Brennan*, Pat O'Brien; *The Stowaway*, Ralph Bellamy; *Lundstrom*, Alan Hale; *Georgie*, Russell Hopton; *Johnny*, Tom Brown; *Ruby Smith*, Betty Compson; *Maxie*, Noel Madison; *Gallallo*, Stanley Fields; *Dr. Fram*, Rollo Lloyd; *Joe Shane*, Willard Robertson; *Turk*, Charles Middleton; *Alex*, Richard Alexander; *Ring*, Forrester Harvey; *Tauru*, George Rigas.

"ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE"—ALLIED.—From the story "The Pillory" by Brandon Fleming. Screen play by Adele Buffington and Kurt Kemplar. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Corrinne Ross*, Marian Marsh; *Wayne Winters*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Max Steger*, Alan Hale; *Tessie Florin*, Marie Prevost; *Nina*, Gloria Shea; *Charley Moore*, Arthur Hoyt; *John Ross*, William V. Mong; *Steve*, Lee Moran; *Mabel*, Ethel Wales; *Jerry Trent*, Lyman Williams; *Rose*, Mara Madison; *Henry*, Tom Ricketts; *Mrs. Trent*, Ruth Cherington.

"FAST WORKERS"—M-G-M.—From the play "Rivets" by John W. McDermott. Continuity by Karl Brown and Ralph Wheelwright. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Gunner Smith*, John Gilbert; *Bucker Reilly*, Robert Armstrong; *Mary*, Mae Clarke; *Millie*, Muriel Kirkland; *Spike*, Vince Barnett; *Virginia*, Virginia Cherrill; *Nurse*, Muriel Evans; *Pinky Magoo*, Sterling Holloway; *Scudder*, Guy Usher; *Feets Wilson*, Warner Richmond; *Alabam*, Robert Burns.

"FRIEDERIKE"—PASCAL PROD.—From the story by Fritz Friedmann-Frederich. Directed by Fritz Friedmann-Frederich. The cast: *Friederike*, Mady Christians; *Goethe*, Hanz Heinz Bollmann; *Brion*, Paul Hoerbiger; *Duke of Weimar*, Veit Harlan; *Major Knebel*, Eduard von Winterstein; *Councellor Goethe*, Ferdinand Bonn; *His wife*, Erika Wagner; *Magdalena*, Ida Wuest; *Salomea*, Else Elster; *Wagner*, Otto Wallburg; *Lenz*, Karl Meixner; *Madame Schoell*, Adele Sandrock; *Hortense, her daughter*, Else von Hartmann; *Madame Hahn*, Maria Fein.

"GHOST TRAIN, THE"—GAINSBOROUGH.—From the play by Arnold Ridley. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Teddie Deakin*, Jack Hulbert; *Miss*



Ah, William Haines, up to your old tricks again! We thought everything was off between you and Polly, but here you both come up smiling as in the days of yore. Well, Miss Moran, you make a very charming couple. Nothing to it? Never was? You both say. Anyway, we hope you both enjoyed the Hollywood première of Lil Tashman's "Grounds for Divorce"

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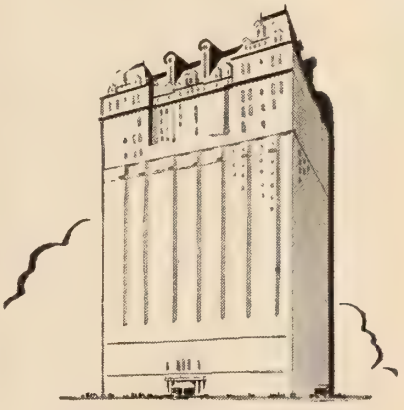
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"ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST" (Don't Tell Me Who You Are)—INTERWORLD PROD. —From the story by Ernest Marischka and Gustav Holm. Directed by Geza von Bolvary. The cast: *Alice Lamberg*, Liane Haid; *Bobby Lindt*, Gustav Froelich; *Ottokar*, Szoke Szakall; *Herr Fuehring*, Max Fulstorff; *Fritz von Schroeder*, Fritz Odemar; *Alvarez Zambesi*, Leonard Stekel; *Carmen*, Vera Spohr; *Kathe*, Betty Bird.

"INFERNAL MACHINE" — Fox. — From the story by Carl Sloboda. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Marcel Varnel. The cast: *Robert*, Chester Morris; *Elinor*, Genevieve Tobin; *Doreen*, Victor Jory; *Elinor's Aunt*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Spencer*, James Bell; *Prof. Hoffman*, Edward Van Sloan; *Ship's Captain*, Arthur Hohl; *Rupert*, Robert Littlefield; *Bryan*, J. Carrol Naish; *Klein*, Mischa Auer; *Hans*, Leonard Carey; *Lion Tamer*, Stanley Blystone; *Zelda*, Elise Cavanna; *Mme. Albina*, Josephine Whittell.

"KEYHOLE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "Adventuress" by Alice D. G. Miller. Screen play by Robert Presnell. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Anne Brooks*, Kay Francis; *Neil Davis*, George Brent; *Dot*, Glenda Farrell; *Hank Wales*, Allen Jenkins; *Maurice Le Brun*, Monroe Owsley; *Portia Brooks*, Helen Ware; *Schuyler Brooks*, Henry Kolker; *Frank O'Hara*, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

"KING KONG"—RKO-RADIO.—From an idea conceived by Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper. Screen play by James Creelman and Ruth Rose. Directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: *Ann Redman*, Fay Wray; *Denham* Robert Armstrong; *Driscoll*, Bruce Cabot; *Englehorn*, Frank Reicher; *Weston*, Sam Hardy; *Native Chief*, Noble Johnson; *Second Mate*, James Flavin; *Witch King*, Steve Clemento; *Lumpy*, Victor Wong.

"KING OF THE JUNGLE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Thurley Stoneham. Adapted by Max Marcin. Screen play by Philip Wylie and Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.



Now we'll tell one, Charlie, even though you insist you caught this monster all by yourself, when you were a fisherman. On the briny Pacific with its sparkling waves Senor Chaplin feels like a Spanish fisherman of old and goes after his catch with the same vim and vigor—and that's not a fish story, either, as most of his angling friends will attest

The cast: *Kaspa*, Buster Crabbe; *Anna Rogers*, Frances Dee; *Ed Peters*, Douglas Dumbrille; *John C. Knolls*, Robert Adair; *Mrs. Knolls*, Florence Britton; *Kaspa (Age 3)*, Ronnie Cosbey; *Joe Nolan*, Robert Barrat; *Gwana*, Sam Baker; *Kitty*, Patricia Farley; *Forbes*, Sidney Toler; *Sue*, Nydia Westman; *Corey*, Irving Pichel; *Gus*, Warner Richmond; *Government Inspector*, William J. Kelly.

"KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Ladislaus Fodor. Adapted by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Maria*, Nancy Carroll; *Dr. Paul Held*, Frank Morgan; *Dr. Walter Bernsdorf*, Paul Lukas; *Frau Bernsdorf*, Gloria Stuart; *Hilda*, Jean Dixon; *Bachelor*, Walter Pidgeon; *Schultz*, Charles Grapewin.

"LADY'S PROFESSION, A" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Beulah Bonnell*, Alison Skipworth; *Lord Reginald Withers*, Roland Young; *Cecily Withers*, Sari Maritza; *Dick Garfield*, Kent Taylor; *Tony*, Roscoe Karns; *James Garfield*, George Barbier; *Bolton*, Warren Hymer; *Keyhole McKlusky*, Billy Bletcher; *The "Colonel,"* DeWitt Jennings; *Crotchett*, Edgar Norton; *Lady McDougal*, Ethel Griffies; *Miss Snodgrass*, Claudia Craddock; *Mulroy*, James Burke; *Steward*, George Burton; *Boy on Boat*, Jackie Searl; *Cockney Steward*, John Irwin; *First Officer*, Harold Berquist; *Second Officer*, Fred Peters; *Third Officer*, Eddie Baker; *Captain*, Brady Kline; *Lieutenant*, Ben Taggart; *Albert*, Leonard Carey; *Taxi Driver*, Bob North; *The Blonde*, Ethel Sykes.

"LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE"—WARNERS. —From the story by Bertram Milhauser and Beulah Marie Dix. Screen play by David Boehm and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Jimmy*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Peggy*, Loretta Young; *Aunt*, Aline MacMahon; *Phlaxer*, Guy Kibbee; *Doc Woods*, Lyle Talbot; *Budgie*, Fifi Dorsay; *Reggie Newman*, Harold Huber; *Goldie*, Shirley Grey; *Magee*, George Meeker; *George*, David Durand; *Sam*, Farina; *Freckles*, Mickey Rooney; *Mary Lou*, Dawn O'Day; *Malvin*, Arthur Hohl; *Luis Primero*, Arthur DeKuh.

"MAN WHO WON, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the novel "Mr. Bill the Conqueror" by Dion Titheridge. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: *William Norman*, Henry Kendall; *Rosemary Lannick*, Heather Angel; *Diana Trenchard*, Nora Swinburne; *Dave Lannick*, Sam Livesey; *Deborah Turtle*, Louise Tinsley; *Tom Turtle*, Moore Marriott.

"MASQUERADER, THE" — GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *John Chilcote*, Ronald Colman; *John Loder*, Ronald Colman; *Eve Chilcote*, Elissa Landi; *Lady Joyce*, Juliette Compton; *Brock*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Fraser*, David Torrence; *Lakely*, Creighton Hale; *Robbins*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Alston*, Eric Wilton; *Speaker of the House*, Montague Shaw.

"MIND READER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Vivian Cosby. Screen play by Wilson Mizner and Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Chandra*, Warren William; *Sylvia*, Constance Cummings; *Frank*, Allen Jenkins; *Swami*, Robert Greig; *Sam*, Clarence Muse; *Jack Taylor*, Donald Dillaway; *Aunt*, Clara Blandick; *Don*, Earle Foxe; *Mrs. Austin*, Natalie Moorhead; *Senny*, Mayo Methot.

"MURDERS IN THE ZOO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Philip Wylie and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Peter Yates*, Charlie Ruggles; *Eric Gorman*, Lionel Atwill; *Jerry Evans*, Gail Patrick; *Dr. Woodford*, Randolph Scott; *Roger Hewitt*, John Lodge; *Evelyn Gorman*, Kathleen Burke; *Professor Evans*, Harry Beresford; *Dan*, Edward McWade.

"OLIVER TWIST" — MONOGRAM. — From the novel by Charles Dickens. Continuity by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by William Cowen. The cast: *Oliver Twist*, Dickie Moore; *Fagin*, Irving Pichel; *Bill Sikes*, William Boyd; *Nancy Sikes*, Doris Lloyd; *Rose Maylie*, Barbara Kent; *Brownlow*, Alec B. Francis; *Toby Crackit*, George K. Arthur; *Chilling*, Clyde Cook; *The Artful Dodger*, Sonny Ray; *Charlie Bates*, George Nash; *Bumble*, Lionel Belmore; *Mrs. Corney*, Tempe Pigott; *Sowerberry*, Nelson McDowell; *Mrs. Sowerberry*, Virginia Sale; *Noah Claypole*, Bobby Nelson; *Grimwig*, Harry Holman.

"OUR BETTERS" — RKO-RADIO. — From the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Lady Pearl Grayston*, Constance Bennett; *Pepi D'costa*, Gilbert Roland; *Fleming Harvey*, Charles Starrett; *Bessie*, Anita Louise; *Princess*, Phoebe Foster; *Thornton Clay*, Grant Mitchell; *Lord Bleane*, Hugh Sinclair; *Lord George Grayston*, Alan Mowbray; *Arthur Fenwick*, Minor Watson; *The Duchess*, Violet Kemble-Cooper; *Ernest*, Tyrell Davis; *Mrs. Saunders*, Virginia Howell; *Mr. Saunders*, Walter Walker; *Pole*, Harold Entwhistle.

"OUT ALL NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Tim Whelan. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Ronald Colgate*, Slim Summerville; *Bonny*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mrs. Colgate*, Laura Hope Crews; *Kate*, Shirley Grey; *Rosemountain*, Alexander Carr; *David Arnold*, Rollo Lloyd; *Children*, Billy Barty, Mary Jane Temple, Phillip Purdy; *Tracy*, Gene Lewis. Also Florence Enright, Dorothy Bay, Mae Busch, Paul Hurst.

"PAROLE GIRL"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Sylvia*, Mae Clarke; *Joe Smith*, Ralph Bellamy; *Jeanie*, Marie Prevost; *Tony*, Hale Hamilton; *Taylor*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Manager*, Ernest Wood; *Walsh*, Sam Godfrey; *Harris*, John Paul Jones; *Burns*, Lee Phelps.

"PENAL CODE, THE"—FREULER FILM.—From the story by Edmund T. Lowe. Continuity by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Robert Palmer*, Regis Toomey; *Marguerite Shannon*, Helen Cohan; *Sgt. Det. Bender*, Pat O'Malley; *James Forrester*, Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Palmer*, Virginia True Boardman; *Mr. Shannon*, Henry Hall; *Isaac Lewin*, Leander De Cordova; *Warden*, John Ince; *Lefty*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *McCarthy*, Olin Francis.

"PERFECT UNDERSTANDING" — UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Miles Malleson. Directed by Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Judy*, Gloria Swanson; *Nicholas*, Laurence Olivier; *Ronnson*, John Halliday; *Lord Portleigh*, Sir Nigel Playfair; *George*, Michael Farmer; *Kitty*, Genevieve Tobin; *Stephanie*, Nora Swinburne; *Sir John*, Charles Cullum; *Butler*, Peter Gawthorne; *Cook*, Rosalinde Fuller; *Maid*, Evelyn Bostock; *Dr. Graham*, O. B. Clarence; *Mrs. Graham*, Mary Jerrold.

"SAILOR'S LUCK"—Fox.—From the story by Marguerite Roberts and Charlotte Miller. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Jimmy Harrigan*, James Dunn; *Sally Brent*, Sally Eilers; *Barnacle Benny*, Sammy Cohen; *Bilge*, Frank Moran; *Baron Darrow*, Victor Jory; *Minnie Broadhurst*, Esther Muir; *J. Felix Hemingway*, Will Stanton; *Angelo*, Curley Wright; *Rico*, Jerry Mandy; *Elmer Brown*, Lucien Littlefield; *Elmer Brown, Jr.*, Buster Phelps; *Attendant*, Frank Atkinson.

"STATE TROOPER"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lambert Hillyer. Screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Michael Rolph*, Regis Toomey; *Jane Brady*, Evalyn Knapp; *Estelle*, Barbara Weeks; *Carter*, Raymond Hatton; *Jarvis*, Mathew Betz; *W. J. Brady*, Edwin Maxwell; *Burman*, Walter McGrail; *Graber*, Lew Kelly; *Jimmy*, Don Chapman; *Morgan*, Eddie Chandler.

"STRICTLY PERSONAL" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Wilson Mizner and Robert T. Shannon. Screen play by Willard Mack and Beatrice Banyard. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Annie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Soapy*, Edward Ellis; *Mary*, Dorothy Jordan; *Andy*, Eddie Quillan; *Magruder*, Louis Calhern; *Bessie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Wetzel*, Hugh Herbert; *Mrs. Castleman*, Olive Tell; *Hope Jennings*, Jean Barry; *Jerry O'Connor*, Rollo Lloyd; *Hewes*, Charles Sellon; *Holbrook*, Ben Hall; *Giggles*, Gay Seabrook; *Biddlebury*, Harvey Clark; *Captain Reardon*, DeWitt Jennings; *Mrs. Lovett*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Flynn*, Thomas Jackson; *Leila*, Hazel Jones.

"SWEEPINGS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Lester Cohen. Screen play by Lester Cohen, Howard Estabrook and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Daniel Pardway*, Lionel Barrymore; *Thane*, Alan Dinehart; *Freddie*, Eric Linden; *Gene*, William Gargan; *Phoebe*, Gloria Stuart; *Ullman*, Gregory Ratoff; *Grimson*, Lucien Littlefield; *Abigail*, Nan Sunderland; *Mamie*, Helen Mack; *Prince Niko*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Bert*, George Meeker.

"THERE GOES THE BRIDE"—GAINSBOROUGH. —From the story by Fred Raymond and Noel Gay. Directed by Albert de Courville. The cast: *Max*, Owen Nares; *Annette Marquand*, Jessie Matthews; *Cora*, Carol Goodner; *M. Marquand*, Charles Carson; *Mme. Marquand*, Barbara Everest; *Rudolph*, Basil Radford; *Housekeeper*, Winifred Oughton; *Clark (chauffeur)*, Jerry Verno; *Jacques*, Roland Culver; *Alphonse*, Jack Morrison; *Pierre*, Max Kirby; *M. Duchaine*, Gordon McLeod; *Mme. Duchaine*, Mignon O'Doherty; *Chief of Police*, Lawrence Hanray; *Public Prosecutor*, George Zucco.

"UNDER THE TONTO RIM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham and Gerald Geraghty. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Tonto Daily*, Stuart Erwin; *Munther*, Fred Kohler; *Porky*, Raymond Hatton; *Nina Weston*, Verna Hillie; *Joe Gilbert*, John Lodge; *Tex*, Fuzzy Knight; *Weston*, George Barbier; *Sally Mumford*, Kathleen Burke; *Mabel Turner*, Patricia Farley; *Sheriff*, Edwin J. Brady; *Chief of Police*, Allan Garcia.

"WHAT PRICE DECENCY?"—EQUITABLE PICTURES.—From the play by Arthur Gregor. Directed by Arthur Gregor. The cast: *Norma*, Dorothy Burgess; *Klaus Van Leyden*, Alan Hale; *Tom O'Neil*, Walter Byron; *Pimo*, V. Durant; *Matizzi*, Henry Durant; *Zeppo*, Monkey.

"WHITE SISTER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by F. Marion Crawford. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Angela Chiaromonte*, Helen Hayes; *Giovanni Severi*, Clark Gable; *Prince Chiaromonte*, Lewis Stone; *Mina*, Louise Closser Hale; *Mother Superior*, May Robson; *Father Saracinesca*, Edward Arnold; *Ernesto Traversi*, Alan Edwards.

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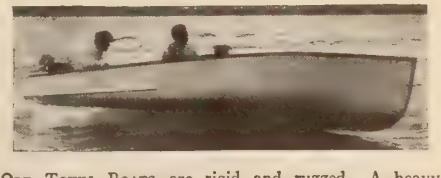
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"Old Town Boats"

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

AND there's that Hollywood tailor who hung out this sign: "What the well-dressed man will wear this Spring!"

"Coat, with Dietrich shoulders;
"Vest, with deep Garbo V;
"Trousers, with Hepburn flare."

And did the crowd gather?

HERE'S a real true story that's stranger than fiction. Remember "Baby Marie" Osborne? She was one of the screen's first stars. She made a fortune, then lost it trying to produce her own pictures. Then she went to work in the five and ten cent store.

She married Frank Dempsey and a child was born to them a few months ago. Then Frank lost his job. They went to live with the Osbornes. Out of the silver lining behind their cloud came news of a large inheritance set aside by H. L. Shriver, a wealthy Washington, Pa. engineer, for Marie. So the story found its climax like that of any movie when it was learned Baby Marie was *not* the child of the Osbornes, but the daughter of Shriver who had left her in a Colorado orphanage years ago.

IS it true—those rumors that Marlene Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier are no longer so friendly? It's hard to believe. Maurice is a friend not only of Marlene but of her husband. Remember how the Frenchman posed with the Dietrich family, even at the station, when hubby was departing?

And can it be that Chevalier's supposed interest in Lilian Harvey has anything to do with it?

What a riot this newcomer Lilian is causing—a long line including every other bachelor in town seems to be waiting for an inning.

ELY CULBERTSON is surely having a hard time convincing Hollywood that his "system" is any good. Currently making a bridge short, he has "grand slammed" two supervisors, three directors, five cameramen and all kinds of executives. It seems that Ely has ideas, not only about bridge, but about making movies.

But—he just couldn't see his way clear to play the Marx Brothers, could he?

AND he who hesitates, remarks Freddie March on his way out, is not dancing.

THIS is the movie way of doing it:

When Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) wrapped up her brand-new baby in the family limousine and took him home, there were fifty-two different toys there the very first day! The baby went right on sucking his thumb. He hasn't gone Hollywood yet.

WE'LL all be missing you, Polly, so please don't stay away too long. That's how most of her followers feel about Polly Moran quitting movies for personal appearances in vaudeville and radio. Her departure from the lot severs one of the most humorous teams in moviedom and Marie Dressler feels it keenly.

NINETT SUNDERLAND, who, in case you don't know, is really Mrs. Walter Huston, is playing her first picture part in "Sweepings"—and that's Lionel Barrymore's film, not Walter's. She was previously on the New York stage, of course, but this is her initial venture in the cinema.

BESSIE LOVE has had her nursemaid for the tiny Hawks baby for several months. The other day the nurse came in, wide-eyed:

"Why, Mrs. Hawks, I didn't know you were once in pictures. I have just learned you are an *actress!*"

And, believe it or not, Bessie is now a heroine in her own home. Before she was just a mother.



International

If the gods had descended on Manhattan, there couldn't have been more excitement than when the "42nd Street" Special pulled into Grand Central Station. Seated, left to right, some of the famous cargo: Eleanor Holm, former Olympic swim champ; Joe E. Brown; Leo Carrillo; Bette Davis; Tom Mix (of course his equine pal came along, too); Laura La Plante. Those lasses in white in the back-ground, are chorines. And since no party is complete without a stowaway, Doris McMahon (behind Tom Mix) was found hiding in the baggage car after the train left San Bernardino. They let her stay on. Wouldn't you?

A HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age . . . Strong in tenderness . . . inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!



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Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.

BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..



ILLUSION:
A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:
Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels produced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild*, call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

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HUMIDOR PACK





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CAN Hollywood "TAKE IT"?



Only a quarter of 6 again . . . .

ANOTHER day's work over. Another empty evening ahead. Would it always be like this? For other girls, the day was just beginning. It was cocktail time, or the hour to dress for dinner and dancing. But for her—it was only a quarter of six again . . . She could not understand it. Plenty of attractive men came her way. Why did they never ask her out—or at least not more than once? If she only knew!... If only someone would tell her! . . . But of course no one did.

* * *

Actual tragedy can enter a girl's life through halitosis (unpleasant breath)—and *without her ever suspecting she has it.* That is the insidious thing about it. You cannot know, yourself, when the breath is offensive, and your most intimate friends won't tell you. Yet it is a scientific fact that practically *everyone* has halitosis now and again.

You cannot avoid it. But you *can* correct it—by gargling and rinsing the mouth with Listerine. Every morning. Every evening. And between times before every social engagement.

Listerine immediately stops fermentation in the mouth—the cause of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath. Listerine overcomes the odors *at once.* There is absolutely nothing like it for the purpose. Clinical tests have shown that Listerine *instantly* conquers mouth odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours! Begin this very day with Listerine. It is refreshing. It cannot harm teeth or gums. It is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. And it ends the awful risk of halitosis! Lambert Pharmacal Co.

. . . HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

She—FLIES TO NEWPORT

No hardships for her! And certainly no harsh foods. Her gums are inactive, tender—and the "pink" on her tooth brush signals danger.



She—LONGS FOR A HOLIDAY

She may be tired from too much activity. But her gums are unhealthy from too little activity. They need Ipana and massage.



You aren't safe from "Pink Tooth Brush," either!

AS a child, you had firm gums. Nature saw to that.

But whether you were fed from a silver service or an earthenware bowl—whether a trained nurse supervised your diet, or an over-worked mother prepared your food with her own hands—you ate the softest of foods. You have continued to eat soft foods.

Crusts, crunchy grains, tough meats, and other harsh foods have practically disappeared from the American diet. Delicious indeed are the creamy soups, the tender cuts of meat, the well-cooked vegetables and light desserts of today's table.

But these foods do not exercise the gums. So your gums first become lazy and sluggish. Soon they are weak-walled and tender. They deteriorate until you find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

This condition is called "pink tooth brush." It is serious. It may be the forerunner of gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even the feared (though infrequent) pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To regain their healthy firmness, your gums need assistance. Your dentist will explain that they need massage.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Further: put a little extra Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums.

Why massage with *Ipana?* Because Ipana contains an ingredient known as ziratol. This aids in stimulating circulation through the gum walls. The walls become firm again.

Use Ipana with massage regularly, and your teeth will be beautifully clean and bright. Your gums will improve rapidly. Before long you will not need to give a thought to "pink tooth brush."

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M-G-M is proud of John Barrymore! "Reunion in Vienna" is his new picture and Diana Wynyard is the girl! One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court...Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "Reunion in Vienna" from Robert E. Sherwood's play, produced by the Theatre Guild, becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer delight! Directed by Sidney Franklin.

★ *The reproduction above of an original painting of John Barrymore by Otis Shepard is the second of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.*

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

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Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"

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On the cover—Bette Davis—Painted by Earl Christy

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The Audience Talks Back



In "42nd Street," Ruby Keeler, who heads this line under George Stone's coaching, plays a chorus girl who crashes through to fame in one show. "42nd Street" was Ruby's first film—and what a hit! She went over those movie barriers like the British fliers over Mt. Everest

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

Why must motion pictures, newest and finest of the dramatic arts, rush each year to the boards of Broadway to select next season's films?

Pictures depend, not on reproducing the legitimate stage, but on creating an art vastly different and possibly superior. Color and artistic photography lie at the cinema producer's door alone. Possibilities for fantasy, spectacle, grand sets, clever lighting, travel are in his grasp. The world's best players are his instruments and he chooses to produce prosaic novels and stilted plays.

Only when the picture producers create can they be called artists. The actors have had to carry the burden too long. So here's to a new art and greater cinema world!

ROBERT DOWNING, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE $10 LETTER

The vitality of the movies must be boundless, else how could they stand up under the barrage of unfair criticism that is constantly being hurled in their direction?

Because little Mary Jones, aged seven, is somewhat jittery after seeing "Frankenstein," Mary's mother immediately writes a letter denouncing all movies as having an evil influence on children. The real trouble, of course, lies in Mrs. Jones, who should supervise Mary's movie consumption as carefully as she does her diet.

And so it goes, the movies bearing the blame for everything from Willie's bad manners to grandma's rheumatism.

In other phases of life we take the bad with the good without too much complaint. Why in the name of common sense can't we apply this philosophy to the movies, also?

LOUISE LATURA, Memphis, Tenn.

THE $5 LETTER

New faces! Glowing youth and beauty. I suppose we must have them for the younger generation, but somehow we miss our own favorites of former days—Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Maurice Costello and the others. What a whale of a difference a few wrinkles make in this glorious, yet tragic profession!

It makes one realize what a good loser one has to be to enter the movie field. A few years of fame, success and the height of popularity—and then—what a terrible feeling it must be when fan mail drops off, when contracts are not renewed and one is lost in the fog of oblivion.

Personally, I'd much rather be a storekeeper or a minister, where Father Time is not so cruel in relieving one of his duties.

E. B. HILL, Hornell, N. Y.

SO "42nd Street" leaps to the front and heads the entire parade. And Ruby Keeler! Yum, yum, how they love that girl! From practically no letters last month, to leader in our mail this time—that *is* something! The Bouquets this month tell why.

"State Fair" has struck deep, with its message of contentment and peace in simple surroundings; while "Cavalcade" is running strong, and "Rasputin" is coming up. One writer asks about this film: "Is it possible to have *too much star?*" She means the three spectacular Barrymores!

Two of our recent articles—"Which Movie Star Dominates You?" and "Is the Garbo Rage Over?" still provoke extended discussion. "No man dominates *me*," one girl writes haughtily.

HAIL, "42ND STREET"!

"42nd Street" with its abundance of entertaining glamour, fairly picked me up out of my seat and knocked me down for the "count."

I was so utterly thrilled with its beautiful settings and clever routines that I stayed to see it twice. After the picture came to a dramatic close for the second time, I was brought back to earth by the realization that there were gnawing pains of hunger inside. How happy I'd have been if I could have nibbled upon the top of the seat in front of me and then, appeased, lose myself in the glory of a third performance! Cheers for "42nd Street!" Let's have more like it.

ETHELDREDA MCDONOUGH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Just recently I saw "42nd Street" and did I enjoy it! There's a picture fast moving and entertaining. When you watched that chorus backstage you could readily see that those acting the parts had done some heavy rehearsing themselves. Warner Baxter made a director who will make some girls hesitate before they decide on being chorines. I never dreamed of how hard such a life could be. My eyes are opened now, thanks to Warner Bros.

IDA J. AUER, Chicago, Ill.

A new picture personality, a new star born and does she twinkle? Verily, from her scintillating eyes, to the tips of her dance mad feet—*she twinkles.* Ruby Keeler in "42nd Street." We don't wonder that Al Jolson sings *like that*, with Ruby for an inspiration. Hail Queen Ruby!

MRS. MARVIN M. GRAY, Palmyra, Mo.

ABOUT THOSE DOMINATING STARS

Your article, "Which Movie Star Dominates You?" has more truth than poetry.

I married a rough, tough he-man. But I dominated him. I knew it, so did he. Now I am a divorcee. Yet the same type of man, to a certain extent, appeals to me. Johnny Weissmuller and Gary Cooper. I adore them.

Johnny has the most beautiful body in the movies. Maybe he makes us sex conscious, I don't know. But I get a thrill looking at him. And Gary Cooper has that "you can't win me" air that arouses a desire to show them. Yet neither is handsome.

I want a masterful man who is also romantic and an idealist, and yet I want to dominate. I want him to have Gary Cooper's indifference to all women but *me*, Johnny Weissmuller's body and Leslie Howard's culture and ideals. Is there such a man?

MRS. ALYCE BATEMAN, Zanesville, O.

You ask who of the screen dominates me. Most any of my friends, relatives or acquaintances could tell you as it has been the same person ever since his first appearance in the movies in "The White Sister." Why they put Clark Gable in the talkie version is beyond my comprehension.

No one has ever made me unfaithful to my

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

IT WILL MAKE "FRISCO JENNY" TURN PALE



Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933—model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show . . . If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown! » » »

RUTH
CHATTERTON
in
"LILLY TURNER"

with

GEORGE BRENT
Frank McHugh
Ruth Donnelly
Guy Kibbee

A First National Picture based on a play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott Directed by William A. Wellman

WARNER BROS. *again!*

Here's Your Chance to Tell Others



From the day Lee Tracy first flashed across the screen, people have been talking about how *natural* he is, no matter what the rôle. From all signs, though, it seems that his work with Gloria Stuart in "Private Jones" will set talk going more than anything else he has so far done

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

first and only screen hero, none other than Ronald Colman. His pictures are too few and far apart to suit me. But what can I do about it?

ORA JANE HOLLMAN, Kansas City, Mo.

"BACK TO THE FARM" WITH "STATE FAIR"

Hail to "State Fair." It's such a vivid painting of rural life that it's like a refreshing breath of clover-laden country air.

This colorful comedy-drama with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers at their very best, obscured sky-scrapers and gangdom, undressed sirens and murderers, bank holidays and bare cupboards, and carried me back to thrilling State Fair days of my own youth.

With real vacations so few this summer, I'm for more pictures like "State Fair."

A. M. COMMENATOR, Detroit, Mich.

We, of the farms, have long hours of toil, very little money and few amusements. And so, in behalf of the farm people, allow me to express our appreciation for "State Fair."

A few days ago, I rode into town, sold my basket of eggs and wandered into a movie house. "State Fair" was being shown and it fully made up to me for my keen disappointment of last fall when I was unable to attend our own State Fair in Milwaukee. I thrilled with Miss Gaynor on the dizzy roller coaster. I enjoyed the side shows, I tasted the hot buttered pop corn and quenched my thirst with the ice cold pop, and all for the small sum of twenty-five cents or one dozen of eggs.

GRACE HERZOG, R.F.D., Kenosha, Wisc.

GARBO'S ADMIRERS SPEAK UP

I was annoyed and frightened when I glimpsed "Is the Garbo Rage Over?" on your April cover—annoyed because you referred to the public's appreciation of Miss Garbo as a rage, and frightened because if it were true we would be doomed to a bleak and dismal Garboless future. My resentment gave way to relief after I read the article, for I thought I recognized in you a sort of "kindred spirit."

In January our local morning newspaper printed an article in the editorial section entitled "We Want Garbo." Fort Wayne is the second city in Indiana and is widely known as a theatrical town. Only one other cinema celebrity has ever been paid a like tribute by this paper—that inimitable genius, Lionel Barrymore.

When Fort Wayne announces by way of an editorial (after all these months of Garbo's absence) that "We Want Garbo," now isn't that *something*, I ask you?

If that makes me a Garbo-maniac, bring on the padded cell.

GERALDINE FREDERICK, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The only way in which the Garbo rage can be over is that it has deepened from an hysterical hubbub over a movie actress meaning sex into a sincere and no less devout appreciation of an artist meaning genius. I go to Vanderbilt University.

It has been my observation that those people, whose intelligence and taste I think most of, deem Greta Garbo the greatest actress of the screen.

The more enlightened of the movie-going public demand that she come back.

P. N. B., Nashville, Tenn.

I bought the magazine this month to read "Is the Garbo Rage Over." Yes it is, as over and dead as Jimmy Walker. After she "ban go home" we received Helen Hayes.

Let Garbo stay home, and build up Hepburn, who is better looking and far and away a better actress.

MRS. CELESTE DAVEY, Coronado, Calif.

WON'T THAT BE SOMETHING!

Well, well, well—and now it would seem the vogue is for animal pictures.

What a relief *that* is.

Wild animals instead of wild women.

Great apes instead of the genus *Homo adonis*. Thank heavens they haven't as yet dug up a wise-cracking hippopotamus or a sophisticated elephant.

But I suppose they will.

They gave *King Kong* a yen for a blonde—and it's only a question of Directorial Time before they inject the eternal triangle into the love-life of a couple of alligators.

HUGO E. JUNG, No. Hollywood, Calif.

REVEALING THE ROMANOFFS

"Rasputin and the Empress" was actually a picture that helped to solve many problems concerning the days of Rasputin's reign. I am so proud to say it has cleared my mind on things which were always a mystery to me.

I have read many books on this particular subject, and although I have done so, I could never get a good idea of the meaning until I saw it on the screen.

The directors were most accurate in selecting the characters for such a noble picture. The Barrymores cannot be surpassed in this type of acting.

EVELYN WATT, Greensburg, Penna.



The queen sails to re-ascend her throne and her faithful subjects are all for her. Garbo was as mysterious in her sailing on an obscure steamer to California as she was as a spy in "Mata Hari." It is an occasion of rejoicing. We welcome home Your Majesty! Long live the Queen!

What You Think of Pictures and Stars

TOO MUCH STARLIGHT?

I wonder if anyone else found the same difficulty with the marvelous picture "Rasputin and the Empress" that I did. Keeping in mind the various members of the Romanoff family wouldn't have been so difficult except that I was so aware of that other royal family, the House of Barrymore.

Since the Barrymores are so well-known and as well established institutions as the 5 and 10 Stores, Babe Ruth and the Notre Dame football team, it is very hard to concentrate on the Imperial court as one ought. Instead one is bound to compare the voices and acting of the respective Barrymores.

The Barrymores forever, I say, but if it's all the same to Hollywood, let's have them one at a time.

MARSHALL MILLS, Boston, Mass.

THEY LIKE "CAVALCADE"

It was with considerable prejudice that I went to see "Cavalcade" at our local theater, since I find it extremely difficult as a rule, to understand or sympathize with British characters and situations.

After the first few moments, however, I found myself completely carried away by the production and sat enthralled, to the end.

"Cavalcade" is a picture which mirrors the hopes, aspirations, patriotism and human problems of *any* race and *any* time. Director, writers, cast and technicians together, have given us a production splendid in its epic quality, dramatic in its situations, intensely interesting in its problems, and—above all—human to the very core.

BARRY O'DELL, Oakland, Calif.



Concerning some players, comment is varied—but George Arliss admirers agree on one thing. Everyone notes the finished artistry of his work, as here when shaking hands with Patricia Ellis in "The King's Vacation." One letter says it's joy even to see him open a cigarette case



Edna May Oliver holds a legion of admirers—but it seems that "The Penguin Pool Murder" had something which was particularly productive of comment. Many of our readers thought that she struck a high new note in the grand scale of mystery thriller productions

In these times when so many pictures are being produced ridiculing our National Government, it is surprising and astonishing to see such an excellent picture as "Cavalcade" upholding the British government. It is stupendous in its ability to show the loyalty of the English people to their country.

But believe you me, there is no more loyalty anywhere than that which we Americans have for our country. Why can't the producers do as well for our history as "Cavalcade"?

And here's a suggestion. Why not give us pictures depicting the family history of a family in each of the nations of the world? It would give us a better insight into the habits and customs of other lands.

ROBERT ALLEN, JR., Nashville, Tenn.

I hesitate to criticize the best pictures, but as a rule there are many details concerning marine settings which could be made much more convincing.

In artificial settings the action of the water at the side of the ship is seldom convincing. When a real ship is under weigh, foam and water are sliding by beyond the rail, and the bow wave is widening out, to meet with the other waves. While stateroom doors opening out on deck are usual on many coastwise vessels, they are seldom seen on ocean-going steamers, except in the movies. In "Cavalcade," where every attention was paid to detail, nevertheless the rolling of the "Titanic" was too rapid for a ship of her size, especially since the motion must have come from a long ocean swell, as the picture showed a calm sea.

MEREDITH A. SCOTT, Framingham, Mass.

THAT'S PUTTING IT OVER, LEE!

In "Private Jones," Lee Tracy presents a typical American doughboy with the naturalness that makes the character a living person. To any of us who shouldered a gun in those distant days, *Private Jones* is a real buddy. We can almost feel the cooties crawling up our back again, as we join him in his hectic adventures. Good work, Lee!

J. B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

A CHEER FOR ARLISS

If ever an actor was born and destined to be such, it is George Arliss, for to my mind, he is the most outstanding male personality on our American stage or screen today. Youthful movie followers may have their Gable, Cooper, Howard, Fairbanks, Jr., and their type, but I am one hundred per cent for George Arliss. His perfect English, his unaffected nonchalant air and stately bearing, fit him perfectly for playing the rôles that none other than he could enact with such charm and graciousness.

To watch intently his simple act of closing a cigarette case, instantly impresses one with the fact that he is an artist to his very fingertips. Who among our younger heroes of the screen will ever rise to his supreme heights?

MILLIE IRWIN, Harmon-On-Hudson, N. Y.

"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

I am a minister of the gospel and a movie devotee, too, if you please. I studied about the reign of Nero in the seminary, but how much more vivid the story becomes after seeing "The Sign of the Cross"!

I have no patience with the clergy that condemn the whole industry because of a few pictures that may seem a little off-color.

CHARLES CONRAD, Captain Chaplain
U. S. Army, (Res.)

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What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

Mother has been one of these "movie knockers." Several evenings ago we took her to see "The Sign of the Cross." She was agreeably surprised—both as to settings and players, whom she thought were marvelous. Now she is thoroughly convinced that movies are all right.

JUDITH WALLINE, Holdrege, Neb.

Claudette Colbert and Fredric March were wonderful lovers in "Tonight Is Ours." Their love was beautiful and fascinating!

Later, I saw them in "The Sign of the Cross." It was a great picture, but I was disappointed in the feeling between Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. Turning from a romantic lover in one picture to a disinterested male in another ruined the entire film for me.

Producers, please don't make the mistake again of having two lovers from one picture become enemies in another.

RUTH MAC NELLEY, Delmar, N. Y.

HOW MANY AGREE?

Greta Garbo is exotic—Myrna Loy is seductive—Joan Crawford in provocative—Norma Shearer is delightful—and Edna May Oliver is delicious.

I hadn't been feeling my usual tip-top self—with all the depression and worries of this day—and quite absent-mindedly I bought a ticket for "The Penguin Pool Murder." Had I read the title I should never have entered the theater. But the glory of the movies! I heard a familiar voice say, "Well—ah—I'm accepting"—well, just to anticipate the beginning of the picture, knowing that the greatest comedienne of them all, Edna May Oliver, was the heroine—was enough to perk me up—and it did!

Here's to Oliver, the Queen of Fun!

MRS. HARRY GLUECK, Cincinnati, O.

SALUTE TO TOM MIX

It is with deep regret that I read of Tom Mix's retirement from the screen. Never will I forget when Tom Mix came to our town with the circus. Just before his afternoon performance a little crippled boy who couldn't go to the circus received the biggest thrill of his life in a visit from Tom and Tony. I don't know what Tom said to him but there was a brighter, happier look on that kid's face from that time until he passed away a few months later.

Even at the last he would "buck up and laugh" because "his good friend Tom Mix" said that was the way to do.

A great man in a great industry, Tom Mix.

CELESTE B. MARTIN, Clarksdale, Miss.

FIRST AID FOR EDUCATORS

When the talkies first came to town, a great deal of fun was poked at the young screen actors for their mad scramble to learn perfect English. However, after all is said and done, I have noticed this—the young generation who attend the talkies nowadays speak far better English than they ever did before the advent of the talkies.

My young son and daughter, whose ruthless butchery of the English language has for years given me hot flashes and bitter regret, now correct my own speech with disdainful condescension, which I accept with silent delight. If the talkies have accomplished nothing else, they have given our young people a new understanding and appreciation of their mother tongue!

MRS. B. FAIR, San Diego, Calif.



Mary's following, of course, is delighted to have her back in "Secrets"—and one reader said it was too bad Mary's mother had not lived to see her really "grown up" in pictures. Leslie Howard, too, pleased, even if not quite as real a rancher as some seemed to want

Since Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom" told Myrna Loy that she was "alluring," radio announcers and other actors have used the same word with the same enunciation; and now I've heard it in my own Southern town.

These foreigners have offered a challenge that isn't limited to actors and public speakers. I am an English teacher in a town where the youngsters have always dubbed as "sissy" any attempt at correct enunciation. This present younger set, however, all enthusiastic admirers of the foreign actors, speak better English than any set I have ever taught. Please, if only for the sake of the poor, struggling English teachers, don't let any legislation send our foreign born actors home.

ELISABETH MURPHY, Salisbury, N. C.

The talkies have driven me to my dictionary. Far too many times, since the advent of the talkies, I have been not a little surprised and embarrassed, by some player pronouncing a word differently from the way I had always pronounced it. And, on rushing home and looking up the word, I have found, without exception, that my dictionary agreed with the player.

My craving for an extensive vocabulary is almost an obsession. But, ah me, in my haste to garner more and more new *mots*, I failed to take cognizance of the pretty little symbols that serve as guides to orthœpy. I high-hatted all phonetic letters and diacritical marks in a shameful manner. It remained for the talkies to make me seek an acquaintance with these afore-scorned characters.

IVAN G. BEDELL, Bloomington, Ind.

One curiously interesting effect of the movies on the life and culture of these times comes constantly to my notice. Teaching speech to groups of very average young people is never an easy task. And yet, lately, there has been a change—a gradual one to be sure, but increasingly noticeable.

Broad "a's" crop up astoundingly, and one or two healthy farm boys have even gotten around to "eyether!"

It is a good sign, and the movies are responsible for it. Only today a boy asked me if all Englishmen spoke like Leslie Howard, and a girl hesitatingly wanted to know if I couldn't teach her to talk like Helen Hayes! I had to say "no" to both of them—and they were very disappointed.

AGNES JOHNSTON, Urbana, Ill.

ABOUT ANNOUNCING CASTS

This is the first time I have written to you or any other screen magazine, but one movie studio has conceived a very brilliant and inexpensive idea and I just had to tell you how fine I think it is.

The idea is that of repeating the cast at the end of a picture under the clever caption "A Good Cast is Worth Repeating."

The usual trend at the beginning of a picture is to note the first three or four names of the cast or to run the eyes through the whole list for familiar names. By this more brilliant method of announcing the casts twice, an unknown actor who does his part well is properly associated with his name at the end of the picture, becomes known and is on his way to success.

CARMEN K. PAYNE, Detroit, Mich.

About two months ago a picture was run at our neighborhood theater, which had a clever way of introducing the characters. In place of the usual list of players, a short section of the picture was run showing the player in character, the name of the character and the name of the player. This left absolutely no doubt as to who was who.

EARL J. KINGSLEY, Portland, Ore.

THEY AGREE ON JOHN, ANYWAY

Have you seen "Topaze"? In spite of John Barrymore's other recent outstanding performances (you know what I mean) this seems to be the one that will make him more popular than ever—if that be possible. It's one of those few near-perfect pictures that contain both well directed cast and well written continuity; a combination that makes you sit back and really enjoy the complete performance. Keen, amusing with very clever little bits—What? All in one picture? Yes, it's "Topaze."

BEATRICE MACK, San Francisco, Calif.

Very much disappointed after taking in the film "Topaze." John Barrymore as usual was studiously good, in a scenario carefully arranged to please the American audience.

It carries very little resemblance to the play by Marcel Pagnol.

Give the public more "State Fairs," "If I Had A Million," things truly in the American atmosphere.

Leave foreign plays to those who understand and like the gentle art of philosophy.

CATHERINE LARUE, New York, N. Y.

DANCING ON GLASS



ILLUSION:
In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers appear, throw jagged pieces of glass into a box already filled with broken glass. They step *barefooted* into the box and do an Oriental dance—uninjured.

EXPLANATION:
Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a solution of alum water and rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the sharp glass around the *edges* of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the edges rounded off. They just *pretend* to dance on the *sharp* glass.

SOURCE: "*Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions*" by *Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.*



KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: *All* cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette ever made, and every one of the billions of Camels produced since, has received the necessary heat treatment. Harsh, raw tobaccos require *intensive* processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, *call* for only a moderate application of heat.

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NO TRICKS —JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

Figure is half of smart appearance . . .







LAURA LA PLANTE, *lovely motion-picture star, knows what the very newest fashions are all about. Metal cloth with precious fur for her evening ensemble (note the high neckline); flannel for sports; and on the beach, an utterly simple, white, hand-knitted maillot.*

● EVERY gown in the shops today requires a gently rounded figure to achieve its best effect. Fortunately this figure of fashion is also the figure of health. So those who must reduce can gain both health and smartness. But unless the reducing diet is planned with care, vitality and complexions are endangered. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skins may turn sallow. Eyes become dull. Wrinkles and pimples appear.



Searching laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the required "bulk"—and also supplies vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that found in leafy vegetables.

Enjoy ALL-BRAN as a tasty cereal with milk—or cook into fluffy bran muffins, breads, waffles, omelets, etc. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than taking patent medicines—so often habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups" wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Appetizing Menu Novelties

To Test Your Culinary Skill

WHEN next you are confronted by the problem, so common to housewives, of what to serve that is different from the usual routine, why not try "Pigs in Blanket," made according to Wera Engels' German recipe.

Two cups of mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper, should be mixed with cream and one beaten egg to a consistency that is not too thin. Scald small link sausages enough to cook them through. Separate the links and roll each single one in the mashed potato substance, shaping into a small patty. Then roll each one in crisp bread crumbs. Fry in butter, turning frequently, until a nice golden brown. Serve with hot apple sauce, or cold if you prefer. This quantity is sufficient for four. Excellent as a Sunday night supper dish.

The latest dessert of the film players is "Crepe Suzettes." They are served in the afternoon in place of delicate tea tidbits, at night as a final snack before retiring. And have even taken the place of toast and marmalade on the breakfast menu. This dish was introduced in Hollywood by Miss Engels who uses the same ingredients and method of preparation as Oscar, famous chef of the Waldorf in New York.



Here we see Wera Engels enjoying a portion of "Pigs in Blanket," one of her favorite dishes

Crepe Suzettes

Beat together for five minutes, until thoroughly thickened, 4 ounces flour, ½ ounce powdered sugar, 2 whole eggs, pinch of salt, ¾ pint milk, 2 drops vanilla essence, 4 drops orange flavoring. Now pass through colander into another vessel and let stand for thirty minutes.

Slightly grease bottom of a small frying pan with melted butter and put into the pan two tablespoonsful of the batter for each pancake. Spread over the pan and do not turn until well browned. Cover hot plate with powdered sugar to prevent sticking, then turn cake onto it. Proceed to make number of pancakes required exactly the same way. Keep cakes warm in oven until all are done.

The sauce which is served with the pancakes is made by mixing well the following ingredients: 6 ounces butter; ¼ pint orange juice; 6 pieces lump sugar wrapped in orange peel, to extricate the oil flavor; 1 ounce brandy; 1 ounce curacoa, and 1 ounce kirsch. Now let the whole thing come to a slight boil, forming a foam on the surface which indicates the perfection of the sauce. Place your pancakes in sauce, roll like ordinary French pancakes, and let simmer in aforesaid preparation for about six minutes to absorb the flavor. Before serving, squeeze a little lemon juice over the pancakes.

Your friends will all be clamoring for the recipe of this truly Continental delicacy.

Miss Engels' long list of delectable foreign dainties also includes something quite well known to us Americans—though she prepares it a bit differently.

Seven Layer Cake
(Dobos Torte)

7 eggs, separated
1 cup powdered sugar
1 cup flour, well sifted

Beat yolks of eggs very well with sugar, add flour and fold in egg whites, beaten very stiff. Spread seven layers evenly on well buttered and floured shallow jelly tins. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F., for eight minutes. Remove carefully from pans with spatula.

For filling:
3 eggs
1½ cups sugar
½ lb. sweet chocolate
3 tbs. cold water
½ lb. butter
1 ts. vanilla

Melt chocolate with water in double boiler. Mix eggs and sugar, add to chocolate, cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from stove, add butter, stir until melted. Then add vanilla. Beat until cool and just stiff enough to spread easily. Spread between layers, over top and sides. To keep layers in place, put several toothpicks through top layers, until filling sets firmly. Serve after twenty-four hours.

The cake may be served this way or you may prefer it with a chocolate icing. Here is one that is made quickly and with very little trouble.

To eleven ounces of cold condensed milk, add three squares of unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces. Place over low flame and cook until thickened. Stir constantly. Thin by adding water, a few drops at a time, until the icing is of right consistency to spread.

When you simply cannot think what to serve next, resort to one of these tempting novelties. They will lend a smart touch to your menu.

And if what you serve provokes flattering comment from your guests, it is indeed a satisfaction to know that you yourself are solely and directly responsible for the goodies you have put before them.

Photoplay Magazine
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of Photoplay's Famous Cook Book containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AIR HOSTESS—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (*April*)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio. —Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (*Feb.*)

AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mae Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (*April*)

BACHELOR MOTHER—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (*March*)

BEHIND JURY DOORS—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (*April*)

BE MINE TONIGHT—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (*April*)

BIG CAGE, THE—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (*May*)

BIG DRIVE, THE—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (*April*)

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (*March*)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (*Feb.*)

BLONDIE JOHNSON—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (*April*)

BROADWAY BAD—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (*May*)

★ **CAVALCADE** — Fox. — "Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (*March*)

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (*March*)

CHRISTOPHER STRONG — RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (*May*)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (*April*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (*May*)

CONSTANT WOMAN, THE — World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (*May*)

CRASHIN' BROADWAY — Monogram. — Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (*March*)

CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE—Paramount. —Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (*April*)

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordon, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (*April*)

DARING DAUGHTERS—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (*April*)

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REMEMBER THE JULY ISSUE

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DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPADE) — UFA. — A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who flees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (*Feb.*)

DEATH KISS, THE—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (*Feb.*)

DECEPTION—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outslicks the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (*March*)

DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (*April*)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** — Universal. —Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (*May*)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE — Paramount. — Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (*Feb.*)

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE — Allied. —A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (*May*)

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE—First National.—Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees, Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (*Feb.*)

EX-LADY—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (*April*)

FACE IN THE SKY, THE—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (*March*)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (*Feb.*)

FAST LIFE—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (*Feb.*)

FAST WORKERS—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (*May*)

FLAMING GUNS—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (*Feb.*)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (*Feb.*)

FORTY-NINERS, THE—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (*Feb.*)

42ND STREET—Warners.—Almost an out-and-out musical, in which Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. (*March*)

FRIEDERIKE—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (*May*)

FRISCO JENNY—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (*Feb.*)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (*April*)

GAMBLING SEX—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (*March*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

GHOST TRAIN, THE—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (*May*)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (*March*)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (*April*)

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE** — RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (*Feb.*)

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM — United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (*March*)

HANDLE WITH CARE—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (*March*)

★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (*March*)

HEART PUNCH — Mayfair Pictures. — Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (*Feb.*)

HELLO, EVERYBODY!—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (*March*)

HOT PEPPER—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (*March*)

HYPNOTIZED — World Wide. — Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (*Feb.*)

ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (*May*)

IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (*April*)

INFERNAL MACHINE—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (*May*)

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS — Paramount. — Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (*Feb.*)

JUNGLE BRIDE—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooey. (*April*)

KEYHOLE, THE—Warners.—Even Kay Francis and George Brent can't help this one. (*May*)

★ **KING KONG** — RKO-Radio. — A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (*May*)

KING OF THE JUNGLE—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's début as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (*May*)

KING OF THE WILD HORSES—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (*April*)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (*April*)

KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (*May*)

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (*March*)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (*May*)

LAUGHTER IN HELL—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (*March*)

LAWYER MAN—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (*Feb.*)

LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prize-fighter. (*May*)

LUCKY DEVILS—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (*March*)

LUXURY LINER—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (*March*)

MADAME BUTTERFLY—Paramount.—Sylvia Sidney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (*Feb.*)

MALAY NIGHTS—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (*March*)

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (*Feb.*)

MAN HUNT—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (*April*)

MAN WHO WON, THE—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (*May*)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists. — Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (*May*)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacificism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (*April*)

MIDNIGHT WARNING—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (*March*)

MIND READER, THE—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (*May*)

MUMMY, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revivified mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (*Feb.*)

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—Paramount.—Lione Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wifie Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (*May*)

MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (*March*)

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (*March*)

NAGANA—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (*March*)

NO LIVING WITNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (*Feb.*)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, thin but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (*March*)

NO OTHER WOMAN — RKO-Radio. — Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

OFFICER 13—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (*March*)

OLIVER TWIST—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (*May*)

OUR BETTERS—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (*May*)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (*May*)

PARACHUTE JUMPER—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at aero-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (*March*)

PAROLE GIRL—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (*May*)

PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked ex-opera star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (*March*)

PENAL CODE, THE—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (*May*)

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (*May*)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (*April*)

RACING STRAIN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen début in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18]



"So I sez to Mi Lord, I sez, doncher know I 'as to 'ave me h'afternoon tea,"—but just for ole times sake, Jimmy filled his saucer with frothy beer and slipped it down the hatch—but, mind you, in very correct drawing-room manner, little finger and all. Leave it to Durante to be *poifect*

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6-33

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (*March*)

ROBBERS' ROOST—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (*Feb.*)

ROME EXPRESS—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (*April*)

SAILOR BE GOOD—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (*March*)

SAILOR'S LUCK—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (*May*)

SCARLET RIVER—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (*March*)

SECOND HAND WIFE—Fox.—A slow tempoed Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (*March*)

SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (*March*)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (*April*)

SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (*April*)

SELF-DEFENSE — Monogram. — Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (*Feb.*)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (*March*)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE**—Paramount.—Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero*, admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Millean spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (*Feb.*)

SISTER TO JUDAS—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "hi'ry." (*April*)

SLIGHTLY MARRIED — Invincible. — Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (*Feb.*)

SOMEWHERE IN SONORA—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (*April*)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (*Feb.*)

SO THIS IS AFRICA—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (*March*)

SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (*April*)

SPEED DEMON—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (*Feb.*)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (*April*)

STATE TROOPER—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (*May*)

STRICTLY PERSONAL—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (*May*)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (*May*)

TERROR TRAIL—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (*March*)

THAT'S MY BOY—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (*Feb.*)

THERE GOES THE BRIDE—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (*May*)

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (*Feb.*)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS**—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (*March*)

★ **TOPAZE** — RKO-Radio. — John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (*April*)

UNDER-COVER MAN — Paramount. — You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (*May*)

UNWRITTEN LAW, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (*Feb.*)

VAMPIRE BAT, THE—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (*March*)

VIRGINS OF BALI, THE—Principal.—Another "Goona Goona" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (*Feb.*)

WEST OF SINGAPORE—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (*April*)

WHAT! NO BEER?—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (*April*)

WHAT PRICE DECENCY?—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (*May*)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (*March*)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (*May*)

WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN ACCUSED, THE—Paramount.—Cooperative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (*April*)

WOMEN WON'T TELL—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (*March*)

YORCK — UFA. — Werner Krauss as *General Yorck* fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (*Feb.*)

YOUNG BLOOD—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (*Feb.*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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One real kiss
gave her new ideas on life!





In this picture it's the women who do the chasing—the men who are chaste!

She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a *real* man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the "different" picture you've been longing for. So gay and merry you'll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

"THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production

with

ELISSA LANDI

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

ERNEST TRUEX

DAVID MANNERS

Directed by Walter Lang

A

FOX
PICTURE

O Maid . . .
O Matron!

is there any reason to pay more than 25¢ for Tooth Paste?



Now we offer you at a saving, a quicker, pleasanter means of keeping mouth and gums healthy and of beautifying teeth. A dentifrice that cleanses more thoroughly, gives enamel greater luster, and sweetens the breath. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Twenty-five cents is its price.

The promises made for this tooth paste sound exaggerated, do they not, when you consider the many splendid dentifrices in the field? But there is no exaggeration.

More than two million women know them to be true. Why otherwise would they have rejected older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste? The beauty-giving results of this product are so apparent they couldn't be overlooked or denied. They have demonstrated to millions the folly of paying more than 25¢ for a tooth paste.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—permeates every crevice.

See how quickly it erases unsightly tartar, stains, and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and luster it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

Lastly, reflect that these benefits cost you about half of what you ordinarily pay. The saving of $3.00 a year is a worthwhile one in these thrifty times.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE..25¢



Eugene Robert Richee

SHE'S the little lady from way down South who proved to Hollywood skeptics that Southern belles could have talent as well as beauty. And sho' nuff, it's again true, as you'll agree when you see Miriam Hopkins opposite Jack La Rue in Paramount's picture, "The Story of Temple Drake." And Georgie Raft threw up the job. How could he?



BLONDE and blue-eyed and soulful of mien, Anita Louise was chosen the ideal type to portray one of the characters in RKO-Radio's "Little Women." Anita goes in for reading heavy, classic literature when she's not working at the studio, for she believes that one must have a thoroughly trained mind in order to become a really fine actress



Irving Lippman

YOU'D never believe this pretty charmer could roll her tongue 'round those guttural Chinese words. But Sari Maritza was born in China, the daughter of an English officer and Austrian mother. Sari could get your laundered shirt *without* a ticket, she speaks Chinese that fluently. But Sari's education includes English, French and Italian also



WITH this piercing scrutiny Adolphe Menjou might make any crook turn up his heels and confess! And that's exactly what the versatile Menjou does in "The Circus Queen Murder"—he turns big-time detective and solves the murder of beautiful Greta Nissen. This is the second Anthony Abbot thriller in which Menjou has played

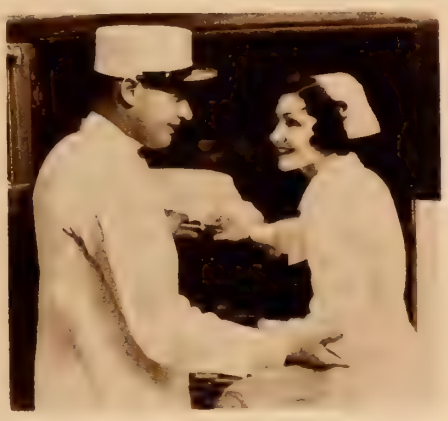
"First to the Fire" *A Mobiloil Movie with*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT & RICHARD ARLEN

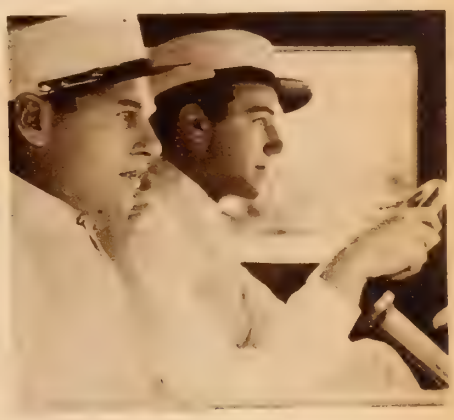
Miss Colbert, star of Paramount's "Disgraced" ★ ★ ★ Mr. Arlen, star of Paramount's "Song of the Eagle"



1 DOC: "Big fire downtown! Hurry up and get your emergency kit ready! We'll have to beat the Flagler's ambulance to this job!"



2 DOC: "We'll have to step on it to get there first. Flagler Hospital has a new bus. This crate is four years old."



3 DRIVER: "Don't you worry about Flagler's. They use cheap oil. Even if their bus is new, their engine's choked with carbon. We use Mobiloil."



4 NURSE: "There's the Flagler outfit behind us now! Tramp on her, John. Here's a chance to prove that your engine really is alive!"



5 DOC: "Some fire! But we're first through the lines! Even if our bus is four years old, I'll say John has certainly kept her engine in good shape."



6 DOC: "Well, we're there with the speed! But John had better keep that Mobiloil a secret from Flagler's—or they might get to beating us."

With Double-Range Mobiloil your engine is safe at all speeds

Your car may not carry a shrieking ambulance siren. But—

Today—with high speeds more and more common—you can't be too careful in choosing your oil. Along the highways today you will find many "depression" oils. Made for a price, they were never made to take the punishment your engine gives them in fast driving.

With Mobiloil you can give your oil *any* kind of punishment. Mobiloil will always stand up—no matter how hard, how far, or how fast you drive. Because Mobiloil is a unique *double-range* oil, it will not foul or "gum up" your engine at slow speeds. And at high speeds—unlike ordinary oils—it does not thin out dangerously. Its lubricating richness protects your engine *always*.

Save on gas—on oil—on repairs—and above all, save on car life. Drive in today where you see the Mobiloil sign and ask for Mobiloil. Remember—double-range Mobiloil offers you the best engine protection at all speeds—fast or slow.

Tune in on the Socony-Vacuum radio program, "Inside Story of Names that Make the News," every Friday night at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Broadcasting System.

SOCONY-VACUUM
CORPORATION
MERGER OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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makes old cars last longer
. . . keeps new cars young



CORNER OF KITCHEN IN
SUE CAROL'S HOME



HOLLYWOOD HOME OF SUE CAROL

Sue Carol's
lovely kitchen *is kept shining* with Old Dutch

Old Dutch Cleanser is used exclusively in Sue Carol's home as it is in millions of other American homes, because it has *proved* that it not only cleans quicker and cleans more things than anything else, but that it goes much further and does more actual cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is safe to use on fine things; yet effective for the heaviest scouring. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles get *all* the dirt quickly and easily, and without scratching because it contains none of the harsh, sandy grit found in ordinary cleansers. It doesn't injure the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.

Doesn't Scratch



This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge. Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom and kitchen accessory. Send for it today. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label for each sponge.

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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

HOLLYWOOD has touched bottom and is now standing firmly on bedrock. Like dwellers on slightly elevated lands, it had watched the great wave of national depression sweep over the valleys, without being itself, apparently, affected.

But finally the mountain tidal wave inundated also that position of security. Hollywood emerged from the maelstrom bewildered and out of breath, but still very much alive. The worst of the storm seems to be over.

THE harmony and unity shown by almost the entire personnel of the industry revealed an admirable spirit. Hollywood's fortitude in the face of the bank holiday, the cut in salaries and the earthquake has given the world something new to think about.

People who have been asking, "Can Hollywood 'Take It'?" will find, on page thirty-nine of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, a straight-from-the-shoulder answer to that question.

HARD on Hollywood's calamities appeared George Bernard Shaw, famous playwright, dispensing wit that stunned but cheered. That is, cheered all but the immediate victims of his vitriol. If Hollywood had failed the gentle tradition of the ages—that one must be polite to guests—George would not have gotten away with it, for Hollywood has its own unmatched "ribbers." Vince Barnett has been, perhaps, champion of this sort of thing.

But everyone didn't take it lying down. For example, stage actress Alice Brady, now making a picture in Hollywood, is credited with telling him that his jokes were as old as his whiskers.

Hollywood breathed a sigh of relief when their unconventional guest departed, for when Shaw's around, you can no more disregard him than you can an epidemic of small-pox.

REPORTS come in that movie attendance is decreasing among adult males; that there has been some falling off in feminine attendance; that there are new addicts among adolescents between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

Men are credited with being a bit weary of sex on the screen, or with not knowing what new trends in motion pictures are all about. A hardly plausible theory, that.

The front rows in girlie shows in New York City are still filled with bald-headed men. And Mae West is bowling them over, not only throughout our broad land, but in good old Lunnon, too. It is easy to establish a seemingly profound theory, but it is much harder to prove that theory.

MAE WEST'S pictures are big box-office. So is "Cavalcade." So was "Smilin' Through." "State Fair"—with Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor—looks like another winner. "King Kong" has made everyone's eyes pop.

There you have it—sex and sweet romance; love, war and unhappiness; sentiment of the Middle West; and a monstrous, incredible nightmare. The public has responded to all.

Only a brash or irresponsible prophet would dare forecast what the public really wants.

NEVERTHELESS, it would be hard for producers not to succumb to a certain pattern that has achieved big box-office. "Grand Hotel," with its galaxy of stars, was probably the motivating force for such films as "Luxury Liner," and "Rome Express."

Probably the producers of these pictures did not expect to emulate the success of their prototype. Nor were their moderate hopes disappointed.

"DINNER at Eight," a success on the New York stage, bears in its construction and in certain psychological elements a resemblance to "Grand Hotel." New York City has applauded it. M-G-M is now screening it with an impressive cast, beyond the dreams of any stage producer.

Among the big names are Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Jean Hersholt, Madge Evans, Edmund Lowe, and such stage favorites as May Robson and Billie Burke.

Even though "Dinner at Eight" was a stage success, we cannot be sure what sort of picture it will be when it comes out of the cutting room. But with that cast it ought to be sure fire.

There are half a dozen names there that would carry any picture.

Here it's a case of the actors and not the play that's the thing. So it's pretty safe to prophesy.

AND while I am on the subject of plays, I suggest that every producer of revues see "42nd Street." There is much more to it than girls and music. And the presentation is done with a sparkle and dash from which the stage might get new inspiration.

Everyone knows by now how little Ruby Keeler stole the show with her nimble toes. You may look for many a day—and in vain—to find anything like her performance elsewhere.

And this advice is not only for stage producers. It is for the motion picture public, as well.

FOR once, Groucho Marx had nothing to say. Groucho has been in the habit of rising in the Brown Derby and, for no reason at all, making a speech to the amazed customers.

But one night they were ready for him. Groucho arose and very solemnly began. "Ladies and gentlemen—" when immediately everyone screamed, "We want Cantor. We want Cantor."

Abashed and overcome, Groucho sat down and finished his dinner in quiet.

How would Shaw have responded to that?

ONE picture recently released is going to make considerable stir, or I am badly mistaken. It is titled, "Gabriel Over the White House."

One critic who wished to damn it, unconsciously praised it, instead. Said he, "The world of 'Gabriel' is the infantile world of irresistible wishes." He has put his finger right on it. That is what the whole world is praying for.

"Gabriel Over the White House" is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Regarding its story, I will say here only that it shows what would happen if a president seized dictatorial power and went to the mat with old man Depression.

"Irresistible wishes!" That, in my belief, is the fundamental pull of Mickey Mouse. Mickey constantly does the physically impossible, and we love it.

It compensates for all our thwarted efforts. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., at his best, held us entranced for the same reason.

"GABRIEL" though in fantasy, solves our nation's economic and political problems. We get the same kick out of that as boys dreaming of how they will go back and give their schoolteacher a good licking, or even as an adult may dream of returning to his home-town a magnificent success to be gazed upon in wonder by his old associates.

"Gabriel Over the White House" gives us a new inspiration. And in so doing becomes a splendid picture.

A CASTING director sent out a call for men to play aviators of the Royal Flying Corps.

Five men responded at once.

"Why, these men won't do," the casting director said, looking at the graying heads.

"But," said one of them, "we were members of the Royal Flying Corps."

"Yes," the casting director replied, "but, you see, we want men who are like you were fifteen years ago. Young fellows like they had in the war."

Sadly and quietly the brave men who had faced death filed out.

INSTEAD of the half pay for eight weeks system inaugurated by the other studios, Fox employees agreed to work four weeks with no pay rather than have the studio shut down indefinitely. And as a gesture of appreciation, the studio gave everyone his luncheon at the studio commissary free.

And suddenly everyone went off that diet. With pie and ice cream for dessert.

Over at the RKO-Radio studio, lunch prices were slashed in half. As a result figures are being ruined both in Hollywood.

Page Sylvia, someone!

TALK has been bandied about during the past month that Hollywood, as a picture producing institution, might come trekking East.

The theory seemed to be that cloudy Long Island was just as good a locale for production as sunny Southern California, as kliegs do most of the lighting, anyway.

However, there is something like one hundred million dollars invested in land, buildings and equipment in the Coast studios. Nor can the recent earthquake have much effect one way or another on any such decision.

First of all, Hollywood was little damaged by the shocks. Then they come too infrequently to instigate a general exodus. San Francisco is nearly a century old.

And its one great upheaval of nearly thirty years ago is unknown—by actual experience—to the present generation.

No, it looks as though Hollywood will keep its motion picture trade-mark.

ENGLISH movies! Is this the reason they fall, in interest, behind the Hollywood product?

Esther Ralston, doing a picture for the Gaumont Studios in London, had a call the first day for nine o'clock.

She arrived at seven-thirty to make up, just as she would have done in Hollywood, but no one, not even the gateman, was down to work. Esther waited for more than an hour.

Good pictures aren't made that way.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



Harvey White

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER rose to fame on the strength of his handsome physique, and lovely ladies, the world over, have gambled with each other ever since for a permanent mortgage on the brawny, tawny *Tarzan.* First, 'twas Bobbe Arnst, who held claim, then Lupe Velez, and now who shall it be?

The Unbeautiful



Meet "two-faced" Clara Bow! Two-faced, that is, in appearance

SO you think they're beautiful, do you—Joan Crawford and Garbo, Gaynor, Dietrich, Bow, Kay Francis, Connie Bennett, and the others?

You thrill at their glamour on the screen, and you read their secrets of loveliness—and like the rest of us, you too have gone along placidly believing that they truly *are* beauties.

But—here comes, now, a world-famed expert on feminine beauty, a man whose profession beauty is, a man who has made a career-long study of beauty. And in the heart of Hollywood, he has the effrontery and the courage to survey the ranking charmers of filmdom and flatly tell them and the world—

"No! They are not beautiful!"

And if you don't believe him, this man is ready to prove what he says, in black and white, with lines and demonstration. He'll do it right here.

His name is Pogany—Willy Pogany. You've heard it. His paintings of beautiful women and other subjects have been hung in famous art galleries throughout the world. He has memberships in Beaux Arts Institutes and Art Leagues; he has a collection of medals from all manner of exhibits, from World Fairs to Art Society shows, everywhere.

At present, he's in Hollywood, art director for various producers. All this is told not to bore you, but to assure you that instead of a know-nothing and a nonentity speaking, these criticisms of Hollywood's beauties' beauty come from a man who is conceded to know.

Also, for your particular interest, Pogany points out that in many of his criticisms will be found easy-to-heed hints that every woman can use, as do these "unbeautiful beauties," to outwit nature.



The artist says that art gives Ruth Chatterton her well-shaped mouth



Who would have thought Ann Harding lacked classic beauty? That's what the artist finds, though, as you see

Now let's go—let's see Pogany tear our beauties to pieces. The "Unbeautiful Thirteen" are these (printed as Pogany marked them):

Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Billie Dove, Kay Francis, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sidney, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo.

Let's take them, one by one.

Clara Bow

"She's not beautiful, but she's *sexy!* If ever a face and figure cried 'Sex!' Clara's do. As for her face, taking it apart, we find not one face, but two halves of totally dissimilar faces.

"Look at the picture. At the line marked 'A,' Clara's face is divided. Above that line, her face-type is pure concave; below the line, it's the complete opposite—convex. Notice the opposing curves on the lines I've drawn to indicate the difference. To be technically perfect, her face would have to be entirely of one type or the other. But then, it wouldn't be Clara Bow, and the face might be behind a department store counter selling ribbons instead of making thousands a week in Hollywood!

"If it weren't for that irregularity, Clara would have just another doll-face. Incidentally, the most striking asset of Clara's appearance does not show on the screen. It's her vivid coloring. It's a great pity she can't be photographed in natural colors!"

Ruth Chatterton

"Not beautiful—but beautifully serene. Want to see some tricks? Then look at the way I've marked the mouth on this picture. The distance 'B' is the *apparent* size of her

Thirteen

Every one is a first-rank star. Yet Willy Pogany, noted artist, claims they lack true beauty

By Carl Vonnell

mouth. The truth is that Distance 'A' is the real Chatterton mouth-line. By lip make-up she has brought it down, achieved a spirituelle effect that the larger mouth would lose. Chatterton's eyes are her best feature, by far. They are really lovely—and they are spaced according to truly beautiful standards—one eye-width apart. That is, Distance 'C' is exactly the width of each of her eyes."

Ann Harding

"She is not quite beautiful, although she more nearly approaches academic beauty than most of the stars. Call her goddess-like. Her features are almost classic. It's her *good luck* that they are *not* perfect. One imperfection—her eyes are quite different in size. The left is smaller than the right. Notice how the lines I've drawn across their upper and lower limits should converge, if extended, instead of being parallel as they should be, in perfection?

"This and other distortions achieve attractiveness whereas their lack would leave simply a cold, though perfectly beautiful, face. You might admire it, but you wouldn't want to love it."

Janet Gaynor

"She's *not* beautiful, but *is* 'wistfully charming.' That wistfulness, which is purely an expression, is the main key to her attractiveness. None of her features are bad, but none of them are at all above absolute average. On the street, you'd not notice her. But she knows the value of that wistfulness, and manages to keep it on her face."



Is Katharine Hepburn *elfin*? The artist shows why he says "Yes!"



Norma Shearer

"She's not beautiful, but she is certainly very *feminine!* Something as in the case of Clara Bow, Norma's face can be divided into two distinct types. Flick a line across the face, horizontally, at the nose-line, as I indicate in the picture. Below the line, her face is one of true beauty. But above that line, beauty gives way to a definite allure—a purely feminine characteristic. Cover each half, in turn, and you'll get what I mean. If you other girls want a tip, notice how she achieves that allure by the narrowing of her eyes. You can learn from her!"



So Norma Shearer is a woman with two personalities — each owning one-half of her face! You see it?

Katharine Hepburn

"I'm glad she doesn't consider herself beautiful, because she certainly isn't. Call her 'elfin,' if anything. Oh, there's lots of character in the face. Know what it makes me think of? I'll show you.

"Look at what I've done to the brows. Now add a Pipe-of-Pan to her lips, and you've got what?—the face of a Puck, of a Satyr. That's exactly what Hepburn represents to me. It's extraordinary; it's elfin; it's exciting; it's challenging—but it certainly is *not beautiful.* And I think you'll agree that her work on the screen uses that challenge, instead of beauty, for its appeal.

Is Janet Gaynor's charm all in her expression? So the cold-hearted art critic reveals to us

Billie Dove

"More than any other in this group —of that I can think of in all Hollywood, for that matter!—does Billie ap-



Billie Dove, in the artist's eye, comes nearest of all to being a classical beauty



Well, well! See how many lines it takes to show defects Garbo is said to have!



Kay Francis, the artist finds, has the "Garbo defect," but in reverse direction



Marlene also shows a variation of the "Garbo defect." Can you see what it is?



Triangles are old in plots but we're told Sylvia Sidney has 'em right in her face!

proach true beauty. It's quite fair that she's been called the 'most beautiful woman on the screen,' for she is that. But even here, we fall short of perfection—thank heaven! Fortunately, you see, her face is a little bit off axis; a bit crooked, in plain words.

"The left eye is a bit high, the nose slants ever so little.

"And what does this do? It destroys one hundred per cent perfection, but it leaves a human being who is so nearly beautiful that she needn't worry over the bit that isn't."

Greta Garbo

"Beautiful? No! Her face is utterly 'sad'—and also, utterly asymmetrical! That means it's entirely crooked, utterly askew.

"I mean merely that the lines are cock-eyed. I've marked them, so you can see. For instance, true symmetry would require that her face be half-and-half divided on each side of Line No. 1. But is it? No, the lower half goes off at a violent angle, as per Line 2.

"And her eyes are all askew, too. Besides the right one being smaller, it's quite a bit lower than the left.

"See how crookedly the eye-lines cross the central line? Why, there is *not one feature* of her face which isn't crooked in comparison with the others! And yet, there is in all this asymmetry a sadness and a tragedy which is 'beautiful' in the same way that a great tragedy of the stage is 'beautiful.' Yes, call her 'beautiful' even though she's by no means a 'beauty'!"

Sylvia Sidney

"She's a faceful of triangles! If you want to name her face, call it 'Oriental.' It has the strange lure of the Orient in its lines—the slanting eyes, the greater width than height, the large mouth in the small face. And look at how the triangles run in the facial lines, will you? Triangles may be interesting symbolically or geometrically, but they can hardly be called 'beautiful.' And too, for pure beauty, the over-proportion of the face between the lines indicated by 'A' as contrasted with the tiny space marked 'B' is quite unacademic. There's sensuality and kindness combined in that face—just as in the Oriental female."

Kay Francis

"Second in crookedness only to Garbo's. See how askew the face is technically. Only it slants, at the bottom, in the other direction from the Garbo slant. And besides being off-center, the Francis face, like Sylvia Sidney's, has the upper part 'A' much too large in comparison with the distance 'B'. Now I don't mean that this is unattractive; I only mean that it's entirely irreconcilable with the artist's academic proportions of classic beauty. If you want true classic beauty, get yourself an ancient Greek statue, my readers, but don't try to fix things up with any of these Hollywood girls. Kay's is a very intelligent face. Call it definitely intriguing, though not at all beautiful."

Marlene Dietrich

"Not beautiful, but certainly interesting. Again we find here a face wherein the top and bottom are utterly disproportionate—even in greater contrast than in the cases of Kay and Sylvia. See the photo and the lines. See the great dissonance between the distance 1 to 2, and from 2 to 3. And then notice another odd little quirk about the Dietrich face—[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

YOU *Can't Bury Dead Love*

in Hollywood—the one town that just won't let you forget



Ruth Selwyn found herself working under husband Edgar's direction in "Men Must Fight" — after they had begun divorce proceedings. Read what happened



Virginia Bruce and Lupe Velez were at "outs" over one Jack Gilbert. And they had to meet while in "Kongo"

RUTH SELWYN, the actress, and her husband, Edgar Selwyn, the director, decided, after many disagreements, that their marriage was an utter failure. Both were bitter. With complete finality, they separated.

Miss Selwyn began divorce proceedings.

A short time later Selwyn was told to start production on "Men Must Fight." His cast was assigned. One of the principals was his wife, Ruth.

There was nothing he could do about this. Although he and his wife had pledged that they were through forever and had asserted they would never see each other again, they were thrown together in a most intimate situation.

Production lasted for weeks. Their nerves were strained to breaking through a circumstance over which neither had the slightest control. There was no escape. At the end of the picture, Ruth went to a hospital suffering from a nervous breakdown and insomnia.

Her husband visited her.

They had a common sense talk.

"Hollywood's the one place in the world where, after love is dead, you can't give it a decent burial," Selwyn said. "We're bound together by ties we can't break. We can't escape from a lot of bitter memories. So let's try it again."

Ruth saw the logic of his argument and agreed. She knew from this one bitter experience that they might "part forever," only to find themselves working together in another picture.

In other towns and cities throughout the world two people may part and not see each other for years, if ever. One or the other is free to go to some other place and start life anew, far from the scene of unhappiness. Motion picture people can't do this because there is just one place in the United States where pictures are made. That's Hollywood.

If work doesn't throw divorced couples and ex-sweethearts together, social life will. On every side, there are reminders of the love that is dead but won't stay buried.

Recently, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, gave a party. Among their friends there was a prominent director who had been divorced and remarried. Quite by an oversight, the first wife of this director had been invited to the same party.

The ex-wife was the first to arrive.

When the present Mrs. Director appeared, she glanced over the assembled guests. Her eyes focused on the woman who had once been the wife of her husband. She became literally frozen with anger.

"Either that woman gets out of here or I do! I won't stay in the same room with her—the same house with her!"

With that pronouncement, she fled from the party, leaving host, hostess and guests dumfounded.

THESE are the things which happen when human beings are chained and locked in a small circle, with fate holding the keys. Fate asks this bitter question:

"After love is dead, do you want to stay here and be famous, although haunted by the most unhappy memories—or do you want to go away, giving up home, career and friends?"

Either answer damns the unfortunate one.

Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver recently decided that they would go their separate ways. They never wanted to see each other again. Immediately after the parting, Kathryn began divorce proceedings.

In the midst of the marital turmoil, wanting to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Edward Churchill

Earthquake

SHAKE 'em up and shake 'em down.

Hollywood has those Earthquake Blues. And brother, did we shake? Did we quiver and did we shimmy?

Hold 'em, Yale!

Out of a clear evening sky, and a calm tropical breeze, Hollywood heaved up in the middle like a Lionel Barrymore "burp" and where were we when the lights went out? Brother, can you spare a match?

Polly Moran sat beneath a permanent waver. Her hair in coils of electric wires. And then came the deluge. Pop! Crackle! Sizz! Polly danced the fandango in two-step time, with back kicks and splits, lost three new teeth, her step-ins and her sweet disposition. The curlers sizzed and Polly frizzed.

The old earth shimmied and Polly emerged five minutes later with bangs on the wrong place, egg shampoo, burned scalp, plucked eyebrows, three bald spots, one eye blacked, one left ear slightly broiled and no step-ins. All for the price of one permanent wave.

Ventura reports Polly passed there Saturday morning. Still running at sixty miles an hour.

Chevalier stood beside a pond on a Paramount sound stage. Singing a love song to two bedazzled swans. Heave-ho, and one swan went head first up Maurice's trouser leg, while the other rammed a huge foot in his French accent. While Maurice went whirling about, swan's foot in his mouth, yelling, "Gulb, bulb, ulb, vat ze 'ell."

Kay Francis slept. Peacefully through it all. Knowing nothing.

Al Jolson, his wife, Ruby Keeler, and her two sisters, sat in their twelfth floor apartment in The Town House.

Over she swayed and Ruby screamed. The sisters howled. Al jellied.

"Let's pray, Al," Ruby begged. "We'll go over with the next swing sure." The sisters kneeled at one window. Al at the other.

Suddenly the door burst open. In popped a friend, wild-eyed at Al on his knees. "My Gawd," he screamed, "an earthquake and he still sings 'Mammy.' "

Into the doorway of her dressing-room dashed Claudette Colbert. Suddenly from the balcony above, a figure fell. A woman. With no head. At Claudette's feet.

An earthquake, and baby Ruggles two blocks away! Mother Arline Judge, hubby Wesley, brother Charles, cook and gardener, the dog and three cats, tore home, past Lil Tashman's house

Blues

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS



One scream and Claudette passed out cold. While someone rushed forward and picked up a dressmaker's dummy, fully clothed, that had popped out of the fitting room above.

"Earthquake! Earthquake!" Stan Laurel shouted to a bewildered Oliver Hardy. "Let's run to the doorway! Get into the doorway! It's safer!" So Ollie ran to the doorway and completely filled it. After the plump Hardy, there was no room for Laurel, who stood in the middle of the room, amidst falling plaster, and wept, "You took my place, you big lummox. No fair. You took all the room."

Kay Francis slept on.

Nils Asther had a cold and decided a Turkish bath was what he needed. Completely in the nude, Nils had just lain down on the table, when the lights went out. There was a jar. A shake. Nils landed squarely on the fat man on the next table. The man on the other side landed on Nils. They rolled to the floor. All in a mad confusion. Suddenly they spotted a tiny ray of light under the door and made for it.

A scream! A howl! A shriek! It was the ladies' room. One large woman, draped in a towel, stepped firmly on Nils' face trying to get out. While another sat on his tummy and wept. She'd lost her uppers.

Yes, everyone was blue, but old mother earth was green as she heaved and shook with landsickness

Nils isn't over it yet.

Ralph Morgan drove up the boulevard to his home. Anxious about his wife and daughter. Thankful that he was unharmed.

Up the driveway he tore, into the garage, and right through the back of it into the neighbor's clothes line in the next yard. They picked him out with a black eye, a bruised head, a sore thumb and the neighbor's chemise wrapped around his Adam's apple.

"I was so excited, I forgot to take my foot off the gas," he moaned.

Marion Davies was in the midst of a scene for "Peg O' My Heart." She was supposed to be ill in bed with a doctor peering down her throat.

Suddenly, the shake! Confusion! Turmoil! Screaming! With Marion still in bed, yelling.

After the excitement had died down they began the scene again.

The throat instrument was gone! There was a sudden silence. And then a howl from Marion.

"OH, my heavens!" she screamed, "I think I swallowed it in the earthquake!"

The X-rays were still searching when they finally located it under the bed.

Bob Montgomery and Harry Beaumont, his director, made for the sound stage door.

"You go first," Bob urged.

"Oh, no, you first," Beaumont said.

"Y—y—you go," Bob said, getting scareder and scareder.

"A—a—a—after you," Beaumont trembled.

"No, no," Bob insisted, laying his hands on Beaumont.

"You first," Beaumont said, seizing Bob. And instantly, in their tense excitement, they began to wrestle. Ten minutes later they were found still wrestling on the stage floor. *Neither had been able to shove the other out.*

Kay Francis still slept on!

Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Robert Young were in a recording room in pitch darkness. With no windows and only a small opening in the felt padding of the walls, for a door.

Suddenly in the inky darkness, came the tremble. Instantly the three long legged men made for under a small low davenport, which stood just a few inches off the floor.

When the sound men came in to find them, ten minutes later, there they were. Only their heads under cover, their long legs sticking out in all directions, and the davenport raised on their heads at least two feet off the floor.

Safe as an ostrich in a tornado.

Out at First National, Ernest Torrence came tearing out of his dressing-room. He stood in the middle of the lot and watched the water tower slosh on one side and then slosh on the other. Wait- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

"I'm Not Broke," *says Gloria*





"I've enjoyed everything that money can buy," says Gloria, "and it has taught me that *real* things are free"

And tells a few inside secrets why she is happy

By Virginia Maxwell

YOU may recall those front page newspaper headlines which screamed to a nation recently the dire distress of Gloria Swanson.

They told how Gloria was so broke in Europe that she didn't have the price of a ticket back home. And they told it their way, without Gloria having the chance to tell her side of it at all.

But when I brought up the query on those newspaper stories she didn't wax indignant.

She merely shrugged her shoulders.

"That story was so ridiculous," she said, "so utterly unfair that I hate to give it the importance of a denial."

"But," she asked in turn, "why does everyone think being broke is such a horrible thing? Why does everyone put such high value on things which can so easily be swept away by one stroke of Fate?

"I'm not really broke. How could I be?"

And no one would have doubted that statement if they could have peeped into her palatial suite at one of Park Avenue's swankiest hotels.

"But I have a few opinions on the subject," Gloria explained. "I've been living in Europe where people are on the mend after their financial disaster. They've already gone through it and it has been a wonderful experience to my foreign friends.

"People have learned the real values of life from this financial upheaval. Every last one of us has curtailed expenses, cut out extravagances, let ourselves think normally and sanely for the first time in years.

"You see, I know all about being poor. I was terribly poor while I was struggling for a place in filmdom. I know all about doing without things and wanting them terribly. But now that I have tasted the sweets of life, literally have enjoyed everything money can buy, I know now that there is a relative value to both states. That's why if I were to go broke tomorrow, I could fill the gap of money artificiality with the real things of life which are free."

Gloria was wearing a simple little gown of chartreuse satin, a dainty bit of French finery which she admitted she had picked up at a bargain.

"Don't think I'd ever attempt to tell the world how to run itself. And I hope I don't give that impression. But really, you just can't ignore the simple beauty of living, once you've absorbed that spirit in Europe. Just to get up mornings and know that my baby will smile at me; just to walk to my window and know that the sun will be shining and that there will be flowers blooming in my garden is heavenly to me.

"I'VE never had that sort of thrill in my whole life before. I always thought, like millions of other people, that you had to keep going places and doing things to be really happy.

"And now that my life with Mike is so wonderfully happy I feel as if my real life has just begun. I had to go through so many disappointments, so many heartbreaking disillusionments in order to see what is before me now. I think that's how we learn to appreciate the finer beauties of life such as culture, and quiet contentment. These things cost so little in actual money value; they seem to be earned by contrasts and experiences. And the best part is that when we once acquire this art—the art of living—we never can lose it no matter what financial disaster happens all around us."

And this brought us back to the original subject of whether Gloria was broke or not.

"I dislike terribly to discuss money," Gloria said, and she didn't say it in any high-hat manner, either. She really is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]

Jackie Is Head Man

How would the average nine-year-old play a life rôle of family supporter?

By Harry Lang



Looks like Master Cooper had a large problem on his mind! But what can we expect when he has his art, family and play to consider?

TAKE an average, everyday American boy, nine or ten years old—

Give that boy, quite suddenly, such wealth as not one little boy in ten million might ever expect to possess. Make that boy "head of the house"—head, and sole wage-earner of a household which includes himself, his mother, his grandmother, his uncle, two servants. . . .

Imagine him "being made a fuss over" by famous people like Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, Wallace Beery, Richard Dix.

Imagine him seeing his own picture staring at him from billboards, newspapers, magazines.

What, do you suppose, would all this do to that child?

We have, in the making before our eyes today, precisely such a boy and such a situation.

The boy is Jackie Cooper. Incidentally, that is not his real name. He was christened Richard.

He was born in Los Angeles. His mother is a young woman whose professional name is Mabel Leonard. His father, a much older man, was known on the vaudeville stage and in cafes as Johnny Cooper, entertainer.

Jackie Cooper never knew his father. When Jackie was less than three years old, Johnny Cooper walked out of the picture—simply that. Whether he's alive or dead today, Mabel Leonard does not know. She assumes he's dead—because it seems natural that if he were alive, he'd turn up, now that his son is famous. But to date, he hasn't.

Naturally, as soon as Jackie grew old enough, he joined in the family struggle for living money. He either inherited or absorbed enough theatrical ability to qualify, eventually, for Hal Roach's "Our Gang" comedies. From Hal Roach, Jackie's salary was $50 a week, when he worked.

That brings us to two years ago. They were living then in a pseudo-Spanish bungalow of stucco construction. Jackie's life was already deviating from the normal boy's. Even though he played with his gang—like the usual American boy—and had a thrown-together "club house" in his back yard, he didn't go to school with them.

California, because it has so many movie children, has arranged that they need not go to school; their studio work interferes. These movie children may be educated at the studios, while they work, between scenes.

THE law is strict enough. A certain amount of time has to be given to education. Qualified, state-accepted teachers work with the children—between scenes, during those long waits between "takes." They teach the children the same things taught in public schools.

At home Jackie has his private teacher—a sweet, grayish-haired schoolma'am—who comes to the Cooper home at nine o'clock each morning, stays until noon. In those three hours, she tries to give nine-year-old Jackie Cooper the fundamentals of spelling, writing, arithmetic, such elementary studies. It's not easy, because Jackie manages to find repeated more-or-less legitimate excuses for temporary escapes. But that's normal, certainly.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Photomontage By Cushing-Kleptser

They have the *esprit de corps* of our overseas doughboys—that great army of the motion picture personnel—from script girl to star and director they march on, undismayed, certain of victory. That is their challenge to "Depression"

Hollywood "Take It"?

By Reginald Tavinor

HOLLYWOOD has at last discovered that there is a law of compensation. Just as in bonanza days the motion picture industry enjoyed a super-prosperity, so, in depression days, it is suffering an aggravated adversity. For Hollywood has always been the abode of extremes.

Since the inception of the film industry, Hollywood has paralleled a mining camp. With the discovery of the mother-lode it went hog wild. Waste and extravagance were the order of every day.

It did not seem to matter, then. Funds were apparently as inexhaustible as the weird ideas that swallowed them. Literally speaking, Hollywood has always used motion picture money. One million, two millions, as high as seven millions for a single picture; five millions, ten millions for new stages, new mechanisms, new equipment. Nobody stopped to consider how it was to be gotten back. Expansion. Stock issues Super-supers. Orgies of financing, production and theater accumulation. Then—exhaustion.

Just now, Hollywood is not mincing words. It is calling a spade a spade and itself a fool. The seemingly endless sources of revenue all dried up at once, and Hollywood found itself without a dime for the rainy day. The rainy day dawned like the inevitable morning after. And Hollywood found itself with a fierce financial headache following a prolonged spree.

With the bank holiday virtually all of Hollywood went on half or three-quarter pay.

From colossal extravagance Hollywood turned to cuts. Cut salaries, cut production, cut overhead. Cut everything. Cut to the bone. Cut until it hurt—and then, cut.

One big studio cut all its employees four times, and then, in pursuance to the blanket agreement, cut what was left in half.

Reorganization is the order of the day. Even as in Joseph's dream, the lean years are following hard upon the fat ones. But unlike the Egyptians whom Joseph warned, Hollywood's financial storehouses ran empty.

Can Hollywood "take it"? The crisis has come and the piper must be paid—and what is Hollywood's tune?

YES, Hollywood is currently feeling the business depression which spread itself like a wet blanket over the entire world. Hollywood is perhaps more acutely affected because its own business is directly reflected by every Paducah Corners everywhere. It is feeling the recent nation-wide bank holiday, which lost to it irretrievable millions in theater admissions. It is feeling its own earthquake, and the resultant losses thereof. It is feeling the weight of that Old Man of the Sea—its debts and extravagances — astride its shoulders. In *toto*, Hollywood is feeling the combination and the culmination of an extraordinary chain of circumstances. And so Hollywood has hit bottom. And because it dropped from such a dizzy height to such a corresponding depth, the shock is all the greater.

To a people who have always lived on black bread and potato soup, a continued diet of black bread and potato soup is no hardship. But Hollywood has always been a community of *hors d'ouvres* and caviar. Here the mushroomed shacks of the mining camp have been ornate mansions. Hollywood's gold has been resplendent even in her bathtubs, and she has bathed in milk and honey. She has been the chorus girl on the world stage, beautiful and glittering and bespangled. And now she is reduced to a diet of beans.

How is she taking it? Is there true stamina behind her strident smile? When the frosting is knocked off, what of the cake beneath? What is the spirit of this emergency, and what will determine the future?

Currently, Hollywood's economic condition is little short of chaotic. There can be no question about it, and Hollywood, showman to the core, is the first to admit it. But the show must go on, and Hollywood is working out its own salvation. Its present symptoms are painful, but healthy. It will eat no more green apples, will grandiloquently toss away no more millions. It has learned its lesson, has learned that its mushroom financial growth must be shorn away and replaced by a basically sound foundation.

NO business can indefinitely continue spending two dollars for every dollar that comes in. Hollywood has been doing just that for years. And it looked as though the outside sources would never cease pouring in their wealth. But now that the inpouring has ceased, most emphatically Hollywood is left holding the bag.

Previously the bankers had been turning greedy eyes towards the movie bonanza, and their avowed purpose had been to acquire control of it themselves. So they opened up the purse-strings and showered the whole wad into Hollywood's lap. And Hollywood, true to its extravagant self, scattered the gold with lavish hand. Each producing company sought to outdo the other—and did. While they were doing it, the bankers sought to make hay while the sun shone—and did.

When the first crash came, the bankers, pointing to their staggering loans, said that they would assume charge and run things. They did that, too, with the result that the motion picture industry tottered. The bankers thereupon withdrew in haste, drawing their purse-strings tightly shut behind them and leaving Hollywood to paddle its own canoe out of the resultant whirlpool.

At the present time Hollywood's position is identically that of the home owner who, in flush times, assumed a mortgage vastly greater than currently shrunken values are worth. Not content with expanding its film factories with their gigantic overhead, it reached into the theater field as well, buying chains of houses at peak prices and running them at a loss. Hollywood suffered from a delusion of aggrandisement, dreaming that it had all the money in the world.

THE first step after the debacle was to get rid of these houses with their sky-high leases and cumulative losses. That is why the subsidiary theater companies were the first to go into receiverships. By divesting themselves of these theaters, the parent companies hoped to save their production units; but it was too late.

The millions which had been "written off" in the past were not in reality written off at all. Actual losses cannot be just crossed from the books, as Hollywood found out. They must be paid—paid in depleted reserves, overdue loans, shrunken operating capital.

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THIS article, "Can Hollywood 'Take It'?" necessarily goes to press before issues are settled. Yet it would be hard to conceive of a new set of business or economic conditions that would stop or even impede the steps taken for retrenchment and reorganization throughout the entire industry.

The directors and actors cheerfully acquiesced in the pay cuts they were asked to take. At the present writing some of those cuts have been, at least, partially cancelled, and all lost pay may be restored.

Hollywood has been through a terrific ordeal, but no one lost his head or his courage.



"Prosit . . ." hail the laughter boys as they knock glasses in their latest comedy, "The Devil's Brother." Oliver and Stan can really laugh at life's little jokes now for they went through plenty on their way up. But, look out, Laurel's likely to burst out cryin' any minute all over his nice bib

Tear-Stained Laughter

By E. R. Moak

WHERE did Laurel and Hardy find out that tears could be made to pay—as comedy material? How did this inimitable team learn to splice weeping with laughter?

The roars of laughter that greet even their names as they are flashed on the screen are, in a sense, echoes of the poverty, hunger, rebuffs, all but death-dealing blows that made this laughter possible.

Stan and Oliver were total strangers to the kindly fates until Lady Luck made them screen partners. The lives of each are almost as alike as two peas except that Laurel's started in England and Hardy's in America.

Stan was trained in the same school as Charlie Chaplin. The English music 'alls. When barely in his 'teens, Stan trouped with the renowned Charlie in the vehicle that took them both to America—and world fame. Oliver's stage "prep" school was minstrel shows in the "sticks," and small-time vaudeville.

When Stan Laurel's well-to-do father in England sternly said "no" to his becoming a "comic," the boy ran away, determined to arrive on his own.

Because Oliver Hardy's widowed mother down in Georgia had to slave to support five offspring, he joined a barnstorming troupe to ease her burden.

Their persistent jinxes seldom lost sight of either lad after that.

Even today, secure as they are in the cinema's arena of plenty, tears well in Stan's sad eyes as he recalls the times when, penniless in strange lands, he felt his frail body couldn't cling to life against continued hunger, while a lump rises in Oliver's silvery throat as he speaks of how he, alone and "broke," lay fever-ridden in a cheap lodging house, awaiting the end he believed inevitable.

The smell of grease paint was in Stan's nostrils almost from his first "howling" appearance as a "blessed event" in Ulverson, England, 1895. As a true child of show folks, Stanley Jefferson made his stage début in a carried-on part. Dressing-rooms were his nursery, theater alleys his playground.

AT ten came the urge for a comedy career. The "governor," who was acquiring a chain of theaters throughout Britain, had other plans for his son.

But the fledgling took wing, short-changing his name to Stan Laurel, and bummed his way to London. Here his grit was immediately put to the test.

A clever pantomimist despite his tender age, Stan was limited in his search for work by his father's wide acquaintance among theatrical people. He knew they would report his whereabouts to his family. For twenty months he battled starvation with occasional work. London park benches became his beds. He soon learned where and when the breadlines formed.

Stan thought he glimpsed sunbeams peeping through the fog when he was signed for a tent show in Holland. But, so eager was he for the opportunity, he failed to notice a clause in the contract—no salaries in case of rain.

And the skies belched water for three whole weeks after his arrival in the land of windmills and wooden shoes!

It took years of heartbreak and hard knocks to give Laurel and Hardy the gift for packing them in with "pathos behind the smile"

A mere kid, stranded, he couldn't speak the language. His back was against the wall. He stood in shop doorways through long, wet nights with odors from bakery basements aggravating his gnawing emptiness. The lad remembered his vision became blurred. Then he collapsed. He came back to consciousness in a hospital. As food restored him to strength, Stan discovered the Dutch authorities intended to deport him. Knowing that this move would restore him to paternal custody, he fled and panhandled his way across the Channel.

Back in London, Stan tripped over a new stumbling block. His father had a private detective agency looking for him. He could look for work only in the very out-of-the-way places.

But, as the fuss over his disappearance let down, Stan got his break with Fred Karno's English Comedians, with Chaplin featured. The pay was only three shillings a day—but he could eat on that. His idea of disguise fooled his dad's sleuths.

OLIVER HARDY came into the world in 1892 in a setting very close to show business, or at least very much part of "trouping"—a small hotel in Madison, Georgia, owned by his father. It was his baby home for only eighteen months when his father died. His mother tried to run the business, but mortgage payments far outdistanced the meager receipts. So she took her brood to Atlanta.

When Oliver was five, life handed him his first severe jolt, the start of a long series. His mother had always made her children believe that Santa Claus was a most generous soul, for up to then she had been able, by dint of hard work, to decorate their Christmas tree with several gifts for each. But the sugar bowl bank was empty. Now she was forced to tell them the dream-blasting truth!

"Mother did what she thought was the square thing," Oliver sadly reminisced, "but we were so young to be disillusioned—and there were so many blows awaiting us later on."

The incident stands out to Hardy, the man, as vividly as it did to Oliver, the child. It accounts for the loads of presents he now sends to Los Angeles orphanages every Christmas!

At six he was a newsboy in Atlanta, collecting extra pennies singing for his customers. At ten a roving minstrel outfit billed him as "the boy tenor."

Beaten and starved by drunken members of the company, the boy was not a minstrel long. He stood the abuse as long as he could because of his mother's urgent need for his contributions. But, when his chunky body became a mass of bruises and cuts, he took French leave, returning to Atlanta in a box car.

WITH his mother employed and his brothers and sisters doing odd jobs, Oliver was able to go back to school. But his vacations were spent in vaudeville.

Oliver's bulk belied his young years, so he had fairly frequent singing jobs in Atlanta cabarets. They helped him through high school and two years of law study in the University of Georgia.

He had not yet attained voting age when the family money problem made him put away his law books and head for New York in search of gold on the stage.

Broadway stage doors opened to him for try-outs which didn't become engagements, so he turned movieward as an extra.



Fifteen months old, and wasn't this chubby fellow already hinting at the Oliver Hardy of today?



Stan Laurel posed for this at the ripe age of two. But even then didn't he show a hint of the picked-on Stan who's such a riot today?

Hiking through a blizzard from a studio to save the carfare that meant cheese and crackers to him, he caught a heavy cold, awakening next morning in his five by seven hall room, too sick to lift his head off the roll of clothing that served as pillow. There he fought off delirium as his condition grew worse. He was afraid to call for help; the hawk-faced landlady would demand the already overdue rent.

For seventy-two hours he tossed on the hard, narrow bed, his temperature mounting rapidly, his parched throat craving water that was not to be had. Then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

In that grim plight a pal, in New York for a holiday, found him, and rushed for a doctor. Pneumonia had almost got him.

In 1911 Karno booked passage on a cattle boat for his fourteen comedians, including Chaplin and Laurel, and sent them to America. Stan's pay jumped [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

She Even Laughs Off LANDSLIDES

Trust Marion Davies! Faced with overwrought nerves, she saved the day—with a wisecrack



"Laugh and the world laughs with you," is Marion Davies' remedy for all ills. Don't you think she looks it here, as she will appear in "Peg O' My Heart"?

THIS was the *darnedest* interview . . . !

You see, when you go to talk with a beautiful movie star in her own home on a quiet Sunday afternoon, you certainly *don't* expect to have a hundred and fifty-foot cliff come thundering down in a terrific landslide to the very front door. Or to have two terrified utter strangers, who'd been watching you from atop the hundred and fifty-foot height one moment, dumped the very next at your feet in a welter of dirt and dust and bruises and excitement?

Yet that's *exactly* what happened in the middle of this interview with Marion Davies, at her California beach home at the base of the Santa Monica Palisades!

And oddly coincidental though it may seem, the accident (in which only one of those inexplicable miracles saved the two victims from death or serious injury!) gave Marion a perfect chance to prove the truth of the philosophy she'd just been expounding!

It was like this: Marion had just been saying that to her, a laugh was one of the most worthwhile things in life, and the best medicine. At that moment came the landslide. and two bruised, shocked, stunned people—a Los Angeles dentist and his wife—were carried into the Davies home, nearest to the accident. Not knowing how seriously they were hurt, the two were as near collapse as two people might be; the experience was, naturally, terrifying. Then Marion entered the room. She was kind, she was sweet, she saw that they were cared for while the doctors were on their way—

—and then that God-given sense of humor for which Hollywood loves her, came to the front.

Marion grinned the Irish kid's grin of hers, made a startling unexpected wisecrack (you'll read *that* later). For a moment, there was astonished silence. The victims of the slide stared at her for a moment, then the man chuckled. His wife smiled broadly. Forgetting their shock, their pain in the panacea of a laugh, the man came right back at Marion with a wisecrack to match her own! He laughed, his wife laughed, Marion laughed, everybody laughed.

And when the doctors arrived, they had little to do save patch up a cut or two, fix up some bruises, and say: "Well, it's a good thing they saw a *laugh* in it—because if they hadn't been able to give vent to their shock in laughter, it might have laid them cold, with serious consequences. Shock is often more dangerous than actual injury."

So let's begin at the beginning of this bizarre interview.

FIRST, an "inside" fact: The reason you've not seen many interviews with Marion Davies is simply that, next to Garbo, she's about the toughest person in Hollywood to get to talk. For publication, that is. Though it's not generally known. Because, unlike Garbo, the Davies' reticence hasn't been publicized, made publicity capital of as has Greta's. But it's there. It's not because Marion doesn't like people, but simply because, in the presence of an interviewer, she becomes as embarrassed, as self-conscious, as tongue-tied, as a little boy at his first party. So she dodges them.

But even more than she's self-conscious and interview-shy, she's a wonderfully good sport. And loves to do things for other people. So your interviewer played a trick on her. He knew, as Hollywood does, that she's always laughing, never "moody" like so many other stars; that she is noted for her cheeriness, her jollity on the set. So he said to her:

"Marion, this is a swell time to help people cheer up. It's 'Depression' and there are a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

By Harry Lang



Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOHN BARRYMORE stops between shots to quaff a bit of cooling refreshment as he explains a trick of technique to Diana Wynyard. Together in Metro's "Reunion in Vienna," they make a charming team and we may be seeing them often. Diana plays a Continental lady and surely looks the part while John is a gallant, chivalrous officer



Wm. Grimes

TO the manner born—these two young aristocrats of Hollywood, kingdom of make-believe. "*Wie gehts?*" says Baron von Gable. "*Tres bien,*" replies Count de Montgomery, flashing the famous smile. "How's for a canter in the hills?" . . . "I'm right with you, buddy," replies Baron Clark, "if my horse isn't in hock. Hang that pay-cut!"



Don English

HERE he is—the actor who's flamed romantic gossip in Hollywood—Brian Aherne, borrowed from the stage at last, after refusing movie offers for three years. He's watching Marlene make up for "The Song of Songs," in which they play opposite each other. Miss Dietrich seems to be enjoying those feminine frills after her famous orgy of trousers



Mac Julian

"AND what is so rare as a day in June—Then if ever come perfect days—Heaven tries earth if she be in tune—And over her gently her warm ear lays." Even without verse, Doug Jr. could be inspired on a day like this, far out to sea, on location with Patricia Ellis. They're doing "The Narrow Corner" together—the sort of picture Doug loves

Arliss Puts His Foot Down

By Ruth Biery

BETTE DAVIS and Orry-Kelly, designer of women's clothes for First National pictures, laid the drawings for Bette's wardrobe in "The Working Man" (recently released) before Mr. Arliss. Just as he must approve the scripts, so he must okay the wearing apparel of each member of the cast. He pulled one toward him and adjusted his monocle.

"What is this for?"

"Pajamas."

"Umph. I don't like them. A woman should be feminine. Make Miss Davis a nightgown. A lacy, feminine nightgown."

Bette knew Mr. Arliss objected to bedroom scenes—even innocent ones—and had thought pajamas would make her more modest. She timidly attempted to explain. Mr. Arliss did not seem to comprehend. Women would not wear the pants in his productions.

Bette wears a "nightie" with high collar and ribbon bows!

No fish or animals in an Arliss script. The honorable Englishman has expended a modest fortune in helping humane societies.

And there are no scenes where he eats meat. He and Mrs. Arliss are vegetarians, you'll remember.

A portrait of a woman who is supposed to be Bette Davis' mother in her girlhood hangs over the mantel piece in "The Working Man." The studio employed a high-priced artist to paint a picture of Bette in old-fashioned clothes that the portrait might be truly realistic.





An Arliss film must be as he wants it. Thoroughly moral! This scene with Bette Davis, from "The Working Man," is typical of Arliss' attitude in such matters

Mr. Arliss glanced at it and ordered it removed. He didn't wish to imply that an old man was falling in love with a girl young enough to be his daughter! Furthermore, he did not believe there would be such an exact likeness between mother and daughter.

WHEN Arliss was inspecting the script for "Alexander Hamilton," he came upon a bedroom scene between himself and June Collyer. Mr. Arliss shook his head. No bedroom scenes in his pictures.

Although he had played this scene with Jeanne Eagels on the stage and taken the young lady to an apartment, pictures were different. People chose their plays. They had their movie entertainment thrust upon them.

The script was changed. June Collyer called to him from the top of the stairs to come and get his cloak. They would cut at the door of the bedroom.

Again, Mr. Arliss shook his head. The bedroom door was too obvious. They would cut at the top of the stairs.

When the scene was actually taken, they cut at the bottom of the stairs. His foot on the lowest stair was the only indication Mr. Arliss would give that he might be approaching a lady's bedroom!

Here is a list of Mr. Arliss' principal leading ladies: Doris Kenyon; June Collyer; Alice Joyce; Mrs. George Arliss; Mary Astor. Of course, he chooses them and we need not [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Cal York Announcing—



Irving Lippman

What, is the screen's newest bad boy up to his tricks at lunch hour? Ah, no. Jack LaRue took a rôle George Raft thought too hot to handle; but off-duty — well, he and Joyce Compton "say it with ice water"



"The Little Giant" and his son, and, of course, the latter's mother. Edward G. Robinson, who is doing the title rôle in a film of that name, in the center the real "little giant" in the case, Edward Robinson, Jr., born in New York City, March 19. A real chip of the old block?

Cosmo-Sileo

WHEN Marlene Dietrich fell from her horse in a scene she was doing for "The Song of Songs," she picked herself up and went on with the picture.

That night—nausea. Doctors called. A temperature of 103. A slight concussion. Nevertheless, she tried to work on the morrow. Relapse. The concussion passed off, leaving no ill effects. Proving that Marlene is in tip-top physical condition. And, of course, one of those who worried the most was Brian Aherne, her leading man. And—but half the men in Hollywood worry about Marlene if she even sneezes.

THE day after Bob Young slipped away and married his girlhood sweetheart—his salary was cut fifty per cent.

Words are unnecessary!

Although Bob did say, "This is the case where two will *have* to live more cheaply than one!"

WHAT about Marlene Dietrich's plans for German pictures now, Hollywood wondered, when Josef Von Sternberg came back to Hollywood.

Marlene is credited with the statement that she intended leaving America for good and all in order to join Von Sternberg in Germany, and make German pictures.

And here was Josef back before Marlene even finished her current picture, "The Song of Songs."

Marlene is changing her mind about Hollywood these days. Maybe the uncertain acceptance of the German people in contrast to the certain adulation of the American people may be the reason.

At any rate, Josef Von Sternberg is on his way to the Orient and Marlene seems more contented than ever in America.

TO you, George Bernard Shaw, but to Kathryn Carver (Mrs. Adolphe Menjou) he's plain "Georgie." That's how she addressed him in Hollywood, and the royal mountebank loved it. Kathryn and Adolphe met Shaw in Europe, and so learned the trick of dulling the great wit's sting.

DIANA WYNYARD bit John Barrymore's hand. And John didn't like it, apparently.

It was the big party scene in "Reunion in Vienna." That bit of business where John presents his princely paw to Diana Wynyard for the customary salute.

The young lady promptly bites the hand instead of kissing it as the *Prince* obviously expected.

Well, it was done once, but not to the director's liking.

The second time Mr. Barrymore put on a much more spirited performance—so much so that he accidentally slapped Miss Wynyard with the back of his hand and disconcerted her so that she was completely bowled over.

Why, Mr. Barrymore, and you such a gentleman, too!

GARBO fell off her diet, and Dietrich fell off her horse . . . What will Hepburn have to fall off of, to make good?

THE broken romance between Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., had its humorous side, too.

Just as Joan had called in reporters for the story, in walked a friend from Paris to make a visit.

"Go to your room," Joan said.

"W-what?" the visitor gasped.

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



Janet's first kiss—no, not just that, but it's the first screen love scene between *la* Gaynor and her newest leading man, Henry Garat, from France. We'll see it all soon, in Janet's next film, titled "Adorable"



By that look in your eye, Georgie Shaw, we know a wise-crack is coming Marion Davies' way! But Marion is famous herself at repartee. Charlie Chaplin, Louis B. Mayer and Clark Gable are entertaining the celebrated Irish wit at an M-G-M studio luncheontendered G.B.S.

"Go to your room, please, at once. And don't come out until I tell you."

And amidst all the excitement, hubbub and mad telephoning that went on in that house, the guest sat in his room, thoroughly convinced that Joan had gone stark mad.

The next morning at ten o'clock Joan suddenly remembered him. He was still dazed. And almost starved.

A WOMAN reporter opened a New York interview with Connie Bennett thus: "Gloria Swanson told me, Miss Bennett, what type of men interested her and I wondered if you—"

Did you hear the door slam? The reporter did.

Just the echo of that incident when the Marquis passed from Gloria to Connie.

IT'S a strange coincidence that Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, should arrive in Hollywood exactly at the same time as Connie Bennett and her husband, the Marquis.

Since Connie's marriage to Gloria's former husband, things have been slightly strained, to say the least, between the two.

And are Hollywood hostesses up against a delicate problem?

AND there's the fellow who came out of the theater after seeing "King Kong."

"Huh," he grumbled, "no Mickey Mouse."

OBSERVERS are agreeing that Mae West is one of the biggest box-office draws in motion pictures.

Yet some Paramount executives seem to feel that the public may want a change of pace; the customers might not want to see another *Lady Lou*.

Not so Mae. She has written her own shows and her own songs, and thinks she knows her own stuff.

It is now suggested that she play the rôle of Catherine the Great of Russia.

If you have read about Catherine the Great, you can realize just how good Mae would be in that rôle.

MAE WEST finds her pen as mighty as her wink so she's set herself down and has written another picture called, "I Am No Angel."

DIRECTOR Clarence Brown and Alice Joyce were secretly married in Virginia City, Nev.

Brown divorced his first wife in 1927, and Alice divorced James Regan, Jr., the early part of this year.

WILLIAM SEITER, director, appeared at the studio with a bunged-up nose.

"What's the matter, Bill?" a friend asked. "Someone pop you?"

"No," snapped Bill. "I caught it just as the bank door slammed in my face."

DIVORCE from her husband Lydell Peck seems to have given Janet Gaynor a new happiness. Also, her screen work with the French find, Henry Garat, went through smoothly.

She's still sticking to her Garboish imitation. "No interviews to anyone. They can say what they please, but they can't quote me."

Incidentally, Janet never worries about money. She has never spent an unnecessary nickel. Most of them are entrusted to Uncle Sam.



What can beat a nice rest between scenes—even if it's taken, back to a board? They had to rig this for Marlene Dietrich while filming "The Song of Songs." That period costume, you see, was laced too tightly to permit resting in a more conventional way. Oh, what a life!



So, Joan! Franchot Tone is your brother in "Today We Live," and your dancing partner at the Beverly Wilshire! We'll say it would be harder to find one more agreeable, after seeing his first appearances on the screen. He has all the flair of—well, you guess who he's like!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN intimates he will start another picture—a silent one—very soon. With Paulette Goddard as his leading woman.

THERE was a moment of hushed silence on the Fox lot when Lilian Harvey strolled onto the Janet Gaynor set.

Carpenters and electricians, high above, noticed them exchange a few words and then deliberately turn their backs on each other.

Suspense.

And then they heard Janet say to a passing prop boy.

"Please measure us and see who is the taller."

Oh, that gasp of relief!

THE Estelle Taylor-John Warburton romance is off.

It seems John became very obstreperous at a party with Estelle and wanted to wrestle everyone. Estelle refused to see him again.

"I've been married to a heavyweight," Estelle told him, "and I'd never be contented with a lightweight."

CONNIE BENNETT came home without any clothes from Paris. A patriotic move connected with "Buy American."

Wonder if the Marquis's patriotism includes "Buy French"!

THEY are a nervous family, Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, when she's making pictures. But Al's more nervous than she.



May Robson! We thought only mountain ladies did that! Of course, if "Reunion in Vienna" calls upon you to smoke cigars, you'll have to. But tell us—is it the first puff or the script that's responsible for that "My, what will happen next" expression?

Al, himself, is as fearless before an audience as any actor can be. He does all the worrying for his wife.

The fact is, Al didn't want Ruby to go into pictures at all. So Jack Warner took a contract along one evening when he was going to a dinner party. He had it all fixed to sit next to Mrs. Jolson and got her signature without hubby knowing it. Result: Ruby's fame in "42nd Street."

WILL POGANY, artist and designer, says he has come to expect the same answer from everyone he asks:

"Do you draw or paint?"

Ninety-nine per cent will reply, "No, I can't even draw a straight line."

Alan Dinehart was the exception when he answered, "I can't even paint my own face!"

THE billing of that tremendous success, "42nd Street," has been somewhat altered by public acclaim.

It's no longer, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, etc. Today, it's Ruby Keeler, Bebe Daniels, etc.

Which proves again that it's the public, first and last, that makes the stars.

WATCH out for the new Modernistic Girl in Hollywood. The girls on the "Melody Cruise" set all wear cellophane slacks with



Yes, marital bliss seems to set well with you both, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton! And if Hollywood and the public are all dithery about it, why should you care, so long as that is so? Still, you did have us a bit excited, when the first news of your marriage burst upon us all!



When you've got a date for singing to South America, you must get on with it, cold or no cold. So here's Bebe Daniels bucking up to it with plenty of hot coffee in the broadcasting station, as Charlie Farrell voices sympathy. Trust Bebe to go through with what she starts!

designs painted on them. A few hours with the sun shining through the cellophane, and the girls are coated a lovely tan. But the painted designs on the cellophane leave white designs on their bodies giving a strange tattooed effect.

It's a new idea, girls. Why not try it?

PATSY WOOLSEY (daughter of Bob and Mrs.) has acquired a poise, coupled with the simple directness often found in children, that is charming.

At a party given for Jerry Hoffman's little daughter, Marilyn, Patsy walked in and said:

"Here's your present! Where's my ice cream and cake?"

OLD CAL doesn't know what to say about Doug and Joan.

The alienation of affections suit Jorgen Dietz filed against Doug undoubtedly gave Joan the opportunity she had wanted for months.

She and Doug had agreed nearly a year ago that they must part.

But it was a thing they could not quite make up their minds to do.

She insists she has no thought of getting a divorce and yet there are rumors of an impending divorce in Mexico.

At the moment, Doug and Joan are seeing each other infrequently. Her birthday came within a couple of weeks after their separation and she celebrated it at a family dinner with her mother, brother, and Doug. A few nights later she and Doug went dancing at the Beverly Hills hotel, but the following night she was at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove with Franchot Tone.



They simply can't stop a Rogers even when he's out to play polo! "No sir," says Will, "and see this nice cup each of us Cub fellers got for licking those Colts, 10 to 7? But gosh, am I glad to get out of those polo duds and back to my own fittin's! It's a relief, folks"

ROMANCING . . . Eric Linden and Frances Dee have been spotted by Cupid . . . Ernst Lubitsch, at one time engaged to Ona Munson, is taking Joycelyn Lee around. . . The dark-eyed Raquel Torres and fair-haired Gene Raymond make an interesting couple as they go places together.

Rudy Vallee is again singing "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover," since his wife Fay Webb and he separated. For the time being they have arranged a financial settlement with the divorce date not yet set. Friends say the differences arose when Fay had to sit home alone while Rudy toured the country with his sax. Fay is now in California.

H. B. Warner, veteran screen actor, has been granted a divorce from Rita Stanwood, former stage star. They were married in 1915 and separated in 1931. Mrs. Warner's neglect of her home and staying out late nights were given as the reasons for the divorce. Under an out-of-court agreement they retain joint custody of their three children.

Dorothy Dunbar (remember her in pictures in 1926?) has filed suit for divorce from her third husband, Max Baer, heavyweight boxing contender. She charged Max with extreme cruelty.

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So Clara Did Paris

And had other adventures besides in *La* Belle France

LAST month in PHOTOPLAY, *you'll remember, Clara Bow selected from her European diary an account of the scenes and incidents which impressed her most.*

For this reason, we're disregarding, to some extent, her itinerary, and presenting the diary practically backwards, as you can see by the dates. The St. Moritz diary we published first, because she liked that part of her holiday best. Editor's Note.

Jan. 6th.—Hi-ho, Gay Paree! We went to one of those cute little restaurants in a side street for lunch today. I ate snails and liked them. I had pressed duck, also. Supposed to be something like the twenty-five thousandth duck they'd served there since the place opened. Rex said, "Punkin, I never thought you'd come to this," and I said, "When in Paris, eat as the Parisians do."

And when in Paris, try to order your meals in French was my motto. But I guess I'd better change my mind.

Gee, these French waiters and maids are the dumb clucks. Lost my temper good and plenty yesterday. Started reading my order from the menu in French and that *garçon* just stood there with his mouth open—and kept on repeating in French, "What is it Madame wishes?"

I said, "Can't you understand me?" But he kept standing there with a pencil in one hand ready to take the order and his clean napkin in the other, shaking his head in a kind of silly way and smiling so politely. Everybody is always smiling here—you never know whether they are mad or glad. It gives you a very funny feeling.

Well, he upset me so, standing there, that I started talking loud. Then he got mad and started shouting back. "I guess," I remarked, "if you can't understand French there's no use trying English on you. Do you think you would get me if I pointed?"





"I was kind of crying—I could see those men so clearly, lying in the trenches. . . . A barbed wire ripped my boot from the ankle up to the knee"

Finally, the head waiter came and apologized, and took the order himself in English . . . Foreigners *are* funny.

Took a rubber neck cruise around town—only we rode in one of those terrible Paris taxis. They feel as if they're going to come apart any moment. When the driver takes a corner on one wheel, you feel as if *you're* going to come apart.

Saw Napoleon's tomb and those gardens near the Louvre where the fountains are all lit up at night and look like a carnival. Saw lots of old-fashioned pictures in the Louvre. Some of the colors were wonderful, but you get so tired walking down miles of dingy corridors. I'll take my art in small doses after this.

I had to see Paree from the top of the



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

"Took a rubber-neck cruise in one of those terrible Paris taxis. They feel as if they were going to come apart just any moment"

"He stood there shaking his head in a kind of silly way and smiling so politely. 'I guess,' I remarked, 'if you can't understand French there's no use trying English on you' "

Eiffel Tower. Then we drove through the Bois (which means woods—only it's just an ordinary park). I got out and walked by one of those lakes there.

Gee, but it gets cold in Paris. We were so frozen by four o'clock that we had to stop at Rumpelmayer's for hot chocolate and those little cakes. Oh boy, what will my figure be like when I get home!

Jan. 7th.—It's very funny how in Gay Paree all the men insist on "keesing ze hand and making ze compliments magnifiques." I always wanted to say like the girl in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—a kiss on the hand is nice, but a diamond wrist-watch lasts forever. Only I didn't because I thought that might hurt their feelings.

Over here they laugh at such different things. We've been to two shows already which everybody said were the swellest in Paris. Supposed to be funny, with grand music and knock-out choruses. One was the "Folies Bergeres." They think Americans won't die happy without seeing this at least once.

Well, all I can say is: "Was my face red?" Oh boy, Will Hays ought to come over here and "geeve a look." He'd never be so hard on poor Hollywood after that. I thought the show was very embarrassing. . . .

The other show with Josephine Baker wasn't so bad—but I couldn't rave. I'll take a Broadway stage hit any time now and be perfectly satisfied. I guess the entertainment is different in every country you strike. I guess what we're used to seems best to us. Anyway, it's American humor for me every time!

Jan. 8th.—There was an old man who kept writing up to us at the George V Hotel. Said he was starving and that his wife and children were destitute, and wouldn't I help him.

We keep on getting letters like this every day. Because over here people seem to think that all American movie stars are multi-millionaires who ride around in a different colored Rolls-Royce every day and light their cigarettes with ten dollar bills. We were swamped with requests, and I had to turn them over to a stenographer. . . .

But the letters from that old man kept bothering me. They seemed different from the rest—more sincere. I kept thinking about him at night. Tried to picture him to myself. Worried so I could hardly sleep. . . . So one day I said to Rex: "Honey, we've got to ask this old guy up here to our place." And Rex said, "Anything you say, Punkin."

So one day when Rex and I were staying in because the weather was so bad, the old man came up.

He was sixty years old, with a face like a saint. White beard and deep, sort of fiery eyes. He talked seven languages and you could see he was terribly well educated. When he started to tell us his story, how his wife was so sick and undernourished; how he had one son who was deaf and dumb; and how they owed forty dollars rent—I almost broke down. He was sincere, there was no doubt about it. I've been fooled so many times now, I think I can tell the fakers from the real ones.

Between us, we managed to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Sylvia

How Sylvia Cured

AGAIN Sylvia tells how a distressing problem yielded to her skilled treatment—this time for Helen Twelvetrees, who was in danger of ruining her film chances through incessant crying. And, as always, Sylvia explains how you can use the same treatments right in your home, should you need them.

Also, Sylvia has agreed to place the skilled knowledge that made her America's most famous physical culturist and masseuse, at the disposal of all PHOTOPLAY *readers who want health advice. On page 84 you'll find full particulars. Read now how easily you can have America's most expert help on your problems.*



Helen Twelvetrees acting distress in "Her Man." But it was when Helen took to looking like this in real life, that a hurried call went out for Sylvia's help

THE first time I ever saw Helen Twelvetrees her face was all red and swollen. Had that girl been crying!

She had just signed a contract with the Pathe Studios and you'd have thought she would have been happy about it, but she wasn't. Helen had had a bitter experience at another studio. She had had the usual ballyhoo that they give a new contract player, but she just didn't click. It wasn't Helen's fault. She had bad stories and yet she couldn't get it out of her head that she was a failure. But that wasn't the only reason for turning on the tears.

She was divorcing her husband and what she told me about that! But giving advice on marriage wasn't my job just then. I had a job, and a big one. I was working for the studio and had to get Helen to look okay. From all the worrying and the crying she was nervous and run down, and she certainly couldn't have gone before the camera with that swollen face.

I didn't have to take off any flesh. She was plenty thin at the time—except for her legs and ankles—but I had to take the crying lines out of that beautiful face of hers. It was a little different from anything I had done before and I want to tell you all about it, for so many people right now are unhappy. So listen to me, you girls who have to let off steam every now and then with a good cry—you mustn't forget to take care of your faces in distressing times like these. Now I'm going to tell you how I treated Helen Twelvetrees.

As I told you her face was swollen and red with crying; yet every muscle was tense because she knew that having failed at another studio she simply *had* to make good at Pathe. My job was to get her in shape to do her work. I had to relax as well as stimulate the glands of the face and I'll tell you how, so you can do the same.

First of all, clean the face with a good cold cream—and right here let me tell you one thing, use the best and purest cream you can buy. That doesn't always mean the most expensive cream—but be sure it is good! Then with cold cream on the fingertips begin massaging the back of the neck. That's the way to begin a facial always—that relaxes the muscles. Dig in hard at the back of the neck and work down the back to the shoulder blades. Then with the flat of the hand rub the neck very gently just under each ear and work across the shoulders, with the flats of the hands, digging into the back muscles with the fingertips. Do you get the idea? You'll begin to feel better at once!

Now put some fresh cold cream on your hands and with the palms of both hands rub from the tip of the chin down to the breast bone, cupping your hands underneath the chin, but never digging the fingers into the throat; and that is also grand for double chins. It will make your neck nice and firm, too.

Now that you're relaxed, you can start on that weepy face. Put cold cream on the two middle fingers of each hand and very gently, in a rotary movement and working upwards, begin at the chin bone and go to the cheek bone all over the face. At the cheek bone carry this movement outwards to the temples. Doesn't that make you feel good? In the same way, with those two middle fingers, gently massage the upper lip.

Helen Twelvetrees' nose used to get all swollen from weeping, and here's how to handle that. With those same middle two fingers rub down the middle of the nose to the tip and then on each side of the nose, letting the fingers move gently out to the temple. Very gently model the nose as if it were just so much putty—and that's what it looks like after a cry.

NOW for the eyes. Be sure to take cold cream off the fingers and don't let any cream get into your eyes. Very gently, with the eyes shut, tap the lids with your fingers, working from the nose outwards. At the corners of the eyes use the rotary movement again. Then with the thumbs press hard above the nose on each side, just under the eyebrows. When you feel a slight pain you'll know you are on the right spot, then gently carry the thumbs underneath the eyebrows and press again hard on the temples.

Now with your whole hand on your forehead pull the skin upwards and with your two fingers massage gently right

"Hollywood's Most Melancholy Girl"

Read Sylvia's answers to other girls on page 84 —and how you may obtain help

between the eyebrows to take away those frown wrinkles; but be sure that one hand is holding the skin tight.

And there, girls, you have a facial that is a facial! Take a look at yourself in the mirror. Don't you look fine? But wait a minute! I'm not through with you yet. Remove the cold cream and splash ice cold water on your face. Don't be afraid of that cold water. Take handfuls of it and throw it in your face.

NOW look at yourself in the mirror. When your face can look so soft and relaxed and pretty weren't you a fool to cry? Weren't you silly to screw your face up into a million wrinkles? Well, then, keep your chin up, put a grin on your face and don't let your Aunt Sylvia catch you crying again!

And that's what I used to tell Helen Twelvetrees. She was a peculiar girl, naturally melancholy, naturally quiet and with very few friends. When I first took her she was quite thin; but I knew that she needed to exercise for pep. When I treated her, she





What trace of melancholy can be found in the Helen Twelvetrees of this picture, taken shortly after the time of which Sylvia tells? To the left is a recent glimpse of Helen's latest reason for happiness—her son, Jack Bryan Woody, who was born October 26, 1932

was too rundown to take all the hard whacks I gave her. And she used to yell so that you could hear her all over the lot. So I made her exercise. I did the exercises with her and got her to laughing over some of the funny ones. And that's a good idea for you girls. It's grand to do the exercises with a group of friends, when you can laugh and have a fine time.

Helen used to come into my studio looking as if the weight of the world rested on her shoulders. Then we'd start to exercise and to laugh and when the blood began flowing through her veins, and I made her do the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



"Six foot two" of suave, polished European—that was Paul Lukas when he arrived a few years ago. Now he's Americanized — as the informality of this picture may show

Paul "Goes American"—*and* How!

His notion of being a proper citizen can teach many a native what true loyalty is

By Ruth Rankin

THESE days, when a foreign-born star begins to cast sheep's-eyes toward citizenship papers, cynics smile a cynical smile and say, "Ah, hah! Wanting to hang on to the old pay-check!"

Well—good enough, in some cases, perhaps. It depends on what goes with the application—what the applicant is willing to put behind it. That makes the case of Paul Lukas illuminating.

One requirement for naturalization is attesting one's willingness to defend the country with arms, in case of need. Pay-check patriots don't find that bothersome. They can—and do—say, "Yes, yes," with full knowledge that they will be over military age, or will have a wife, or some other legitimate reason for escaping military service, should war come to the land.

Paul Lukas thinks this requirement means what it says. He also believes that *willingness* to serve should be backed up by *ability* to serve. So he has joined the National Guard—stands ready to go, without further formality, in case of need.

Most people hold that part of good citizenship is a family—making one's contribution to the future generation. Paul has no children; but his plans include adopting one, as soon as acquisition of final papers gives him the legal right to do so on a basis that will make the child an American citizen. And the child must be American born. Paul insists upon that.

Millions have wanted to become American in order to escape a social thralldom holding them down in the land of their birth. They want a chance to rise socially, as well as economically—and they believe that American citizenship will give that chance.

In his native Hungary, Paul is an aristocrat—belongs to the upper crust. Change of citizenship can't help on that point. So far as social distinction based on "blood" may go, he stands to lose, instead of gain, by swapping over.

So it seems that when Paul says he is after his final papers because he'd rather be American than anything else, he has done a pretty thorough job of backing up his statement with deeds to prove it.

It shows up even plainer, if we drop in on the Lukases, husband and wife, at home, and hear them having it back and forth on the subject of America and Americanism.

"You know how all well-regulated families have one sure-fire, dependable source of argument?" Paul questions, in a sudden aside, after remarking that "Europe suffers from an outworn civilization."

"Sometimes it is where they will spend their vacation—or that clock in the center of the mantel—or the old mother-in-law situation—always some reliable bone of contention that keeps away the dull moments. Well, Daisy and I have one. Ours is 'Europe versus America.'"

We were seated at luncheon in their lovely dining-room. . . . Paul, Daisy Lukas and myself. Paul had finished work in Universal's film "The Kiss Before the Mirror" and was waiting a call on his next picture, "Captured," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Saved By A Hunch

It's amazing to hear stars tell of owing careers and lives to a queer premonition

By May Allison Quirk

HAVE you ever stopped to think how many people admit to having "hunches"? They may not have a superstition under the sun but a hunch is something else again.

It's a funny word. It comes from hunchback, really. There is a gambler's superstition that to touch the hump of a hunchback brings good luck. And so "hunch" has come to mean a sort of subconscious warning—one that if heeded is supposed to bring good luck or prevent calamity.

Among the picture stars are many instances of this one or that one being saved from physical disaster, even death, by following a hunch that was too strong to ignore.

I shall never forget an incident that happened to Bebe Daniels some years ago. The old Montmarte Cafe was at the height of its vogue then and the few tables not occupied by stars and directors at luncheon time were eagerly sought by tourists.

Bebe and myself were having lunch with one or two friends there one day. Suddenly, we became conscious that a man across the room was staring intently at our table. It was quite usual for visitors to gape at the picture players, but we sensed something tense and dramatic in the man's attitude. It was not just the usual curiosity of an enthusiastic picture fan.

As we commented on it, he quickly stood up, walked straight to Bebe, and bowed.

"I hope you will pardon me, madame, but I was so strongly moved I had to speak to you. I don't know who you are nor what you do, but within a short time you are going to be in great danger. You are going to be asked to work on something that is moving rapidly. Please do not do it. It will be disastrous for you."

Again he bowed, and before Bebe could recover herself enough to make reply, he was gone. Naturally, we all thought he was either a crank, or else a friend had bribed him to play a practical joke on Bebe. Bebe forgot about the incident.

THE following week, Bebe and James Hall were doing a scene in a Pullman car. In those days, to get the effect of a fast moving train, a set resembling a Pullman coach was mounted on a fast moving truck.

In driving the truck at great speed through the streets of Pasadena, it turned over. Bebe was pinned under it. For many hours they thought she had concussion of the brain. Fortunately, it was not quite that serious, and she recovered in a short time.

She still insists that it was her strangest experience. Bebe has never been known to turn a deaf ear to her own hunches since that time.

Joan Crawford comes pretty near to being "psychic" herself, I would say.

"While we were working on 'Rain' at Catalina Island," she told me, "we tried to come home for week-ends. Some ten or twelve of us would make the trip in a small launch after Saturday's work was finished.

"One Saturday night I had my bag packed and had started from the hotel to the boat, when suddenly I became almost ill with a feeling of approaching disaster. It was as definite as if someone had walked by my side and said, 'You cannot go home on that boat tonight.' I merely told the members of the company that I had changed my mind and then I returned to the hotel.

"That night the motor of the launch went dead and the small boat battled the waves all night before help arrived. It made a complete nervous wreck of one of my friends who was on board. All of them had a ghastly experience.

"I often have strong presentiments about people, too," she continued. "I had a hunch about Constance Bennett long before we met. From the first introduction ours has been a warm and understanding friendship."

ADOLPHE MENJOU admits quite frankly that more than once his life has been saved through some inner warning. He resents the feeling somewhat as it applies to physical danger, for Adolphe doesn't know the meaning of the word "fear." But it has happened too often for him to ignore it.

One instance occurred in London a few years ago. Adolphe made reservations on one of the big planes for crossing the English Channel, and had his luggage sent to the airport.

Then, abruptly, he had the queerest misgivings. He was furious with himself, but no matter how hard he tried to argue against it, he couldn't overcome the feeling of impending tragedy.

He finally cancelled his passage for the plane, feeling resentful and a little sheepish, and took the boat to France. The plane he was to have taken was wrecked over the Channel. Every life aboard was lost.

JOEL McCREA believes that not only has his life been spared on several occasions by a subconscious warning, but he feels that his hunch about screen stories has helped him to advance his career to a large extent. Let him tell the most recent incident of physical preservation.

"It occurred while we were busy

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



"Just how madly in love with me *is* this girl?"

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ ***TODAY WE LIVE—M-G-M***

JOAN CRAWFORD, giving one of her best performances; Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone—that is a fine start for a splendid evening's entertainment. But this cast is backed up by a stirring plot. It is the story of young Britons caught in the vortex of the World War. The combination of cast and plot is topped off in excellent direction by Howard Hawkes. So you have several good reasons for seeing this picture.

For the details we need only say that Joan is engaged to Bob, and they, with her brother (Franchot) are eyes deep in the war, when a rich American (Gary) rents the ancestral home. Cupid smites Joan and Gary. And, of course, you can guess what Gary does in that war-charged atmosphere. A picture you won't forget.



☆ ***HELL BELOW—M-G-M***

AND above and everywhere else! This is one picture which will hold you at high tension.

Bob Montgomery, junior officer on a submarine, falls in love with the daughter (Madge Evans) of his commander (Walter Huston); the fact that she is already married to a wounded aviator, together with her father's strict disciplinary code, forms the background for the thrills, climaxed by that epic British naval feat, the storming of the Zeebrugge Mole.

The cast is just as big-calibered as the guns and spectacular effects—not to mention the sound effects. Eugene Pallette and "Schnozzle" Durante take splendid care of the comedy, and "Schnozzle's" fight with the kangaroo is grand. You will be lifted clear out of your seat.



☆ ***GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—M-G-M***

FOR its uncannily prophetic foreshadowing of the spirit of President Roosevelt's first month in office—for putting into film, where all may see, what scores of millions think our government should do—and for turning its plot upon a plainly hinted miraculous intervention—this unquestionably will be one of the year's most talked-of pictures.

To start, *Jud Hammond* (played by Walter Huston) becomes President of the United States at the height of the depression—and being a shallow, politically-minded good-fellow, "fiddles while Rome burns," or answers despairing cries with high-sounding "wave the flag" phrases that accomplish nothing. Then a reckless motor accident; death is a matter of hours; and lo! From the death bed comes a new *Jud Hammond*, one who sweeps politicians aside, wrests dictatorial power from Congress, and proceeds to tear into the depression in a way that has the nation breathless.

That gives you idea enough of the story—and if, later, you see *Jud* carrying through projects that (to put it mildly) are highly imaginative, you won't mind, because the message and spirit still ring true.

Here rather let it be said that Walter Huston's great performance is supported by a superb cast, with Karen Morley and Franchot Tone outstanding as his secretaries. By all means, see it!

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE
TODAY WE LIVE
PICK UP
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER
PICTURE SNATCHER
HELL BELOW
THE WORKING MAN
THE LITTLE GIANT
LOOKING FORWARD

The Best Performances of the Month

Walter Huston in "Gabriel Over the White House"
Jimmy Cagney in "Picture Snatcher"
Alice White in "Picture Snatcher"
Joan Crawford in "Today We Live"
Franchot Tone in "Today We Live"
Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below"
Madge Evans in "Hell Below"
Walter Huston in "Hell Below"
George Arliss in "The Working Man"
Lionel Barrymore in "Looking Forward"
Lewis Stone in "Looking Forward"
Edward G. Robinson in "The Little Giant"
Ramon Novarro in "The Barbarian"
Luis Trenker in "The Rebel"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Baby Face"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 111



☆ *PICTURE SNATCHER—Warners*

JIMMY CAGNEY is always sure-fire for fun—but this, in the opinion of many, is Cagney at his best. And to heap the measure to overflowing, he has opposite him his ideal counterpart for this sort of picture—effervescent, fast-stepping Alice White.

This promising team steps into action almost immediately after Jimmy emerges from the penitentiary, convinced that the bed-time stories about what happens to good little boys have some sense to them.

He goes straight—if you call snatching pictures of heart-broken people for a sensational newspaper going straight—and encounters Alice, a free-and-easy sob sister on the sheet. She goes for Jimmy in a big way—and you can imagine the fun when they get trading tokens of affection in the well-known Cagney style.

The knot is tied in the story when Jimmy is bitten by pangs of love for a high-school innocent (Patricia Ellis), only to find that her father is the cop who sent him up. The rest we shall leave to your imagination—but since Cagney, White and Company are in charge, you won't have trouble imagining that it's side-splitting.

For the rest, we may say that the plot, while knitted with standard newspaper and "tough-guy" ingredients, is refreshingly handled, and the dialogue sparkles. Don't miss it!



☆ *PICK UP—Paramount*

SYLVIA SIDNEY and George Raft in the kind of picture that both do well. George, a taxi-driver, picks up Sylvia just after she has been released from prison; love blossoms smoothly in their informal home until George is intrigued by a débutante, and Sylvia's convict husband, breaking out of jail, gets after George.

You'll go for Sylvia's efforts to polish her rough diamond, and George's efforts to be the nice farmer boy at the society "kiddie" party.

There's a wallop, too, when hubby's efforts bring all concerned to court; the showdown that results provides a rousing finish.

It's a picture you can well afford to put on your entertainment list.



☆ *THE WORKING MAN—Warners*

NOT one risque situation—not a naughty word—but we dare you not to get some of the biggest laughs you've had so far this season.

Arliss is superb as the irascible American shoe manufacturer, who loves a good fight, a good fishing trip—and his little joke. The pleasantry starts when he sees that the orphaned children of his erstwhile most powerful competitor are going to the dogs, taking their shoe factory with them. Thereupon he moves in, using an assumed name.

What he does for those two youngsters (Bette Davis and Theodore Newton), not to mention the shoe business, is something you had better put on your hat and make for the nearest theater to see. Hardie Albright, too, deserves mention as Bette's boy friend. A sure-fire cheer-up.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆

THE DEVIL'S BROTHER—Hal Roach—M-G-M



AT last—a musical that's a comedy riot, too! It's that old light opera favorite, "Fra Diavolo," about an Italian Robin Hood, with Dennis King leading in the melodies—and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy adding laughs by the dozen! Made, as such a piece should be, on a comedy lot; but its singing cast will delight music lovers. Thelma Todd adds an eyeful for good measure. Take the whole family.



☆

THE LITTLE GIANT—Warners

THEY don't make them better than this one. Edward G. Robinson as *"Bugs" Ahearn*, Chicago beer baron, quits when Uncle Sam "muscles in," and tries to crash high society which, in the person of Helen Vinson, makes a sucker out of him. Mary Astor adds charm. Lighter than other Robinson efforts, and crammed with clever situations and witty lines. The *rescue* by *gangsters* is a grand riot.

☆

LOOKING FORWARD—M-G-M



A SIMPLE, not exciting tale about a venerable British business battling through the depression—yet for sheer artistry, it has rarely been equaled. Inspired performances by Lewis Stone as the owner and Lionel Barrymore as the clerk; cameo-perfect support by Benita Hume, Colin Clive, Phillips Holmes, England's new "find," Elizabeth Allan, and others. If art can substitute for romance with you, don't miss this.



PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox

A SOMEWHAT sexy little puffball with good chuckles and comical situations. Roland Young, jealous of his wife, Genevieve Tobin, gets a job as a barber on shipboard when wife leaves for a vacation; and a farce mix-up results, as he battles off Genevieve's would-be sweeties—also romance-hungry Una O'Connor, who has marked him for her own. Ralph Forbes and Minna Gombell help the fun along.

THE BARBARIAN—M-G-M



GOOD old romance, with all the thrills, throbs and hokum left in. Ramon Novarro, as a rascally Egyptian dragoman, falls in love with Myrna Loy, who has come to Cairo to marry Reginald Denny. Myrna is cool, so Ramon finally kidnaps her and takes her to his desert home, where she promises to marry him. But since this is hokum, you may be sure everything turns out all right. Fine for romance-starved souls.



THE REBEL—Universal

THIS is a foreign costume picture—but don't let that stop you. Napoleon's men invading the Tyrol; a medical student coming home to find everything gone, and turning rebel; a man-chase over the Alps, and the avalanches hurtling down on the invading enemy; these make a story worth anyone's time. And never have we seen more gorgeous photography. Luis Trenker, Vilma Banky and Victor Varconi.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

ELMER THE GREAT— First National



JOE BROWN turns to baseball and makes Babe Ruth look like a bush-leaguer. That is, as long as the team feeds him the old build-up. One cross word and he can't hit the broad side of an elephant. But little Patricia Ellis does know how to spread the sugar; so the old home town isn't disappointed, as it hangs to the radios listening to Joe's doings in the "world's series." Good baseball and good comedy.

TRICK FOR TRICK— Fox



MORE or less a sequel for "Chandu," yet not a repetition; and it has the knack of furnishing temporary shivers without nightmare memories. The clever trickery will interest and kiddies will want to see it twice. Ralph Morgan makes an inscrutably fascinating magician, while Sally Eilers and Tom Dugan delight in the buoyancy of their love interest. If you like the weird, you'll enjoy this.

BABY FACE— Warners



HERE'S real sex in the raw, with Barbara Stanwyck as the gold digger who rises from man to man, until she bids fair to end life with diamond service stripes and a suitcase full of bonds. But she trips up—yes, you've guessed it. She falls for her last—George Brent, a bank president who endows her with a Mrs. Excellently done, if you like the theme—but not for children, or impressionable school girls, either.

TERROR ABOARD— Paramount



THRILLS on shipboard. Murder on the high seas. John Halliday receives a message on his private yacht that imprisonment awaits him; so he devises a fantastic plot for killing all on board and escaping to an island. With Charles Ruggles, Neil Hamilton, Shirley Grey, Jack LaRue, Verree Teasdale pitted against him. By the time it gets too bloodthirsty for credibility, Ruggles' comedy is saving the show.

CENTRAL AIRPORT— First National



GETTING off to a slow, dragging start, this story of two brothers, both aviators, gradually builds up to a strong finish. Dick Barthelmess, a stunt flyer, is in love with Sally Eilers, a parachute jumper. His kid brother, Tom Brown, marries Sally, and Dick becomes a wandering daredevil flyer. He recovers contact just in time to save Tom from a watery death over the ocean, and bows himself out of the picture.

A BEDTIME STORY— Paramount



BUT the story practically puts *M.* Chevalier to sleep. His usual *sang froid, joie de vie,* plus what-have-you, suffer from lack of opportunity. But hold on—all is not lost. There remains Baby LeRoy. "*M.* Baby" smiles engagingly at the fast company with which he makes his screen début, and puts the picture neatly in his pocket. Helen Twelvetrees is pretty.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 96]

"The Tooth Will Tell"

Jack Oakie gives a sign by which we're to know the new and so dressy *Mr.* Oakie



"Folks won't know you, Jack, all dressed up this way," we say. "That's nothing," say you, "to what you're going to see. I'm out to show them now"

By Sara Hamilton

YOU know Jack Oakie? Good old easy come, easy go, *sweat-shirty* Jack? Well, look what he did. Just take one look.

From this time on, everything will be dated from the time Jack Oakie dressed up. Grew a mustache. And sprayed with "Maidens Dream of Delight."

"Well, well," Hollywood murmured when Jack first stepped out with Peggy Hopkins Joyce. "Look what Peggy did to our little boy. Just lookie. Get an eyeful of those clothes. Those buttonhole bouquet. Those mustache."

But, you see, what Hollywood doesn't know or suspect is, that Peggy, with all due respect to her powers of persuasion, had little or nothing to do with it.

The reason is just this. Jack doesn't want to be Oakie any more. He's a little weary of hearing them say, "You know good old Jack." He's a little tired of being dragged in for comedy relief. A little tired of seeing the Georgie Rafts and Cary Grants climbing briskly and swiftly over Jack's five years of good, solid service which hasn't, after all, gotten him where he feels he should be. Jack has a terrific "yen" all of a sudden, to be a hero.

The Freddie March type, who wins the girl in the final reel. Not just the wisecracking "goof" who kids along. Monkeyshining through reel after reel, only to have some other fellow walk off with the heart throb.

He'll lie on his dressing-room couch, knees up like a kid, his head hanging down over the side, and tell about it. Serious like. Till you can hardly keep from weeping.

He's slowly but surely surrounding himself with every single thing he thinks he needs to be a heroic kind of guy.

For instance, we've seen that new Beverly Hills home of Jack's. And it's a beauty with its tiled sunrooms, blooming gardens and spacious rooms.

WE'VE even peeped into his own bedroom, with its rose carpets, silk cushions, satin shaded floor lamps.

We peeked into the bureau drawers. "Look," his mother said, "all new shorts. A dozen of them. White linen, feel! And look at the initials. All worked by hand. See, 'J. O.' "

Even the perfume spray. The good old "Maidens Dream of Delight." "Jack says it won't hurt the clothes a bit," his mother said, and sent us out into a startled world smelling exactly like Jack Oakie. And a lily of the valley.

On the satin covered chaise longue lay some of his new clothes. "He won't let me hang them up," his adored mother smiled. "Wants everything where he can see it."

"Everything's different," said Jack as we sat in his dressing-room some time after the visit to his home. "It ain't the same in Hollywood, any more. Gee, every one used to be so palsy walsy, dropping into a fellow's dressing-room and everything."

Only four people had dropped into Jack's dressing-room in the last five minutes, but we didn't say a word.

"The lot's full of strangers," he went on. "You can't be free and informal, the way you used to be."

"Yoo hoo," he yelled, in the next breath, from his dressing-room door, at a little blonde passing. "How you, honey? Where you been, darlin'? Oh, you been away, sweet? Well, honeybunch, I'll be seein' you."

"Who's that?" Stuart Erwin, who had just dropped in, inquired.

"Don't know her name exactly," Jack explained. "Met her at a party once. Gee, everything's changed around here. Things is stiff and formal. Can't be yourself, any more. Don't you think so, Stu?" he asked Erwin.

Stu looked at him a long minute.

"Oakie, you're going nuts er something," he observed and strolled away.

You [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]



Hurrell

IT was Carole Lombard who once said, "I'd rather be blonde than be brave," and no one doubted the efficacy of that, when all the big, strong men in the world were ready to protect her. However, Carole needs no man but that ace of movie sleuths, her husband Bill Powell. What a gentle, aesthetic beauty she has, like that of medieval portraiture

Myrna Loy



—Seymour

MAY and June brides will thrill over this lovely wedding gown which Myrna Loy wears in "The Barbarian." It is one of those simple, classic gowns that suits all types—and the exciting part of it is, you may wear it at your own wedding! It is beautifully fitted through the bodice and hips with pleats in the skirt fanning out to give graceful width. The neckline is draped high in a cowl effect and the long sleeves are trimmed with the pleating. White bridal satin, worn with white satin slippers.

VERY different is Myrna's veil—and most flattering. A tiny pillbox hat is circled with orange blossoms. The tulle veil is caught across the back, falling to the floor where it forms a train. You will notice that the hat is covered with tulle, too. Gardenias make an attractive bouquet.



As A Bride Wears White Satin And Smart Veil

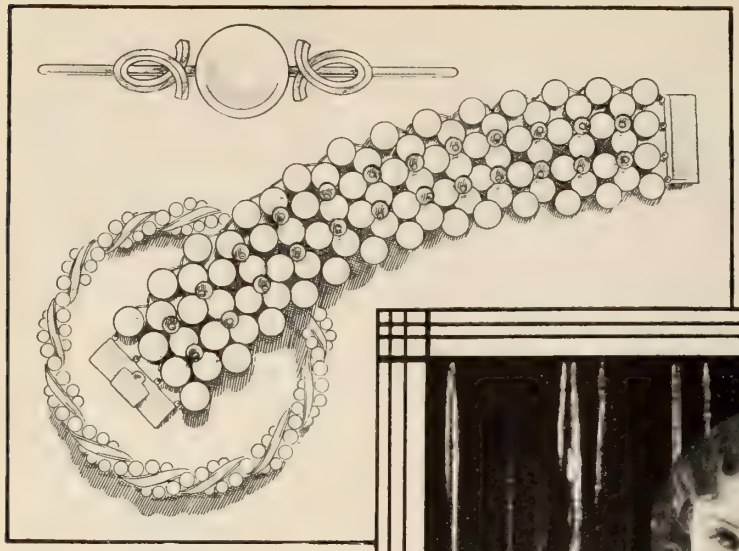




HERE'S a new stunt you will want to copy! Sari Maritza in "International House" carries a muff of velvet violets with an afternoon dress. And her small turban is bordered with the same violets. I think it is a grand idea for bridesmaids —and for all of you to carry about at summer parties. A charming conceit—start it as a new fad. Both the hat and muff have been made up for you.

AND here you see Sari Maritza wearing the turban and carrying the muff with the dress Travis Banton designed for her to wear in "International House." Sari's dress is a gray silk crepe with the most interesting yoke and collar of starched organdie. Pleats give the skirt a straight, slim silhouette. This type of dress would be smart for the informal wedding, complete with muff and turban. Sari wears gray silk pumps to match.

Hollywood's Newest Fads



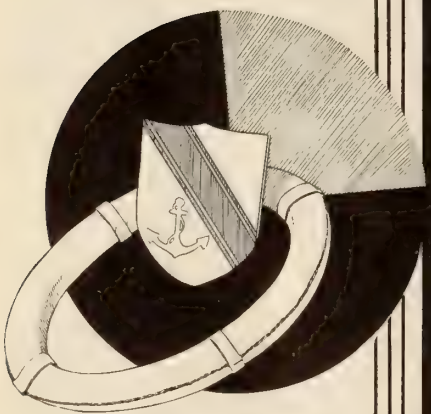
WHAT more delightful accent for your summer costumes than white and gold jewelry? A wide bracelet that snaps about the wrist of white and gold beads or a circle of twisted gold with the beads intertwined. And a bar pin of gold has an interesting design flanking a large white stone on either side.



—Seymour



YOU can't have too many little cotton blouses this season. This one, above, has a tucked bosom in mannish effect and the collar ties in a tailored bow. The fabric is a blue and gray plaid cotton. The sleeves are brief for coolness.



FOR the nautical-minded are these two amusing gadgets. A white and silver bracelet made like a life preserver. And a blue and silver shield with naval insignia for design—the band is light blue.

THIS pale pink dull satin gown is one of the attractive costumes worn by Fay Wray in "The Woman I Stole." Kalloch designed it for her, using the new slim line with back fulness emphasized by a train. Note the interesting bodice with wide straps.

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 117.





BECAUSE the jacket is black which Carole Lombard wears in "Supernatural," I have had the detail sketched. You can see what a smart affair it is—ideal to wear over all your summer evening frocks. Banton has designed it with a collarless neckline and huge bow at one side. Trimly fitted, the shoulders gain width with the puffs

HUGE red dots on white starched chiffon—that's the combination for this gay evening frock worn by Nancy Carroll in "I Love That Man." Pleated ruffles of the chiffon are used cleverly for both shoulder and skirt animation. These ruffles widen at the shoulder and as they reach the hem of the dress. The belt is bright red grosgrain ribbon.

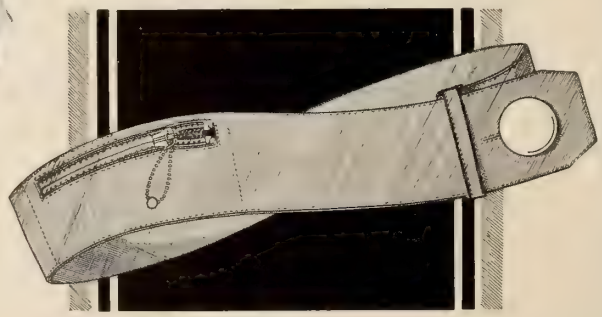
New Pictures Offer Galaxy Of Fashions



KALLOCH designed this smartly checked silk dress worn by Ruthelma Stevens in "The Circus Queen Murder." Although it is simplicity personified, clever details give it decided style interest. The sleeves are attached to the shoulders by a series of tucks. The unusual white piqué collar is drawn out to the sides in wing-like points. The color scheme red and white—belt of piqué.



COTTON is used in every imaginable guise this summer. It is especially smart for accessories. A gay cotton duet is this—the gloves are white cotton knit with cuffs of red and white gingham. The bag is red piqué lined with the same red gingham. The top opens in clever zipper-wise fashion. Handle is adjustable.



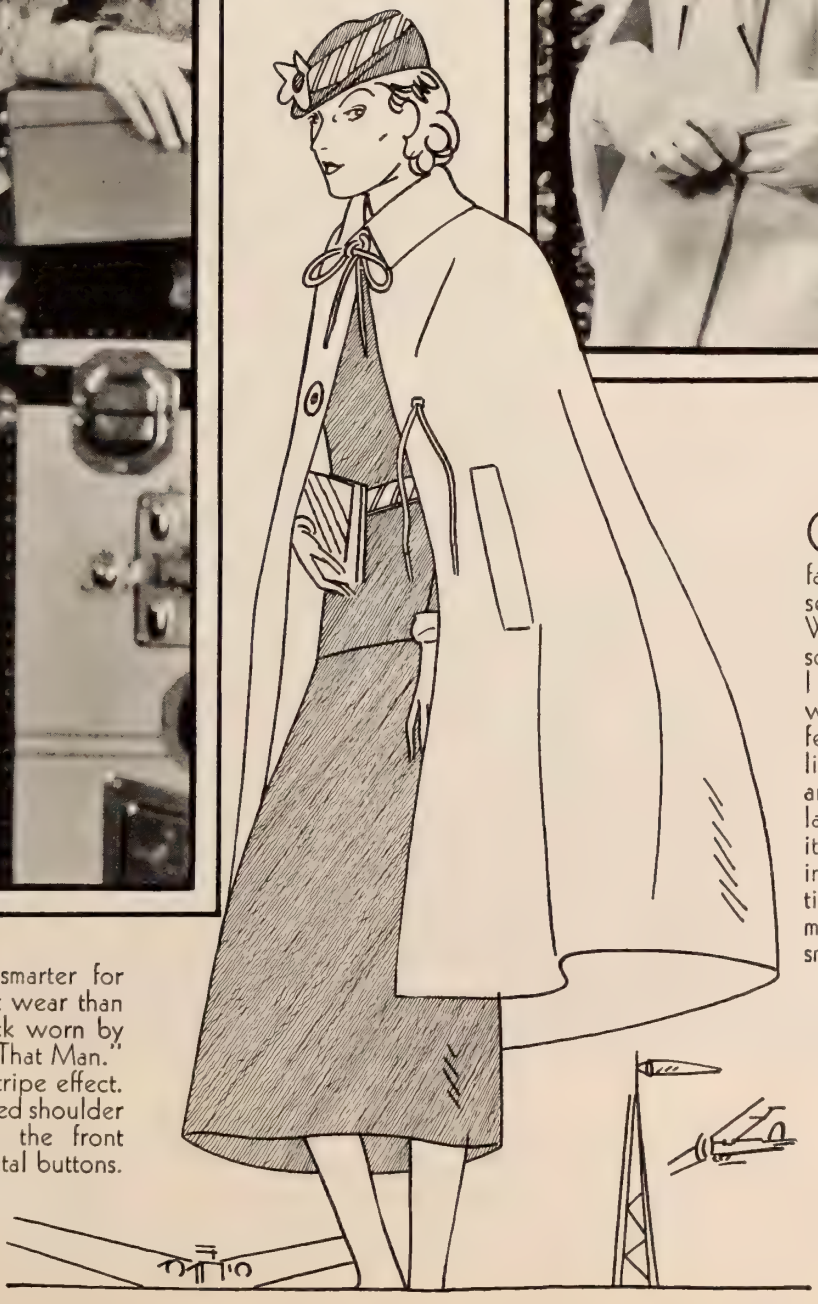
HERE'S the very newest wrinkle in belts. It's a blue suede with silver button fastening—but the gag is the little pocket at the side with concealed zipper. Practical. Holds change, golf tees, or whatnots.

—Seymour



NOTHING could be smarter for summer travel or street wear than this printed silk tunic frock worn by Nancy Carroll in "I Love That Man." The print is a two-toned stripe effect. The tunic has a clever pleated shoulder detail and fastens down the front with twenty-two novel metal buttons.





GARBO is said to have started this fashion for the long separate cape—but Fay Wray brings it to the screen in "The Woman I Stole." The white wool cape is military in feeling with its flaring line from the shoulder and high turnover collar. Kalloch has given it an interesting fastening by two shoe-string ties which pull through metal discs. Especially smart for sports wear.



WARNER BAXTER studies a studio ladder and thinks of the days he figured his histrionic career in terms of rungs. Now that he's on top, he looks back and laughs at the time he tried so hard to sell farm implements. That was in little old Ohio where presidents have also come from. Warner's next picture will be "I Loved You Wednesday"

The Little Maid *of* "CAVALCADE"

Irish to the core, an inimitable Cockney in "Cavalcade"—versatility is her middle name

By Reginald Taviner



When so richly varied a nature as Una O'Connor's turns to portraying Americans, the result should be well worth seeing

SHE might have stepped right out of Kipling to come over here—and now, make no mistake, we can learn about Hollywood from her.

Actually, Una O'Connor stepped right off the stage of the Drury Lane Theater, London's most famous show house, to step into the same rôle she had been playing there, in the picture "Cavalcade."

You will remember her—you couldn't forget her—as the little Cockney maid whose 'usband went out to the Boer war with 'is marster. It was she who was the mother of the dancer, s'elp us; who gave 'er 'eart to the marster's son in the later bloody slaughter. She made us 'owl when she sniveled into 'er bleedin' apron, remember, while she was serving the tea, and then she went 'igh-'at because 'er old man kept a pub—

And that's just where the rub comes in. Because although Una O'Connor was the Cockney to perfection. with a haccent that would cut a London fog and mannerisms that would fool Bow bells themselves, she isn't really a Cockney at all. She's both Judy O'Grady *and* the colonel's lady, which is the British idea of a character actress.

As a matter of fact, Una O'Connor was born in Belfast, Ireland, of quite thoroughly Irish parents.

HER views of America, after six months here, are a bit unusual. She says, for instance, that Americans are not in a hurry; that they are actually slower in getting things done than the English, although they make more fuss about it. Regarding Hollywood itself she is impressed not so much with the movie stars and the phantasmagoria that goes with them, but with the vastness, the cleanliness, and the beauty of the place.

"Why, everybody in the shops and everywhere wears such spotless white and looks so spick and span," was her characteristic observation. "It must cost them a fortune every day for laundry bills alone."

Also, used to London's famous clock, Big Ben, she is completely sunk by the scarcity of clocks.

"You scarcely ever see public clocks," she wailed, "and hardly anybody carries the time. It doesn't seem to matter. And if you ask a person where a certain street is, even though he is only a block from it, he will tell you he doesn't know. And where on earth do they hide the post offices and the street names? I can't imagine how anybody finds their way around. As for house numbers—well! They certainly get the smallest ones they can and keep them hidden."

But Hollywood's broad lawns, hedgeless houses and gently waving palms, its endless carpet of flowers and its encircling mountain ranges, its garishness and its beauty—these leave her breathless.

"It's paradise!" she breathed. "Simply paradise!"

When she first went to London with just ten pounds in her pocket, she faced it for a solid year [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood



THIS dramatic pose of Adrienne Ames serves as a diagram for eye make-up. A pencil extends the outer brows; light shadow or oil high-lights the lids. A pencil lines the upper lids; the lashes are accented heavily with mascara.



AFTER your permanent or water-wave, to recurl your hair try a cold curling iron. It grasps the hair firmly, rolls it into smooth, tight little curls. Mary Carlisle finds this stunt works beautifully on her hair.

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month





AREN'T he side and back views of Norma Shearer's coiffure soft and lovely? Norma also brushes this arrangement straight back. If your forehead is not too high and your hair-line good, hair is youthful and charming in this manner. Notice that you can make either little curls or big rolls from those soft, loosely clustered ends.



COIFFURE Continentale, we call this charming arrangement designed for Norma Shearer to wear abroad. The hair is brushed off the forehead to show her widow's peak and a few tiny curls brought forward to soften the face. This coiffure is very adaptable and becoming to many types. It is lovely combed back from the face or curled into one or two rolls.

Five Steps In Daytime Make-Up



ASSUMING that Maureen O'Sullivan has already applied a powder foundation, beginning with the above picture, she illustrates for you the five important successive steps in applying make-up. First, a blue eye shadow is smoothed gently across her lids.



SECOND, Maureen accents and extends the outer ends of her brows very lightly with a brown eyebrow pencil. Use a firm crayon with a fine point.



THIRD, Maureen carefully accents and darkens her lashes with mascara, brushing the upper lashes upward, lower lashes downward.



FOURTH, Maureen smiles so that she may apply rouge to the full part of her cheeks, blending it lightly outward toward the temples.



FIFTH, after lipstick, the gentle nuances of color are tied together by a thorough though delicate veil of powder.

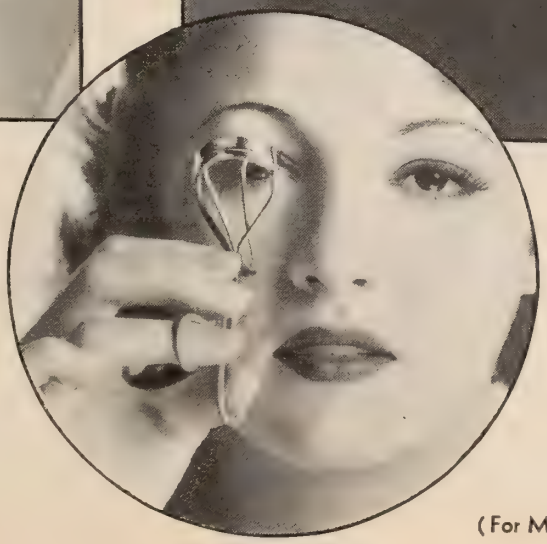
Hollywood Spotlights On Beauty



TO keep your body skin soft, finely textured, vibrant and exhilarated, use one of these sturdy bath brushes in your tub or shower. June Brewster finds hers makes her back much more accessible, too



TIME seems to pause for Mary Pickford. As lovely, as appealing today as at the time of "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Daddy Long Legs," surely she holds great inspiration and high hopes to all who would retain their youth and loveliness.



IRENE WARE is curling her eyelashes with a special device for the purpose, a habit with many stars. It gives them a graceful sweep and adds decidedly to their loveliness.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 80)

Just "Life And Love"

Kay Francis says it's easy to hold a man if done in the right way

By Virginia Maxwell



"What wrecks marriage?" asks Kay Francis. And answers the question by stating what she thinks can be relied upon to save marriage

"MARRIAGE is a give and take affair, a big job in itself. And there are definite rules for success in this important business as there are in other games," Kay Francis said to me.

"I really think that women today have forgotten their femininity. And I don't mean that they can't wear tweed suits or work as hard as their brothers, either. I mean those moments at home when wives forget to be glamorous to their men.

"Every woman has her little mysteries, even if it's only a trick of clothes or make-up. And do you think men don't notice when a woman's nose *isn't* powdered? Or when the straps of her undies are slipping off her shoulders or when she is not dainty in her clothes?"

Husband Kenneth MacKenna was due any moment. And Kay was certainly an attractive wife for him to come home to. She had been too busy to have a shampoo and set that week. But her hair proved the point of what she had been saying. She had merely run her comb through her permanent, fluffed it up a little at the back, then patted it down over the ears. A little fragrant hair tonic had made it lovely.

"MODERN wives," some one demurred, "are usually too busy to bother much with their looks."

"Keeping attractive is really such an important part of a wife's job," Kay shot back, "that she should *make* time. Girls going to business every day—I see them early mornings when I'm on my way to the studio—are the essence of loveliness. They have perhaps less time than the wives who stay at home. Yet they know that looking attractive is part of their office jobs and they don't neglect this point."

"But suppose one isn't born good looking or charming or anything," one of the unmarried girl friends lamented, "what then? Don't men always fall for a pretty face and figure regardless of anything else?"

"Of course, beauty always attracts a man," Kay said, "but it's charm that holds him. You know, I believe that a man who passes up a charming girl just because she isn't pretty is cheating himself, not the girl. The man who can see through a plain looking girl, right through her features to the thing behind her eyes which is her inner charm, is the man who would make a better husband. It's a sort of barometer for measuring a man's emotional depth, too, don't you see?"

"Honestly, now," some one asked, "do you think a modern 1933 wife would have taken on so seriously about her husband's affair as you did over Ronnie Colman's philandering in 'Cynara'?"

Kay's green eyes opened wide.

"Not sophisticated wives," she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]

"I keep my lingerie lovely looking with Lux"

says *Wynne Gibson*



"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way." WYNNE GIBSON

Paramount Star appearing in "The Crime of the Century"

Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

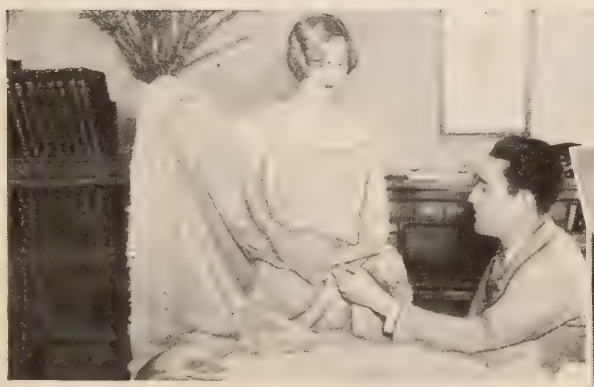
Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking... daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials . . . keeps them new longer . . . and saves money."





Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

— TRUST TO LUX

Beauty Dietetics Of The Stars

By Carolyn Van Wyck



AS Anita Louise reads, she slowly sips her glass of milk, a food that ranks high in the beauty diets of Hollywood. Drink at least a pint a day, advise many medical authorities. Drink it slowly. Very helpful in building up.



MARIAN SHOCKLEY likes milk, too, especially after exercise. It seems to do a lot of good to both skin and hair.



GRETCHEN WILSON thinks that her apple a day is largely responsible for her fine skin. Fruit is a skin beautfier.

NORMA SHEARER is our Beauty Lady this month. At a tea in New York the day she sailed for a European vacation, I had the pleasure of once more meeting and observing this charming star.

Norma is an inspiring lesson in loveliness, grace and poise. Even by watching her, one feels inspired to be lovely at any cost. Perhaps it is the cordial ease with which she meets and greets people. Perhaps it is because she is so natural and so perfect to look at. Her brown hair is brushed back to show a poetic widow's peak. Any girl, by the way, who does not capitalize on a natural widow's peak is sacrificing a strong point in favor of beauty. Norma's eye make-up is the most subtle and captivating I have ever seen. Her brows are the color of her hair, rather straight and natural in shape. In place of the usual eye shadow her lids have a faint pink glow—the very subtle use of rouge I suspect. Her lashes, natural by the way, seem to sweep outward along the lid-line so that the eye is long rather than round.

There is a faint radiance of color over her upper cheeks and temples. This is done so gently and evenly that you would never suspect rouge. Her lip rouge, used very lightly, matches the cheek tone and the upper lips are enlarged just the tiniest bit.

Norma's voice is low, informal and pleasant. Here is a tip for every girl. Watch your voice. Try to keep it pleasant. Try to eliminate too high or raucous notes—if you have them.

The development of poise does not, of course, come overnight. It takes time and concentration. One thing to remember is—take your time. Do not hurry needlessly. Try to be composed. Composure comes from within you. Learn to have your mind at rest and a natural ease will follow.

A STARTLING, new eye make-up trick comes from Hollywood. Some stars have had their lower eyelashes entirely removed, while a deep fringe of artificial lashes is placed over the upper ones. This gives a dramatic, poetic expression to the eyes, but I do not advise it for our readers. It is entirely too unnatural and bizarre.

WHAT do you think of those new bandeaux that hold the hair straight back from your forehead in true Alice-in-Wonderland fashion? They make you look childish, wide-eyed and ever so appealing if you are the type for them. They should be grand for summer when hair off the face makes you both look and feel ever so much cooler. I'll try to have one in picture for you next month.

SYLVIA SIDNEY, who bobbed her long hair about this time last year, has let it grow again. She is now wearing it parted on the side, loosely water-waved with ends braided and wound in a low knot at the nape of her neck, very Gibson girl.

MIRIAM HOPKINS has also started something new in hair—for her. Those unruly curls that were virtually her trade-mark are now brushed straight back from her forehead and ears. But her hair is so curly that the short hairs escape and give Miriam a halo effect about her face.

DENIS PHILLIPS, hair stylist for Fox, says that most lack of chic in the modern coiffure is caused by too thick hair. If you want to be cool and smart for summer, have your hair thinning done at once. Thin hair, especially at the ends, is much easier to arrange and manage. This, I know, is a far cry from a few years ago when thick hair was then considered a thing of beauty. The trick today is to have just enough to do something smart with—no more.

HERE'S another bit that ought to take your breath away! Artificial finger-nails to be fitted on over your own. A manicurist must do this, for best results. She can either give you a complete set or replace a broken one with an artificial nail that puts Nature to shame.

OUR leaflets, Hair That Misbehaves, New Perfumes and How to Use Them, Blackhead and Acne Conditions and a list of new make-up preparations and a list of the simple preparations needed by every girl are yours on request. Personal beauty letters are also answered. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



CAROLE LOMBARD
in Paramount's Feature
"SUPERNATURAL"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Like the Screen Stars... Dramatize Your Beauty with Color Harmony MAKE-UP

★ ***Discover how you can emphasize the dramatic attraction of your beauty with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.***



SARI MARITZA
Paramount
using Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. It creates perfect lip make-up that lasts all day; moisture-proof; permanent in color value.

COLOR dramatizes beauty! It is the life, the appeal, the allure of feminine charm. So color in make-up is vitally important . . . and in Hollywood, Max Factor created face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony to accent and intensify the glorious natural colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types!

In every picture released from Hollywood, in the enchanting loveliness of your favorite star, you see the magic of Max Factor's make-up . . . and now you may share with the screen stars this secret of enhancing beauty and charm.

You will be thrilled with the difference, for the beauty effect is instantly apparent. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquisitely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen . . . and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up: Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail the coupon for complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

★ How to Apply Face Powder for a Perfect Make-Up



CLAUDETTE COLBERT,
Paramount Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Face Powder.





1. *Start powdering at the lower cheeks ...Gently pat and blend powder toward center of the face, powdering the nose last... Use correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder.* **2.** *To assure a completely powdered surface, press powder gently into the tiny lines around the eyes, nose, mouth and chin.* **3.** *With Max Factor's Face Powder Brush, lightly brush away surplus powder and clean all lines... Thus, with Max Factor's Face Powder is created that satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up that clings for hours.*

© 1933 Max Factor

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

★*Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE*

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.
WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up."* I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. *Fill in the chart below with a ✓*
1-6-61

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Ask The Answer Man



From high school to movie fame, that's Jean Parker's pace. Her sweet face and fine acting, in minor rôles, attracted the public's eye and caused many to write, asking this and that about her

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

JEAN PARKER just walked away with the mail bag this month. And that's a record for a high school miss who is just beginning her career. She was seventeen years old last August.

Up until the Tournament of Roses parade a few months ago, Jean had no thought of a career. In the parade she helped decorate one of the floats by wearing a white bathing suit. Studio officials saw her picture in the paper and lost no time in getting her name and address.

She was given a screen test, which resulted in her playing a part in "Divorce in the Family." Since then she has been in "Rasputin and the Empress," "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and "Gabriel Over the White House."

Jean was born in Deer Lodge, Mont. When a small child, her family moved to Pasadena, Calif., where she was reared and educated. At school she was very athletic. She loves swimming, dancing, tennis, riding and field hockey. Now that her days are taken up with picture work, she has to attend night school. Her hobby is collecting art sketches and photography. She does a bit of sketching herself. Has twice won prizes for her poster work. Her real name is Mae Green, but M-G-M changed it when they gave her a contract.

DOROTHY MILLER, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.—Dot, Eddie Cantor was born on January 31, 1892. That makes him—oh, you figure it out. He has five daughters. Has absolutely no faith in the slogan "If you want a boy, ring Western Union." His girls are named, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn and Janet; aged, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen, eleven and five respectively.

S. R., DEXTER, NEW MEXICO.—Beggin' your parden in advance, m'am, but Gloria Stuart was the blonde Wampas star who traveled from California to New York via air mail. It cost the little lady just 24,500 one-cent stamps. When they put her on the scales they decided that was her weight's worth in Uncle Sam's postage.

ANITA GILMAN, BUCKSPORT, ME.—Anita, where have you been each time I have given out Gary Cooper's history? Not paying attention, eh? Gary first saw light in Helena, Mont., on May 7, 1901, and was christened Frank J. Cooper. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. Prior to his début in pictures in 1926, he was a cartoonist. His latest pictures are "A Farewell to Arms," and "Today We Live." If Gary is your favorite, don't miss either of these fine pictures.

ROGER M., TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—I am very sorry, Roger, but I cannot give out the home addresses of the stars. If you will look further back in this issue you will find a list of stars who are under contract, and their studio addresses.

MELBA SARTIN, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—The picture in which Clark Gable and Joan Crawford appeared as Salvationists was "Laughing Sinners," taken from the play "Torch Song." Clark was 32 years old on February 1st, last.

HELEN FREITOG, BALTIMORE, MD.—You're not the only girl who has fallen hard for Nils Asther. He surely made a hit with his portrayal of *Yen* in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Here's the low-down on him. Born in Malmo, Sweden, on January 17, 1902. He is 6 feet ½ inch tall; weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Appeared on the stage in Sweden before entering pictures there in 1918. He came to America to make pictures in 1927. It was in "Topsy and Eva," his first American picture, that he met Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters, whom he later married. Their wedded bliss ended in the divorce courts in November, 1932.

MRS. CHARLES WHITE, CONCORDVILLE, PENNA.—Harpo Marx is not a mute. He just assumes that attitude when appearing on the stage and screen. And, of course, that's only a red wig that sits atop his head. Who wins the argument?

ANDERSON, MELISSA, TEX.—And another little peace treaty needs signing. Bing Crosby is not old or middle aged, he is only 29. Tacoma, Wash., takes a bow as his hometown. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall; and weighs 165 pounds. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen appearance was as one of the Rhythm boys in Paul Whiteman's orchestra in "King of Jazz."

HARLOW O'CONNOR, SEATTLE, WASH.—Don't tell me you can't tell the Barrymore brothers apart! It was Lionel whom you saw in "Washington Masquerade."

EDITH SCHOONMAKER, ANSONIA, CONN.—In "The Vagabond King" the rôle of Louis XI was played by O. P. Heggie. Lillian Roth was the girl in the tavern. Dennis King's back in pictures again. This time you will see him in "The Devil's Brother."

MARION, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Am I amazed? Why, I thought everyone knew all about Warner Baxter. He's been in pictures so long. Pay attention, now! Warner was born in Columbus, Ohio, on March 27, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. For twelve years he played in stock, vaudeville and New York productions. Entered pictures in 1921. Has been married to Winifred Bryson, a non-professional, since 1917. Warner's favorite sports are swimming, tennis and hunting. He plays the banjo and guitar. His latest picture is "42nd Street."

PHYLLIS GRAHAM, WEST LYNN, MASS.—Tom Brown was born in New York City just 20 years ago. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Richard Cromwell, who is a native of Los Angeles, is the same height as Tom, weighs two pounds less and is two years older. Dorothy Wilson is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall, and Joan Blondell is 2½ inches taller.

"I'm Not Broke," Says Gloria

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

embarrassed by facts and figures, and always has been.

"But here's why that bankrupt story was broadcast," she confided. "Right on top of a heap of bills and judgments merchants tried to pile on me during my absence from Hollywood, I suddenly changed my plans about sailing. I had said I did *not* owe those bills and would not pay for anything I hadn't ordered from portraits to furniture which was forced on me for approval.

"I NEVER did want the stuff and tried hard to send it back. In my haste from Hollywood when I sailed for Europe I left word with my attorney to take care of all these matters. He told those people what I'd said, but they never called for half of the interior decorations they had insisted upon leaving at my home. Hollywood stars are victimized every day this way because salesmen take advantage of their reputations, realizing that most picture people dislike intensely these odious arguments.

"So, directly following my denial of these bills, I changed my sailing plans because of last minute change of arrangements about my children and their Swiss nurse. It was merely coincidental and some one hooked the two ideas together and broadcast the word that Gloria Swanson couldn't sail because she was broke. . . .

"I'm not broke," Gloria said seriously. "How could I be . . . haven't I an adorable new baby . . . two other charming children. And then, haven't I my very grand husband?"



Now it's Betty Furness, and not "Betty Co-Ed" of song fame who stepped out of boarding school to thrill you via RKO-Radio pictures. Though it might be the same Betty, she's that collegiate and popular with the younger set out Hollywood way. Athletic and book-trained is Betty



IVORY SNOW is PURE and fluffy . . . quick-dissolving without hot water

No matter what you paid for your new teddies, they are duds if they fade in the wash! And what price a white satin night-robe that looks draggled and yellow?

When these things happen to expensive new undies, you may be sure you have washed them in too-hot water and a harsh soap. Why not use Ivory Snow and be safe?

No danger of too-hot suds with Ivory Snow, because you don't need hot water to dissolve it. It's a NEW KIND of soap. Not cut into old-fashioned flat flakes, but BLOWN soft and fragile as bubbles. Each soft little drop of Ivory Snow FOAMS into suds—INSTANTLY in LUKEWARM water. No flat particles to stick to silky surfaces and make soap spots!



GENTLE as the babies' soap. Ivory Snow is made of the same Ivory Soap that doctors advise for bathing babies. You couldn't have purer, milder soap than this to use for delicate silks, gossamer wools, lovely colors.

Your hands will be grateful if you use Ivory Snow for dishwashing, too. And *you'll* be surprised at the economy. That BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!

99 44/100 % PURE

How Sylvia Cured "Hollywood's Most Melancholy Girl"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

exercises harder and harder, she'd be a different girl. She had pep and a sparkle in her eye.

Then she got to working very hard and I didn't see her for some time. She began to get fat and it was Alice White—one of her best friends—who gave her a good lecture and said, "You'd better get Sylvia over here quick."

Helen sent for me and I found she was very much in love with the man she later married. Her mental state was much better. She certainly didn't tell me any sob stories this time; but she needed to take off several pounds around her hips. I took one look at her and said, "Get up the stairs, you and I are going to work on those hips."

"But Sylvia," she pleaded, "I've got a date. Let's not start tonight."

"We start right now," I said. "You'll have time for dates when those pounds are off."

I GAVE her the exercise I've described several times before—the one where you sit down and hitch yourself across the floor, as if you were walking in a sitting position—but I made her keep her toes pointed and straight out in front, for that reduces the ankles at the same time.

After she married Mr. Woody, he used to beg me to let Helen off the exercises. But I made her stick to it until she had lost the surplus weight.

And now for Helen's diet. Since the only places she needed to lose were her hips and legs, I didn't give her a very strenuous diet. This is what I call an in-between diet. You won't put on any weight while you're taking it—you may even lose slightly—but you'll certainly have everything you need—all the minerals for keeping up strength. It is also a marvelous diet for nervous people who don't want to put on weight.

For breakfast I gave Helen grapefruit or orange juice, two slices of whole wheat toast with a little butter and honey, a coddled egg and coffee.

For luncheon—two kinds of vegetables (only one starchy vegetable) or one vegetable and a baked potato, fruit salad, iced tea with lemon and a lump of sugar.

Then for dinner a clear soup, roast or something from the grill, two vegetables, lettuce and tomato salad (I'm a fanatic about salads and believe that they should be eaten right with the meat course) with French dressing that has plenty of lemon juice in it. Skin of a baked potato and for dessert, sherbet or small cup custard with a teaspoon of caramel sauce, or fruit jello and a tablespoon of thin cream; also a small slice of angel food cake and demi tasse. Glass of grapefruit juice before going to bed.

Now there you have a sensible and balanced diet and one that is marvelous for the nerves.

It is wonderful to see Helen so happy now. She had always wanted a son and now she has one of the most beautiful babies I have ever seen. Of course, she had to give up her studio work before the baby came and for several months afterwards. Lots of folks wondered if she would ever continue her career. I knew she would because I knew how ambitious she was and when I saw how she had overcome her melancholia I knew she had the stuff. She has a nice contract with Paramount now and more power to her.

ALL during the time when she was feeling so low here's what I used to tell her: "Adopt this motto—God's gift to humanity is a sense of humor. I can grin anything off. So can you. There's a funny side to everything that happens. Look at that side."

That's what I used to tell Helen—or rather I used to scream it at her, for I've got a voice that can be heard—and that's what I'm telling all you girls who get blue and sad and depressed. Give yourself a grand facial, put on a nice make-up, get out your best clothes and walk along the street with your shoulders held up and your head high. Crying never gets you anything—except wrinkles!

Answers by Sylvia

REDUCING AND GAINING

Dear Sylvia:

I read your article in PHOTOPLAY on how to gain and I weighed only about ninety pounds. The first month I gained fifteen pounds and I'm grateful to you because I have never been able to gain before. But I still want to put on more weight. What would you suggest?

M. L., Wichita, Kan.

Besides the regular gaining diet drink an extra quart of milk a day. But don't gulp it down; drink it slowly. That will put fat on your bones. Glad I helped you.

Dear Sylvia:

Should reducing exercises be taken at night or morning?

B. L. D., Houston, Texas

Morning is the best time. That's when you're fresh and full of pep after a good sleep and then you can work darned hard to smash off that fat. But if your work makes it impossible for you to take the exercises in the morning—if you have to get up very early and rush through the exercises—then I'd rather you'd take them at night. Don't slight your exercises. Give them all the time you can—and then watch those old scales. Will you be thrilled at the way the pounds fall off!

Dear Sylvia:

This letter isn't to ask you a single question. I just want to tell you how grateful I am for what you have done for me. I weighed 160 pounds and now I weigh 130, which is just about right, I think. And it's all because of you. Thanks so much.

Mrs. H. H. J., Phoenix, Ariz.

Well, bless your heart! Letters like yours give Aunt Sylvia a thrill, and I'll bet your husband is happy, too.

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—what a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

WHAT IS CORRECT WEIGHT?

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I am five feet, four inches tall and twenty-five years old. What should my weight be?

B. K., Lexington, Ky.

I wish I could get you girls out of the habit of asking me that question. That business about "you should weigh just a certain amount for your height and age" is nonsense. Stop going by silly charts. Use your common sense and the brains the Lord gave you. Think for a minute and remember that some people have large bones and some small. How can general rules be made? You should weigh what your mirror tells you to weigh. Reduce or gain until you look as you want to look and until you feel right.

HELP FOR A FAT FACE

My dear Sylvia:

My face is very fat. How can I reduce it?

P. M. N., Seattle, Wash.

I'll bet that you're fat all over. Am I right? If that's true then go on my reducing diet and take the right exercises. I never saw a thin person with a "very fat" face yet. But you can reduce your face by massage, somewhat. And you can certainly take off a double chin. In this month's article, about Helen Twelvetrees, I give a grand and complete facial. Try it.

WHY TOMATO JUICE?

Dear Sylvia:

I notice that in almost all your diets you recommend tomato juice. What good does it do?

R. C., Dodge City, Kansas

I could write a couple of pages about the benefits of tomato juice, but I'll bet if I tell you just one thing, you'll go on a tomato juice spree. Both tomato juice and fresh tomatoes are marvelous skin beautifiers. They will make your complexion so nice that you won't know yourself in a couple of weeks. There! Are you satisfied? Besides, tomato juice is extremely healthful and gives you pep.

LINES ABOUT THE MOUTH

Dear Sylvia:

There are a lot of little lines around my mouth. I know the reason is because I make faces when I talk and use my mouth in an ugly way, but I wish you could tell me what to do.

M. S., Colorado Springs, Colo.

You've already answered yourself. You know the reason for the lines—so stop making faces. Think that's easier said than done, don't you? I know it's hard, but you can do anything if you try. Stand in front of the mirror and practise talking so that you don't use your mouth in an ugly way. Then get a friend who is with you a lot to help you. Make that friend tell you every time you start making faces.

Just "Life And Love"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

said. "But they are in the minority. There are thousands of women all over this country who could never have brought themselves to live with husbands again after they'd found out an infidelity. As in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where I once lived. Women in that town, and it's typical of other towns, would have felt the blow to their pride too severely to make up after a public scandal such as followed the husband's affair in 'Cynara.'

"I think that's true of so many divorces. It's pride that goads women on to an unforgiving attitude. They simply can't believe it and they can't walk out of the house and know the neighbors are whispering."

WE thought of the tragedies for which neighbors are sometimes responsible; women who, quite content to overlook their own husbands' faults, goad other women on to the divorce court.

And, usually, great mountains are built of molehill troubles. Like the young married woman who thought she was being terribly snubbed because her husband buried himself in the newspaper at breakfast. Or the wife whose day was made miserable because friend husband, rushing off to make the 8:10 train for the office, forgot to kiss her a fond goodbye.

"It's never really the big things which wreck marriage," asserted Kay. "It's the little things—petty arguments, personal habits, perhaps.

"Women have gone through tragic financial disasters with husbands today and they are happily and busily rebuilding their lives. Even the mercenary wife has withstood this sort of blow. But let the same husband hurt her pride or get on her nerves, and more domestic damage can be done than a dozen bank failures can cause."

"Then you think a woman can plan her life for happiness?" one woman asked Kay. "That no matter what big, shocking blow comes to her marriage, she still can go on?"

"I see it this way," Kay answered. "Unless a marriage is just all wrong from the beginning; unless two people are hopelessly mismated, I do think a woman can plan her happiness. True, she may lose the love of her husband, but she can make up for some of that in other interests such as children, or work, or her home or something she can be terribly interested in. It isn't necessary to dash into the divorce court and come out with a decree which eventually may tear her life to pieces.

"And don't think I believe marriage is a one-sided game," Kay added.

"There are little courtesies which a man contributes to keep the glamour in marriage. The man who forgets to arise when his wife meets him, or to draw out her chair at the table or to hold her wrap . . . that man is forgetting *his* glamour. For, you see, as I said before, it's the little things which put beauty into marriage.

"OF course, I don't mean that men ought to go around drawing out chairs for their wives and expecting to build marital happiness on anything so slender. What I mean is that, granted two people are well mated, the loveliness of that marriage relationship need never become tarnished if each one remembers that the beauty of love is an illusion. Each must work to preserve that intangible thing, and it is the little courtesies, the little exchanges which grow into every marriage, which are stronger than tangible bonds. They vary with the individual, of course.

"Only when this fragile sense of reciprocation has fled it seems do we realize what had been given us—to preserve or to destroy. Illusion is enjoyed by the man as by the woman. Both must strive to keep a little glamour and they will run less risk of becoming uninteresting to each other as years go on."



In fighting Halitosis* make $1 equal $3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

WHY risk offending others by using weak antiseptics? You want all the protection you can get. Use Pepsodent, for it is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water you make it go three times as far—get three times as much for your money plus greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. One kind must be used full strength to be effective. The other—Pepsodent Antiseptic—is utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than* 10 *seconds.*

Choose the antiseptic that kills germs and overcomes bad breath even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be sure! Be safe! Save money!

New Standard Dictionary Definition:
***Halitosis**—a malodorous condition of the breath.*

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The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting bad breath equal its effectiveness in fighting sore throat colds.

Some of its 50 different uses

Sore Throat Colds	**Cuts and Abrasions**
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Irritations of the Gums	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	**Tired, Aching Feet**

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



Clarence Sinclair Bull

This is figuratively "Gabriel Over the White House"—the White House being those snow-capped mountains below, though Gabriel himself is the same Walter Huston who presided so well in the picture of the same title. Huston is in his cabin, resting before garnering new laurels

M-G-M was all ready to begin shooting on the next "Tarzan," when a little ball o' fire named Lupe telephoned Johnny Weissmuller from New York and dropped a hint she was sooo loneleee. So Tarzan grabbed his other leopard skin, and caught the next plane for the metropolis. Stayed a week. Lupe feels better.

IT was for Marlene's "The Song of Songs." Leading man Brian Aherne had to say "I love you" forty times into the microphone. For the sound track. No camera; no woman to whom to say it. Just forty different inflections. "That's the toughest job I ever did," Brian remarked. Gary Cooper who was standing nearby, shook his head. "That's the hardest thing in the world to say when there is no *sound track!*"

WARNER BAXTER was granting an interview. When it was completed, he presented the writer with a bottle of perfume valued at twenty-five dollars.

Now, just watch the rush to interview Warner Baxter!

FRANCHOT TONE, who has entered the race for Gable screen honors, is taking a deeper interest in Joan Crawford since her separation from Doug, Jr. But for Ricardo Cortez, who has been very ill, Joan has a deep friendship. Maybe Franchot will "tone" down—if you can take the pun—when Riccy is fully himself after a relapse from an attack of flu.

OLD CAL asked Jimmy Cagney how he could strike fair ladies on the screen and make the world like him so much that they sent hundreds of wires demanding that he strike a gal in every picture.

"You take the curse off hitting a lady by being *impersonal* about it," said Jimmy. "You're trying to get something out of your way. If it happens to be a lady—whenever you're impersonal—you're *funny*."

RUMORS are out that Doris Kenyon will be married again. He is said to be a New Yorker whose name begins with H. It is almost three years since her husband, Milton Sills, died in California.

ARLINE JUDGE, cute little wife of director Wesley Ruggles, tells a good joke on her husband. The Ruggles named their new baby Charles Wesley Ruggles, after uncle Charles Ruggles and its father, Wesley.

"When we finally decided on the name," Arline says, "Wesley wailed, 'Well, I waited forty-three years for this baby and then only get second billing.' "

MORE romancing:

Gary Cooper openly admits his profound admiration for Wera Engels, German player. And Wera *vice versa*.

Jean Harlow's newest admirer is Fred Booth of Canada. A brother-in-law of Prince Erik of Denmark.

Dorothy Jordan and Merian Cooper, maker of "King Kong" and RKO-Radio producer, is Hollywood's most devoted couple.

Since Mervyn LeRoy turned his attention elsewhere, Ginger Rogers has been doing a bit of Cocoanut Groving with Howard Hughes.

Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant are expected to take the step any day now.

IN a scene from "Identity Unknown," David Manners is on the operating table, being carved by Jimmie Dunn. During a lull, Jack Oakie strolled in and they began talking about the fifty per cent salary reduction.

"And I see," remarked Oakie, "Manners is taking his cut lying down."



Ginger Rogers sure has a snap of it—with Howard Hughes for her partner at Daryll Zanuck's recent party. And that little Rogers girl must have had a burning left ear—the Gypsy mark of female gossip—for Howard, you know, has been the cynosure of all movie girls' eyes after his making Harlow a sensation by one picture

"I HAVE never known any kind of times but hard times," Marlene Dietrich said the other day. "As a little girl in Germany, during the war, I remember only the sorrow and grief and having to do without things.

"After the war, as I grew up, everything was still in chaos and conditions were often worse than during the war.

"And then I came to prosperous America just at a time everyone began talking hard times. So you see, I know nothing else. In fact, I'm sure I shouldn't know how to act in good times."

GLENDA FARRELL and Allen Jenkins are "sparking." You will recall Allen in "Blessed Event" and "The Mind Reader." This romance is *hot*, and both are eligible for marriage.

LOLA LANE was in that high state of glittering excitement by which you can usually distinguish a new divorcee. It was at Bunny McLeod's baby shower for Joby Arlen. Lola made an entrance, in a handsome fur coat.

A quiet little girl named Helen Twelvetrees lamented gently in our ear, "I wish I had a fur coat."

"Too bad about you," we laughed, airily.

"No, I mean it," she said with the utmost sincerity. "I've never had a fur coat in my whole life."

THE secret of why Rudy Vallee refused to make "International House" is now out. Rudy insisted upon reading the script. So, lo and behold, Rudy discovered he was being used to sing in a television radio scene and, half way through the song, someone was to poke him squarely on his television nose.

And was Rudy burned?

A GROUP of today's young actors and actresses were gathered in a popular Hollywood restaurant. One of them pointed out a girl across the room. "That's Grace Cunard's sister."

"Grace Cunard. I never heard of her."

And only the one who had spoken knew that name. Yet it was one of the very biggest in pictures. Ah—how soon will the names of those young folk be but a memory, too.

ARLINE JUDGE is playing a girl parachute jumper in "Flying Circus"—which is quite a leap from motherhood. Arline is at least twice as good looking since she had Charles Wesley Ruggles, Jr., which ought to be a big encouragement to Hollywood ladies.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., has had to use an English accent to match Leslie Howard's in their picture, "Captured." Young Doug was broad-Aing it all over the lot.

"Why the English, Doug?" someone chided him.

"Oh, I'm in training for a dinner at Chatterton's," Doug flipped back.

MARLENE DIETRICH went into a huddle with her tailor and ordered eight new suits of flannels and lightweight serges with the usual slacks and wide lapels—and in the same breath, practically, Travis Banton, costume designer at Paramount, decrees that flowered muffs will enjoy a great popularity with fluffy summer dresses!

What do you make of that, Watson?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

"Isn't he *thrilling?*"



A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement . . . "Let *me* see" . . . "I *must* have this one" . . . Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

● Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshots.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]



All Hollywood sat up and blinked when they read of the elopement marriage of Alice Joyce and Clarence Brown. If ever there was a director who could bring out the best in any actress, Brown holds this record with Crawford and Garbo to his credit. And with the new Mrs. Brown to help inspire him, we shall see what we shall see from the megaphone

ANITA LOUISE and Tom Brown—well this pair of youngsters seem to be getting *serious* about each other.

LESLIE HOWARD is on the First National lot making "Captured," with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. "And how about you, Mr. Howard?" he was asked. "Will you accept the salary cut?"

"First, tell me," Leslie said in that quaint manner of his, "will those girls be working on 'The Gold Diggers of 1933' set very long?"

"Why, yes," they told him in surprise. "Why?"

"Well," said Mr. Howard, "in that case, just don't bother about cutting. I'll be only too happy to work for nothing."

A SCENE for "Reunion in Vienna" called for John Barrymore to parade about in shirt tail and no trousers.

"Hope you're not embarrassed," the director said.

"Feel perfectly at home," John answered. "You see, I've dreamed this scene a hundred times."

SH! Big scandal in our midst.

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert are living together!

Claudette has a home in Brentwood, while Norman has been baching it, as usual, in a little house at Malibu.

In the middle of the night, Claudette's telephone rang, and a masculine voice inquired: "May I come over and spend the night with you?"

Seems the road to Malibu was blocked by another slipping Palisade—and Mr. and Mrs. Foster are keeping house together, temporarily.

And, of course, there's always the chance that Norman pushed the Palisade over on purpose.

GUESTS at the Stuart Erwins have to be mighty careful what they say these days. The Erwins keep a recording machine going at all times, in order to catch all the baby's "da da das." And imagine Stu's embarrassment to hear a few stray adult remarks mingling with baby's "da da das."

THREE of our "big names" left almost simultaneously for Europe.

Novarro, Chevalier and Arliss.

Chevalier expects to be gone only five or six weeks. It's purely business, he says.

Arliss and Mrs. Arliss, to the contrary, are going for pleasure and expect to stay a number of months. They will spend most of their time in England, of course. Novarro is combining the two—the business of making his first appearance on the concert stage, which will be the dream of a lifetime realized.

THERE seems to be something terribly futile in Ann Dvorak's actions of the past nine months. Discontented at the comparatively small salary she was getting from Warners-First National, she left Hollywood and went to Europe with her husband, Leslie Fenton.

And not only did she go back on the payroll at her former salary, but she found that cut in half by the eight-weeks' general pay slash.

During the nine months abroad, Fenton worked in one picture, and that in Germany.

"AND NOW," chirps up one writer during the bank holiday, "we know why so many movie people have been adopting babies. It's such a cinch to rob the baby's bank."

DICK ARLEN was kinda wondering why Jack Oakie transferred his (for want of a better word) affections to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, when just previously, Jack had shown a marked preference for the flapper type. So Jack told him. Jack is like that.

"Well, I figure all ages are good for a boy learning," said Mr. Oakie.

So now Dick knows.



They're out to give Harold and brother Gaylord Lloyd (right) the high sign on how to be young and gay at eighty, these Vollendam, Holland, boys, who boast their four score with pride. Brother Gaylord wears that cap as though he grew up among the dikes. The boys are back in Hollywood now

WHEN Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson) put on her costume for the dancing scenes in "Gold Diggers of 1933," she shook her head and gently but firmly refused to wear it. The "fleshings" (technical term for tights the same color as the skin) covered her all over but the audience would not know she was covered! So Ruby will wear long flowing chiffons, etc. in the scenes where all the other girls wear—ah, those things that make bald-headed men order front row seats.

THE Joe E. Brown family is the heaviest consumer of milk for one family in pictures. Their regular order is for fifteen quarts a day. The five kiddies consume three quarts per meal between them.

BEN TURPIN dropped 'round to visit the "International House" set. "Just dropped 'round to give your set the double O," Ben said.

"Well, Ben, tell me," W. C. Fields replied, "did you ever see a single O?"

IN the chimney above the Powell-Lombard fireplace is a large bas-relief of a stork.

Poised on the chimney, over Joan Blondell's and George Barnes' new house, is a large life-sized iron stork.

Tempting fate?

FREDRIC MARCH dashed up to pay a call upon Ann Harding. Ann was not in. Little five-year-old Jane Bannister received the guest.

"Mother will be home in just a few moments. Won't you sit down?" And turning to the servant, "Please bring Mr. March a drink and me straight ginger ale."

Jane is one of the most cunning young ladies in the film industry—a mixture of quaint days of yore and modernism. Her hair is worn in a pigtail with a tiny bow at the very end. But this quaintness does not prevent her from playing football and riding a tiny broncho.

SOMEONE asked Peggy Hopkins Joyce what she was going to do between pictures?

"Oh, I might get married," she answered.

ALICE BRADY, New York stage star, had Hollywood agog. Alice wears nothing but those huge picture hats.

A new one every day.

And, with Lil Tashman still sporting the little pancakes, no one knew what to make of it.

Can it be we are actually behind the times with our hats, Alice?

THE other day a cute little extra girl was walking briskly down the boulevard with a large package under her arm.

"Hey, Marian. Where you going in such a rush?" hailed Jimmy, the Cagney.

"Gotta hurry. My sister's going to get married. We're giving her a shower today."

"Count me in," shouted Cagney. "I'll bring the soap."

MAE CLARKE goes about with a pad and pencil these days. As a result of that automobile accident, Mae's jaws are wired tight.

But she surely makes that pencil fly overtime.

The Olive green color in Palmolive

is Nature's own beauty trade-mark

—and olive oil makes Palmolive green



IN Cleopatra's day beauty was worshipped. And women who sought beauty sought the aid of olive oil. For nothing in the realm of beauty aids has ever been found to equal the precious, soothing olive oil that keeps skin lovely and alluring.

No wonder women in every land use Palmolive. For in every cake is poured the eternal beauty aid of the centuries—rich olive oil. No bleaches . . . no artificial colors. Just the natural green of olive oil. Use Palmolive freely . . . if you would keep your skin youthful and lovely. And it costs so little today that you and all your family can use it liberally.

This much Olive Oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

"Olive oil preserves the youth of the skin," says Pessl of Vienna, one of 20,000 beauty experts who advise Palmolive.

Spare FRIENDS Save DRESSES

Perspiration can Cost You Both



In less than ten minutes, underarm perspiration can defeat you socially and undermine you financially!

It can defeat you socially, because the unfortunate odor wrecks your charm and distresses your friends. It can undermine you financially, because the acids of perspiration stain and fade your dresses.

Odorono Protects your Dresses and your Friendships

A famous physician developed the *safe, sure* defense against perspiration and odor. Odorono prevents perspiration, as perspiration *must be prevented,* if dresses and friendships are to be saved! Greasy creams and sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps may, at best, get rid of odor temporarily. But Odorono not only secures your charm. It spares your clothes from early discard and your friendships from unhappy moments.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO REGULAR *for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.*

INSTANT ODORONO *is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.*

ODO·RO·NO

LEE TRACY always walks as if he's on the way to some important conference, to settle monumental problems. But he says it isn't so. He merely walks to settle his dinner!

CAROLE LOMBARD had the cleverest scheme of anyone in Hollywood during the bank holiday. Carole simply gathered up a lot of stage money that had been used in a recent picture and signing it, handed it out as her own personal script. And everyone seemed mighty glad to cash it.

EL BRENDEL isn't nearly the dumb Swede he would have us think. The closing of the banks caught El without a cent. So El dashed up to the public telephone booths on the Fox lot and took charge. When anyone came along to use the phone, El simply invited them over to his dressing-room, had them charge the call to his own private phone and collected the price of the call in cash.

And by "Yumpin' Yimminy" it wasn't such a bad idea, for in four hours El was flounting $4.25 in the faces of other stony broke actors. He "youst" had a good idea, eh?

COLONEL Tim McCoy, who is turning out some grand Westerns, is the idol of many a lad. Recently he received six hundred letters from boys who offered to work for nothing on his Wyoming ranch.

AND believe it or not—

Kathryn Frances Brown was not six months of age before she had met practically all the stars in Hollywood.

Kathryn Frances is the adopted infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown. She was born December 19, 1932.

On April 9 she was christened at St. Thomas Church in Hollywood, following which there was a reception at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, to which practically everybody in Hollywood who is anybody was invited.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, that little Irish star, tells the funniest story on herself. Maureen asked Elizabeth Allan, new English star, how she liked Hollywood.

"Love it," Elizabeth said, "except I have a noisy neighbor who keeps the radio going all the time so I can't sleep."

The next morning, Maureen stepped out her front door just in time to see Elizabeth slip out the door right next.

And then it dawned on Maureen, who hadn't known where Elizabeth lived, that she was the noisy neighbor.

And did she howl!



"You've overdrawn your allowance again, mother"

A CASTING director tells us that the days have gone forever when a flourishing crop of whiskers was all an extra man needed to keep working.

Whiskers are nothing more or less than mattress-stuffing, in this enlightened age. . . . And you oughta see some of the extraordinary physiognomies (or just plain pans, if you prefer) emerging from the dense brush!

Pardner Jones, cowboy, who has worn a beard for the last forty years, almost died of pneumonia the first week he went with his face undressed. And Texas Bill Wolf says *he* almost died of embarrassment!

SPENCER TRACY came out of a theater and was strolling up to his car, when he noticed a slightly uncertain gentleman pursuing the uneven tenor of his ways along the curb. He looked up and spied Tracy.

"I'm lookin' for a parkin' space," he offered.

"But you haven't any car," Spencer informed, helpfully.

"You may be right," agreed the inebriate, "but I *thought* it was in the parkin' space I'm lookin' for!"

"THE happiest bride in Hollywood," as she was referred to, has up and gone phooey with her marriage. June MacCloy went to Jaurez, Mexico, where divorces may be had for the asking. When she returned, she was no longer Mrs. Schuyler Schenck.

IT'S just Hollywood, that's all.

Cedric Gibbons, art director and designer of dainty sets, is about to embark on his career as a director. His first story will be "Tarzan and His Mate." Over at RKO-Radio, that gentle little story "Little Women" is being adapted to the screen. The writer who is adapting it, is a specialist in gangster and murder stories.

Oh, well!

"WELL," Alice Brady remarked, "I waited ten years to come back to Hollywood. And the day I arrived, the banks closed, the next thing that happened they cut the salaries fifty per cent and had an earthquake.

"If that's what ten years absence brings, maybe I'd better not come back again."

THE story of Connie Cumming's entrance into England is no surprise to those who know Connie in Hollywood.

It seems, Connie got off the boat in a plain suit and hat, sporting no elaborate jewels or furs, but carrying under her arm, of all things, a bucket of hot clam soup. Connie was taking it to a sick friend in England. And, when the English reporters got a load of Connie, they fell for her simplicity like a ton of brick.

But Hollywood knows Connie is like that. And isn't a bit surprised.

BELA (DRACULA) LUGOSI was beaming.

"Certainly glad to get away from a horror picture," he grinned. "I have no horror part in this new picture, 'International House.' "

"What part do you play?" W. C. Fields asked.

"Oh, I'm a former husband of Peggy Hopkins Joyce," Bela said.

"Well," drawled Fields, "I suppose it's all in what you mean by horror part."

And Bela is still wondering.

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Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer, gives 20 to 30% greater protection. The center equalizer not only thickens protection but makes it more adequate, more comfortable—and edges stay dry. An intimate explanation of the new equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

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Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping, making it possible to wear closest fitting gowns without the slightest revealing line. Those qualities for which Kotex is famous remain unchanged — absorbency, softness, disposability! It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

Now you can try Kotex with Patented Equalizer at less than the usual low price!



Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

1 —it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2 —a board of three hundred women tested it.

3 —medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4 —★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

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"WHY, I give Judge Valentine all my business," said Louis Brock, motion picture producer, when he was getting ready to marry Helen Collins, niece of Austin Parker.

And so, when they went to Judge Valentine's chambers for the wedding ceremony, it was Brock's twenty-fifth appearance before the same judge.

The other twenty-four times were divorce suits and alimony squabbles with two previous wives.

A WRITER showed George Bernard Shaw a manuscript. The Irish humorist made notations on the edges. As he handed it back, he said: "You can sell this, my dear, and make money. It has my handwriting on it."

THE story of how Edna Best ran out on her first motion picture engagement in Hollywood and returned to England to be with her husband, Herbert Marshall, had been almost forgotten until recently revived by Marshall.

He was expected to return here from England to do a picture for Paramount.

And almost at the last moment he cabled he could not come because he would rather remain in England with Mrs. Marshall.

Because, you see, they were expecting a baby and he did not like to come away. But, all three of them will get here, he promised, as soon as the baby is old enough to travel.

SMASH, crash, goes the glass!

The glass manufacturers ought to be in a gay mood, these days. Remember all the havoc Charlie Ruggles wrought in the glassware department in "If I Had a Million"? Then comes "The Kiss Before the Mirror," with Frank Morgan breaking through looking-glasses.

Now we get the big drinking scene in "Reunion in Vienna," in which John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard and all the cast drink a toast and smash the glasses. It's an old Austrian custom.

LITTLE Cora Sue Collins has almost an obsession against having her name transposed to Sue Cora. Someone on the set was teasing the five-year-old by addressing her as "Sue Cora," and we found out why she objects.

"Thue Cora, indeed!" she exclaimed, with haughty indignation. "Look out or I'll be thueing *you!*"

IF you want to hear chatter comparable only to monkeys in an African jungle, just drop into any make-up department on any lot between eight and nine in the morning. The actresses must be on the sets by nine. They are being made beautiful for an hour before that.

It took Diana Wynyard, newcomer, to think out a way to hear herself thinking her lines. She presented M-G-M's department with a radio set.

And is it tuned on in the morning?—To the loudest.

"IF Fredric March were only a single man," a starlet wailed the other day.

And that seems to be one of the most popular theme songs in Hollywood these days. Freddie March is fast becoming the local hero.

Yet he is always home in time for dinner. Wifie Florence Eldridge doesn't have to wait for her hubby.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Can Hollywood "Take It"?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Past extravagances have to be paid in current economies—and that is the realization which Hollywood is just putting into effect. Hollywood is cleaning house, and with a vengeance.

When the crisis first developed Hollywood put on its most debonair air and decided to brazen things out with a bold front. It plunged into a period of even more intensive production—the way to make the additional millions needed, it reasoned, was to bring them in at the box-office with better films. But the box-offices throughout the nation also dried up because of the scarcity of money elsewhere, and so Hollywood found itself in a worse fix than ever.

THEN Hollywood abruptly about-faced and applied the present heroic remedy.

The success of that remedy, it was realized from the first, depended upon the complete co-operation of the entire industry. All must put their shoulders to the wheel for the common good.

Producers meetings were called, and drastic plans rushed through. Mistakes may have been made here, but it was necessary to do something to reduce the staggering expenditure, and to do it quickly.

The crisis was such that if every person in the whole business did not aid, the studios themselves must inevitably close.

Too long salaries had been soaring. Too long waste and extravagance had run rampant. Too long there had been an excess of personnel, paid an excess in wages. Too long incompetent executives, related to this producer or that studio official, had drawn fantastic sums for using their feet to dust expensive desks.

The bombshell broke without warning upon the whole industry.

Within twenty-four hours it was decided that the only way to keep the studios open was for every person concerned to work at half salary for eight weeks.

This included everybody from stars to stenographers, and would give the studios a chance to breathe.

These sweeping remedies presented no less drastic individual problems. But these were forgotten in the hope of saving the whole. Afterwards revisions were made, exempting the smaller wage-earners; but the point is that within twenty-four hours of the call, Hollywood had rallied as one man.

There were negligible exceptions, of course. But the industry as a whole responded nobly. Overnight, the staggering overhead of the whole business was cut in half.

HOLLYWOOD believes that the studios are all rushing production during the eight weeks period to finish current programs at the lowest possible cost, and will then shut down to reorganize. One studio, which had announced its periodical shut down prior to the cut, has extended its production period to cover this time. Reorganization is recognized as inevitable, with possible hardships between; but Hollywood as a whole is convinced that follow-

ing these reorganizations, the industry will emerge on a solid foundation.

There is no let down of activity—in fact, Hollywood has speeded up its efforts to get done what it can. There is no moaning or wailing, no self-pity for the individual amid concern for the whole. And finally, there is no weakening of morale, that factor which among all factors, financial and otherwise, is the most vital.

Meanwhile, stars, directors, writers and all the rest of the studio folk worked cheerfully either for half pay or for no pay at all. In the case of the higher-paid personnel, of course, the cut was not so meaningful. A prior salary of five thousand dollars a week still meant two thousand five hundred. No actual sacrifice is involved here.

PERHAPS all this may be good for the motion picture industry. In the final analysis, after reorganization shall have been effected, Hollywood may again resemble the Hollywood of old—the days when the film pioneers, as independents, stood upon their own convictions, fought their own battles, and made their own pictures. And good pictures, too.

That the future will be as the old past is, of course, neither possible nor desirable. But out of the ashes of its mistakes, Hollywood is rebuilding a new structure of success.

Can Hollywood take it? From the humblest script girl to the greatest star, Hollywood proclaims that she can!

The Tooth Will Tell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

see, what Jack doesn't realize is, that its Jack, not Hollywood, that's changed. Jack, who's different. Jack, who still "Yoo Hoos" at everyone from his dressing-room, but from habit only.

His heart isn't in it. He still goes about delivering speeches exactly like an old Methodist preacher. But it's only an act these days. Just an act.

"You know, I'm not so sure of myself any more," he said the other day.

"Stop," I screeched, "you'll bring on another earthquake. I can't bear it."

Jack Oakie actually admitting he wasn't sure of—. Well, we can expect anything after that. The "I'm good and I know it" boy of Hollywood actually admitting—why, reams have been written about the egotism of Jack Oakie. The sureness of himself.

Likeable, to be sure. But don't think Jack didn't mean it.

WHY, the cocksure Jack Oakie is the only Jack Oakie Hollywood knows.

"You see," he explains, "when I try that sort of a naïve look I always give on the screen, I just feel it isn't there. I'm acting it for the first time. It just doesn't come natural any more."

"Look. See this tooth that kind of sets back of the others here at the side? Well, that's always been kind of an Oakie trade mark. People always know the old Oakie smile by that tooth.

"Well, I'm having it fixed," he admits. "Doin' away with the old Oakie smile. I feel older. Different.

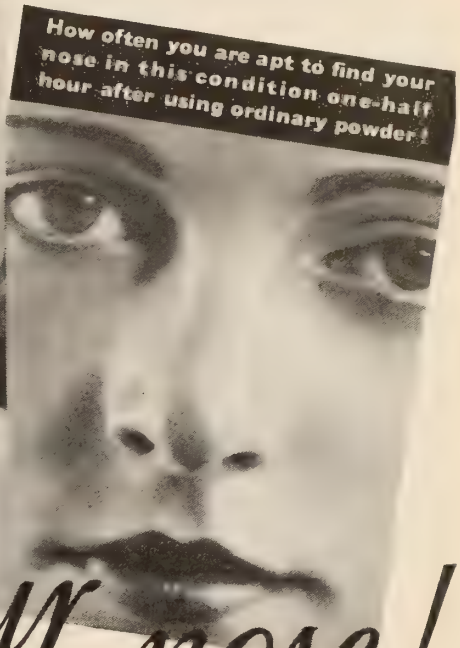
"I want to get in there and play hero for a while. Tired of kiddin' all the time. How do you think I'll look with the tooth fixed, sister? Like a hero?"

I told you. Just as sure as you're living, it's coming. The day when Hollywood will lose its good old sweat-shirty Jack. And when you see the new tooth—well, it will be all over, *including* the shouting.

From then on it will be quiet, serious *Mr.* Oakie, if you please.



There's no longer an excuse for



half-hour nose!

FROM now on it's your own fault if you're caught with a disillusioning nose shining out from the perfection (God-given or man-made) of the rest of your face. It's your own fault if you have to dive for a mirror and a powder puff every time you turn around.

For after a good deal of research and experiment, Pompeian has created a powder that will cling for hours. Not the old-fashioned type of "clinging" powder that coats the face with a dull heavy mask, but a soft, fine powder that gives a delicate and smooth perfection to the skin. . . . Now you can leave your dressing-table serenely confident that your good looks will last throughout the evening.

The new Pompeian comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type. Its perfume is charming and subtle. And it is smartly boxed in an ingenious manner.



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Our long experience in the cosmetic business has taught us how to make our products economically. We pass our savings on to you. As a result, the finest powder that money can buy is only sixty-five cents the box. The new Pompeian beauty powder, like all Pompeian products, is on sale at stores everywhere.

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Thousands now use dainty Perstik because it is easy to use and *instantly* banishes odor. Just a few strokes over the armpits—that's all you need, for all-day protection.

Perstik is gentle to your skin...it cannot possibly irritate—you may even use it after shaving. Perstik is greaseless, and harmless to fabrics—you can slip right into your dress. And Perstik is easy to carry in your purse.

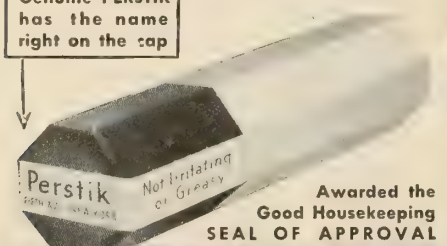
Perstik is so neat and nice and SAFE, it has won favor with over 6,000 New York City doctors' wives and with the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women. Even fashionable London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna now *rave* about Perstik.

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Don't risk the use of cheap, ineffective imitations when genuine 50¢ Perstik gives you months of positive protection. Genuine Perstik contains no lard, cocoa butter or other greasy ingredients. Genuine Perstik will not harm the most delicate body tissue—it can be used freely on sanitary napkins. Be sure you get genuine Perstik, in the *new improved* black-and-white case.

Ask for *genuine* Perstik at your department or drug store. If, by chance, you don't find it there, write Perstik, 469 Fifth Ave., New York.

Genuine PERSTIK has the name right on the cap



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THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT
Trade Mark Reg. Patents Pending

What *was the* Best Picture of 1932?

YOU can help decide which one is to receive the famous PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

Votes are flocking in, and it is more important than ever that we have your ballot now, to help us award this supreme honor of the shadow stage world.

For that is just what the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year means in screendom. Other fields of endeavor have their Nobel prizes, their Pulitzer awards. There are honorary distinctions in motion picture work, too. But the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, weighing 123½ pennyweights and made from the design by Tiffany and Company, New York, is the greatest—for it is the distinction which you and all the other moviegoers of the land award by your votes.

It means much to you, too, when you think of it. A great national referendum such as this carries tremendous weight throughout all producing circles—points unerringly to the sort of picture the public will support most generously. So casting your vote for your selection adds just that much to the incentive producers and studios will feel to give you more as good.

No rules, no limitations, restrict you. Outstanding work by one or more stars naturally will count, and count heavily. But you will remember the supporting players—the direction—settings and staging—and of course the merits of the story itself. And the best test, the one which no doubt will decide you in the end, is the one of which picture *wears best* with you, as you look back to it, and compare it with others of the year, and with those you are seeing now. The picture that stands out best is the one for which you will vote.

To aid you in recollecting which were the pictures of 1932, we print a list below; but your choice is not limited to those in this list. If you consider some other picture superior, and it was released in 1932, you are perfectly free to vote for it.

One other point: While the picture must be one released in 1932, you need not have seen it in that year. If you saw it this year, that is quite all right.

If the picture was reviewed in January 1933, or earlier, it was certainly a 1932 release.

For your convenience, a voting coupon is printed herewith, but a letter or postcard will do as well. Your vote is what counts, however you send it.

Remember, nothing counts but your votes—but in order to count, your vote must be at hand when the polls close. So decide now—mark your ballot—and let us have it today!

Your ballot must be in by June 1st, 1933, when the Polls close.

List of 50 outstanding pictures released in 1932

American Madness
Arsene Lupin
As You Desire Me
Back Street
Bill of Divorcement, A
Blessed Event
Bring 'Em Back Alive
Call Her Savage
Conquerors, The
Cynara
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Doomed Battalion, The
Emma
First Year, The
Grand Hotel
I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang
Kid From Spain, The
Ladies of the Jury
Lady with a Past
Letty Lynton
Life Begins
Love Me Tonight
Lovers Courageous
Man I Killed, The
Mata Hari
Merrily We Go to Hell
Miracle Man, The
Movie Crazy
Night After Night
Night Court
Once in a Lifetime
One Hour With You
One Way Passage
Rain
Raspuin and the Empress
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Red Dust
Red Headed Woman
Scarface
Shanghai Express
Silver Dollar
Six Hours To Live
Smilin' Through
Strange Interlude
Symphony of Six Million
Tess of the Storm Country
Trial of Vivienne Ware, The
Trouble in Paradise
Washington Merry-Go-Round
What Price Hollywood

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1932.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Send in This Ballot

Paul "Goes American" —And How!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Leslie Howard.

Daisy is young, slender, blonde, decorative—but not in the Hollywood sense. Her features have an arresting irregularity; she has a glorious smile. Intelligence and humor look out of her eyes. Her clothes are smart, with a pleasing absence of gadgets.

She regards her husband, who is perhaps fifteen or twenty years older than herself, with a blending of adoration and just enough understanding.

Now, having struggled with impulse a moment, she took the bait. It was too much for her. Her Europe was being maligned!

"But America is too new—it has no traditions!" volleyed Daisy.

"HA! How can you say a thing is too new? It is like saying 'the egg is too fresh!' " Paul leaped in. (When a Lukas warms to a cause, there's nothing luke-warm about it!) "It has traditions—they are like the country—new!" The battle was on.

"How can a tradition be new?" dismissed Daisy. "It has to be old before it *is* a tradition!"

"What's wrong with a young tradition?" demanded Paul. "In Europe too many things are worshiped because they are old. The people accept them. They do not have the enterprise to create new ones. Their imaginations are no longer fresh. They are tired. They cannot be surprised. It is youth they need—vitality! They are ponderous. They endure inconveniences—discomforts. You remember how long and with what trouble you secured a telephone at your mother's house?" Paul triumphed.

The discussion waxed—always intelligent, interesting, impersonal.

The debaters completely forgot the existence of a third party—but not once did they forget themselves.

Not once did either of them take that unfair advantage, we invariably expect in a domestic discussion, and hurl the retort cutting or personal. . . . Or hurl anything else!

Then, abruptly, the discussion ceased, hung suspended in mid-air. They still had a grand argument left on their hands, practically intact, to take up where they left off whenever they liked.

It struck me that this was not a bad formula for a happy, enduring marriage!

If neither one ever wins the argument, there will *always* be something left to talk about!

WHEN Paul was absent from the room, Daisy confessed, "Paul has a withering scorn for the 'yes, dear' technique. He is furious, sometimes, with my views—but he is positively enraged if I have *none!*"

Daisy talks with a decided but charming accent, not having mastered English as Paul has.

Paul disappeared for six months, when talking pictures arrived, and returned to the screen with a perfect enunciation.

Another token of *meaning it*, you might say, about becoming American.

Many other foreign actors—Jannings, Negri, Baclanova, Varconi, Banky—were at the top of the heap, only to sink into near oblivion in American production after the advent of sound, because they could not or would not learn to speak unaccented English.

Nor is his feeling about citizenship the only change six years in the United States have wrought in Paul Lukas. Today he is not the Continental extremist who once sank on bended knee and kissed the hand of lady interviewers.

PHOENIX HOSIERY
with CUSTOM-FIT TOP

ends hosiery discomforts
experienced by 9 out of 10 women!



WE'LL wager there has been some strain in your life caused by stocking tops that gagged your thighs, or were too loose, too long, too short! Whatever the trouble, it's all over now! For Phoenix has given you *Custom-Fit Top*—the perfect stocking top that fits every leg. It stretches both ways—up and down, round and round. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. Wear Phoenix Hosiery with *Custom-Fit Top*, priced from 75c to $1.95.

NEW! . . . PHOENIX DESERT TONES, smartest hosiery colors for Summer. Featuring FIESTA . . . the all-occasion shade.

SEE PHOENIX HOSIERY BEING MADE AT A CENTURY OF PROGRESS, CHICAGO



Everyone on the Warner lot looks twice at vivacious Ginger Rogers. On the beach even twice isn't enough. She is wearing one of Jantzen's new Molded-Fit Kerchief suits. There's no need to tell you how it fits. The brassiere uppers are quickly detachable so that she can wear sweater, sweat shirt or blouse with the trunks

Advertisement

The Lukas who talked freely to the press of all the women he had loved—talked of little else. . . .

Women—women—women. All his life he has been a lover of women, and women have filled his life—a procession of beautiful women, marching through.

Now he talks less of women in general—and more of Daisy. No more parades. Daisy is all women in one.

Lukas says American women cannot be fairly judged by the ones in Hollywood—and he knows only Hollywood. "Here they cheat too easily and divorce at random. The Continental husband seldom hesitates to say so if his wife is guilty of any misconduct. She is summarily divorced.

American men carry their gallantry too far—they always allow the wife to secure the divorce, and then pay her alimony!" he finishes, incredulously.

Yet in spite of his Americanization, Lukas makes frank admissions that you could not drag out of the more reserved—or perhaps more self-conscious—native.

He says: "The most important thing in life is love. All happiness, all homes, all obligations, are in direct relation to it. Men are such bad boys.

"If their life is not complete at home, they go seeking elsewhere.

"That begins the disintegration of the whole structure.

"AMERICAN women emphasize beauty—in their dress. They are the most alluring in the world.

"But appearance isn't all. Else why so many divorces?

"Every good wife should also be a good sweetheart."

His views about the projected adoption throw further light on his feelings.

"Once," he said, "I thought I would have no child if it could not be my own. But I have recovered from my snobbishness about adoption. Every man wants to see himself perpetuated, yes. It is his family pride, his vanity. But I do not think even heredity is infallible."

So you can judge for yourself how completely Paul Lukas has become Americanized in spirit, to back up his application for formal citizenship.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

GIRL MISSING—Warners

IF you are, too, you'll miss just fair entertainment. Glenda Farrell and Mary Brian are two chorines, stranded in Palm Beach; and they step into a mix-up which includes Ben Lyon as a sucker bridegroom, Peggy Shannon as his shakedown bride, a kidnaping, a murder, and plenty more. Wisecracking Glenda finally spots the villain and all is well. The acting's as good as the story permits.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox

AN excellent climax, and an interesting theme. Animals are the motivating force, dominating the life of hero Gene Raymond, and through him that of Loretta Young, and the others. A tiger is the menace; an elephant the true hero. Slow dialogue, but a good story.

"M"—Nerofilm

IF you like grim realism, superbly done, here it is in this German tale of a city terrorized by a degenerate child murderer. No actual horror shown (except the criminal); but it's all there by masterful implication, conveyed with thorough-going German detail. Not a melodrama; it is tense, serious treatment of a horror theme. English subtitles. Not for children.

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia

KEYED on the clever idea of showing Mussolini addressing his faithful Black Shirts from a balcony—with a flashback after every sentence or two, to show the achievement of which he speaks. Lowell Thomas interprets, while Il Duce's facial expressions alone are worth the price of admission. An interesting, even though intensely partisan, study of a striking personality.

A SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT—Allied

IN fact, shrieks enough to make the flesh shiver and the hair rise. Well done shricks, too; while Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot, Purnell Pratt, Harvey Clark and Arthur Hoyt snap out grewsomeness and humor with a fine balance. You know who's doing the murders, but you're scared to death the detective doesn't! Excellent small-time entertainment.

HERTHA'S ERWACHEN (HERTHA'S AWAKENING)—UFA

DEPICTING a condition that will go on as long as the world itself. About a trusting little country lass and the city boy who forgot. This film serves as a very valuable object lesson for youth, rather than a demoralization, as first supposed by the censors. A touchingly human episode from life, told with great sincerity and candor. In German, with English subtitles.

HUMANITY—Fox

ALTHOUGH lacking originality in plot, this story of a doctor who has given a lifetime of service to the poor and hopes his son will follow in his footsteps, has enough heart interest and appeal to make it a fair evening's entertainment. Ralph Morgan is splendid as the doctor, while Alexander Kirkland and Boots Mallory are more than adequate in their parts.

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.

THIS marks the film début of the well-known German stage star, Max Pallenberg. Sent to Vienna with the company's funds, he spends a thousand shillings and loses the remainder trying to win back the thousand in a gambling house. Pallenberg's performance is excellent, though the comedy is a bit too drawn out. English captions.

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio

TOM KEENE, the mine manager, runs things on the up-and-up, until he goes to war; then things pop. Four colorful old citizens take the law in their own hands, when one is double-crossed by the new manager. Tom gets back in time to unsnarl the tangles. But there's too much talk and not enough real acting.

THE PHANTOM BROADCAST—Monogram

RALPH FORBES gives an excellent performance as the "shadow voice" of a radio crooner. Had the idea of the "man behind the man at the mike" been held to that it could have been great; but the gang menace and gun molls, murders and so on, merely make it involved, without adding interest.

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British

THERE ought to be a law prohibiting forbidden love between unbelievers and unbelievably amateurish Moorish sweethearts in pictures about North Africa. Scenic effects and photography are magnificent, as is the legionnaire-Spahi-Arab mix-up; but the badly-acted, creaking romance prevents this one-man show from really coming off.

THE DUDE BANDIT—Allied

HOOT GIBSON, riding a grand black horse, solves the mystery of the murder of *Dad Mason*, his old friend and partner and father of the girl (Gloria Shea) he loves. Besides Hoot and Gloria, the cast includes Skeeter Bill Robbins, Hooper Atchley, Neal Hart and several others. But the picture falls short of the usual Hoot Gibson standard.

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia

JUST to show us that 'neath the villainous exterior we've been seeing, there beats a heart of gold, Leo Carrillo does a newly naturalized barber who practices the Golden Rule, even when treated to gangster rackets such as he usually is seen perpetrating. Not a bad idea, what with aid and abetment from young Dickie Moore and Lois Wilson, to say nothing of Eddie Garr and Henry Clive. But it's laid on too thick. They could have reformed Leo without making him a cream puff.

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures

A SHELL-SHOCKED war veteran, ordered to rest, selects Egypt, and on the boat meets a girl. Together they go through many desert adventures, and there are excellent shots of airplane warfare in the Arab country. Lester Matthews and Kathleen O'Regan play leads well. The story is from the pen of A. Conan Doyle; but Americans will find it slow.

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox

A NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY English musical, based on a previously used German farce. Basil Rathbone, intrigued by Esther Ralston at a masked ball, follows her home. But Esther crosses him by substituting her masked maid for herself, and Basil doesn't tumble. Well mounted, with some good music; but it simply can't get the proper farce tempo.

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield

WE are inclined to think the "Strange People" are the producers who made it! A rather obvious mixture of several horror pictures you have seen lately, with the set from "The Old Dark House" used bodily. Three people get murdered, instead of the usual one or two, which ought to introduce more horror, but somehow doesn't. Hale Hamilton is as good as possible.

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M

JUST a protracted yawn. Bob Montgomery as another high-powered press-agent, falls for a Bowery broad, gets her out of a shooting scrape, and then goes back to his ex. Sally Eilers, as the on-the-make girl gives a swell performance but it's much ado about nothing, and grand troupers like Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette are wasted.

THIS THREEFOLD VALUE

FOR YOU WHO STEP INTO THIS

Charmed Circle

With these delightful shoes, you step into that *charmed circle* of smart discerning women who have discovered America's *outstanding value* in footwear. Vitality Health Shoes bring you a new threefold value. Style at its smartest. Quality of materials wholly unexpected at Vitality's prices. And above all, the "vitality principle" of construction that assures true fit, buoyant grace and tireless steps. If you are proud of your power to discover value—here is the opportunity you have been looking for in shoes. Just consider these prices. $5—extreme styles $6.

VITALITY SHOE CO. • St. Louis
Division of International Shoe Co.





$5 EXTREME STYLES $6

● *There are also Vitality Health Shoes for every age of childhood and for young people in their 'teens. They offer a new standard of value in youthful styles, all-leather features and lasting wear.*

VITALITY *health shoes*

SIZES 2 TO 11 • • WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE



If you can make *him* say:

"Your eyes have told me so"...



. . . then you will have achieved that glorious state in which each heart throb is a prediction of greater happiness to come.

It's easy to make your eyes say those wonderful things that only eyes can say.

Frame your eyes with dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes and this new kind of enchantment will instantly become yours.

Millions of women know that the New Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the one thoroughly satisfactory and safe preparation to use. Not a dye. Perfectly harmless. Tear-proof, non-smarting, easy to apply, and actually stimulating to lash growth.

Insist upon genuine New Maybelline, to make sure of obtaining a mascara that combines all these advantages. Black or Brown, 75c at toilet goods counters everywhere.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

The PERFECT Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

The Unbeautiful Thirteen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

how the bottom part, while it does *not* slant askew, like Garbo's and Kay's, nevertheless takes a queer little disjointed hop to one side.

"The middle of her mouth is not at all under the middle of her nose! See lines 'A' and 'B'. The curved lines show how tremendously emphasized the jaw-lines are. Dietrich's screen face is not at all as nature made it; she makes up to impose a mask over her true face. And thereby Dietrich has achieved a distinct individuality which mere beauty could never give her.

"If that's a tip, madame, make the best of it! But be sure you're the type that can do it before you try!"

Joan Crawford

"Like Dietrich's, Joan's face is quite mask-like! Joan has achieved a definite individuality in place of the beauty that nature denied her. Her features—nose, eyes, mouth—are all too large for real beauty. But Joan, instead of trying to make them smaller by make-up, has only added to their size—and has achieved her own true distinctiveness!

"Also, if you'll cover all her face save her forehead, and show it to another person, and ask, 'Is that a man's or a woman's forehead?' the chances are you'll get the answer: 'A man's.' True, her forehead is definitely masculine. Odd, isn't it, that such a quite unfeminine conglomeration of features could be transformed so artfully into a certain artistic ensemble that passes far better than beauty?"

Constance Bennett

"She's not beautiful, but she's *artful*. Her profile is one wherein the upper part is comparatively back from the lower part—from her outstanding chin. And because her jaw is so very pronounced, her best pictures are the 'three-quarter profile' or a shot such as the photo herewith—taken at an angle that, by force of perspective, reduces the size of the lower face while it brings the upper face bigger. If you'll watch, you'll see the majority of her photographs so taken. Photographers know the trick of using perspective to make faces look less unbeautiful.

"However, despite all this, Constance Bennett certainly is admirable to look at. She has a trick of looking perpetually astounded at the world, like a child. And the contrast of her small mouth and large eyes to the great surface of her face helps in this, and she knows enough to accentuate that quality."

So! There you have Pogany's "Unbeautiful Beauties of Hollywood." And the "why" of it. And you'll probably say:

"Bosh to all your twaddle about technical beauty and academic beauty and classic beauty, Mr. Pogany! You can have it, and I'll keep my Hollywood standards, and I'll be the winner."

And Pogany would just grin and say:

"Yes, my friend, you're right. Because 'beauty' as we diagram it academically would be horrible to live with. You'd call her Dumb Dora in two days! These girls I've picked apart, just now, are not beautiful in the academic sense, true. But I, as a living male and not as a technician, can tell you that I wouldn't swap one of these 'unbeautiful Hollywood beauties' for all the truly beautiful goddesses of history, mythology and what else!

"Perfection is, after all, only an ideal. It can exist only in goddesses. But they'd have no sex-appeal to go with it. And even *ideal beauty* varies. I've used, herein, the academic standard. But to an Eskimo, it would be gibberish, wouldn't it? Nor would a native of the African jungles agree that either our academic beauty or the Eskimo idea of beauty would be beautiful; the African would have a different ideal again."

When Pogany gave PHOTOPLAY this article, somebody kidded him like this:

"You must be a brave man—or you must have a return ticket to Hungary ready in your pocket. Because when it's printed Hollywood will be hot for you, eh?"

And Pogany grinned and said:

"But why? It is the truth, what I say. I gave you the pictures to prove it." Then he added:

"And anyway, when I say and prove that they're not beautiful, technically and academically, I want them to know, too, that they are certainly attractive, charming, challenging, intriguing—far more than they would be if all they had was merely classical, academic beauty."



Joan Crawford? Nothing's right; but she achieves charm anyway! Emphasizes eyes for effect



Here's Connie Bennett, playing down a feature not correctly classic. Guess what it may be!

Arliss Puts His Foot Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

emphasize that each has been the perfect lady type. No need for a producer to suggest any other!

Al Green directed Mr. Arliss' three first Warner Bros. productions; John Adolphi the last seven. A knowledge of these two men gives us the necessary explanation of the change.

Green has been directing Hollywood successes for more years than Arliss has been making them. Al makes pictures as Hollywood understands them. And his word is law upon his productions.

John Adolphi is a likeable, somewhat noisy and sometimes profanely-amusing, good-natured man who knows his camera from every angle but who doesn't worry about the way Hollywood makes pictures. It's the way Arliss makes them that rates with Adolphi—and what counts with Arliss. Complete harmony every moment.

HOW would you like to wrestle with the problem of choosing stories for George Arliss?

Although few knew it, when Arliss returned to England the last time he had no further contract to make pictures in America. There were no stories suitable to both the studio and Mr. Arliss.

"The Millionaire," which was released after his departure, proved a sensation. It made money; big money. Producers must always have actors back who make big money. They sent a man to England to return George Arliss to them.

But George Arliss may be through with pictures. His arrangement with Warner Bros. is at an end, and yet there is reason to believe he may make two a year for either Warner Bros. or Metro. If—

Probably no one appreciates that "if" more than George Arliss. You will remember he once said that the trouble in finding vehicles for him lay in the fact, "It is impossible to fade out on one of my kisses!"

Many explain George Arliss with the expression, "He's English." I question that explanation. Englishmen are as human as Americans.

But I do believe some of his ideals may be

A Revolution Is Going On

in the world of motion pictures today.

The great drama is changing from month to month.

New names, new faces, startlingly different kinds of films.

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credited to the different viewpoints of the two peoples. Censorship in England, for example, is based upon the likes and dislikes of the people of that country. There was a scene in an American picture, recently sent to England for release, where two very old people (they looked at least eighty!) sat upon the edge of a bed in their "nighties." The scene was eliminated by the English censors for immoral reasons!

So perhaps Mr. Arliss' dislike of bedroom scenes is typical of his nation.

He has not always been a vegetarian. During one of his early trips to California, he travelled by auto with Mrs. Arliss. A drought was devastating our great pasture states. Cows and sheep tumbled to their deaths before their eyes. Mrs. Arliss said: "If that is the way they treat animals, we eat vegetables."

But they are not fanatics on the subject. Meat is served to guests in their home. An extra large portion of fish is served the host and hostess during the fish course and the plates not removed for the meat course.

Arliss believes pictures to be the medium to carry messages to the millions. The messages which his name will carry will be the beliefs of George Arliss—not those of Hollywood producers. To him, his beliefs are right.

Perhaps the two pictures a year is the best solution. If writers can find two stories every twelve months which blend the idealism of Arliss with the box-office practicability of his producer, both will be fortunate.

It is interesting to note that George Arliss owns two homes in England and an own-your-apartment in New York. He has always rented in Hollywood. He is too shrewd to invest money in a town which he may decide to leave at any moment!

Earthquake Blues

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

ing any moment for it to slosh completely over.

After it was over, Ernest still stood there. A friend walked up. "Don't you think, Ernest," he said, "now that it's over, it would be a good idea to go in and put your pants on!"

Ernest glanced down. The look froze on his face. There he stood in his shirt tail, his long bare legs exposed.

Three prop boys and a dazed carpenter were trampled half silly by Ernest trying to get into his dressing-room again.

A scene from "Captured" was in progress. Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and fifty extra men were stripping for a "delousing" scene. The set was barred to visitors.

Across the way "The Gold Diggers of 1933" was in progress. With scores of little cuties in a nickel's worth of gold braid standing about on high, overhanging balconies.

Came the shake. The stripped men grabbed towels, shoes, anything and nothing and ran for the open. Electricians stood under the balconies and grabbed blonde cuties as they fell. All rushed to the open.

SUDDENLY Dick Barthelmess stuck out his head from an upstairs window. "My Gawd," he screamed, "a nudist cult." And slammed down the window.

Seventeen writers and eight actors have since applied for the job as electrician on the "Gold Diggers" set. So they can stand under balconies and catch cuties.

Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes, all in one car, were on their way to Ruth's mother's home for dinner. The earth rocked.

"Jarring a bit," Ruth calmly announced, her accent perfect.

"Rawth-er," Forbes agreed.

"Beastly annoying," said Ruth.

"Fearfully," said Ralph.

"Seems to be an earthquake of sorts," joined in Brent.

"Rawth-er," agreed Forbes.

"Frightfully unnecessary," said Ruthie.

"Oh, frightfully," said Ralphie.

"Quite frightfully," agreed Georgie.

And drove on to mamma's. For dinner.

Arline Judge and husband, Wesley Ruggles, were visiting brother Charlie Ruggles. Two blocks away the new baby slept in his own crib.

Suddenly, the house turned around twice and did a leap frog to the left.

Like a shot, Arline was out of the house and up the street, Wesley after Arline, Charlie after Wesley, the cook after Charlie, the gardener waving the rake after the cook, the dog after the gardener and three stray cats after the whole party.

Up the street they tore like maniacs. "Well," piped Lil Tashman from her upstairs window, "fine time to be having a parade." And banged down the window.

Kay Francis slept on.

The mountain shook beneath Ann Harding's car. Tightly she hung onto the wheel as the car climbed the dangerous road to her home. At the house Ann found the Chinese boy in his stocking feet on the roof. Waving a loaf of bread.

"Earthquakers," he screamed at Ann.

"How did you know?" Ann called back.

"I felt him in my feet," the Chinese yelled back and went right on waving the loaf of bread.

Will Rogers was in a group seated around a conference table at the studio. The earth rocked and Will looked around through that forelock of hair.

"You know," he said with that slow drawl of his, "I knew as soon as Louis B. Mayer turned Democrat something like this would happen."

Freddie March had gone visiting on the "International House" set and was just holding a match to W. C. Fields' cigarette. "Steady," Fields said when the jerk came. The flame caught Fields squarely on the end of his nose. With a yelp like a dog with a can on his tail, he went tearing around the lot, kicking up his heels. Twenty minutes later he was still yelping and kicking.

While Kay Francis slept on.

Dietrich was just signing an autograph. She had just reached the "D" when the whole world rocked and her pen went slithering across the picture. Doors rattled. Windows shook. Marlene looked around in astonishment. "My heavens," her little hairdresser said, "I'll bet Von Sternberg's back."

BABY LEROY swayed in his baby carriage. First to one side. Then the other. "Da da da," he cooed. Delighted with it all. And then the quake stopped. Immediately LeRoy set up a howl. He wanted more.

So two writers, one director and three executives took turns for three hours. Playing earthquake. For LeRoy.

A meeting of the studio heads was in progress concerning salary cuts and the possibility of shutting down the studios. Suddenly, the earthquake hit and a few minutes later, the phone tinkled.

"Listen," the wag on the other end of the phone said to a trembling executive, "this is St. Peter talking! This is just a sample of what will happen if there are any more cuts. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," the frightened executive gulped and fell in a swoon.

As mild as an April day, Louise Closser Hale strolled into the M-G-M publicity office calmly wiping her glasses. "You know," she said, "I

really must do something about my glasses. It just looks as though everything was going up and down."

Dorothy Wilson was on the floor with a jig-saw puzzle. All day she had worked and figured. Now, only one piece remained. And then! Zowie! The floor rocked and swayed. The puzzle flew to pieces. Dorothy is still hunting parts.

JOHN BARRYMORE grabbed May Robson and stood, nonchalantly lighting a cigar.

"Wh—what is it?" she gasped.

"Just an earthquake, my dear, now let's see —I come in here—"

Rogers and Hart were rehearsing their latest song hit in the music department on the M-G-M lot. Suddenly, the piano went thump, thump, thump. There was a long, sour note. Rogers leaped out the window. Hart leaped after him. While a pop-eyed truck driver leaned from his truck and yelled, "Hey, what's going on in there? You guys is shaking de whole building."

Tom Brown leaped from his tub and, wrapped in a towel, found himself ten minutes later, under a neighbor's davenport, unable to come out as the neighbor's daughter lay on the davenport. He didn't know she was in a dead faint. Six hours later, Tom, sniffling and sneezy, managed to sneak out, unnoticed.

At the Brown Derby that night, a badly shaken up crowd of movie stars sat at dinner.

Suddenly, another heave and Groucho Marx leaped to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "This time tomorrow night—a volcano."

And Kay Francis slept on.

You Can't Bury Dead Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

forget about it, Menjou went to the Mayfair—and found his wife seated at the next table! Eventually they saw they were caught in the Hollywood whirlpool, and decided to try again to make a go of marriage.

Bobbe Arnst divorced Johnny Weissmuller. A few days later, still shaken by the experience, she was called to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. She went into the commissary for luncheon. The only table she could find was within a few feet of Weissmuller, lunching with Lupe Velez, then reported to have won Johnny's affections. One can only imagine Bobbe's emotions.

LUPE, the fiery little wildcat of Hollywood, who holds the record for having sweethearts, once turned the full glare of her appeal on John Gilbert. They were "teamed" for a while. Then came Virginia Bruce, now Mrs. John Gilbert.

One bright morning Lupe arrived at the studio to find that she and Virginia had been cast to play opposite each other in "Kongo."

Just another unavoidable reminder of a by-gone love.

If one is inclined to hear a wild tirade from the fast-moving lips of Lupe, all one need do is mention Gary Cooper, whom she cannot help but see frequently. The memory of that torrid love affair comes rushing back, and Lupe doesn't split an infinitive telling the world what she thinks.

The ghost of dead love often becomes a terror, too. Lila Lee and James Kirkwood give an example of this. Although they had called their marriage quits, they were constantly thrown together after their divorce, which included a bitter battle for custody of their son. Not so long ago, Lila visited the Mayfair with Johnny Farrow, the scenario writer.

Kirkwood arrived.

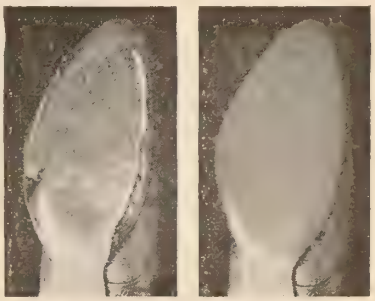
"Peely" Soles are like skeletons in the shoe closet



Almost every shoe closet has its skeleton — usually the result of "peely" soles . . . soles with raggedy edges that make comparatively new shoes look as though they should be sent to a rummage sale.

You can avoid the annoyance and embarrassment of "peely" soles by wearing nothing but Compo shoes. Never again need you suffer the sharp ridges and seams that mar foot comfort. Compo shoes are made by a new method which moulds the upper and sole of your shoe into a single unit — and gives it a new softness and flexibility. The next time you shop for shoes, remember the name Compo as your safeguard against "peely" soles.

The most reliable shops are selling Compo Shoes this year, millions of pairs, in practically all prices and grades. Compo Shoe Machinery Corporation, Boston, Mass.



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JOAN BLONDELL
a Warner star, soon to appear in "Gold Diggers of 1933"

It's *care* that makes the eyes of movie players so alluringly clear and bright. Care like that urged by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep *Murine* always in the studios for use by Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels, Bette Davis and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula, *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna) which quickly and safely brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

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ARTHUR L. RACE, Managing Director

ON COPLEY SQUARE

Kirkwood danced by her table. He glared at her. Frightened, Lila and Johnny departed.

A situation like this could have been avoided in any other town in the world—for one or the other involved could have long since left the community. Kirkwood, actor, and Lila Lee, actress, had to stay for professional reasons.

LILA'S love boomeranged again only a few months ago.

She heard a pounding on the door and went to answer it.

"Miss Lee, I had to come to you. I'm Beatrice Powers, Jim Kirkwood's wife. We've quarreled and—well, you know him so thoroughly that you're the only woman who can advise me. What'll I do?"

"Come inside and wait until he cools off," Lila replied.

And so the first wife was hostess to the second wife for several days. Lila couldn't have escaped the situation—so she had to face it. And she did a brave job.

Helene Costello, after she and Lowell Sherman, her husband, waded knee-deep in mud through a divorce hearing, decided to relax. She went to "The Frolics," a night club. She had not been there long when Sherman and a party of friends entered.

Sherman took one look at her, whirled and stalked out of the place. Since that experience, Helene has been one of those who, faced with the choice of giving up career and friends or remaining in Hollywood to have dead love resurrected by occasional encounters, have gone away.

She married Arturo del Barrio, Cuban lawyer, and fled from her shattered love.

Others have given up careers, friends, homes. This means a tremendous sacrifice to get away from the spot where a troth was plighted or a kiss exchanged. The second Mrs. Walter Huston, aided by a considerable property settlement which couldn't heal her aching heart, went East, leaving Walter with his third wife.

Vivian Duncan deserted the unhappy scenes of her marriage to Nils Asther.

Today, Hollywood wonders about the outcome of two current divorces. What will be the attitude of Lew Ayres and Lola Lane when they meet in public? The impression is that they will face the music, for Lew is a star chained to his work and Lola, who gave up the screen to be a housewife, plans a comeback.

ALTHOUGH they agreed to separate in November, at Christmas they sent gifts to friends with good wishes signed "from Lew and Lola." In January, with the divorce proceedings under way, they were seen at El Mirador at Palm Springs, chaperoned by Bruce Cabot.

Janet Gaynor, divorced from Lydell Peck, is at work in "Adorable." Again, because of the small circle that is Hollywood, a dead love refuses to stay covered. It's inevitable that they'll meet, and Hollywood wants to know whether there'll be a friendly greeting or a deliberate snub. For the ghosts of dead love can't remain interred in Hollywood. They're bound to bob up and grin just when movie couples least expect the visit.

So Clara Did Paris

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

scrape up $250 and gave it to the poor thing. When he saw the roll of dough—more than he'd ever seen at once in his life, probably—he got down on his knee and kissed the hem of my skirt, and asked a blessing for me. That sweet face—the sweetest I ever saw—with tears running down his cheeks, was more than I could stand. I had to leave the room. I was crying so hard. . . .

The people here in Europe are walking around the streets without shoes in this bitter cold. It's desperate. We're lucky—we don't know how lucky we are. Why, comparing us to them, there isn't any depression in America.

Pray heaven, it will never be so bad for us as it is for them!

Jan. 10th.—In Reims, the funniest thing is you don't see any people between thirty-five and forty-five years old. That generation was all wiped out.

We decided to visit Reims because Count Vallombrosa gave us a letter to his friend, the Count de Polignac. We lunched with the Count and his brother, the Marquis, one day, and the Count asked us down to Reims to visit his ancestral castle, and go through his wine caves to see how champagne is made. The Count de Polignac owns the Pommery Greno champagne cellars—the largest in the world.

I'd heard a lot about the battlefields, but I'd no idea they looked like what we saw that day.

It was terribly muddy and terribly dangerous to walk around in ordinary clothes. Everything was left just exactly the way it was during the war. Barbed wires all over the place; huge ditches in which you sank waist-deep in the mud; sharp pieces of shell sticking out of the ground—it was terrible!

I put on a pair of the Count's trench boots. They reached right up to my waist.

So I started walking around and looking at this thing called war. I can't help writing about it. I've got to get it out of my system. Thinking about the horror of it, I just can't go to sleep.

I saw an old shoe stuck in a barbed wire, and all sorts of pieces of clothing, too. There were bayonets sticking out of the ground and broken bits of shell and shrapnel. I just kept on walking around, kind of crying.

I could see those men so clearly—lying there in the trenches (and believe me, they were *some* trenches) waiting for the shrieking noise to stop, or waiting to be blown to bits.

There were bones around too, and skulls, and over by one of the barbed wires I saw a German helmet. Rex and I went over to pick it up. When I stooped down, a barbed wire caught my boot and ripped it right from the ankle straight up to the knee. If I'd been wearing ordinary shoes and stockings, it would have ripped my leg to pieces.

Lord, I kept thinking how awful it must have been to be out in that slime and rain, with shells bursting about one.

I could hardly stand it, so they made me come away.

And, maybe this sounds queer, but I did take a little piece of bone I found there home with me, as a kind of talisman— In the old days, people used to carry bones of the saints around for good luck, and those boys who fell in the war sure seemed to be saints to me.

Visited the military cemeteries. Crosses for miles, as far as you could see! I thought of "Flanders Fields," and the blood-red poppies that grew there, and I thought, "We Americans who didn't have to cross the big pond to fight, don't understand what it was all about." And I kept on thinking all the time I was in Europe how lucky we Americans are.

Jan. 11th.—Last night at dinner, the Count served some Pommery champagne. He and his brother, the Marquis, are charming gentlemen—so cultured. They know so much about everything. They told us many interesting stories about the war.

After dinner the Count showed us around the chateau. I've never seen anything like it in my life. We think we have swell places in Hollywood. Hollywood ought to take a look at this.

Furniture; tapestries; silver with the family crest; a wonderful library (thousands of books, and manuscripts written in long hand); paintings which must have cost a fortune—and everything hundreds of years old. The Count is a great collector, and had an interesting story to tell about everything in his house.

It made me want to work and work so I could come over and retire. And live in a house like this, set in a wonderful park—with lakes and polo fields and tennis courts and a golf course and swimming pools and stables and kennels—

Gee, it was like a dream.

Jan. 12th.—Today we saw the wine cellars. Rex and I had looked forward to this, which is quite natural for us Americans who don't get a chance even to smell the real stuff at home.

Walked down miles of twisting stone steps to the caves underneath the castle where the wine is made. It's a kind of underground cellar that extends for miles.

It's old and dreary like a dungeon, stones above and around you, and everywhere you look. As you walk, it rains all the time—I mean, the water keeps dripping from the rocks. On all sides and on every level of the rocks there were bottles—bottles—bottles, with champagne aging in them— *Ten million bottles* the Count told us were in that cellar then.

They were stacked right up to the ceiling, which was enormously high. Some bottles were as tall as I am, and the Count showed me they were actually filled with champagne. Oh, boy!

Along the stone floor were barrels of the fermenting juice. It remains in them for six months—the first step in making.

In the second step the grape juice (that's what it *really* is) is put in bottles tilted on trays. For seven weeks, every day, men go from one bottle to the other and give them each three rapid twists. This starts the sediment up from the bottom of the bottles to the top. There's an art in giving those bottles just the right twist. Because if it isn't done right, all the sediment doesn't reach the top and that means the quality of the champagne is affected.

Finally, the sediment is scooped off from the top—I forget how exactly—anyway, it's supposed to be done without uncorking the bottle.

Very tricky. Sounds like Houdini to me.

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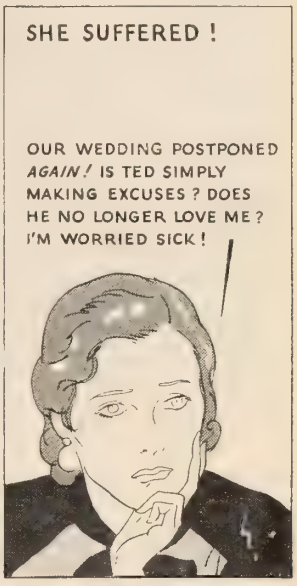
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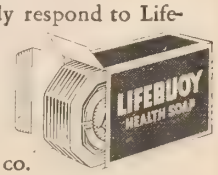


You risk happiness when you gamble with "B.O."
(body odor)

NO ONE can afford to take chances with "B.O." (*body odor*). If you offend *even occasionally,* friendships may cool, romance—love, itself—vanish! Warmer weather increases "B.O." danger. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, *extra-clean,* quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

Wonderful for complexion

Dull, cloudy skins quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle, *pore-deep* cleansing—glow with healthy radiance. Give *your* skin this simple beauty care.



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YOU live on top of the town when you stop at the ESSEX HOUSE ... the theatrical district on one side, the open calm of Central Park on the other. Here you live high above the rumble of the city, yet right in the middle of Manhattan. You enjoy the convenience of an ultra-modern urban residence overlooking more open country than a Westchester estate.

Incidentally, we notice many of our guests are from Hollywood ... To some the ESSEX HOUSE is a retreat from business ... to others a rendezvous for business ... to all a residence of utmost luxury at a cost in tune with the times.

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Persian Coffee Shop
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Face Powder
You will love its delicacy; its clinging-ness; its perfume.
In Flesh, Creme, White and the New "MARGIE" (all complexion) shade. Sold Everywhere.
Send for FREE sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Finally they put the clear, sparkling champagne in bottles to age for three years.

Lunch at the castle, afterwards—and more champagne. Wish I could put some in my memory book!

Jan. 15th.—I forgot to write about visiting the cathedral at Reims. They're restoring it now. I sure can understand having religion in a place like that. When the light came through the stained glass windows, I felt all trembly inside. So different from the way I feel outside, living my ordinary life.

The Count says Reims was almost wiped out; all the houses burned to the ground, the big buildings and cathedral bombarded, until parts of the thick stone walls which have been standing for centuries just crumbled to the ground.

During the worst part of the siege, the cathedral was used as a place to put the wounded. And it got so bad that the Red Cross made rows of beds from pallets of straw. They piled French, German and Belgian wounded soldiers on them.

They thought at least the cathedral was safe from bombing.

But it was bombarded anyway. This set the straw on fire and the wounded in the cathedral were all killed. I couldn't help crying at that story—so Rex said, "You mustn't take it so seriously, Punkin—it's over now!"

Thinking over everything I saw in Europe, I think that visit to Reims made a deeper impression on me than everything else I saw or did. Even though it wasn't so much fun as St. Moritz.

I'm certainly going back some day!

Jackie Is Head Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

The "big break" in the boy's career came when Paramount Studios made "Skippy"—that filmization of the Percy Crosby comic strip that adorns many a newspaper page. Norman Taurog directed "Skippy"—and Norman Taurog is the husband of the sister of Jackie's mother. Jackie was "borrowed" from Producer Hal Roach to play the title rôle in "Skippy."

"SKIPPY" turned him to that floodlighted, press-agent-lined, ballyhoo-cluttered road of unreality—film stardom. It suddenly brought into his household, through his hands, an income of $1,300 a week. It turned his life and the lives of those with whom he lived topsy-turvy.

And the most significant development of all, so far as the boy is concerned: Jackie Cooper's life ceased to be his own; it became virtually everybody else's!

The State of California stepped in. In the first place, by law, Jackie's $1,300-a-week contract—Jackie being a minor—had to be okayed by the Superior Court. Jackie's mother's motherhood was not sufficient to permit her to handle Jackie's income. She had to go into court and be appointed legal guardian, as well, to Jackie Cooper, minor, so she could administer his income.

For this, the court set aside for her as salary from her son, $75 a week. That's her own money. Then the court authorized the paying of another $75 per week to Jackie's grandmother for services as "companion." That disposed, legally, of $150 per week of the $1,300.

THEN a tentative schedule of expenses was drawn up, submitted and finally okayed. It provided $1,600 per month for necessary expenses—Jackie's clothes, professional requirements, home, household expenses, food. Spending that $1,600 a month is entirely within the discretion of Mabel Leonard Cooper. But nothing more of Jackie's income may be invested, disposed of, spent in any way without specific approval of the Superior Court.

Like all movie contracts, Jackie's includes a lay-off clause. The $1,300-a-week salary is for a total of forty weeks during the year—which makes Jackie's annual income $52,000; about $4,333 a month. Subtract from that the allowances and you have about $2,500 per month surplus. What becomes of that?

A large slice of it goes into insurance. There is one $50,000 endowment policy. Jackie will get the $50,000 at the age of twenty-one. Another policy indemnifies Jackie's mother to the amount of $50,000 in case of Jackie's death. This makes a total of $100,000 in insurance policies, the premiums of which are paid out of that $2,500.

Then they're buying Jackie a house. It's in Beverly Hills—the "ultra-ultra" section where the richest movie stars live. It's a corner house, and it has a great concrete swimming pool in the backyard, where Jackie can splash around, sometimes with his friend Johnny Weissmuller. It has a big playroom. It has a private bedroom and bathroom for Jackie—other rooms for his mother, his uncle, the servants and Jackie's bodyguard. Oh, yes—he has a bodyguard. They're paying for that house now, out of that $2,500-a-month surplus.

The rest of it? It's being invested in government bonds. Also with the approval of the court.

And of course you know that Jackie gets only a dollar a week for spending money.

HERE'S the routine of Jackie's day—during those periods when he's not working:

He arises at seven o'clock. Racket begins, and sleep is no more, in that house.

Usually he just slips an old bathrobe over his pajamas; sticks his feet into a pair of bedroom slippers. If he does dress, he gets into a dirty old pair of corduroy pants and a sweater.

He putters around the bathroom and his bedroom, with some toys or his guns—what a collection of "gats" he has!—until eight o'clock. That's breakfast time. Cereal, a couple of eggs, a glass of milk.

Right after breakfast comes a chore. Piano lessons. Jackie hates that. He thinks it'd be much more fun just to sit down and play. But he's a "good boy" and studies his notes and does his practicing.

Then at nine the school teacher comes. The teacher is not paid out of Jackie's money. The studio pays for her, under the California law. As a pupil, his teacher says, he's just an average boy, neither fast nor slow to learn.

Lunch at noon. After lunch, Jackie can do as he pleases until dinner time. All afternoon for play. "Because I was never allowed to play normally, like other children, and I know what it did to me," mother Mabel Leonard, ex-stage-child explains.

How does he play? Oh, much like the average boy. Except that he *must* be the leader in whatever he and his buddies are doing. His playmates are neighborhood kids, for the most part.

NOW and then some other boy in the "gang," resentful of Jackie's determined leadership, pokes the to-be-expected jibe at him: "Aw, just because you're a movie big shot, you needn't think you're the whole works around here!" When that happens, Jackie invariably goes home. Usually he asks his mother: "Maw, why do they think I'm different just because I'm in pictures?"

Jackie has one all-absorbing passion. It's

for guns. His prize possession is a geniune German Luger, which he keeps in the top drawer of the desk in his room. But he has others—all sorts of guns—from rusty old-time pistols, to bee-bee guns, shot-guns, even "gats" carved out of wood. He has holsters everywhere—even one nailed to the hood of a home-made pushmobile he's built. Much of his play deals with gun play.

FOR playthings, during his five-to-six-hour afternoon period, Jackie has no lack, even outside of guns. He has a great collection of boats—from hand-carved little "jobs" to elaborate costly models, one of which was the gift of Joan Crawford. These he floats in regattas, when he feels nautical, in the swimming pool in the Cooper back yard. You see, his toys, his play life, are quite normal.

At five-thirty, Jackie has to be home to do his homework—the same sort of homework public school pupils have to do. Then dinner. Jackie's dinner is not "dieted." He eats just what the others in the house eat—and eats plenty. Too much, in fact. Jackie is now growing so fast that within two months he outgrows new clothing.

After dinner, an hour or so with the family. Then, at eight, to bed. His bedroom is interior-decorated in elaborate detail like the cabin of a yacht—even to the door-locks, and imitation portholes with sea-vistas painted behind them. On his desk are a pair of starboard-and-port ship's lights, red and green, which Jackie turns on with delight. Beside his bed is a tiny radio. When he plops into bed, he turns this on—particularly on Tuesday and Friday nights. Those are prize-fight nights in Los Angeles, and Jackie always listens to the broadcasts of the battles. Once in a while he's allowed to go to the fights with one of his grown-up friends.

Usually, Jackie falls asleep with the radio going. And that's the end of the Jackie Cooper day.

When he's working in a picture, it's different. His studio day is from nine until six. Between scenes, he has his schooling. He eats at the studio lunch-room—usually with Wally Beery or Joan Crawford or some other star. Or, perhaps with an interviewer from a moving picture magazine.

He learns his lines when working, at the breakfast table at home. And at night, after dinner and before bedtime. He works hard. He loves acting, and loves even the work of acting—like learning lines and "business" and such details.

Mabel Leonard Cooper has some very definite ideas about shielding her son from the influence of stardom. But often, these aims of Jackie's mother are naturally thwarted. When he is discovered at a movie show he is surrounded by a mob. Countless people shove cards, papers at him, demanding his autograph. Whether he likes it or not is a mystery. He tells his mother he doesn't. But that he is conscious of his position is demonstrated by this little incident:

He asked Richard Dix once for an autographed picture for his clubroom. Dix gave it to him. Later, he complained to his mother: "Maw, I asked him for his autographed picture and he gave it to me. But he didn't ask me for mine in return!"

TWO years ago, it seemed to this writer, Jackie *was* quite the normal boy. Everything he said or did was normal boyishness. Today, there is in the things he says and does not so much a sense of normalcy as there is a flavor of acting. This writer feels, in short, that today Jackie Cooper is more *acting* the boy than being the boy.

But, after all, that's merely a personal observation. His own mother herself doesn't know whether she's succeeding in keeping him a boy or not!

"Sometimes he's two years old. Sometimes he's forty-two. I don't quite understand my own son," she says.

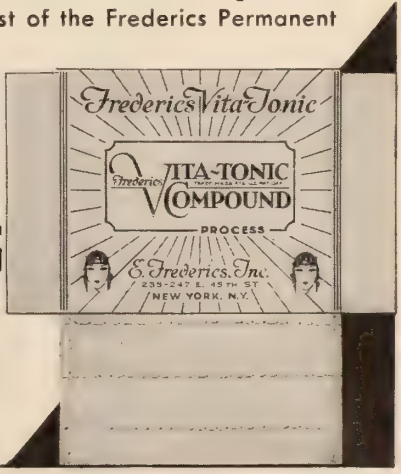


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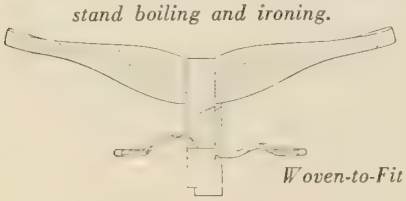
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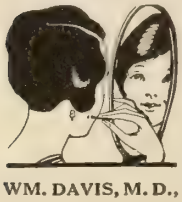
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The Little Maid of "Cavalcade"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

and a half with mighty little encouragement to keep her chin up.

Like the fairy story about Dick Whittington and his cat, Una O'Connor soon found out that the streets of London town were not paved with gold.

And the managers to whom she went insisted that she could not be a character actress at all, but an ingénue.

She was about to give up—had given up, in fact, sending a telegram to her aunt that she was coming home—when the seeming miracle happened.

IN Dick Whittington's case he heard the chime of Bow bells, as he was sitting forlornly upon a curb about to depart, telling him: "Turn again, turn again, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." Dick, as you know, did turn again, and did become Lord Mayor of London; but in Una O'Connor's case she heard an agent's voice on the telephone, telling her that he had a job for her.

For two years Una and her aunt toured England. Ordinarily a provincial touring company, instead of being a stepping stone to the London stage, is a barrier against it. But another miracle happened, and a producer who had seen Una's work whisked her out of the third-class railway carriages to the Kingsway Theater.

There she played the rôle of the prostitute in "Damaged Goods."

But just before her triumph, her aunt, the faithful, kindly old aunt who had toured constantly with her, died.

It was at that time that Miss O'Connor almost entered a convent permanently as a nun. She walked the streets with her grief; no mother could have meant more to her than did that aunt.

"But even as I contemplated longingly the utter peace of a convent," she explained, "I knew that it was not my calling to become a sister. I would gladly have renounced the world—and yet I could not. I knew that a little later, after time had healed the first shock, my yearning for the stage would return. And once I took that step I could never go back."

BUT ever since that time she has made her periodical retreats into the solacing shrines of convents and emerged the better for them.

It was a long time before Una got her big chance. It came when Noel Coward, the author of "Cavalcade," who himself produced and directed the play in London, saw her and engaged her immediately for the rôle she created.

Naturally, to Una, Noel Coward is a demigod of the theater, standing head and shoulders above all other playwrights and all other producers at the age of thirty-six.

And her next ambition is to portray Americans just as faithfully as she portrayed the little Cockney maid in a picture so essentially British as "Cavalcade."

Tear-Stained Laughter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

to fifteen dollars a week. While it sounded like big money to Stan, he started a nip-and-tuck race with the well-known wolf, with hotel bills and costumes to be paid for out of the insignificant sum. For almost four years Stan trouped the States in what became well-known as "A Night in an English Music Hall."

WHEN the act was disbanded, Laurel stayed in vaudeville as a single. His pantomime, though, was over the heads of the audiences in the dingy houses that gave him spasmodic bookings.

The going got tougher, but Stan refused to say quits.

Sudden cancellation of engagements was widely practiced by managers of that day, and Stan more than once was stranded far from New York, his wallet and change pocket empty. That meant riding the rods back to Gotham for a fresh start.

Oliver Hardy was convinced the world was his oyster when he was called to Jacksonville, Florida, by a film unit that agreed to remunerate him at the rate of $35 a week. Most of it went home to his mother. Then, without warning, the company went on the rocks.

Hardy was "strapped" and stranded 'way below the Mason-Dixon line. He wired his mother for the fare home.

Stan Laurel, after what to him was an extended run in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, felt himself a Croesus; he had saved $800. Aboard a train headed for Binghamton, N. Y., he found his coat slit and his "fortune" lifted.

"There was nobody I could ask for money," bewails Stan, "and never before or since have I seen a butcher do such a wholesale slicing as that one did on my coat."

He walked the twelve blocks to the hotel, only to find that it had no dining room—so he couldn't eat "on the cuff." He played two shows the next day before he could promote an advance for a meal.

And Oliver can tell you how, on blistered feet and an empty stomach he trudged and crawled over fifty miles of Texas railroad ties when a road show manager decamped with the receipts from a Lone Star State village. Two ham sandwiches, bought with his last dime, and raw onions and bread, donated by friendly railroad "hunkies," were his menu on his five-day struggle to the nearest city, El Paso, and hoped-for work.

Hoping union meant strength and steady bookings, Laurel teamed up with another vaudevillian and his wife, but the merger brought little improvement in his finances. Illness, "at liberty" and an insistent tummy ate up the savings of a year's work.

"An immediate engagement right there in New York was all that saved the three of us from becoming public charges," Stan admits.

WHEN Hollywood loomed as the film capital, Stan and Oliver trekked westward via different routes. And the jinx still stuck close to them. Hardy went with a "quickie" concern, but most of his pay-checks contained more rubber than paper. Some of them bounced so hard they still stick among his souvenirs—they couldn't be pried loose. Laurel stuck to producers of greater financial responsibility, but his "calls" were few and far between.

When Stan encountered his erstwhile vaudeville partners in Los Angeles, he raved incessantly about the movies' future and the enormous salaries in Hollywood.

"You're foolish to stay on the road," he told them. "Why, everybody out here is getting rich!"

"Fine!" they responded. "Let's go to supper and talk it over."

"Right-o," shot back Stan, "but you'll have to pay the check. I haven't worked in five weeks and I'm flat."

Failing to win recognition as a film actor, Stan turned to directing, first as an assistant, then in command. Hal Roach hired him to direct four comedies in which Oliver Hardy was playing fairly important parts. With three of the productions "in the can," Hardy suffered a severely burned hand, and Stan donned grease paint again to fill the gap in the cast.

ROACH saw the "rushes"—and yelled for Laurel. "Say," shouted the producer, "you're an actor and don't know it! You're wasting your time as a director!"

"I quite agree with you," answered Stan, "but I had to eat."

Roach then made three comedies using both Stan and Oliver and gradually increasing the size of their rôles. The team "clicked" so hard with audiences (exhibitors even billed them along with big features) that Roach decided to co-star them in "Hats Off." That was in 1927.

Laurel and Hardy were "made"!

While the last five years have worked a magic transformation in their surroundings, Laurel and Hardy have passed through the metamorphosis unchanged and unspoiled. True, stardom has made it possible for them to acquire fine houses in Beverly Hills, but they are homes, not show places. There are costly cars in their garages, but they still drive "flivvers."

Their wearing apparel comes from more exclusive shops, but the size of their hatbands shows no increase.

Their current cronies are the pals who "knew them when."

And Stan makes the startling claim that he has never been inside a Hollywood night club!

"Oliver and I have lived apart from the rest of the movie colony," he explains, "because the hardships of those lean years made too deep an impression on us to let us be wastrels now."

Stan is grateful for the new order mainly because it allows him to shower some of life's luxuries on Mrs. Laurel and Lois, aged five; Oliver, because Myrtle Reeves Hardy, who gave up her own film future to marry him, no longer has to pinch pennies.

Fishing and his flower garden are Laurel's only personal extravagances. A low golf score and a good tailor fully satisfy the splurging proclivities of Hardy.

The real life Laurel and Hardy stand out in sharp contrast to their celluloid characters. Theater-goers see the dumb-panned Stan as the abused victim of the dumb, yet self-satisfied Oliver.

AWAY from the cameras, though, Hardy seeks the background while Laurel takes the lead. Because he handles the team's business, originates the stories for their pictures and assists in direction, Stan draws five hundred dollars a week more than Oliver.

"And he's worth every cent of the additional money," Oliver wants you to know. "It's Stan who puts us over."

Which provides the only point on which they don't agree.

"That's unfair to Oliver," Stan protests, "without him I wouldn't have gotten anywhere in pictures."

Neither can be convinced that what they call their lucky break will continue forever.

Stan sees ahead of him a new career as a director when his acting days are over. Oliver still pores over his law books and expects to hang out his shingle when he puts away his make-up box.

Meanwhile, they're just a couple of serious-minded fellows trying to get along by supplying laughs for the rest of the world.

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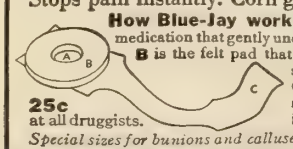
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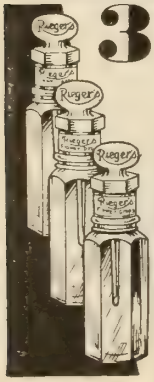


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She Even Laughs Off Landslides

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

lot of troubled people and long faces, and gloom and unhappiness. You're an exponent of the theory that a laugh is the most worthwhile thing in life. Can you reconcile that philosophy with what people are experiencing?"

"Certainly," said Marion.

"Well, why not tell them how?"

"Is this," she asked, "an interview?"

"Uh huh," uh-huhed your interviewer. Marion laughed. "Oh, all right then—but come down to my beach house Sunday afternoon. We can talk better there."

AND that's how it was arranged. About herself, she would never have talked. But appeal to her wish-to-help-others—and Marion fell for it like a—well, like that cliff outside her house did!

It was a peach of an afternoon—one of those soft, warm mild days that brought people out in thousands. The beaches were crowded. Of course, Marion's mammoth beach place is fenced off—but over the walls into the Davies estate came the laughs and cries of beach-players. And at the other side was the towering red-brown height of the Santa Monica palisades, one hundred and fifty feet high, of softish sandstone—or "decomposed granite" as it's more properly called out there.

Atop is a municipal park, and a rustic railing skirts the edge of the cliff, which was always considered firm and solid. Naturally, on this sunny Sunday afternoon, many people promenaded up there, stopped and leaned on the railing to look down on the row of movie stars' homes along the ocean shore.

Marion was on the tennis court, playing a game with another girl, when your interviewer arrived. The very h'English butler showed the way. Marion was in that distinctive shade of blue—"Davies blue" the modistes now call it—in slacks. Between wallops at the tennis ball Marion hailed:

"Oh, h'lo! Be with you in a moment. Don't mind if we finish this game, do you?" While she and her opponent finished what they quaintly called a tennis game, your interviewer marveled at the estate—the colossal swimming pool with the Venetian bridge over the middle of it; the white-marble ocean facade of the huge house, big enough to be a beach club; the kennelful of assorted dogs that Marion loves so—and most of all, Gandhi.

GHANDI is a bandy-legged dachshund who is morose when he isn't at Marion's side, who growls and barks at everybody who approaches her, who will have nothing at all to do with strangers. And by the time Ghandi had growled his opinion of interviewers, Marion was ready.

"Let's go inside," said Marion. So we did, leaving several other guests playing tennis.

Well, once in the library for the interview, all Marion's self-assurance left her. She was like a little kid, scared to death. Odd, isn't it, that this girl who has position, wealth, fame, who is accustomed to mingling with many of the world's greatest and most important figures, should go to pieces before an interviewer? Her tongue constantly got all tangled up with her syllables. Yet she declined to cover up her nervousness with the patently artificial poise and air of condescension to which so many other stars resort. Marion gives one the impression of being just "the li'l girl next door."

"Now, what about this 'laugh' business?" started the talk.

"Well, it is the most worthwhile thing in life. Isn't it?"

"*I'm* interviewing *you*. Not you me," she was reminded.

"I mean—that's what I think—er, —uh—" she got confused. Then she warmed to the subject, and began explaining.

"After all, we're put here on this world for some purpose we certainly know nothing about. But it must be for something good and fine and—that. So why take it with gloom, and a frown, and complaints? Why not, for the time we have here, give to ourselves and to others the benefit of cheer, of laughter?

"Unselfishly, we owe it to others not to add unhappiness to life. Selfishly, we're cheating ourselves of *so* much when we cheat ourselves of laughter.

"IT'S fine medicine, for one thing. I've seen plenty of misery in my life—I've seen other people in circumstances that looked black. And I've seen that those who found the heart to laugh were the ones who came through. Those who gloomed, merely accentuated their miseries—and suffered much, much more.

"I know it takes courage to find a laugh when the cards seem stacked against you—but it's just using that courage that helps, you see. It isn't just the laugh alone—that would be a hollow gesture!—but it's what's behind the laugh, what the laugh stands for. That's what makes living worthwhile."

"But Marion," your interviewer stuck in his two-cents' worth, "isn't it all very easy for you, with wealth and fame and everything one might wish for, to say that laughter is the only thing that counts? Suppose—suppose something should happen to you, your beauty, so your screen career should end. Suppose you'd lose all this—everything. Do you think you could still laugh?"

Instantly:

"Certainly! I *know* I could—because I have. I've known unhappiness and poverty and all those things—and even then, I found I could laugh. Because there's so much in life to give us happiness and laughter. Wealth and fame and position won't—they make life *easier*, perhaps, but they don't supply laughter. On the contrary, without laughter, wealth and all that would mean absolutely zero."

"But, Marion, what you say is all right when living on the plane of a movie star. What about Mary Jane, or Mrs. John Smith, when little things go wrong?"

"Well, laughter, above all, would help. I know the little annoyances of life. I know how malicious gossip about one can hurt, appear tremendously important. I know how easy it is for a young wife to hear gossip that her husband is two-timing, stepping out on her.

"But, after all, what better weapon against these things than laughter? To take such things seriously, to worry about them, to let them get under your skin—that magnifies such matters. But the woman who can meet malicious gossip, scandal about her husband, with a laugh, is the woman who kills that gossip and scandal. Laughter is her surest weapon against it!

"I'M not insensible that death and very serious illness are exceptions. We can't expect anyone to laugh in such crises—but at the other extreme, is it fair to go too far in the other direction? It's not easy, but isn't it far fairer to ourselves, to others, even to the memory of the one who's gone, to assure ourselves that death is, as we must believe, the doorway to a something finer, happier?"

She was silent a moment. Then:

"I hope this all doesn't sound too pollyanna-ish," she said. "I hate, like everyone else, professional pollyanna-ing. What I'm saying, I hope will be taken in the spirit I'm trying to express it—practical happiness, not just 'glad' mouthings. I mean it. I practise it.

I think almost anybody, no matter who or what the circumstances, will find life more worthwhile if the courage can be found to laugh."

IT was right here that cries came through the windows—then a rumbling and a roar. More cries. In a moment, the sirens of police motorcycles. . . .

"Something's happened!"—and Marion was up and out of the room. In the hallway, the h'English butler was dashing for the pantry telephone. "The 'ill's fell down," he gasped to Marion as he puffed by to call the police. The tennis players had left the courts to help dig out two people whose arms and legs protruded from the huge pile of dirt that had rolled to within a few feet of the Davies front gateway. In a moment, the two people—a man and a woman—were being half carried into the Davies house. Outside, police had arrived, were digging lest more victims be buried.

Inside, the couple caught their breath. Stimulants were found. They trembled—tried to tell the story of what had happened. It seemed they were standing at the palisades edge, watching the tennis game in the Davies courtyard. The players had noticed the preliminary slipping of sand and gravel down the cliff. They had waved and shouted from the courtyard to the people up above. But these two had misunderstood.

"We thought you folks were waving at us, and we leaned to wave back at you," said the doctor. "Just then came the slide. . . .

"I thought it was an earthquake. I felt the cliff collapse under me. I had just tried to grab my wife, when it all went down. I thought 'this is the end'—that is all I remember."

HIS nerves were breaking. So were his wife's. They could not hold the glasses that were pressed to their lips. Covered with dirt, their faces streaked, bruised, scratched, they did not know how badly they were hurt.

It was then that Marion, instinctively, stepped into the situation. She'd been talking soothingly to the woman, but it had not helped. Their nerves were cracking. And suddenly, in a quiet second, Marion's voice cracked through:

"Well, anyway, it was awfully nice of you people to *drop in on me* like this!"

There was a shocked silence. It seemed odd that anyone should wisecrack at a moment like this. But then the doctor grinned. So did his wife. They forgot their shock, their nerves. And from inside him, the doctor found the courage to send a laugh right back, "Yes—but next time, we won't take the same short cut! We'll come the long way around!"

It broke the tension. They all laughed. In the hall, a newspaperman was phoning the

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story to a Los Angeles paper. He came back from the phone with another gag—gruesome perhaps—"My city editor says it'd make a better story if we could kill a couple of people instead of just scratching them." They even laughed at that.

Well, that's about all there is to the story. By the time the victims left for home, they were quite cheerful. That night, a phone call to their home revealed that aside from stiffness and a few bruises, they were all right—and quite thrilled over having a Sunday afternoon visit with a movie star.

And Marion—well, when the slide-victims were gone, she just looked at your interviewer. And your interviewer just looked at her. There was no need for words.

So we just laughed.

Saved By A Hunch

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

making 'Bird of Paradise.' I had to fight under water with a turtle weighing three hundred pounds. The old fellow had immense strength. I did the scene three times. Then the director said perhaps we could do it better if we took it once more.

"Something as clear as my own voice said to me, 'Don't do it.' You hate reneging at a time like that. People are likely to say you are yellow, but that voice was too persistent. I told the director I would not take the scene again.

"If it must be shot over, he would have to get a double.

"A DOUBLE was secured, the scene taken, and the double nearly lost his life. He got caught under the forearm of the huge turtle and could not extricate himself. The crew finally got him loose but had difficulty in saving him.

"I *know* that my hunch was the only thing that saved me.

"And about stories, do you remember that everyone with authority in the matter seemed determined that I should play 'Tess of the Storm Country' with Janet Gaynor? From the very first, I had a hunch that that story was not for me. I was so positive about it that I argued my own studio, the Fox studio, and all my personal friends out of the notion. You see how it turned out. Charlie Farrell, in the same part, was so unhappy over the outcome that he decided he could not continue playing such rôles, and asked to be released from his contract."

There are a number of players who feel that their hunches have guided them at every turn of their professional lives.

As witness, Lee Tracy. Against the advice of every friend he had, Lee signed a contract for the stage production of "Roaring Forties," which later, under the name of "Broadway," carried him to fame and Hollywood. He'd do almost anything now that his hunch dictates.

When Carole Lombard gets a hunch about a story, she stands pat.

Even the studio admits that the few mistakes in Carole's career could have been avoided if she had been allowed to follow her hunches.

JOAN BLONDELL has had many uncanny experiences with regard to premonitions. Since she was a child, Joan has been saved a number of times from serious accidents by listening to something which said, "don't."

The same applies to her work. She has heeded her hunch, time and again, and signed contracts which everyone thought would be professional suicide. She's doing all right so far, thank you.

"The best hunch I ever had was to marry George Barnes," she said.

"Too early to get the results on that," I answered. "I'll interview you again ten years from now."

When I asked Madge Evans about it, I found she has a positive reverence for that "inner voice."

"I never call them hunches," she said. "That doesn't seem important enough. Whether they are spiritual leadings or not, I cannot say, but before I was born my mother was always guided by her powerful intuitions.

"I had a powerful hunch about my M-G-M contract. I rejected an offer from Paramount before M-G-M had even made me a proposition. I said, 'If Metro does not offer me a contract, I shall not go in pictures this year.' I felt my place was with them, and so it has proved."

Mervyn LeRoy, the director, looks like a juvenile leading man and talks with the wisdom of middle age.

He's the brilliant fellow who made "Little Caesar" and "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang."

"Nobody pays more attention to their hunches than I do," he told me. "I have no explanations to offer, but I wouldn't think of ignoring such warnings as come.

"ONE specific instance of where it saved my life took place in San Francisco some years ago. I was living there at the time and always took the front car of the train which meets the ferry to Oakland, because I wanted to see everything.

"One night I had taken my seat in the front car of the train as usual when suddenly I *knew* I must not remain seated there another minute.

"It was such a strong conviction that I grabbed my coat and almost ran to the other extreme of the train.

"I had scarcely gotten seated when the front cars left the track and were completely wrecked.

"The same applies to my studio work. When I read a story, I get a *feel* as to whether it is the picture for me to make or not. Frequently, I insist upon making a story that the producer is not enthusiastic about. If my hunch says it's good, I stick by my guns. In the case of 'I'm a Fugitive,' three directors had turned down the story before I read it. As soon as I got hold of it, I knew, intuitively, it was my story and begged to be allowed to make it."

There are so many other players who have experienced hunches that saved them from physical and professional harm, there isn't room to list them all.

But it takes the exception to prove the rule, and our exception in this case is none other than that most fascinating of Frenchmen, Maurice Chevalier.

"*Mais non, non, non,*" he protested in answer to our question about hunches, sixth senses, premonitions, etc.

"I HAVE not developed a sixth sense at all. No 'honch' has ever helped me out of a difficulty.

"Once or twice I have felt that I should not do a certain thing, *but I have done it.* And it turned out swell.

"I had a very strong conviction that I should not come to America. I simply *knew* that the American people would not care for my broken English.

"I made myself come over here, and now you see, again it has turned out swell."

So folks, take your choice.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AFTER THE BALL"—GAUMONT BRITISH-FOX.—From the story by J. O. C. Orton. Adapted by H. M. Harwood. Directed by Milton Rosmer. The cast: *Elissa Strange*, Esther Ralston; *Jack Harrowby*, Basil Rathbone; *Larita*, Marie Burke; *Peter Strange*, George Curzon; *Victorine*, Jean Adrienne; *Albuera*, Clifford Heatherley.

"BABY FACE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mark Canfield. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Lily*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Trenholm*, George Brent; *Stevens*, Donald Cook; *Ann Carter*, Margaret Lindsay; *Carter*, Henry Kolker; *Jimmy McCoy*, John Wayne; *Brakeman*, James Murray; *Brody*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Doorman*, Harry Gribbon; *Luiza*, Arthur DeKuh; *Cragg*, Alphonse Ethier; *Nick*, Robert Barrat; *Chico*, Theresa Harris; *Sipple*, Arthur Hohl; *The Girl*, Renee Whitney; *Stolvich*, Nat Pendleton.

"BARBARIAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edgar Selwyn. Screen play by Anita Loos and Elmer Harris. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Jamil*, Ramon Novarro; *Diana*, Myrna Loy; *Gerald*, Reginald Denny; *Powers*, Louise Closser Hale; *Cecil*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Achmed*, Edward Arnold; *Mrs. Hume*, Blanche Friderici; *Marthe*, Marcelle Corday; *American Tourist*, Hedda Hopper; *German Tourist*, Leni Stengel.

"BEDTIME STORY, A"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Roy Horniman. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Rene*, Maurice Chevalier; *Sally*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Francois*, Edward Everett Horton; *Max*, Earle Foxe; *Paulette*, Adrienne Ames; "*Monsieur*," Baby LeRoy; *Robert*, Ernest Wood; *Suzanne*, Betty Lorraine; *Gabrielle*, Leah Ray; *Henry Jourdain*, George MacQuarrie; *The General*, Reginald Mason; *Louise*, Gertrude Michael; *Concierge*, Paul Panzer; *Police Agent*, Henry Kolker.

"CENTRAL AIRPORT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Hawk's Mate" by Jack Moffitt. Screen play by Rian James and James Seymour. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Jim*, Richard Barthelmess; *Jill*, Sally Eilers; *Neil*, Tom Brown; *Blonde Girl*, Glenda Farrell; *Dark man*, Harold Huber; *Eddie*, James Murray; *Mrs. Blaine*, Claire McDowell; *Mr. Blaine*, Grant Mitchell; *Weather man*, Irving Bacon; *Man in Wreck*, Charles Sellon; *Chef*, Robert Craig; *Waitress*, Lucille Ward; *Manager*, Willard Robertson; *Manager*, Douglas Dumbrille.

"CROSS FIRE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Tom Allen*, Tom Keene; *Patricia Plummer*, Betty Furness; *Ed Wimpy*, Edgar Kennedy; *Bert King*, Eddie Phillips; *Daniel Plummer*, Lafe McKee; *Jonathan Wheeler*, Charles French; *Dr. Stiles*, Nick Cogley; *Judge Wilson*, Jules Cowles; *Charles Rudolph*, Tom Brower; *Sheriff*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Kreuger*, Stanley Blystone.

"DER BRAVE SUENDER" (The Upright Sinner)—ALLIANZ TONFILM PROD.—Directed by Fritz Kortner. The cast: *Leopold Pichler*, Max Pallenberg; *Wittek*, Heinz Ruehmann; *Hedwig*, Dolly Haas; *Ludmilla*, Josephine Dora; *Klapka*, Fritz Gruenbaum; *Karl*, Peter Wolff; *Manager of the Engel bar*, Julius Brandt; *Commissioner Krull*, Louis Ralph; *Director Haeril of the Intrag*, Ekkehard Arendt.

"DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE"—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Based on the opera "Fra Diavolo" by Auber. Adapted by Jeanie MacPherson. Directed by Hal Roach. The cast: *Stanlio*, Stan Laurel; *Olivero*, Oliver Hardy; "*Fra Diavolo*" *Marquis De San Marco*, Dennis King; *Lady Pamela*, Thelma Todd; *Lord Rocburg*, James Finlayson; *Zerlina*, Lucile Browne; *Lorenzo*, Arthur Pierson; *Matteo*, Henry Armetta; *Francesco*, Matt McHugh; *Lieutenant*, Lane Chandler;



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Hi de hi, ho de ho—that's what the wild waves are crooning to these Hollywood beauties all togged out for a swim in the briny blue Pacific. There's Lona Andre and Gail Patrick standing this side of Kathleen (Panther Woman) Burke and Verna Hillie. All set? One, two, three, splash!



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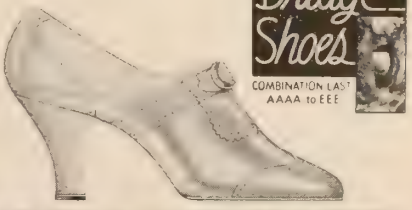
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Rita, Nena Quartaro; *Alessandro*, Wilfred Lucas; *First Woodchopper*, James C. Morton; *Second Woodchopper*, Carl Harbaugh.

"DUDE BANDIT, THE"—ALLIED.—From the story by Jack Natteford. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Ace Cooper*, Hoot Gibson; *Betty Mason*, Gloria Shea; *Skeeter*, Skeeter Bill Robbins; *Al Burton*, Hooper Atchley; *Jack Hargan*, Neal Hart; *Brown*, Lafe McKee; *Dad Mason*, Gordon DeMain; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns; *Jim Saxon*, Fred Gilman.

"ELMER THE GREAT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Ring Lardner. Screen play by Tom Geraghty and Whitney Bolton. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Elmer*, Joe E. Brown; *Nellie*, Patricia Ellis; *Evelyn*, Claire Dodd; *Nick*, Sterling Holloway; *Sarah Crosby*, Jessie Ralph; *Mrs. Kane*, Emma Dunn; *Walker*, Preston Foster; *Bull Wade*, Charles Wilson; *Col. Moffitt*, Berton Churchill; *Healy High-Hips*, Frank McHugh; *Ben Beeson*, Lloyd Neal; *Jerry*, J. Carrol Naish; *Stillman*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Noonan*, Gene Morgan.

"FIRES OF FATE"—POWERS PICTURES.—From a story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: *Col. Egerton*, Lester Matthews; *Nora Belment*, Kathleen O'Regan; *Kay Byrne*, Dorothy Bartlam; *Miss Byrne*, Jean Cadell; *Sir William Royden, M. D.*, Donald Calthrop; *Rev. Mark Royden*, Hubert Harben; *Filbert Frayne*, Jack Raine; *Mr. Braddell*, Arthur Chesney; *Abdulla*, Clifford Heatherley; *Capt. Archer*, Garry Marsh.

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE"—M-G-M.—From an anonymous novel. Screen play by Carey Wilson. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Hon. Judson Hammond*, Walter Huston; *Pendola Molloy*, Karen Morley; *Hartley Beekman*, Franchot Tone; *Jasper Brooks*, Arthur Byron; *Jimmy Vetter*, Dickie Moore; *Nick Diamond*, C. Henry Gordon; *John Bronson*, David Landau; *Dr. Eastman*, Samuel Hinds; *Borell*, William Pawley; *Alice Bronson*, Jean Parker; *Nurse*, Claire DuBrey.

"GIRL MISSING"—WARNERS.—From the story "Blue Moon Murder Case" by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by Don Mullaly and Carl Erickson. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Henry Gibson*, Ben Lyon; *Kay Curtis*, Glenda Farrell; *June Dale*, Mary Brian; *Daisy*, Peggy Shannon; *Raymond Fox*, Lyle Talbot; *Kenneth Van Dusen*, Guy Kibbee; *Jim Hendricks*, Harold Huber; *Crawford*, George Pat Collins; *Inspector McDonald*, Edward Ellis; *Julie*, Louise Beavers; *Alvin Bradford*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Mrs. Brad-*



Hoot looks a little surprised and it may be because his wife, Sally Eilers, said she'd dine with him at the Beverly Wilshire. They're separated, y'know, and with divorce rumors rumbling, everybody's wondering now about the future plans of that popular film couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson

ford, Helen Ware; *Toko*, Mike Marita; *Detective*, Fred Kelsey.

"HELL BELOW"—M-G-M.—From the story "Pigboats" by Commander Edward Ellsberg. Adapted by Laird Doyle and Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lieut. Thomas Knowlton, U. S. N.*, Robert Montgomery; *Lieut. Comdr. T. J. Toler, U. S. N.*, Walter Huston; *Joan*, Madge Evans; *"Ptomaine," Ship's Cook*, Jimmy Durante; *MacDougal, Chief Torpedo Man*, Eugene Pallette; *Lieut. (JG) "Brick" Walters*, Robert Young; *Herbert Standish, Flight Comdr.*, Edwin Styles; *Lieut. (JG) "Speed" Nelson*, John Lee Mahin; *Lieut. (JG) Radford*, David Newell; *Seaman Jenks*, Sterling Holloway; *Buck Teeth Sergeant*, Charles Irwin.

"HERTHA'S ERWACHEN" (Hertha's Awakening)—UFA.—From the story by Hertha von Gebhardt. Directed by Gerhard Lamprecht. The cast: *Karl Christians*, Hans Brausewetter; *Mr. Barthels*, Erwin Kalser; *Hertha, his daughter*, Toni van Eyck; *Gertrude, her chum*, Ruth Hellberg; *Gertrude's mother*, Elsa Wagner; *Mr. Haber*, Fritz Odemar; *Miss Berghuhn*, Hedwig Schlicter; *"Old Schultheiss,"* Eduard Rothauser.

"HUMANITY"—Fox.—From the story "The Road to Heaven" by Harry Fried. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Dr. William MacDonald*, Ralph Morgan; *Nancy Moore*, Boots Mallory; *Bill MacDonald*, Alexander Kirkland; *Olive Pelton*, Irene Ware; *Sam*, Noel Madison; *Farley*, Wade Boteler; *Schmiddy*, Christian Rub; *Rosie*, Betty Jane Graham; *Mrs. Bernstein*, Ferike Boros; *Dr. Van Buren*, George Irving; *Mr. Pelton*, Crauford Kent; *Mrs. Pelton*, Nella Walker.

"LITTLE GIANT, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord and Wilson Mizner. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *"Bugs" Ahearn*, Edward G. Robinson; *Ruth Wayburn*, Mary Astor; *Polly Cass*, Helen Vinson; *John Stanley*, Kenneth Thomson; *Edith*, Shirley Grey; *Al Daniels*, Russell Hopton; *Donald Cass*, Berton Churchill; *Gordon Cass*, Donald Dillaway; *Mrs. Cass*, Louise Mackintosh; *Frankie*, Helen Mann.

"LOOKING FORWARD"—M-G-M.—From the play "Service" by C. L. Anthony. Screen play by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Benton*, Lionel Barrymore; *Gabriel Service, Sr.*, Lewis Stone; *Isabel*, Benita Hume; *Caroline*, Elizabeth Allan; *Michael*, Phillips Holmes; *Geoffrey*, Colin Clive; *Birkenshaw*, Alec B. Francis; *Mrs. Benton*, Doris Lloyd; *Felton*, Halliwell Hobbs; *Willie*, Douglas Walton; *Elsie*, Viva Tattersall; *Endicott*, Lawrence Grant; *Tressitt*, George K. Arthur; *Burton*, Charles Irwin; *Barker*, Billy Bevan; *Gabriel Service, Sr., 1st*, Holmes Herbert.

"LOVE IN MOROCCO"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story "Baroud" by Rex Ingram and Benno Vigney. Directed by Rex Ingram and Alice Terry. The cast: *Si Allal, (Caid of Illouet)*, Felipe Montes; *Zinah, his daughter*, Rosita Garcia; *Si Hamed, his son*, Pierre Batchoff; *Andre Duval*, Rex Ingram; *Mabrouka*, Arabella Fields; *Si Amarok*, Andrews Engelman; *Captain Labry*, Dennis Hoey; *Arlette*, Laura Salerni.

"M"—NEROFILM.—From the story by Thea von Harbou. Directed by Fritz Lang. The cast: *The Murderer*, Peter Lorre; *The Mother*, Ellen Widmann; *The Child*, Inge Landgut; *The Safebreaker*, Gustaf Grundgens; *The Burglar*, Fritz Gnass; *The Card Sharper*, Fritz Odemal; *The Pickpocket*, Paul Kemp; *The Confidence Trickster*, Theo Lingen; *The President of Police*, Ernest Stahl-Nachbaur; *The Minister*, Franz Stein; *Superintendent Lohman*, Otto Wernicke; *Superintendent Groeber*, Theodor Loos; *The Blind Beggar*, Georg John; *Counsel for the Defense*, Rudolf Blumner; *The Watchman*, Karl Platen; *The Criminal Chief*, Gerhard Bienert; *The Landlady*, Rosa Valetti.

"MADE ON BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—From the story "Public Relations" by Courtenay Terrett. Adapted by Courtenay Terrett. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jeff*, Robert Montgomery; *Mona*, Sally Eilers; *Claire*, Madge Evans; *Terwilliger*, Eugene Pallette; *Mayor Starling*, C. Henry Gordon; *Adele*, Jean Parker; *Ramon*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Mayor's Secretary*, David Newell; *Mr. Lepedis*, Vince Barnett; *Schultz*, Joseph Cawthorn.

"MUSSOLINI SPEAKS"—COLUMBIA.—Edited by Jack Cohn. Narrated by Lowell Thomas.

"OBEY THE LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Arthur Caesar. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Tony Pasqual*, Leo Carrillo; *Dickie Chester*, Dickie Moore; *Grace Chester*, Lois Wilson; *"Big Joe" Rierdon*, Henry Clive; *Bob Richards*, Eddie Garr; *Giovanni*, Gino Corrado; *Kid Paris*, Ward Bond.

"PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the screen play by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Norman Wilder*, Ralph Forbes; *Elsa Evans*, Vivienne Osborne; *Grant Murdock*, Arnold Gray; *Laura Hamilton*, Gail Patrick; *Sandy Higgins*, Big Boy Williams; *Dr. Brooks*, Paul Page; *Nancy*, Pauline Garon; *Broadcast Manager*, Harland Tucker; *Joe Maestro*, Rockliffe Fellowes.

"PICK UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Agnes Brand Leahy. Adapted by Sidney Lazarus. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Mary Richards*, Sylvia Sidney; *Harry Glynn*, George Raft; *Jim Richards*, William Harrigan; *Muriel Stevens*, Lilian Bond; *Sam Foster*, Clarence Wilson; *Magnolia*, Louise Beavers; *Artie Logan*, George Meeker; *Tony*, Brooks Benedict; *Jerome Turner*, Robert McWade; *Mr. Brewster*, Charles Middleton; *Matron*, Eleanor Lawson; *Warden*, Oscar Apfel; *Johnson, Reporter*, Al Hill; *Freda*, Florence Dudley; *Sadie*, Patricia Farley; *Don*, Eddie Clayton; *Sally*, Alice Adair; *First Pantry Girl*, Lona Andre; *Second Pantry Girl*, Gail Patrick; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Purnell Pratt; *Peggy*, Dorothy Layton.

"PICTURE SNATCHER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Danny Ahearn. Screen play by Allen Rivkin and P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Danny*, James Cagney; *Patricia*, Patricia Ellis; *Alison*, Alice White; *McLean*, Ralph Bellamy; *Casey Nolan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Fireman*, George Pat Collins; *Leo*, Tom Wilson; *Jerry*, Ralf Harolde; *Grover*, Robert Barrat.

"PLEASURE CRUISE"—Fox.—From the play by Austen Allen. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The Cast: *Shirley Poole*, Genevieve Tobin; *Andrew Poole*, Roland Young; *Richard Taversham*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Signus*, Una O'Connor; *Henry*, Herbert Mundin; *Judy*, Minna Gombell; *Murchison*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Alf*, Frank Atkinson; *Crum*, Robert Greig; *Rollins*, Arthur Hoyt.

"REBEL, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Luis Trenker and Walter Schmidtkunz. Screen play by Edwin Knopf. Directed by Edwin Knopf. The cast: *Severin Anderlan*, Luis Trenker; *Erika Riederer*, Vilma Banky; *Magistrate Riederer*, Paul Bildt; *Captain Leroy*, Victor Varconi; *Anderlan's Mother*, Olga Engel; *Anderlan's Sister*, Erika Danhoff; *Lieutenant*, Angelo Ferrari; *Bavarian Sergeant*, Fritz Greiner; *General*, Arthur Grosse; *General's Wife*, Anna Halfers; *Young Peasant Leader*, Clause Clausen; *Krahvogel*, Reinhold Bernt; *Hagspiel*, Emmerich Albert; *Rabensteiner*, Luis Gerold; *Panzl*, Panzl.

"SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A"—ALLIED.—From the story by Kurt Kempler. Screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Patricia Morgan*, Ginger Rogers; *Theodore Rand*, Lyle Talbot; *Wilfred*, Arthur Hoyt; *Russell*, Purnell Pratt; *Janitor*, Harvey Clark; *Augusta*, Lillian Harmer; *Martini*, Maurice Black.

"STRANGE PEOPLE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Jack Townley. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Burton*, Hale Hamilton; *Jimmy Allen*, John Darrow; *Helen Mason*, Gloria Shea; *Edwards*, Michael Visaroff; *Insurance Man*, Lew Kelly; *Radio Man*, Walter Brennon; *Plumber*, Jack Pennick; *Mrs. Jones*, Mary Foy; *Mrs. Reid*, Jane Keckley; *Barber*, Jerry Mandy; *Burke*, Stanley Blystone; *Kelly*, Frank LaRue.

"TERROR ABOARD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Robert Presnell. Screen play by Harvey Thew and Manuel Seff. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Blackie*, Charlie Ruggles; *Kreig*, John Halliday; *Cowles*, Neil Hamilton; *Lili*, Shirley Grey; *Cordoff*, Jack LaRue; *Millicent Hazlitt*, Verree Teasdale; *Lena*, Leila Bennett; *Morton Hazlitt*, Morgan Wallace; *Captain Alison*, Thomas Jackson; *Wilson*, William Janney; *Boatswain*, Paul Hurst; *Captain Swanson*, Stanley Fields; *Larson*, Frank Hagney; *Ship's Doctor*, Clarence Wilson; *Chef*, Paul Porcasi; *Sparks*, Marty Faust; *First Seaman*, Clem Beauchamp; *Mate on Yacht*, Peter Hancock; *Cross-Eyed Sailor*, Bobby Dunn.

"TODAY WE LIVE"—M-G-M.—From the story by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Diana*, Joan Crawford; *Bogard*, Gary Cooper; *Claude*, Robert Young; *Ronnie*, Franchot Tone; *McGinnis*, Roscoe Karns; *Applegate*, Louise Closser Hale; *Major*, Rollo Lloyd; *Eleanor*, Hilda Vaughn.

"TRICK FOR TRICK"—Fox.—From the play by Vivian Cosby, Shirley Warde and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Screen play by Howard Green. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Azrah*, Ralph Morgan; *La Tour*, Victor Jory; *Constance Russell*, Sally Blane; *Albert Young*, Tom Dugan; *Meizger*, Luis Alberni; *Mr. Russell*, Edward Van Sloan; *Sergeant Lombard*, James Burtis; *Boldy*, Adrian Morris; *Magician's Assistant*, John George; *Dr. Frank Fitzgerald*, Willard Robertson; *Prof. King*, Herbert Bunston; *Susie Henry*, Dorothy Appleby; *Jed Dobson*, Booth Howard; *David Adams*, Clifford Jones; *Chinaman*, Jimmy Leong.

"WORKING MAN, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edgar Franklin. Screen play by Charles Kenyon and Maude T. Howell. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Reeves*, George Arliss; *Jenny*, Bette Davis; *Benjamin*, Hardie Albright; *Henry Davidson*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Tommy Hartland*, Theodore Newton; *Briggs*, Edward Van Sloan; *Pettison*, Gordon Westcott; *Haslitt*, Charles Evans; *Judge Larson*, Frederick Burton; *Stenographer to Reeves*, Pat Wing; *Secretary to Benjamin*, Claire McDowell; *Mrs. Price*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Butler*, Edward Cooper; *Hammersmith*, Wallis Clark; *Dunwiddie*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Maid*, Gertrude Sutton; *White*, Clarence Wilson.

"ZOO IN BUDAPEST"—Fox.—From the story by Melville Baker and Jack Kirkland. Screen play by Dan Totheroh, Louise Long, and Rowland V. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Eve*, Loretta Young; *Zani*, Gene Raymond; *Dr. Grunbaum*, O. P. Heggie; *Paul Vandor*, Wally Albright; *Heinie*, Paul Fix; *Garbosh*, Murray Kinnell; *Katrina*, Ruth Warren; *Karl*, Roy Stewart; *Elsie*, Frances Rich; *Mr. Vandor*, Niles Welch; *Miss Murst*, Lucille Ward; *Roski*, Russ Powell.



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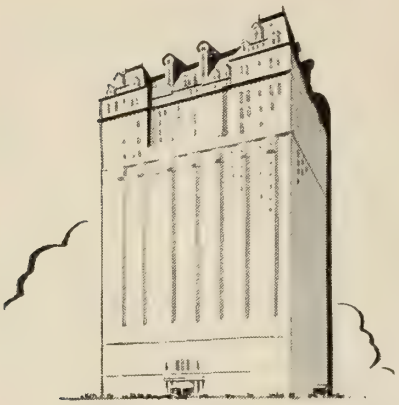
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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

OUR issue of June, 1918, showed that once wartime limitations were removed, motion pictures were due for a great transformation. Griffith had started it with his "Birth of a Nation" and "Hearts of the World"—and the age of super-spectacles and super-stars was due to dawn.

As our contribution we told what we thought would make stars eligible. Mary Pickford headed our list, because best able to make likeable rôles live, while Doug Fairbanks headed the list of stars who did well with good but not subtle parts. Of all those studied, only these two and Charlie Chaplin are still in the public eye. Every interpreter of "real life" and tragic emotion has gone. We guessed that and said why, about some "imports" from grand opera and the stage, such as Mary Garden and Maxine Elliott. And we predicted that Theda Barism would have to change mightily, too.



Carmel Myers

Among newer players, we commended Milton Sills and had an article telling how he had wanted to be a college professor. Carmel Myers had just clicked, so we revealed how she first drew notice. She was playing a hard, gum-chewing waitress — and added the business of pulling the gum. Billie Burke was in with her new baby, and elsewhere we told how she gave the Red Cross some forty dollars in small coins sent by children for her photographs and autographs.

Those were the days of fervent hunts for German spies and German propaganda—and many of our readers wrote of "discoveries" in the films. We thought the government able to tend to that, and were warring instead on smut in films. However, of all the thirty-nine pictures reviewed, only five drew fire.

As a last word on the "new art" scheduled for the movies, we hailed Director Maurice Tourneur. Olive Tell on the cover.

10 Years Ago

IN June, 1923, we revealed an odd fact about the hit of the year—"The Covered Wagon." It started life as a simple Western; but after the outdoor shots had been taken, Director James Cruze and others realized that the long train of wagons winding West had gripping appeal, and expanded the film to the classic it proved.

And what a group of "costumes" and "historicals" was in the making, now that public taste had set that way! Mary Pickford in "Rosita"; Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Miles Standish"; "Scaramouche," with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry; to mention a few. Incidentally, Rex Ingram told how he "discovered" Novarro, Alice Terry and Rudolph Valentino (who was still off-screen, because he objected to his rôles).

Among news of players, a landmark was our telling what had become of that great serial favorite, Pearl White. Success-weary, she had



Pearl White

taken refuge in a convent somewhere in Europe, there to seek the peace and contentment which her world-wide acclaim had tended more to destroy than supply. And a fine picture reminded us that another star was soon to pass—Strongheart, first of dog stars.

Of newcomers, perhaps Anna May Wong led the list. Our account revealed that she had never been to China, and that her father still had his business nearby.

Reginald Denny had achieved notice in "The Leatherpusher" series. Dick Barthelmess was happy over a new "find"—Dorothy Mackaill; and we showed him.

Pola Negri's first American picture—"Bella Donna"—was reviewed, and we said they'd tamed Pola too much. But we hailed that classic comic, Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last!" Doug Fairbanks, Jr. was preparing his screen début. The cover—May McAvoy.

5 Years Ago

TRULY the Golden Age of Hollywood was in full bloom in June, 1928! It cost $100,000 no less, and often more—to woo and marry a baby star. Ruth Taylor furnished particulars.

Mack Sennett was tearing down his famous old studio—the one that had nurtured Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, and many others—as no longer useful; and Tom Mix was telling about making his first million. Millions seemed commoner than mortgages are these days.

As appropriate setting to all this the scintillant Greta Garbo, finishing her autobiography for us, told of her landing, unknown, in New York City just three years before, and of staying in a dingy hotel for two months, prior to reporting for duty in Hollywood. (Imagine her being able to do that now!) She told also of how it eased her bewilderment to find opposite her in "Flesh and the Devil,"



Mary Pickford

her second picture, an inspiring actor named John Gilbert—and as an accompanying note, Jack started his autobiography for us that month.

There were gray notes, however, among the glitter. Mary Pickford and Doug, we told, had just sailed for Europe, following the death of Mary's mother, April 21. Pola Negri, whose advent we had hailed five years before, was breaking up her two Western homes, having abandoned further picture activity; and yet with it all, the burning, throbbing question of the day seemed to be, "Would Mary, or would she not, bob her hair?"

Doug Jr., whose début was foreshadowed five years before, was shown playing tennis with Joan Crawford, and a marriage was in prospect for the fall. George Belden, bit player in Westerns, replaced a dismissed actor, and was renamed Rex Bell. Marion Davies on the cover.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne
Adrienne Ames
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Richard Bennett
Mary Boland
Clive Brook
Kathleen Burke
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Patricia Farley
Wynne Gibson
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
John Davis Lodge
Carole Lombard
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Herbert Marshall
Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Kate Smith
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Jerry Tucker
Helen Twelvetrees
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Frank Atkinson
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Marion Burns
Henrietta Crosman
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Norman Foster
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Lilian Harvey
Clifford Jones
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Alexander Kirkland
Howard Lally
Elissa Landi
Wm. Lawrence
Alan Livingston
Boots Mallory
Philip Merivale
Jose Mojica
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Una O'Connor
Gene Raymond
Kane Richmond
Will Rogers
Charles (Buddy) Rogers
Raul Roulien
Genevieve Tobin
Merle Tottenham
Spencer Tracy
June Vlasek
Irene Ware
Harry Woods

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Cawthorn
Chic Chandler
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Betty Furness
William Gargan
Hale Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Arline Judge
Tom Keene
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Eric Linden
Anita Louise
Helen Mack
Mary Mason
Joel McCrea
Gregory Ratoff
Bert Wheeler
Dorothy Wilson
Gretchen Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Fay Wray

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy
Adolphe Menjou
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Lillian Moore
Our Gang
ZaSu Pitts
Thelma Todd

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Nils Asther
Ethel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Virginia Cherrill
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Claire DuBrey
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
William Haines
Louise Closser Hale
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Benita Hume
Walter Huston
Muriel Kirkland
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Colleen Moore
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
David Newell
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Ernest Truex
Johnny Weissmuller
Ed Wynn
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Vince Barnett
Tala Birell
Tom Brown
Andy Devine
Karloff
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright
Loretta Andrews
George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Preston Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Eleanor Holm
Ann Hovey
Harold Huber
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shadduck
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Helen Vinson
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

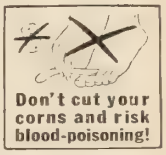
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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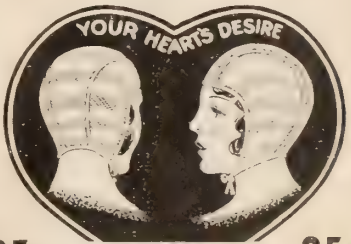
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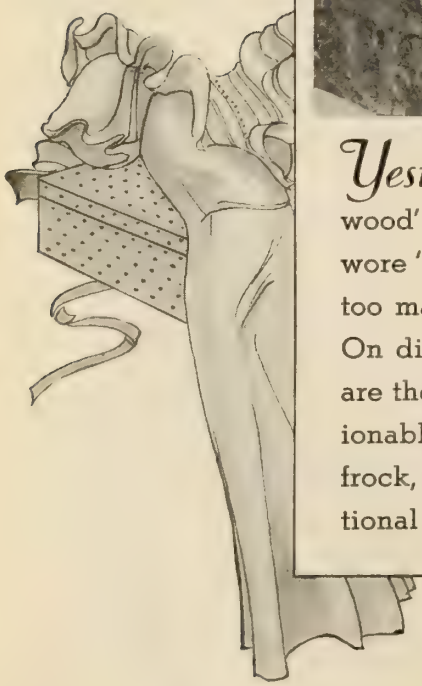
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6-33

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by Seymour

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CLARKE & COMPANY, PEORIA.
OWENS, INCORPORATED, ROCKFORD.
S. A. BARKER COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

"OH, no I'm not superstitious," Marlene Dietrich confided. "Not a bit." And then, almost in the same breath, she spoke of her reasons for liking America. "My little girl likes it. She is so healthy here." And immediately Marlene leaned over and tapped on wood three times.

AND there is that nifty one which Estelle Taylor relates. She was teaching the alphabet to her niece.

"And what comes after O?" Estelle inquired.

"Yeah!" replied the tiny niece.

DIANA WYNYARD was making a scene for "Reunion In Vienna." She had been lying in bed for one entire day for that one scene. Barrett Kiesling, publicity man, walked onto the set; approached her.

"What a cinch you have lying in bed all day!"

"You're the fifteenth fellow to say that to me today. Supposing you try lying in bed all day on *one* side. Not allowed to move an inch for fear of getting out of the camera angle and spoiling a shot. Not allowed to move a leg for fear of wrinkling a sheet so that the wrinkles in *this* take wouldn't be like those in the last. You can't twist your head for fear of upsetting the pillow. Just you try lying in bed for a camera!"

DURING the bank holiday, George Arliss paid Jenner, his valet, in cash. "There you are, Jenner," he said, "probably at this moment the richest man in Hollywood."

NANCY SMITH, press-agent for some of Hollywood's most famous, went to Sears, Roebuck to buy some little sleeping garments for her grandson, Dorothy Dwan's child.

Dorothy asked her mother to return them. She was afraid the child might hurt himself on the buttons. The saleswoman snorted: "*You* don't need to be afraid. I sold Connie Bennett a dozen for *her* little boy just before *she* went to Europe!"

EVER hear of the soup supper? Well, it's the latest fad in Hollywood. Helen Twelvetrees started it by asking her friends to a Sunday night buffet soup supper.

The guests were led before three steaming tureens of hot soup, one rice and chicken broth, another meat and vegetable soup and one French onion with rounds of toast and grated cheese shaken over it, and told to help themselves. Sandwiches of all kinds were also served with the soup.

JACK OAKIE and Peggy Hopkins Joyce had a date and Peggy, as usual, was late. Jack paced up and down, waiting for Peggy. At last, very, very late, Peggy arrived.

"Wait here," Jack said and dashed out. Fifteen minutes later, he returned with a huge dollar watch which he proceeded to tie on the amazed Peggy's wrist.

"Now let's go," Jack said, "and be on time, next time."

Off they went, the watch dangling from Peggy's arm.

ROBERT YOUNG, M-G-M leading man, married Betty Lou Henderson, his High School sweetheart, in Santa Ana. "The ceremony will be a cinch for me," Bob kept telling the future Mrs. Young, "for, you see, I'm experienced at repeating lines."

So the ceremony began and Bob commenced floundering about saying "With this wing I thee red," until it took both the bride and the minister to get him straightened out.

Was Robert embarrassed?

JACK LARUE has sent for his mother and one of his five sisters to join him in Hollywood.

If Paramount takes up his next option, he will send for one more sister.

And at each option time, he will import another until all five are here helping each other to keep house for him.

In other words, he's bringing them as fast as he can afford them.



George Baxter

As *Voltaire*, that scathing debunker of 18th Century rackets—George Arliss is creating one of the greatest character rôles of his career. And they say he's the splitting image of the eccentric old French satirist

BOBBY TURNS THE TRICK



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Something to Say

——not just saying something



A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

> "I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."



they Satisfy

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